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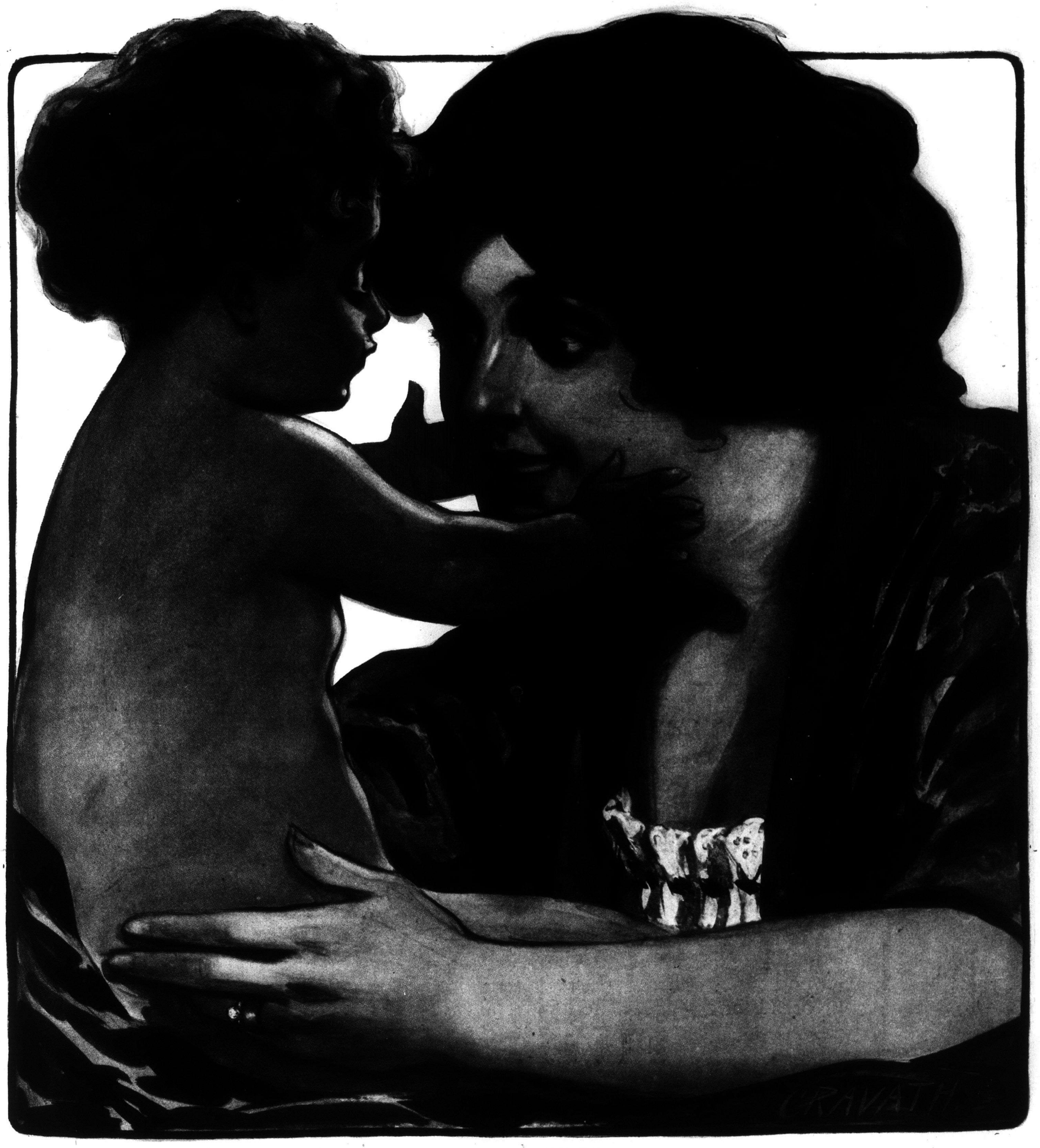
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIII. Published Monthly No 5

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is $1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1,50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

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

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or the fractional parts or a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

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

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

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.

To-day and To-morrow.

The Editors Talk About This Issue and Tell You What's Coming Next.

That furniture the moving-man smashed must be fixed as soon as you are settled in your new home. Too bad it was broken; but that's a thing you have to expect when beautiful spring comes along, with moving day.

Of course, it is barely possible that you are not moving this month. Perhaps you don't intend to move at all this year. Good!—that saves you one kind of bother. But the chances are several to one that you are either already up to your shoulders in housecleaning or are very seriously considering how best to begin.

For this month of May is made up of equal parts of sunshine and dust. The flowers that bloom in the garden need no more care than the cobwebs that grow in the attic.

And so we have taken thought for the conscientious housekeeper. To lighten her labor has been our first consideration in gathering together the helps and suggestions that monopolize the space in the back of this book.

The new home plays a very wonderful and vastly important part in our lives, whether we be newly married, or long married, or not married at all.

Therefore we have thought it appropriate to include some sentiment in our May unmber.

May Flowers in Fiction.

As for the fiction—well, that will do you good at any time. Read it now and again later! It will bear two readings. For no matter how busy you are, it will do you good to let the grime remain on the pantry shelves just a few moments longer while you read something with sentiment in it.

Despite the worries of seeding time and its usual plethora of hard work day and night, many of our readers found time to send us a few lines appreciating efforts which we are making on behalf of our readers. One lady writes as follows:—

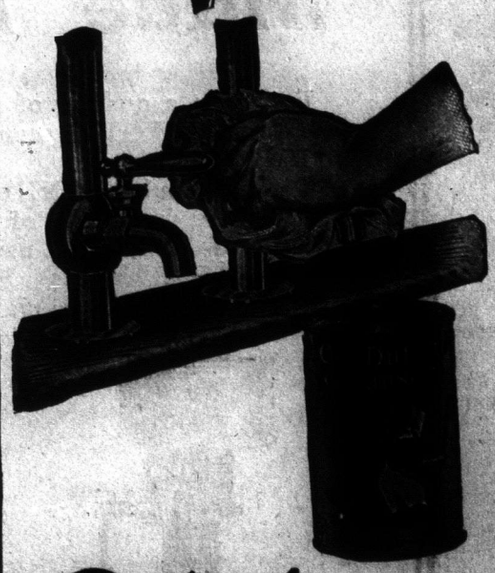
> "Enclosed please find one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly. Kindly begin with the April number, as I have the March one already, and I do not wish to miss one copy. You seem to have taken "Excelsior" for your motto, as every copy is an improvement on the last. I have some copies of the magazine as it was eleven years ago, and would not lose them for anything; but when asking my friends to subscribe to The Western Home Monthly I always show them the very latest copy. This reminds me that two friends to whom I showed copies of your magazine are sending in their subscription at once."

Do you feel the same way about The Western Home Monthly? Is the magazine just as indispensable to you as it is to the writer of the above letter? If you are satisfied, we want to know it; and if you are not, we want to know just the same, so that we can try and merit your approval next time. Write to us anyway.

The Western Home Monthly for June will endeavor to maintain the standard of helpfulness which is its motto and watchword. June will be our early summer number and the pure joyfulness of this delightful season of the year will be found on each and every page of this number. We can safely guarantee the June number to be eagerly read from cover to cover by Westerners of both sexes, without class or distinction. Light reading will predominate, but lest those who read all gaiety become forgetful of the practical things of life, there will be articles of a very different yet perhaps more valuable nature.

HARVEST AT ROBLIN

Just WHY



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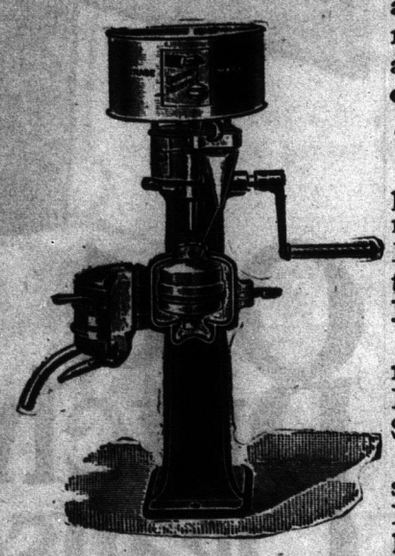

The MELOTTE pays its original cost within 12 months from date of purchase in EXTRA CREAM alone, and there is NO COST for REPAIRS.

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The Western Home Monthly

is one of the few Magazines, the contents of which appeal to every member of the family. There is a laugh for the schoolboy and a chuckle for the octogenarian; a bit of brightness for the farmer's daughter and a cheerful reminiscence for the pioneer, and behind all its pictures, its wit, its criticisms, there is a fund of up-to date information.

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All others to W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Can.

The Cost of Living.

It is very easy and exceedingly convenient for one man to lay the blame for misfortune upon his neighbor. If my boy goes wrong he is not to blame. The children across the way have contaminated him. A correspondent complains that in last month's issue we did not hit the railway companies hard enough. In his opinion they are the chief cause of high living. It is well in a matter of this kind not to be too dogmatic, for the causes of distress are many. He who would find a solution must be broad in his outlook. Many factors co-operate in producing the conditions under which we labor at the present time. Take as an example the cost of bread.

1. The farmer may till the soil badly. In England an acre can yield twice as much as it does with us, and in Belguim two and a half times as much. Bread is high because the wheat crop is small for the labor spent in producing it.
2. The farmer may pay too much for his labor, his machinery may cost too much, or it may not last as it should because of neglect.
3. The cost of transportation may be too great, either because rates are too high or because the wheat-raising districts are too far away from the centres of population.
4. The railway rates may be high because a dividend has to be paid upon inflated stock. There is not a railroad in Canada to-day that is not over-capitalized—and many times over.
5. Speculators may get up a corner in wheat and raise the price. Often the price of wheat is purely fictitious—it bears no relation to its abundance on the market, and to its relative worth.
6. Strikes and lockouts may tie up trade, and profits of legitimate merchantmen may go to the winds. Some one must make up for the loss. In the last analysis the consumer pays the tax.
7. The middlemen may be too many and may charge too great a price for handling the grain in its raw or manufactured condition. Every unnecessary middleman is a burden on the community.
8. The miller may charge too high a rate because of bad management or greed. Millers may easily combine to keep up the price of flour. The same is true of the bakers.
9. Wages of workmen of all kinds may advance and this may add to the cost of the loaf of bread.
10. The prices of all merchantable articles may increase, for reasons given in last issue. Food, clothing and shelter must advance in cost as the prices for other articles increase.
11. One reason for the advance in price of most commodities is the artificial tariff. Make machinery, clothing, furniture, cheap and it will cost less to live. The producer can afford to take less and the great army of middlemen can be satisfied with less profit.

These are a few of the causes of the high price of bread—a price more than twice as great as is paid in the Motherland. We can remedy matters if we will—by making the producer and the consumer more easily meet each other. The experiments in open markets are very gratifying. Baltimore furnishes a good illustration. We can prevent inflated values for commodities by fighting trusts and encouraging municipal and public ownership generally. The watering of stock has as much to do with the advance of prices as any other thing.

Then, again, we should remember that because we are not preparing our young people for industrial pursuits, because they are workmen of the second and third class only, we must pay for it. Incompetency always lays an embargo on a community.

In all the reasons given we have said nothing about waste land, unearned increment, extravagance in government and extravagance of our people in general. These points were hinted at before. Nor have we referred to light weights and short measures although these may add to cost. The point to be recognized is this, that the cost of high living is due to many factors. In some cases intelligence will save us, in some cases we must revolutionize our methods and punish the thieves who are responsible for unfair additions to the burden of the working man. This punishment will not be meted out until we have grit enough to rise above party and elect to public office men who will truly represent tne common people—the consumers in general—who are the sufferers under present conditions.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Sometimes it is good for us to see ourselves as others see us. Here is what the "Country Gentleman" has to say about our homestead regulations:

This country does not appear to realize the seriousness of the migration to Canada or to understand the causes that underlie the loss of valuable population. It is time to wake up. Last year Canada received about 400,000 new settlers, of whom about 130,000 went from the United States. These figures are those of the American consul at Winnipeg. Now we are told that the immigration in 1912 will break all records.

The prime cause is the greater liberality of Canada's homestead law. It provides that any one who is a citizen of the Dominion, or who has declared his intention to become such, may acquire a title to 160 acres of land by residing upon it for a period of three years, by building upon it a habitable house and by cultivating a substantial part of the ground each year. It also provides that during six months of each year the homesteader may leave his land and go elsewhere. This is most important. If he gets sick or runs behind in his finances the government helps him. It goes so far as to advance him seed and money.

In the United States our homestead law provides for a residence period of five years. During that time the settler must stay on his land or lose it. Nothing is done to help him. Experts and commissions have declared that the law ought to be changed. Secretary Fisher, of the Department of the Interior, says: "It is the man on the land who is essential." And he adds: "I think that the settler should get a title to his homestead just as soon as he has shown his good faith and has convinced the Government that he sincerely means to develop the land and help build up the community."

There is just one thing to add to this opinion. We are glad to get settlers of the right type such as the 40,000 settlers mentioned, but when it comes to some of those from Central and Southern Europe our national welfare demands that they be here at least five years, and preferably ten years, before they are accorded the full rank of citizenship.

GIVE US MEN!

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND.

GOD give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor and who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking,
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

WHAT MAKES A DECISION VALUABLE?

One of the peculiar things about Justice Charbonneau's decision in the Hebert case is that he stands practicaly alone, and yet his judgment counts for more than all the others. This is because the others are seen to be surface judgments. The major premise is always assumed. Judge Charbonneau sought to establish all his premises before attempting to reach a conclusion. It may be that he was mistaken after all, but he certainly went about the matter in the right way. Many people are wondering where the talented writer of the Kingdom Papers comes in about this time.

CENSORSHIP.

No man would willingly give poison to his children. Yet there are hundreds of men who knowingly permit their children to receive every week that which poisons their minds beyond hope of remedy. The great poisoner is the unsupervised moving picture show. Not only are wrong ideals of manhood and womanhood presented, but scenes of murder, host and debauchery are presented in their most horrible form. I went into the most reputable of the shows the other day and for ten minutes saw over one hundred children gaze upon a scene in which a jealous woman poisoned her lover and then committed suicide. It does not help matters when deeds of heroism—always heralded by the waving of an American flag—are portrayed immediately afterward. The general effect of the whole thing is demoralizing. It is coming to this that the public have to enter upon this matter of education in a broader spirit. They must see to it, not only that children are under right supervision from nine to four, but all the time. Without exercising undue paternalism the state must do more to control the reading and amusement of its young people. And the public censors must be a little more discriminating. Even if they reject one picture in every ten, they must learn to reject nine in every ten if the effect produced is not wholesome and invigorating. Better have our children physically unsound than to have them morally corrupt.

THE FLAG.

The national significance of glorifying American flags in Canadian theatres is occupying not a little attention. The Montreal Witness is quite right in the following criticism: "Evidently the proprietors of some of the moving picture houses in the city are at last beginning to appreciate that the average British subject does not care to see the Stars and Stripes constantly before him, and to see his own flag put in the background, and even at times insulted. Something unfortunately new is that one of the leading picture theatres in the uptown district is at present treating its patrons to an English made film, which portrays the gallantry of two British tars in saving the Union Jack from insults by a gang of brigands. So scarce have been these films in the past that the appearance of this on the screen brought forth an outburst of enthusiasm seldom seen in a moving picture palace. The British made film is more numerous in Montreal now than before, and the audiences attest their appreciation of the change."

THE STRIKE.

The greatest and most lamentable strike of all times! Why in the name of all that is right should the miners and the owners try to settle this as if there were no third party to the problem? Why should not the third party—the suffering public—take over the mines, operate them, and sell the coal as cheaply as possible? Then would the country know whether the owners were true or false in their declarations as to profits. If the owners are right, let them add a little to the price of coal, but let not the children of the laboring men starve. The wage scale at present is absurd.

WHEN YOUR CHILD COMES HOME TIRED

give him a cup of Bovril, or let the principle meal commence with a little Soup made from Bovril.

He will forget his fatigue and enjoy and profit by the solid portion of his food.

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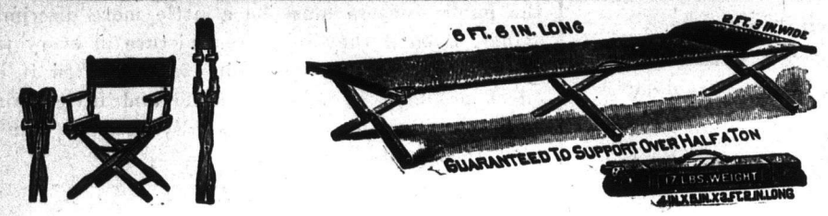
Brigger's Pure Jams are made from clean, sound Niagara grown Fruit and Granulated Sugar and are guaranteed Absolutely Pure.



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The Miller's Song.

By Temple Bailey.

EVEN the miller's cat had a certain air of supreme unconcern. "We are two of a kind, Primrose," said the miller. And as he emptied a bag of corn into the hopper he sang a line of his own particular song:—

I care for nobody, no, not I, since
nobody cares for me.

Primrose stretched and yawned.

"I suppose that is your way of shrugging your shoulders," the miller mediated.

Primrose walked to the sunlighted door, leaving little four-toed tracks on the floury floor. At the door she was stopped by someone coming in — someone who held her silken skirts high from contact with the powdery whiteness. "I heard you singing when I was far down the road," said the owner of the silken skirts, 'and it isn't true. You know that I care."

"But you won't live in my mill."

"As if any woman would!"

The miller brought a chair for her placing it in the middle of the wide door, that she might look out on the white waters churned by the big wheel.

"You don't care really. You think you do. But you are a little thing to be wrapped in silks and satins, and to have little buckled shoes on your feet, and to eat from golden plates. Primrose and I have our meals on blue china."

"Primrose?"

"My cat. 'A primrose by the river's brim,' you know, 'a yellow primrose was to him'—— He picked up the cat and she lay like a spot of gold against his white blouse.

The girl looked at him with something burning in the back of her eyes. "You're different from any man I have ever met," she said.

"That's why you think you like me," he told her, and back in his eyes there burned a deeper light. "The men of your world are all alike — and so are the women."

Her head went up. "I am not like the rest."

"I haven't seen enough of the rest to know." The miller stood in the doorway and looked down at her. Her hair was black and came in a little point on her forehead. There was a gold buckle at her belt and two on her shoes. Her eyes were grey, and her lips a scarlet line. "I haven't seen enough of the rest to know. Now and then they drift in here from the hotel and wonder how it happens that a man of brains can content himself with grinding corn."

"Of course they wonder."

"Why? What do men of your world do?"

"Oh," she answered, vaguely, "they have business during the day and at night they dine somewhere and go to the play—and eat late suppers."

He laughed. "They are a lot of puppets pulled by a string; they dance to the tune the world sings, but I sing a song of my own."

He set the little cat down gently and leaned towards the girl. "I sing a song of my own," he repeated, "a song that has in it the beat of the old wheel, the grinding of the mill stones, the roar of the waters."

His voice died away. His eyes looked beyond the stream, beyond the intervening fields and pastures, to the blue line of the hills.

Presently he went on. "I lived in the city once."

"I thought so. Why did you leave?"

"Because of a girl."

A flame flickered in her cheeks. "A girl?"

"Yes. Not a girl of your world. But a girl in my class at college. She was an earnest little student, and she wore sensible boots — not little Cinderella things with golden buckles and short skirts and flannel blouses. But she was very fresh and pretty and young."

"Yes?" The flame flickered out, leaving her white.

"She came from the people, and she hated what she called the privileged classes. And she chose me as the butt of her satire because of my father's millions."

"Millions?"

"Yes. And now that my father is dead the millions are mine. Not many men at the hotel have more."

"And yet you live here?"

"Because of that girl I live here. Gradually she piqued my interest. She scorned a man who would not work with his hands. I had danced my way through life. She showed me that there were real things in the world—that no man had a right to be a drone. We saw a great deal of each other; finally we became engaged."

"And yet a week ago—that day in the rain—you told me that you loved me."

"Yes. Elsa was a force in my life—she has always been a force—but that is all. And you are different. You are "You are different from any man I have

His grave eyes met hers. "If you loved the realization of a dream. You are the incarnation of joy —of life — Euphrosyne. That first day I saw you on the mountain you were pulling down the branches of a dogwood tree and breaking off the blossoms. And you were laughing—all alone there in the forest. And I laughed back and helped you break off the branches. And we needed no introduction — do the wild things of the forest wait for formalities? After that you came here often and we sat in this door and talked; and the day that it rained we were shut away from the world and I could just see the little white oval of your face, and then you told me that you would not live in my mill."

"And all the time there was the other girl?"

"Not in the way you think. My engagement with Elsa was over two years ago. You see, she didn't want me to come up here," a little smile broke the corners of his strong mouth. "She had demanded that I work with my hands, and she thought I would do it in a more spectacular way. But I went beyond her theories. I was convinced that she was right—that the man who labors is the happy man, and that the questions of the masses will be solved when they can be made to leave the cities. My grandfather was a miller—this was his mill, so I came here. Over there in the old house are his pieces of mahogany, some of his books and many of mine; the same fireplace. I have made a few changes, though I have added some luxuries, and I keep two servants and a horse. Then for company I have my patrons, my cat Primrose, and up at the hotel, my friend Beeman."

"Beeman?"

"The propretor. The soul of his grandfather dwells in him. My grandfather and his were friends. One ran the mill, the other the country tavern, where the coach stopped. When I came up here Beeman laughed at me, and then he visited me and was fascinated. Now he is running the hotel in a modern way for fashionable folk, but at heart he is the old-time tavern-keeper, who would like to sit in the front yard and gossip with his neighbors, or toast his cheese by the winter fire, or smoke his pipe in the chimney corner.'

"He seems so—commonplace."

"You think that because he is fat. He was always fat—at college he was as round as a barrel—but he has brains."

Then he set the subject aside lightly. "And so I live alone, for Elsa scorns me because I will not go to the city and work and you scorn be because I will not go to the city and play—and neither of you will live in my mill."

She came and stood close to him, her eyes very large in her white face. "And you would marry either one of us if we could come?"

Then for the first time he was serious. "Good heavens, no, child," he

said; "it is you I love. Elsa is a sort of scientific proposition. But even for you I cannot leave my mill."

"If you loved me," she insisted, "you would go anywhere."

His eyes met hers. "If you loved me, you would live in my mill."

For a moment she wavered, then her hand swept across her eyes. "Don't look at me that way," she whispered, and fled. She turned, however, when she came to the bridge, and waved her hand, and he waved back, his white figure looming big against the black shadows behind him.

And when she was out of sight he sighed and spoke to the little cat. "Primrose," he said, "do you stay with me because you love me, or because there are mice in the mill?"

That night, when he crossed the bridge on his way to the hotel, he stood where Euphrosyne had stood, and looked back at the mill and at the big house that loomed behind it, unlighted except in the servants' quarters. "It is not good for a man to live alone," he murmured, and Primrose responded with a plaintive "miouw" as he struck out into the broad white road, whence she dared not follow him.

The guests at the hotel were dancing in the ballroom, and the miller made out Euphrosyne in a shimmer of silver gauze, treading a joyful measure with a tall, blond man. The miller stood in the porch and watched them, his big hands clenched, but as the couple whirled near the window he saw the far-away look in her eyes, and he drew a sigh of relief, and his hands relaxed as, deep in his heart, he said, "She is thinking of the mill."

He found Beeman in the kitchen. The servants had gone to bed or a-pleasuring, and the tavern-keeper had things to himself.

"Hungry?" he demanded.

"No," the miller told him, "I had dinner an hour ago."

"I never eat dinner," the fat man said. "Not the kind of dinners we serve here. I don't like a dab of this and a dab of that; a bit of fish, and a bit of meat, and a bit of salad, and coffee at the end. I wait until the kitchen is empty, and then I come in and cook the things I like. To-night it is going to be ham and eggs, and I'll double the quantity if you will eat with me."

But the miller shook his head. "I'm not hungry," he said.

He watched the expertness with which Beeman, prepared his meal. The fat man broiled the ham over the red coals of the big range and dropped the three eggs into hot, deep fat. He made the coffee and cut bread and cheese, and spread a white napkin on the corner of the kitchen table.

"So might mine host of olden days have feasted," the miller laughed, as the fat man settled down to his meal with a sigh of satisfaction. Then the laugh died out of his eyes. "We are sailing under false colors," he said; "a man of to-day cannot live like his grandfather."

"I can eat ham and eggs," Beeman told him, "and smoke my pipe by the kitchen fire. When I get old I am going to build a bungalow with a big chimney corner, and I am going to keep a big round of beef on the sideboard."

"All dreams, dreams," said the miller. "Some day the world will call us back, Beeman."

Beeman cocked up his eye and demanded, "Who is the woman?"

"There are two of them. One of them I love because God made her for loving, and the other I owe a debt of gratitude because she made a man of me—but neither of them will live at the mill."

Beeman leaned back in his chair and reached for his pipe. "You will be first to desert," he said. "The call of the city will come with the call of the siren. And some day you will be pegging away in an office, and your life will be in the social whirl, and the kiddies will spend your money and ruin you with riotous living."

"I have had a dream," the miller said, "of a woman who might come up here to the old house and be happy. Of children playing in the old mill."

The smoke from Beeman's pipe curled to the ceiling. "We all dream such dreams at times," he murmured; "even fat men who eat ham and eggs."

The miller stood up. "I have made up my mind," he said, and his chin was set squarely, "if the woman I want won't come into my life, then I will go to hers. When a call like this comes to a man, Beeman, he has to follow, if he dies on the rocks."

"I know." For a moment something shone in the fat man's face that transfigured it. "I know. I wouldn't be here alone, and making a pig of myself, if I hadn't closed my ears to a woman's call before it was too late, and she called no more."

They gripped each other's hand in silence, and presently the miller left his friend in the dim kitchen, his pipe's blue smoke still curling to the ceiling, and the remnants of the evening's feast before him.

It was raining as the miller went down the hill, and all that night it rained, and the next day, and the next. And the miller read his books and paced the floor restlessly. "It is not easy, Primrose," he said, more than once, "for a man to make up his mind, and the mill holds me."

The fourth day the storm increased, and when the rain was coming down in torrents the mill door opened and Euphrosyne came in. Her hair was wet and she was breathless with running. "There is a girl coming down the road," she said, as the miller took her hands. "She stayed at the hotel last night, and I am sure it is your Elsa."

"Well?" he demanded, still holding her hands.

"I wanted to tell you," she stammered, with hot cheeks, "that you'd better marry her. You know I can never, never come and live in the mill."

There was a step at the end of the platform in front of the mill.

"Let me go!" Euphrosyne panted. "What will she think to find me here?"

"Anyone can take shelter from the rain," said the miller.

The door, which stood half open, swung fully back.

"Elsa," he demanded, "by heavens, where did you drop from?"

She laughed, a throaty, musical laugh. "From the clouds with the rain. No—I had to come and see if you are still a madman, Phillip."

Back in the shadows two small hands were clenched at the familiar use of that dear name.

"I have another wayfarer who is taking shelter from the rain," the miller explained, as Elsa, peering into the depths, saw the slender figure in the deep chair. Euphrosyne had taken off her raincoat, and in the half darkness one could see the gleam of the golden buckles, the pointed peak of black hair, the scarlet lips, the luminous eyes.

Elsa's eyes were shrewdly grey behind gold glasses. There were no buckles on her heavy shoes. Her blouse was open a bit at the neck and showed her creamy skin. Although she wore no raincoat, she had carried an umbrella, and she was dry.

"Come over to the house," the miller insisted; "it is too damp here, and there's a fire there."

They found Primrose on a rug in the dim, low sitting-room. She welcomed them sleepily as they sank into the deep chairs.

"I'll leave Primrose to do the honors, while I run over to the mill for a moment," the miller said, and as he went out Elsa called after him, "Come back soon, madman."

"Why do you call him that?" In Euphrosyne's eyes were little points of flame. "Why do you call him madman?"

Elsa's glance weighed the tenseness of the slender figure, the flame in the eyes, the proud set of the small head. "Because a man who would leave the world and come up here and stagnate is mad. He might have led men, and he is content to drone."

"He doesn't drone," the other flared; "he works hard."

Elsa picked up Primrose and pulled her ears thoughtfully. "He is content with a pussy-cat existence," she said, "like this little creature. They are two of a kind."

Primrose said things in a sputtering sort of way before she jumped from

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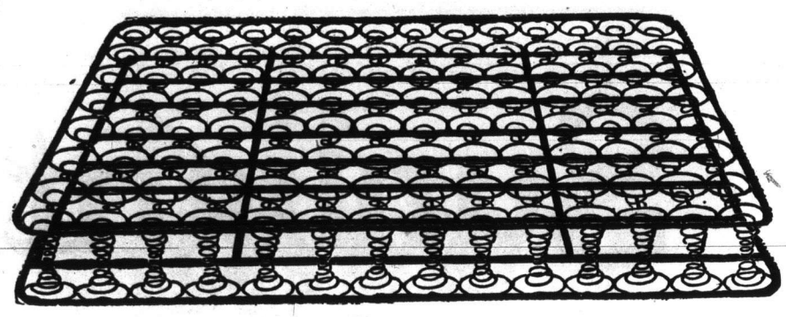

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Elsa's lap to the shelter of Euphrosynne's arms.

Over her head Euphrosyne said, accusingly, "I don't see how you can say such things about him if he is your friend."

"It is because I am his friend that I say such things; if he would come back to town he might be great."

She rose and leaned against the mantel, looking almost boyish in her young strength, her sturdy outline.

"If he went to the city," Euphrosyne murumred, "he would be like all the rest."

"He would never be like the rest," Elsa stormed. "Oh! I am frantic when I think how he is wasted."

"Wasted?"

"Yes—he will live here, and he must stoop in his mating—what woman who was worth while would come and live in his mill?"

"Any woman might be very glad to!" Euphrosyne flung out; and then, all scarlet, dropped her eyes, for over Elsa's head she saw the miller, and his face was the face of a man to whom a dream had come true.

But he said nothing until she was gone, and then he had it out with Elsa. "To think that you should come to this," was the girl's scornful arraignment.

"To what?"

"To this supineness — where you are content to dream the days away and to talk to a girl with gold buckles on her shoes."

"And you? What of your life?"

"I teach and preach."

"And waste your breath. For you preach discontent. Go tell your people of my life—sing them the song of my mill—and they will listen because it will be a song of happiness."

For a moment she was very still; then she said, and her voice dragged a little, "Of course you are going to marry her?"

"Yes."

She held out her hand. "Good-bye," she said. "Some day you are going to find out that you are wrong, and then—then may came the thought of what you might have been——of me——"

"It is you who have made me what I am," and his voice was not quite steady as he said it, "though I followed a path that led me to my mill."

They stood in the doorway as he spoke and Elsa looked longingly across at the great building where for a time the wheel was still. "Perhaps," she said, wistfully, "if I had listened, I might have heard its song."

But his eyes were off towards the hills, where the windows of the hotel gleamed through the rain. "Perhaps," he said, vaguely; and she went out of his life, sighing.

And that night, when the rain stopped the miller stood late under the stars with his lady of dreams. His face was bent to hers, and it was as if, in the still night, they listened to the heart beat of the world.

Then at last he whispered, "When will you marry me?"

She drew back a little and looked at him. "In a year," she said. Then, as his eyes held hers, she faltered, "In a month," and at the very last, "Oh, in a week; in a week I will marry you—miller!"

The Inner Trail.

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Irene Keane, University of Alberta.

DO complete double identities ever exist in this world? Or, in other words, is it possible for a personality, *in toto*, to be duplicated? Life's threads are sometimes so tangled, and resemblances so striking that the theory seems to be justified. It is an oft quoted saying that some of the greatest and most perilous undertakings have arisen in the most trivial way—such as a second look at a face that seemed familiar.

The hour for evening service in a small town in Northern Alberta was approaching one Sunday late in the fall of 19—. The raw November day had not drawn many people away from their firesides, nor did the windy, cheerless evening promise to do so. Nevertheless, here and there, some were already on their way to church.

Sidney Merrill, Constable in that part of His Majesty's service known as the Royal North-West Mounted Police, stared. The town, so far, had proved most A book lay turned half-open under his elbows, and it was evident that his thoughts were far from being rose-colored. The town, so far, has proved most uninteresting to him, his work had been practically all routine, the monotony only broken by an occasional visit to the rectory or patrol into the foreign settlements, and restlessness is not usually conducive to happy thoughts.

The church was some distance to the south-east of the town, but he could see the lights flickering in the small painted windows and hear the subdued notes of the organist trying over the hymns of evensong. Rousing himself as if by a great effort, Merrill rose, stretched, and began preparations for church. Soon he was in his usual seat there, apparently engrossed in finding the proper places in the prayer book, glancing up now and then to notice who was coming in.

Generally there was just Mrs. Walton and wee Kitty from the rectory; but tonight a young lady in a dark serge suit accompanied them, leading Kitty by the hand. Merrill had not noticed them come in, being just then busy in hunting the first hymn.

With the opening notes of it, he seemed to revive. His strong tenor voice easily led the singing, which was brighter and better balanced than that of many a larger congregation. Suddenly he stopped—his face whitened and he looked quickly around. Mingled with the others he had detected a rich contralto voice, with notes he had believed could belong to but one voice in the world, and that voice was now hushed in the grave.

When he saw the new-comer he felt for a moment as if he had fainted and was just recovering. The fair face with its rich color deepening and paling, the tendrils of hair escaping over the high forehead, the very pose of the figure—were all like the voice—the dead had apparently come to life! Merrill's natural common sense, however, overcame the supernatural aspect; though it would be like re-opening an old wound, he must meet this girl, so strangely like the one who had once meant all existence to him.

"You must come over for a while after church, Constable Merrill," he heard Mrs. Walton saying to him as the congregation were dispersing. "We have Miss Martyn, the new teacher, staying with us, and the bank boys are coming over too." So, even the name was identical! He never knew just how he got inside the rectory, nor what he said or did after he got there.

It is amazing except to the initiated how much comfort can be had in a tiny Western shack. The rectory was little better than a shack, for this town was one of those mushroom growths whose religious missions undergo an indefinite process of waiting for sufficient funds for proper buildings. Yet its capacity never seemed to be exhauste , nor the generous hospitality of Reverend and Mrs. Walton to moderate. In these young settlements, as yet without facilities of libraries, etc., the rectory is sometimes a haven of social refuge on Sunday nights for members of the congregation who are temporarily separated from the comforts and congenial educated circles of the Mother Land and Eastern Canada. The majority are far-travelled and all are interesting. This evening the young people were crowded into the miniature kitchen, while the others were clustered round the kindly old Bishop, a guest till train-time. Everybody was talking at

On the side of Bold Hill he had noticed something.

once, and everybody was happy, and the tall, benign Rector and his gentle wife moved among them with a sympathetic and directing word for all.

Merrill, standing at the door between the two rooms, seemed to see only one person. He was conscious of a dream-like feeling that he had said the same things to the same people at some previous time. With the departure of the Bishop, there was a general gathering up of hats and coats. Merrill, cap, gloves, and stick in hand, was also preparing to leave, when Mr. Walton pressed him to remain longer, and he gladly availed himself of the invitation, in order to finish describing some experience of his to Miss Martyn.

When he finally took his leave, it was snowing outside, though he hardly was aware of it. The rich tones of Miss Martyn were singing themselves over and over to him:—

"On the resurrection morning,
Soul and body meet again,
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!"

and the fulness of its promise seemed to have begun for him. The smile of that movement became him rarely, because, though his countenance was naturally not grave, his usual smile was rather impersonal. The quiet reserve strength of his face was transformed by the feelings of the last two hours.

All night long the lights of the barracks burned; Merrill was busy making up monthly reports and other official work which he had allowed to lag the last few days, and in hunting up his maps of the Peace River detachment. A resolve, as yet dim and but half-formed, was shaping itself in his mind.

Back in the Eden period of his existence—which everything about Miss Martyn seemed to recall—the Other One had once remarked to him: "Some day you will undertake a long and dangerous journey for me." Across the shadows her words were coming to him now, making him feel that whatever he might do for Miss Martyn, yet it really was not done for her, nor yet for the Other One, but for the personality id ntical in each of them. How far his decisions were influenced by past or present, the result was the same.

Nine years before the eventful evening, a man had left his family with no word other than that he was going to the Peace River; he had been known to have large sums of money in his possession; he had never been heard of since. To find this man, her only remaining brother, was the dearest wish of Miss Martyn. By the time his reports were complete, Merrill had taken his resolve. He intended applying for leave to go on a searching party of one for the lost man, though he read in the Life Insurance Lists of 1905 and the R.N.W.M.P. Report for 1906 that he was missing since June 14th, 1902, when he was last heard of in an Indian camp on the Little Buffalo River.

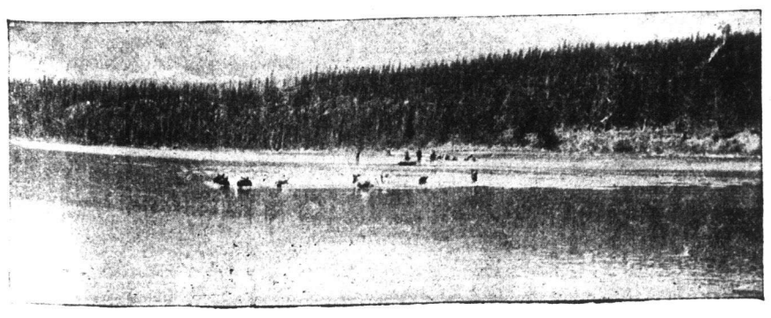
It would not do to tell the girl of his intended mission, for it might raise hopes only to have them shattered—whereas, he knew the reward he would claim if successful.

Obtaining leave was a long process, so long indeed that he almost gave up the hope of the grant. Detachments were short of men and the work for each detachment considerably in excess of the time and strength of the men required to do it.

In the meantime Merrill looked up all the information available re the lost man. The work of the Royal North-West Mounted Police has many phases—the mission of the force is constructive, not destructive. On many of the long, thinly-settled patrols its members are harbingers of mercy and relief. Many a trailer and homesteader, down and utterly disheartened, has been invigorated and given a fresh start by a red-coated 'Rider of the Plains,' bringing news of the outside world, and perhaps (as often happens), fresh supplies to tide him over his period of scarcity. Search for missing relatives is one form of their relief work. A description once given them is never laid aside nor search abandoned entirely till there is absolute proof of death.

By dint of many letters and some judicious wire-pulling at headquarters, Merrill finally received the coveted permission and transfer and began preparing for the long trip. One day is very similar to another in these new towns, and the day on which Merrill received his coveted order was like many others that had gone before; but he noticed details more just then because he was so soon to leave the scene. The Chinaman hanging out the washing in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun; Russian women, odd-looking in their great coats of sheepskin, high head dresses and big shoes which did not hide their bare ankles; sleepy Galacians, listlessly driving their oxen just where they would be most in the way; one or two fairly smart looking business men holding consultations on the street corners; some fat foreigner women routing their husbands out of various bar-rooms—all the points of the photograph were clearly impressed on his mind.

As he walked on towards the sand hills at the back of the town with Miss Martyn, he debated with himself how best to break the news of his departure to her. They sat down upon a little mound overlooking the town and a small lake nearby. The sunset was one of the opalesque variety sometimes seen in late fall—blues, greens, and other shades blended and deepened, shot with the



They prepared to return to the outside.

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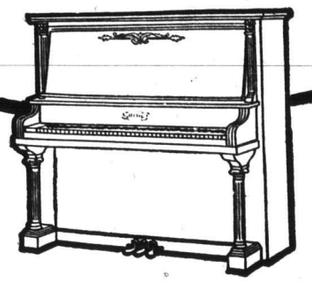

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The principal advantage to the farmer in shipping to Duluth will be the advantage of getting a car to move his grain away to a position where it can be sold to the highest advantage for him. There will be very little difference between Fort William and Duluth prices, but for a time prices in store Duluth for the lower grades may be ½c. or more over Fort William owing to the better facilities for getting quicker shipment to the Atlantic seaboard for export.

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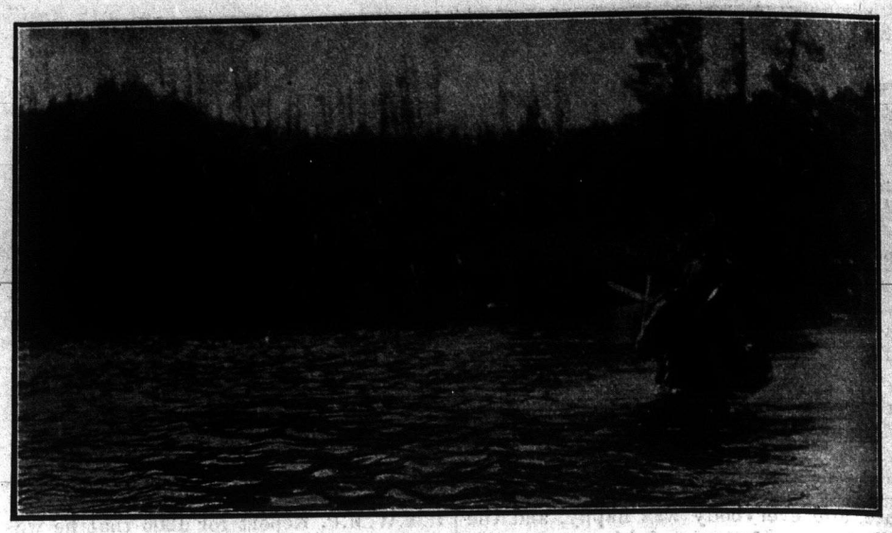


The banks of a beautiful slough which seemed as if it had once been a river.

underlying golden rays; the rainbow-like hues were reflected in the lake, and the green and gold of the bushes deepened for the moment. In the darkening east a small red light flickered, then shot up distinctly on the sky-line. To the girl, it was a small shack and straw pile burning up; to the man it symbolized the many camp fires he would build upon his journey, the hardships and vacillating luck of the long trail to the north.

A silence which was eloquent marked the walk back. Merrill had said but little, merely telling her that duty had transferred him for the present, and asking permission to come back within the year; and Miss Martyn, while gladly granting his request, was just realizing how much his departure would mean to her. It was not so much the daily walks, drives, or skates, but the loss of the intimate companionship that had come to mean so much to her. She felt also that there was something back of the curt official reason for his going—in his reticence in speaking of his journey.

As they returned to the town, they paused for a few moments beside the embers of the fire. Its ruddy lights flickered over the scarlet tints of his uniform and her coat; the pink of the Eastern sky had deepened, and a thin crimson streak crept over the Western clouds, eating along their surface as the hungry flames devour, leaving a darker streak to follow like murky smoke. In the crowded cities, which had been the childhood home of each of them, people had been so busy with the mere question of existence that they had not had time to learn the real meaning of life. Here, in the hush of the twilight, each peered into the future, and while the final parting was marked with but little outward feeling, to each of them had come the highest emotion of all, one that survives absence, that suffers and is glad, that is born in an instant of time, but outlasts life and conquers death.

* * * * * *

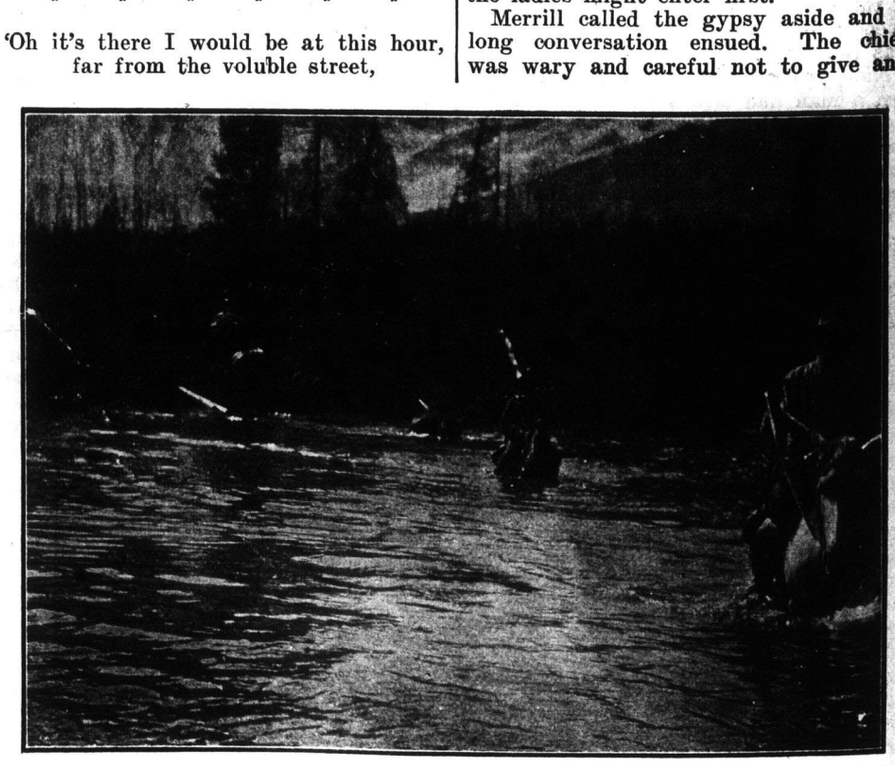
'Oh it's there I would be at this hour,
far from the voluble street,
And the cunning of little men, and the
gossip of little towns;
Above my head my comrades the stars,
and beneath my feet
The warm bosom of earth, the naked
breast of the downs.'

Merrill had read those words somewhere, though he could not recall the place, and they came again to him many times ere the close of his quest. He had not taken the most direct route to the Peace River country, because he wished first to find a certain old gypsy chief, said just then to be wandering near Soda Lake, who was the last person known to have been with the missing man.

Having learned that this was mail day, he stopped at the post office in hopes that the gypsy would call. Nor was he disappointed. His artistic sense was aroused as he rode up to the whitewashed building thatched in true Russian style, for it looked so clean beside the sod huts. Inside, however, the thatch was black and hung in strings; the floors were stone or bare ground; one room, officially the post office, was icy cold and sparsely furnished; the other was so stifling with the mingled odors of a hot fire, an odd dozen unwashed children, four or five dogs, burnt pudding and rank tobacco smoke, that Merrill could hardly stand it.

The dogs bayed outdoors and he glanced out to see the chief approaching with several followers, while some English ladies were walking up from the other side. The chief was a figure to be seen and not forgotten—tall, with a prominent hooked nose under a broad, overhanging forehead, which was attenuated by his broad soft felt hat, upturned at the side with a huge rosette; long, heavy, black whiskers falling low on his coat of dark fur, which, loose at the neck, disclosed his red silk shirt—the picturesqueness of a brigand combined with the gallantry of a prince, as he motioned back his followers with a slight wave of his hand, in order that the ladies might enter first.

Merrill called the gypsy aside and a long conversation ensued. The chief was wary and careful not to give any



He had an odd feeling that the girl was crossing with him.

He welcomed the heavier work of the sixteen mile portage.

more information than he was forced to. One point only the constable had satisfied himself upon, namely, that the lost man had been at Fort St. John several times since he had been reported on the Buffalo; coming like an Arab in the night and departing as silently ere he was noticed.

For Fort St. John then Merrill steered his course. Sometimes he seemed in a sort of mental stupor, sitting for hours thinking, yet having no definite recollection of his thoughts, nor of what he saw as he passed. When the steamer arrived at the mouth of Lesser Slave Lake, he welcomed the heavier work of the sixteen mile portage; manual labor was a relief, for the enforced inaction had chafed him.

In the North, one is not of the elect until one has challanged the rigors of at least one winter. He had had several years' service in northern detachments and so was the better fitted to undertake a search of this nature. From a chance conversation overheard on the steamer, he came back from Fort St. John to the Little Buffalo River, having heard that the man he sought had again been seen there. Through two of the portages on this river the canoes had to be pushed, and the third one, which was three miles long, was through wet, swampy ground, where he sank to his knees in water and mud, and packing was rendered very hard work. Then he came to the banks of a beautiful slough which seemed as if at one time it had been a river. Merrill spent two days searching the slough and the country adjacent. He was rewarded and at the same time baffled by finding a box and the remains of a camper's outfit marked with the lost man's name.

Time after time, through many weary months, was he baffled in the same way. He followed in the dark or light, wherever the slightest clue offered, showing always the self-reliance and good judgment which men in lonely and isolated positions of responsibility often develop, for the human intellect has the power of enlarging itself to the height and compass of the emergencies by which it is forced.

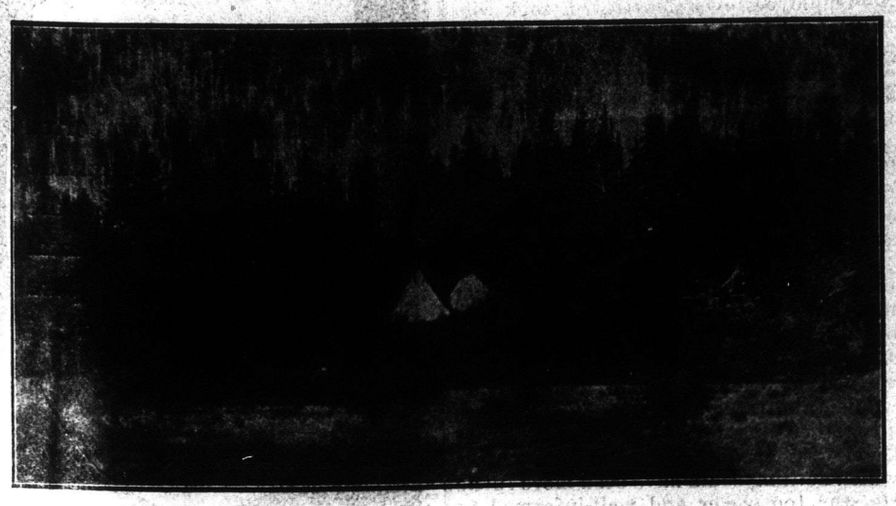
Often as he paddled along some river, with a staical half-breed guide, or searched faint trails, he thought of the legend of the artist who used his life-blood in his palatte and thus produced masterpieces of coloring. It is heart work that tells and Merrill's whole heart and soul were in his quest. Sometimes he sat and pictured the future, and dreamed he saw the face of the girl who had inspired him.

The search had its pleasant aspects at times, however, for Merrill, thorough lover of nature as he was, saw much to admire. Once in crossing a bridge which the guide had informed him had been built long before the memory of any living Indian, he had an odd feeling that the girl was crossing with him. It was a real cantilever bridge, very old and frail and unsafe, built of fir, tied together with willow bark and very old rope, hanging over a canon about seventy feet wide.

Some days after this incident, he was paddling on the Peace. In the twilight its broad waters glided along with a low purring murmur; the horizon line was outlined by a fluctuating rim of the Northern Lights, the headland was bare save for a few squat poplars, but long and black and undulating, and as it grew darker, the half-revealed face of the moon creeping up behind one of the hills, making silver rays across the water. He had covered over a thousand miles and while he fought on with Anglo-Saxon tenacity which by some immutable law refused to allow him to acknowledge himself beaten, yet hope was low within him.

Peering along the shore he dipped, but the paddle did not touch the water, on the side of Bald Hill he had noticed something bent over, something which very much resembled a man with a pack. Instantly he drew into the shadows and watched. Yes, it moved, it crept up the side of the hill; it acted as if fearful of discovery, crouching and turning, sometimes even going on all fours. Merrill waited with quivering nerves and strained attention. He lay till he thought it safe to follow. Step by step up the trail he went, with only a broken twig or a footprint here and there to guide him. Day after day he still took the trail, finding papers and other things thrown away by the fugitive, which aroused every ounce of energy in him.

Then he was balked. All traces disappeared; he was in a strange country, with his provisions almost exhausted, so he painfully retraced his steps as nearly as possible. When about half way back,



He advanced to the tepee and tent and covered its occupants.

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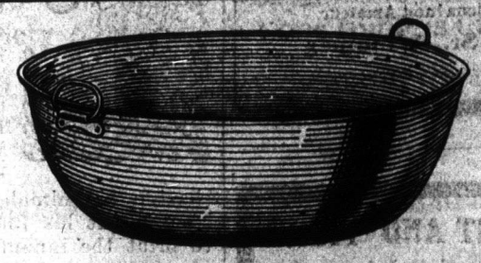

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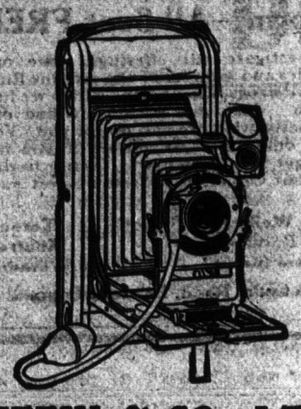

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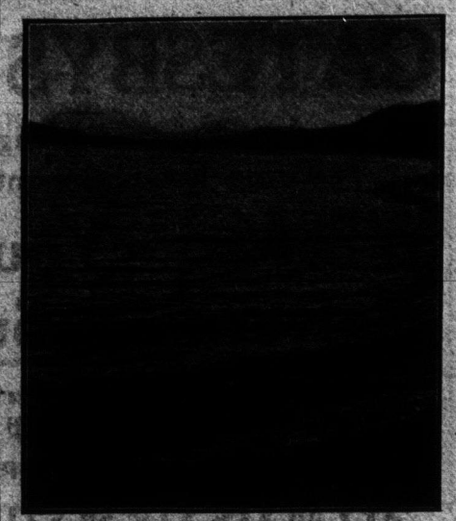

He came out on a river which he recognized as the Big Smokey.

he was blocked by a river across which was an immense jam of logs and fallen lumber that looked as if it had been accumulating for years. He had come outside the first track. He attempted the crossing, though as he had no tools with him it was a perilous and difficult task.

His delight was unbounded when on reaching the opposite shore, he found two trails, one of which was fairly well beaten. It was this Inner Trail that was to be the gateway to his heart's desire.

Weary, hungry, footsore, and with his uniform sadly frayed, he started out to follow it. Some time after he came out on a river which he recognized as the Big Smokey. The trail led on around a bend, where a cable was stretched across the river. Yet further, and he saw teepees and a tent. He stopped to rest and repaired his uniform as best he could. Advancing to the main tent at nightfall, he crept up and covered its occupants just as all the dogs in camp suddenly became aware of his presence.

At last, though Merrill scarcely could realize it, he faced the long lost man. His air of sullen caution and his furtive glances showed that the visit of the redcoat was hardly an agreeable one.

Still covering him, for fear he would flee away, Merrill explained to him that his partner had confessed to the embezzlement that the lost man had been suspected of and proved to him that as an innocent man it was his duty to return to his relatives, especially to the sister whose life was being marred by his absence.

Then he was balked; all traces disappeared.

The man agreed to accompany Merrill to the next post, though he had become so suspicious of his fellow-men that he believed the constable was decoying him, and that he would be punished for a crime which he was innocent of, though the victim of circumstantial evidence. Once at the post, however, Merrill furnished his proofs, and the lost man admitted his identity, shaved and otherwise prepared to return to the outside.

* * * * * *

Miss Martyn was at home, trying to read in the library the latest book, but her thoughts refused to dwell on the story. Not a line during his absence had she had from Merrill, though through other sources she had discovered his mission, and somehow she felt that he would not come back to her until he was successful.

At that moment she heard the door bell ring, and sat almost rigid as Merrill asked for her. She heard his spurs on the stairs and closed her eyes. He paused at the door a moment—the open fire, the girl, beautiful as ever, albeit thinner and paler, her white laces touched with the ruddy glow seemed the fitting sequel to the parting by the dying embers of the other fire, and the last line of the hymn that had been the beginning of all things flashed across his mind, as he thought of the personality of the two who had crossed his life.

'To that brightest of all meetings,
Bring us Jesus Christ at last.'

Then he went in.

Make Way for the Young.

By Henry B. Fuller.

Of the twenty and more type-setters in the composing room of the Semicolon, the youngest and sprightliest was Frank Parlow. Daily, for the alloted number of hours, he would chasten his nimble spirit by a sturdy clanking at his linotype, as he reduced to print the innummerable small scraps of manuscript that reached him from the copy chopper. His recompense came later. Then he would light a little black pipe, unfold the perfected issue of the day's endeavor, bring down his cocky gray eye to a narrow squint, and treat himself—in a tone of airy tolerance that was but one remove from cynicism—to a review of the crudities, futilities, and insincerities of the "high-brows" downstairs. His comments were always tart and jocular and were frequently enough to the point.

These comments fell, as often as elsewhere, upon the head of Leopold Golson. Golson was one of the editorial writers and was responsible for the make up of the editorial page. He was a tall, lean man of saffron complexion and atrabilious temperament, and passed for a philosophical anarchist. It was the torment of his life that the Semicolon would not permit him an adequate expression of his ideas; and it was the chief joy of his none too happy existence to circumvent, wherever the least opportunity offered, that unwary man, his employer.

This individual—known to varying departments of the business as the "old man" and the "lord proprietor"—was a representative of the capitalistic class. He addressed the prosperous and the satisfied, and his paper upheld the status quo. The tariff could not be disturbed; the railroads could do no wrong. His richly appointed office, to which few of his employees ever penetrated, took cognizance of the many interests beyond those of mere newspaper routine, and often knew private conferences with personages whom more radical journals handled with but scant respect.

In these circumstances Golson did the best he could. If instructions were positive, he would be as bourgeoise and reactionary as possible—only to upset the apple cart slyly in his concluding paragraph. If his proprietor were absent from town for a day or two, the other members of the staff kept their eyes open for a subsersive germ set here or a revolutionary petard planted there. If warned or cautioned, the hapless man would take refuge in subjects that were altogether nugatory, and would treat them with an anaemic aestheticism than which nothing could have been more futile He was too clever and well-informed to be dismissed, and so averse to change as

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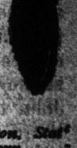

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to dread seeking employment elsewhere; but there was little wonder that, playing thus at cross-purposes with himself and his work, his utterances often enough took on a cast of the ineffectual and the insincere.

"He an anarchist?" observed Parlow one day to the head-line man. "He's a dub. I'm ten times more of an anarchist myself." Which, from a practical point of view, was pretty close to the truth; for an airy yet determined avoidance of rule and regulation was the very warp and woof of the young fellow's nature.

Another of the Semicolon staff whom Frank Parlow held in but low esteem was Avis Mathilde Grahame, editor of the art department. She was a tall and slender blonde, past her first youth; she wore gold eyeglasses and wrote a lady-like hand. She was Golson's immediate neighbor, and for a year or more they had sat back to back in their respective dens. It was Miss Grahame's cheerless vocation to make a Saturday afternoon half-page out of the limited local doings in the field of painting and sculpture; and she was obliged (in the manufacture of her tale of bricks with so slight a provision of straw) to magnify mezzotints and cry up china decorating, and to turn to the fullest account every peripatetic exhibition that visited the town. She had never held a brush in her hand, and she was the victim of a languishing admiration for Botticelli and Velasquex—an admiration which, from the very nature of things, could not be given an hebdomadal airing in the paper. She was also strong on the pontificate of Julius the Second, and wrote too much—though less than she would have liked—about it. So that, whenever Frank Parlow met her in the corridor or in the elevator, he would say, as likely as not, yet gravely and respectfully:

"Good-day, Miss Grahame. How is the Renaissance?"

The result of all this was that Avis Grahame turned back upon herself—her emotional potentialities struck inward. And she often made herself declare, with feeble pointlessness, that, after all, the great art was life itself.

This sentiment was welcomed pleasantly enough in the genteeler suburbs, but it irritated Frank Parlow. "Oh, fudge!" he would say to the young woman who was obliged to proofread this dolorous matter, "I dont see how you can stand up under it." And on one occasion he added—for their acquaintance was becoming almost an intimacy: "I can get more out of life in one evening than this puling old girl has got out of it in the last thirty-odd years. And so, I expect, can you."

"Well, really, Mr. Parlow," was the young creature's reply, as she rolled back her large yellow wave from her forehead with a fair, ringed hand: "I don't quite know what you mean. If you had only said that I could do ten times as much with a paint brush as she can"—a pathetic allusion, this, to the frustration of a higher career—"I might grasp you."

"Oh, I guess you 'grasp' all right," returned Frank. "Or, if you don't, you soon will."

* * * * * * * * *

Golson was a bachelor. His private life was correct, and as a citizen he was no less exemplary. He hated the law—or so he thought—but he submitted to it. Property was theft, and matrimony was a worn-out form. Yet everybody held him to be honest; and it was assumed that if he even entered the double life it would be on the banal basis of a marriage license. He had never been, however slightly, "in contravention of the law"—as the Latins so grandiloquently express it. If the policeman hectored too stationary a crowd, it was not Leopold Golson who expostulated or resisted; no, he docilely "moved on." If some officer drew attention, during the illness of the janitor, to the heavy snowfall on the front sidewalk and called upon Golson's landlady, occupant of the first flat, to remove it, no protest ensued. "I need air and exercise," Golson would declare; "I'll shovel it off"—and more than once he had done so. He felt the weight of autocracy, but——

To Frank Parlow, on the other hand, whatever was was substantially right. He made no great claims to be a thinker; he had no ambition to reform the world. Nothing mattered much so long as he was free, during his unemployed hours, to let his young blood have such full course as it demanded and required. If the police came into relations with him—this happened now and again—he would cajole, dupe, hoodwink, jolly and generally slip away. If he reached work late some morning, and was perceived to sit pensive at the loom on which he helped weave the ephemeral tissue that was to drape the fleeting form of the Day, none of his mates took notice, but all of them know why: the reform movement had caught him at some prize fight or in some gambling raid; and nothing, after the failure of his usual wiles, had been able to loosen the hold of justice save the intervention of some high power in his ward. For Parlow was as active politically as every good citizen should be, and had once or twice been more effective in shaping local events than many of Golson's editorials could claim to have been. Again, if Parlow came down with a suppressed swagger in his gait and a scratch on his temple or just a shade of discoloration near his eye, it was tacitly understood that some difficulty had developed at a dance hall—that he had disposed satisfactorily of the other fellow, and still stood high in the opinion of the "lady."

"Ay, he's a tough little nut," the old Scotch foreman would now and then declare.

About Golson's attitude toward the sex little definite was really known. It was understood that there was an intermittent platonic alliance between him and Avis Grahame, and that sometimes, when there were spare tickets for theatres or concerts, or when the regular critic was overtaken by the embarrassment of conflicting dates, he escorted her to an entertainment of sufficing intellectual calibre.

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"Them concerts would be too swift for me," declared Frank Parlow, on a return from one of his dances.

His companion was the young proof-reader. She had yielded to his blandishments, and had consented to accompany him to Harmony Hall, where they had footed it industriously until nearly two in the morning. Up to the present hour they had had little but shop in common, and as they sped along homeward in the half-empty car the talk drifted back, with automatic ease, to the associates in their daily work.

"Too swift? Same here," returned Myrtle Race, concisely. "No 'symphonic poems' for me. I wonder,' the girl went on, knitting her brows to call up an image of the absent Miss Grahame, "if she knows anything more about music than she does about painting?"

"As much," returned Parlow, "as he knows about a primary, or a twenty-four-foot ring." And the young man's tone made it clear that Golson was ignorant of "life" indeed.

"I could do her work," Myrtle Race continued. "If papa had only made out a little better last year, I shouldn't have had to drop my studies at the Art Gallery and take up with proof reading."

"Papa" was the proprietor of a small weekly "down state"; and his daughter —before the call of art had lured her to the city—had made herself useful about his office.

"In that case," observed her escort, fondly, "where should I have come in? Don't forget little Frank."

Myrtle had gone to the dance with a fearful joy. She had heard various tales of her young knight's prowess, and knew that, so far from "side-stepping" life—as he himself expressed it—he welcomed its rush with outstretched arms and a hearty hug. She had anticipated becoming a bone of contention—the envied object, perhaps, of a scuffle on the open floor. But nothing of the sort had ensued. Parlow had taken her to quite the choicest of his resorts, a place against which no "lady" could bring the slightest objection. The evening had passed pleasantly, but uneventfully. Parlow himself had felt this lack of saliency and had tried to inject interest by picking a quarrel with the guard on the home-bound train. The man had wearily refused to make much of him, and the young fellow was still suffering from a sense of vague dissatisfaction.

"You don't think we've had a slow time?" he asked her anxiously, at parting.

"Oh, no; not at all," replied Myrtle feeling in her pocket for her night-key. "I love refinement, and have to thank you for a very pleasant evening."

* * * * * * * *

On that same evening, though at an earlier hour, Leopold Golson and Avis Grahame were attending a concert. An anarchistic symphony by a new and notable Russian composer was the principal number on the programe, and Golson sat before a golden shell within a certain ivory-tinted temple, well pleased. For this daring composition undertook not only a trans-valuation of all musical values, but also—with the help of a great body of exegetical comment which was to be mastered in advance—a trans-valuation of all moral values. Golson had mastered the comment, thanks to some general musical reading and to a fortnight's close study of the immediate matter in hand. He knew, therefore, just to what extent the sensational Slav, in his turn, was upsetting the ethical and aesthetical applecart, and he was gratified in proportion. A full cadence was a weak banality—and so was the practice of Christian charity. A plain passage in thirds or sixths was a feeble futility—and so was that flat old notion of monogamy. Welcome to the strong man who would banish pity and strangle decency and would do in all things as he willed. Golson was immensely uplifted, and during the short intervals between the movements he endeavored, by means of hurried and eager exposition of the composer's aims and practice, to help his companion share his delight. Here, he declared, was a great and daring soul—one who would sweep away the conventionalities and timidities and injustices that fettered the modern man and would help to make all things fair and hopeful and new.

The next morning at nine, purged of all asperities, he was writing away in his little editorial den with a patient self-control that promised soon to become habitual.

Avis Grahame was deeply affected by this hour of revolutionary harmonies. She, too, felt the need of wider horizons and of greater freedom of action. As they parted that evening, she invited him to accompany her, the next afternoon, to an exhibition of German paintings which had been sent across the water to jar the complacency of the prosperous bourgeois and to raise the loud shout of rebellion in a new and alert society.

Golson wrung his hands with delight as his quick eye swept over these insurgent canvases. He hardly needed the exposition his companion was so desirous of making—surely the revolt of such men spoke for itself. "Secession!" he cried, from the middle of the room. "'Secession' is all too weak a word. What I hear is the loud trumpeting of a band of high-mettled young individualists, rearing, tugging, straining at their traces, and determined to overtake and trample down the tyrannous academics of whatever established order My brothers, I salute you!"

"Get the color scheme," panted Avis Grahame, determined that the technique of these revolutionaries should receive due recognition, too. "It is a tonality completely new. And note the brush-work—knife-work, thumb work, what you will. Even at this distance it is like a fist-blow in the eye. See that pig wallowing in the sunflecked stream—it

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is like a wild pattern in oil-cloth. Note that woman contorting in the moonshine—she is like all the seven deadly sins in one. The composition—how chaotic! The anatomy—how independent! The lightning—how wilfully perverse! Oh, it is all so new, so different, so vivid, so vital, so stimulating! . . ."

They left with reluctance these halls through which the winds of freedom were circulating in such a tornado. On the outside steps Miss Grahame said:

"And now, I suppose, I must go up to Oliver Dent's and look at his portrait of John M. Woodward and see if I can get a photograph of it for a half-tone."

* * * * *

Leopold Golson had never been in the habit of regarding himself as likely to become the subject of a tender passion—he led a life too starkly intellectual. Nor was he likely to extend consciousness, on this point, to another man's heart and mind unless that other offered himself with the completest unmistakableness. Frank Parlow now "offered"—if the consensus of the composing room was any guide: it was generally assumed that, in his own peculiar fashion and according to his own peculiar lights, he was paying court to Myrtle Race. Golson set aside his own "ideas" and resolved to speak.

He caught the young fellow in the corridor late one afternoon and talked with him about mending his ways. Parlow, who was conscious enough of laying siege to one a peg above himself, and who enjoyed the universal appreciation of his nerve, listened with unexpected docility. He had listened on previous occasions to some of Golson's tempestuous theorizings, and did not quite understand how a man could be so loose in the abstract yet so exigent in the concrete; but he patiently gave ear.

"Come, Frank," said the mentor; "get in line behind Falstaff: 'purge and live cleanly.' If you are meaning to marry, search your heart and scrub your morals. Different hours, with different company, in different places. Fewer young fellows about you, and those of higher aims. Fewer young women, and those of—well, you understand me"—as Frank blinked rapidly, once or twice—"of less dubious character. Set a higher mark for yourself—and keep to it. Raise the general average; don't lower it."

"Oh, say now," replied the young man with a gulp; "if a fellow's going to live in this world, he's got to know it. If a man's to stand between the world and a—a family, let him begin by understanding the thing he's got to face. I can't say I looked for a sermon from you. Thanks, just the same, though. I hope to come out all right, pretty soon —even as many other fellows have."

Golson moved on in some little confusion. "I trust you will, too," was all he could say.

About the same time Avis Grahame was moved to address a few words to Myrtle Race. She was some twelve or fifteen years the girl's senior and felt she might make the venture. There had been hours, of late, when Avis had allowed herself to open a little under the influence of one or two advanced writers who were inclined to maintain that the single woman of thirty-five might be justified in taking matters into her own hands. Yet many women, after all, would have to take such a course before she could agree to follow it. The rule for the advanced was still the same as for the young—and about that rule there was no matter of doubt.

But her chief support in addressing Miss Myrtle came from the fact that, during the last vacations, she had done the "Answers for the Anxious." The "tone" still clung; and it was now employed with Myrtle, as with her predecessors.

In answering her correspondents, Avis Grahame had made the assumption, common to the office, that all her young women stood alike on one social plane. That plane was her own, and she made them gentlewomen without exception. In a few cases she may have done harm; but in most, doubtless, she worked only good. The young female of the middle sort was brought face to face with the ladylike ideal. The girl must never descend to the young man; the young man must always rise to her. No weak concessions; no lowering of standards. "He will think all the better of you for it in the end," Miss Grahame had often added.

Myrtle Race, when this method came to be applied to her case, was piqued and almost saucy. But she saw that the motive was of the best, and she kept her temper. After the first minute or so she was listening quietly and with the deepest deference, as to one who was immensely older and possessed of all the wisdom of the ages.

"Thank you, my kind friend, for your deep interest"—this, with a little reverence, was all her retort; and Avis Grahame came away feeling for wrinkles in her face and almost prepared to find her first gray hair.

But the passage of a few weeks seemed to show these efforts as all in vain. One forenoon Golson's galley-proofs came to him queried in a new hand, and he soon learned that Myrtle had forsaken the Semicolon. Closer inquiries disclosed her return to her native town. Her father had lapsed into invalidism, and if his paper was to continue publication, his daughter must lend her help. So Myrtle had removed her covetous eye from the position of art editor, and leaving Avis Mathilde Grahame in undisturbed possession had gone back to Central City.

A fortnight later another familiar face was missing; Frank Parlow had left the Semicolon, too. During his last few days his expansive and communicative manner had quite failed, and nobody un-

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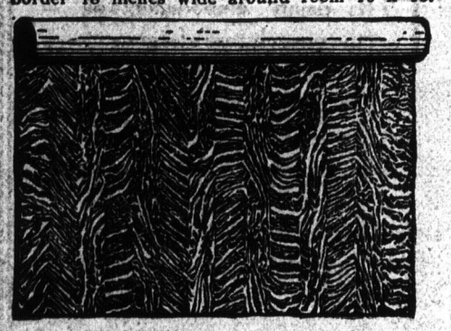

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derstood with complete clearness where he had gone, or why.

"This is a world of change," remarked Golson. "And a newspaper office is the very heart of it."

But no particular change came for Leopold Golson and Avis Grahame. A year and more passed, and they sat still back to back in adjoining dens. The one was engaged, as before, in perfunctory and spiritless comment on the happenings of yesterday or in comment upon comment on the happenings of the day before. The other was still endeavoring to swell local talent to the proportions and significance of genius, and was still wondering if she should ever be able to round out life to a completeness artistically satisfying. Yes, the art of life was the great art, as always; but how it slipped through one's fingers!

The first afternoon edition was off the press; errors had been lamented and corrected; and all hands in the editorial department were engaged on a languid miscellany of minor matters for the morrow. It was a day in early May. On Avis Grahame's desk stood a spray of lilac in a tumbler. Its odor persisted against the smells of lubricating oil and of printer's ink that always clung round the building, and it helped some obscure sixth sense within her to register the approach of youth and hope and success and joy—of youth triumphant, hope fulfilled, success accomplished, and joy abundantly bestowed.

She had lost all sharp sense of time and place, when a tumult (as it seemed to her suddenly restored consciousness) sounded just outside her door. There was a scuffle of many feet—as many as eight or ten, perhaps—and she knew, with nothing more to tell her, that prosperity was in full advance, that self-confidence was forging ahead under rapidest momentum, that General Satisfaction and Boundless Complacency sat high, side by side, in their chariot, and that the long corridor of the Semicolon building had been chosen as a Via Sacra by the latest of triumphing conquerers.

Avis Grahame shook herself to alertness and glanced through her open door out into the hall. She saw a young man, a young woman and a very young baby. The man was Frank Parlow; the woman was Myrtle Race; and the baby—well, the baby filled in the historical hiatus and indicated the precise relationship between the other two.

Success and self-satisfaction sat upon the young couple like a double aureole. Each was proud of the other and of the baby, and of the position—presently explained—which their united efforts and talents had gained for them in the world. Their progress was taking them from the city room, where they had exhausted the admiration of the few late lingerers, on toward the private office of the lord proprietor, whom they were gallantly purposing to meet on terms of unblinking equality. An unoccupied copyboy was at their heels admiringly; a casual window-washer was glad of their notice; and the youth in charge of the elevator had delayed his descent as long as he dared.

The little party paused at Miss Grahame's door and looked in on her with all possible friendliness. Myrtle, a paragon of high fashion, explained that they had come to town for a few days to look up old friends; she was cordial, but she made it clear that a wife and mother was addressing an unattached spinster. And Parlow himself said, with beaming condescension:

"Well, Miss Grahame, and how is the Renaissance?"

Miss Grahame smiled wanly—less, perhaps, at Parlow than at the baby. The Renaissance had not yet taken place.

In the next compartment Golson had just shut his desk and put on his hat with the idea of stepping over to the public library and getting some figures about the iron trade. He was as lean and gaunt as ever, and Dissatisfaction was still openly claiming him for her own. Parlow caught him on the threshold and greeted him with gust complacency. He even reached down into a well-stuffed pocket and handed out a card, and Golson learned that he was face to face with the editor and proprietor of the Central City Clarion.

"Her father's health got bad," said Parlow, jerking his plump thumb toward Myrtle, "and a practical man was needed. Pretty soon he was glad to let me buy him out—on easy terms. Central City is humming, and the Clarion with it. You're still doing editorials, I suppose?"

"Still doing editorials," replied Golson, suddenly overcome with a sense of life's futility.

"And still single, I presume?"

"Still single," said Golson, patiently, but with a crescent sense of the emptiness of the universe.

The Town Band, Aylesbury, Sask.

"Your hair's grizzling, I see . . ."

"It's much the same, I think," returned Golson, with a flat tone from which all vibrancy had vanished.

"Get married," counselled the young man, "and have somebody to take care of you. It's the only way to live." He left his wife and infant son and drew a step or two nearer the other. "Come," he said, in an undertone, with a slight gesture toward Miss Grahame's door; "she's a fine woman—and Myrtle says so, too. Ain't you ever going to throw the bomb?"

Miss Grahame came out into the hall, dressed for the street and busily pencilling the finish of some brief memorandum. In her modish gray gown and her gold eyeglasses she seemed the perfected expression of good taste and "gentility."

"Going my way?" asked Golson.

"I'm going to the library, to look up some of the later French impressionists."

"That's my way. We will go together, if you like."

"Do," Parlow advised genially, as he moved along, with his little family, towards the secluded and well-guarded quarters that were sacred to the proprietor of the paper. "Well, good luck; and good-by. I must say 'Howdy' to the Old Man, and ask him out to lunch with me to-morrow."

Hardiness in nursery stock is of first importance. Buy no other kind.

Laurie of the "Plainsman."

A Story of Western Canada by Hulbert Footner.

THE Plainsman occupies the last store of the Carver Block, a one-story row of plate-glass fronts on A Street, east, ending at the railway tracks. The Carver Block, all of five years old, begins to wear an air of haggard antiquity in the brand new streets of Blackfoot: most of the paint has peeled off the towering cornice, and more than one jagged rent lets daylight through that apparently solid front. The curious thing about the buildings of Blackfoot, as of other Western towns, is that they seem to pass direct from the freshness of the trowel to the snuffiness of second-hand building materials. As to this particular store, it needs no sign to identify it as the home of a newspaper—the excessive griminess does that. A flannelette curtain, once a rich green, but more recently a bilious yellow, hangs across the back of the show window, which contains nothing but the accumulations of five years' dust and a framed card of job printing samples dating from the same era. Upon opening the door, the characteristic warm, pungent smell of printer's ink and fresh pulp paper greets the nostrils, lent individuality in this case by a rich undertone of ripening bananas—for part of the back premises is sublet to a wholesale fruiterer, who conducts his business via the rear alley. There is a little sanctum in one corner of the shop, and a counter crosses from that to the wall. Damaged and unsold copies of the Plainsman for a year back are heaped everywhere.

Frank Ardry, editor and proprietor, was doubled over the counter, with his chin in his palms. It was Saturday afternoon, and the staff had distributed itself in quest of amusement, except that the chunking of the monotype in the basement gave notice that Leonora Colpas, the typesetter, was still at work. Frank was a good-looking youth, with a round head, broad over the ears and smoothly thatched with black; and bright, sophisticated gray eyes. His air of high and humorous assurance, brooking no opposition, was the Plainsman's chief asset. But just now his colors were hauled down.

It was not that the Plainsman was in any worse case than ordinary: the sword of bankruptcy had always hung suspended by a hair over that devil-may-care publication. Frank had secured it from the last proprietor in exchange for a polo pony, and was considered to have received the worst of the bargain. No, he had succeeded in paying his employees for the week; it was simply the "elevation" that ailed him. I should explain that the altitude of Blackfoot is held accountable for most that goes amiss there. Frank was blue, richly and luxuriously blue.

So intent was he on his gloomy thoughts that he did not see a small figure come in through the open doorway and approach the counter.

"Good afternoon," she said.

Frank jerked his head up. His astonished and delighted eyes took in a small, slim girl who looked seventeen and was undoubtedly older. The most remarkable thing about her was the brave, friendly expression of her blue eyes. She plainly wished to ingratiate herself, but without abating any point of personal pride. The next remarkable thing was her hair, the quantity of it and its color—most like raw mahogany, but exactly like nothing else under the sun. This enframed a face cut with delicate certainty of outline, with a healthy, pale skin and lips fresher and sweeter than opening crimson petals. The vision was clad in a close-fitting green gown which became her rarely, and a crafty little hat of the same color.

To Frank the sight of her was like the unhoped-for granting of a secret prayer. He flushed to the roots of his hair.

"My name is Laurie Gray, she said with an engaging candor—she had the cheerful, incisive voice of a schoolboy. "I'm looking for something to do. Can you give me any work on the paper?"

"Why, yes!" said Frank instantly, the possibility of refusing anything to one so pretty never occuring to me. Some time afterwards he added, "What can you do?"

"I never worked before," she said, "but now I have to. My mother and I have come West to make our fortunes."

Her cool, cheerful frankness turned the point of sentimentality. Young Frank was compelled to be businesslike. It was soon decided that Laurie was to cover "locals," meetings, sermons and society. The glint of a fanatic enthusiasm shone in her eyes as this fascinating program was unrolled in her hearing.

"I have dreamed of being a reporter," she murmured.

It may be remarked that there was more danger in a conversation like this than in whole bucketfuls of sentiment. Quite so! The red head and the black unconsciously drew closer across the counter, and in smiles flying back and forth and in the kind, shining eyes, already there promised something a good deal tenderer than the customary relation between employer and employee.

They were interrupted by an ominous "'Hem!" from behind Frank's back. He looked over his shoulder apprehensively. At the head of the basement steps stood Miss Colpas, the typesetter, in her lace coat and picture hat, the plumes of the latter seeming to bristle with indignation. Leonora was a veteran pioneer of the West; without undertaking to state just how old she was, I may say, well-seasoned. She was likewise westernly free of speech and uncommonly well able to take care of herself. Ordinarily she was amiable, and ruled the males of the Plainsman, including the proprietor, with a rough, bantering coquettishness; but

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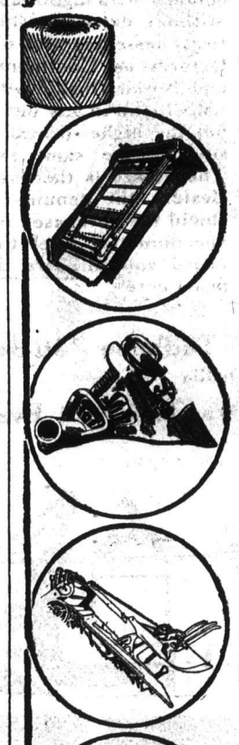

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just at present she was very much on her dignity, pale under her rouge, and with black eyes glittering dangerously.

"Pardon me if I intrude," she drawled.

"Not at all," said Frank uncomfortably. "This is Miss Gray, the new reporter," he explained.

"Indeed, I was not aware!" said Miss Colpas grandly. She took a good fifteen seconds to look Laurie up and down. "Charmed!" she murmured as insultingly as she could, and made her way languidly to the street door. With her hand on the latch she turned. "I think you call for me at eight," she said indifferently to Frank, and went her ways. The door must have slipped out of her hand, or something; the impact was terrific.

Laurie had been watching her with cool wonder. "Look here," she said with her inimitable directness, "if I'm going to be here, I ought to know where I stand. What's the matter with her?"

Laurie's frankness demanded a return in kind. "You see," Frank explained, "she and her brother are the only ones in town who can run the monotype, and she knows it. Besides——"

"Well?" prompted Laurie.

"She has money," said Frank. "Made it speculating in real estate during the boom. She holds a chattel mortgage on the plant downstairs."

"H'm!" said Laurie.

"So I—er—take her about to the subscription dances to keep her in a good humor about the interest," he blurted out.

Laurie took note of his rueful grin, and suddenly her face broke up like a sunny pool under a gust from the west. She cocked up her pretty chin and laughed a peal like a boy. Such delicious, heart-disquieting music had surely never been heard within those grimy precincts.

On her very first day Laurie made herself an important factor of the Plainsman. As she crossed the Estevan bridge on her way to work she witnessed an accident, brought about, it might have seemed, for the especial benefit of the fledgling reporter. The only automobile in town, property of one Mackinnon, a real-estate agent and unpopular, was to blame for the ruin of an immigrant farmer's household goods. Laurie, warm with generous indignation, got half a column out of it. Womanlike, she discovered the owner's vulnerable point, and turned her pen in the wound. The reason the automobile made so much noise, said Laurie, was because it was such a cheap machine.

Frank ran the story as it stood, and next morning all Blackfoot chuckled over it, with the possible exception of Mackinnon. The real estate agent was a gross creature: little Laurie passing his shop later in the day, was publicly insulted. On her return to the office, she casually mentioned what had occurred, and Frank, with a brightening eye, took his hat from its peg, and, commanding Laurie to keep the shop, sallied forth. Laurie promptly disobeyed him. Following at a discreet distance, notebook in hand, she missed not a detail of the brief and pointed discussion which ended in the fat real estate agent rolling in the gutter. Laurie got a whole column out of that, and Blackfoot agreed that it was the best account of a scrap which had appeared in the local press. The paper was sold out in an hour, and the regular circulation jumped four hundred.

Among other things, Laurie was assigned to cover the meetings of the town council. Her first arrival in the dingy little chamber (which is in the loft of the police station) created something of a sensation. His Worship Mayor Pink (one of Blackfoot's leading grocers) himself descended from his throne to take her hand, and all the aldermen pulled down their waistcoats and strove to look aldermanic.

Laurie soberly disposed herself at the "press table" in the corner (it has only three legs and you must watch which end you sit at), and the usual mad torrent of eloquence was forthwith unloosed. Once a fortnight the aldermen are seized with this lust to orate, and nothing will stop them. Only Sam Puffer, ex-cow-puncher, rarely spoke—but he spat most eloquently. There was one spectator, Hennery Haddie, Blackfoot's eminent rag and bone merchant, who has run for alderman every year in the memory of man, without ever receiving a hundred votes, and who writes to the papers nearly every day. As a taxpayer, Hennery delivered a diatribe on the puddles in the main street, which was cut short only by Sam Puffer threatening to take him out and souse him therein.

Although she affected to be diligently taking notes, the proceedings were naturally quite incomprehensible to Laurie; but the reporter on the other paper, a pale youth of an evangelical turn, offered to write her story as well as his own. Laurie smiled her thanks and found herself free to smile at the aldermen one by one. The smile of a clever woman is a curious thing: the degree of promise gathered from it by the recipient is usually in inverse ratio with his intelligence. The alderman hastened to write out their speeches for Laurie, and the city clerk made her a copy of the minutes; but Laurie thought most of Sam Puffer, who, abashed by her presence, only scowled at her sidewise beneath his shaggy brows.

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COMPARE them on a value basis. There is more real value in Tudhope Cars—more service, more equipment, more refinement—than in any other Car sold in Canada at the same price.

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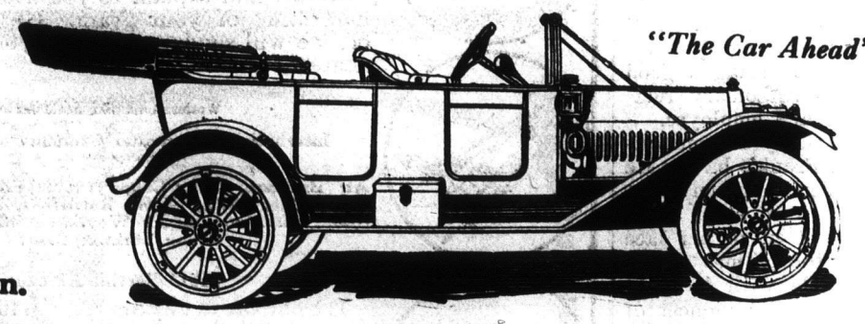

"The Car Ahead"

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502

As time went on the slender, green-clad figure, intent upon business, became one of the familiar sights of Rowland Avenue. The six tall policeman were her sworn friends, and one or another invariably accompanied her when she was called out at night. Policemen are only human; there was not one of them but sometimes drew her aside to mention some little deed of heroism he had performed—hoping it would appear in next day's paper. Laurie enjoyed alike the freedom of the banking offices and the jail. Every one wished her well, from the president of the Board of Trade down to the undertakers, who telephoned her when they had interesting corpses on view.

Her work was supposed to be done when the last of the local news was turned in at eleven o'clock each night, but how could Frank discourage her if she volunteered to stay another hour to help him read proof? They would sit side by side at the table in the rear of the little store, dark but for the single shaded globe hanging low over their heads. Laurie always had so much to say about the day's experiences, her tongue fairly tumbled over itself in her impatience to get it all out. Consider the feelings of the youthful editor as he watched the changing face of his very dear aide, and hung on the delicious tones of her merry, boyish voice. Need I say that the Plainsman was scandalously proof-read? There is more than one pointed story still in circulation concerning quaint misprints which escaped that precious pair of readers.

But as a result of this inspiriting hour Frank would set to work each day with renewed courage to keep his crazy bark afloat. The whilom careless youth had now a definite and absorbing aim. Week by week the Plainsman was doing steadily better, but, unfortunately, the increased business only made the pinch of insufficient capital more keen. Leonora was the most troublesome feature of the problem. The mere sight of little Laurie was sufficient to rouse that weather-beaten virgin to a pitch of blind unreasonableness. Frank used his best powers of cajolery, but the tension was stretched little by little towards the breaking-point. There was six months' interest on the mortgage overdue.

At Laurie's third council meeting old Sam Puffer produced from his capacious pocket a box of candy, the Eastern kind, very expensive and very stale in Blackfoot, and silently laid it on the reporters' table. Laurie was immensely gratified. From the other aldermen there were audible murmurs of "graft," for Sam was a candidate for Mayor, and this was looked upon as an attempt to suborn the press. But there was nothing in that; for at the next meeting, when Sam Puffer turned up in a somewhat "elevated" condition as a result of too long a dalliance at the mahogany of the Royal Hotel, Laurie regretfully but relentlessly entered the fact in the account of the proceedings. Next day Sam came around to the office and shook hands with her. It did him good, he said, to meet a person with sand enough to call his friends down when they needed it.

The other candidate for mayor was the smug Alderman Telfair, Sam's ancient enemy. He too sought to ingratiate himself with Laurie, but with this difference—that while old Sam was a real man, who admired Laurie for a pretty girl and respected her for a plucky one, Telfair was no more than a puff-ball, who saw in Laurie the means of getting his name before the public. Laurie perceived the difference very clearly.

The Plainsman supported Sam Puffer, of course, but in local politics a man is very often at a disadvantage with a puff-ball. Alderman Telfair was known to be a fool and strongly suspected of grafting; nevertheless he threatened to carry the election by the sheer weight of his protestations of morality. It is so difficult to oppose these platform moralists, without the implication of championing the immoral! The only weapon the Plainsman had against Telfair was ridicule—which inflicts painful but seldom mortal injuries. The town chuckled, and Alderman Telfair writhed under its thrusts. Furious reprisals were threatened; the Plainsman merely laughed editorially and continued its course. Then one night there was a late conference in Alderman Telfair's office—men with a common grudge may be infallibly depended on to smell each other out. Mackinnon was there; also a heavily veiled lady wearing a lace coat and a picture hat.

A week later the blow fell. Frank was in Prince George, the provincial capital, lobbying for some of the government printing. Laurie had undertaken the responsibilities of editor-in-chief, with a heart swelling with pride, destined, alas, to be immediately dashed. Reaching the office after the morning session of the police court, she found Hennery Haddie in the editor's own chair, with his feet on another, and the sanctum odorous of one of the cigars manufactured, according to popular belief, from his stock-in-trade: i.e., rags. Laurie's face reddened at the spectacle.

"Outside is the place to wait," she said sharply.

Hennery arose and puffed out his cheeks. He was a short, square man with a portentously serious eye, the carriage of the alderman he yearned to be, and the clothes of a rag and bone merchant he was. Hennery thought and spoke in purest journalese.

"It is my regretful duty to inform you, miss," he said, "that I have been denoted to take charge here——"

Laurie's face was a study in scorn. "Take charge!" she repeated.

"Owing, no doubt, to my well-known association with the press and public affairs," explained Hennery, with a smirk .

"What do you mean?" demanded Laurie.

"Baliff appointed by the court at the suit of Alderman Telfair, Esquire" —

Laurie took her breath sharply.

—"Holder of a mortgage of eleven hundred dollars on the chattels of this here establishment, assigned by Leonora Colpas, Esquire—I mean, spinster."

Laurie knew all about the mortgage. Her heart seemed to shrivel in her breast, and for an instant she felt herself a small, small person alone in a vast and cruel world.

"My instructions being," continued Hennery, "to allow the business to proceed in all ways as usual, only everything printed in the paper must be satisfactory to my principal."

Laurie heard him but dully.

At this moment Miss Colpas ascended from the basement, ostensibly to ask about a word in her copy, but really to see how Laurie was taking the blow. She got small satisfaction from the acting editor: the mere sight of the other woman provided Laurie with a tonic. She lifted her head, took a long breath, and issued her instructions with perfect coolness. When Hennery went to lunch she locked herself in the sanctum and, dropping her head on the desk, cried it out like a girl. Then she sat up and, bending her pretty brows, thought it out like a man. By and by she seized paper and began to write, tearing off page after page, entirely oblivious to her surroundings and to the flight of time. Anon the tears came into her eyes, anon she frowned and then laughed outright. Laurie was putting "soul" into it. She concluded with a great sigh of relief, and, without stopping to read what she had written, folded the bulky package once across and, thrusting it into the bosom of her dress, reappeared in public.

All the afternoon she put things in train for the next day's paper as if nothing had happened. She exerted herself to be agreeable to Hennery Haddie, who, worthy man, was not sufficiently astute to smell danger. Inflated by the importance of his duties, he felt an ever-recurring need of a fresh supply of bar-room hydrogen, and by evening there was a noticeable access of dignity in the bailiff, joined to an increased tendency to puff out his cheeks. Miss Colpas swept home as usual at five o'clock, and was succeeded at the monotype after supper by her brother. Hennery brought back some editorials from his "principle," which Laurie, with a casual glance, sent

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down-stairs. Laurie herself took no time for supper.

At nine o'clock the proofs for the first side came up-stairs. By this time the bailiff and the acting editor, sitting side by side at the table under the shaded electric light, were apparently on terms of perfect amity. With an innocent air Laurie volunteered to read the proofs aloud, and lifted a voice of monotony calculated to lull Argus himself. Hennery tipped his chair back, his eyes closed, and his head dropped lower and lower. Before Laurie reached the bottom of the first galley he emitted a sound and convincing snore. By the very look of Hennery you would know him for a hearty sleeper, not to speak of his potations during the afternoon.

Instantly Laurie, all excitement, scampered down the basement stairs. Besides Colpas, a weak youth, completely under the dominion of his sister, Higden, the printer, and Peake, who made up the forms, were at work. Into the ears of these two she whispered, and a wide, delighted smile slowly overspread each grimy face; they violently nodded their heads and followed her up-stairs. Laurie unlocked the door into the quarters of the fruit company. Peake grasped the back of Hennery's chair, Higden took the front legs, and the unconscious bailiff was tenderly lifted and carried up the four steps into the dark loft. Inside, there were several great bins reaching to the roof, such as are used for the storage of vegetables. These were made of stout palings, with narrow interstices to allow the passage of air. One of these cages was empty and the door stood open.

Hennery woke up as they sat him down, and struggled to his feet. But the cage door was already closed and the hasp secured with a stout wooden pin. Hennery's fat hand would not pass between the bars. He seized the door of his cage and shook it exactly like that animal from which we are said to derive our descent; his cries were piteous, but quite in vain. Laurie sent him a cigar to soothe his outraged feelings, and after a while he ceased his lamentations.

Meanwhile the packet of copy was produced from Laurie's bosom and sent down-stairs. As she expected, young Colpas presently came up two steps at a time and, without looking at her, darted out through the street door. Laurie spent an anxious five minutes—if they had stayed away she would have been utterly defeated, but she was counting on the motive power of curiosity, and the end justified her: the Colpases, brother and sister, entered the office, the lady plumed, rouged, and grim. She had some sheets of Laurie's copy in her hand. Laurie stood up, and they faced each other, the little one and the old-timer.

"What is this?" demanded Leonora stridently.

"The leading article for to-morrow," said Laurie mildly.

"Not if I know it!" said the older woman viciously.

Laurie was patient. "Have you read it?" she asked.

"The first page is enough!" said Leonora, violently rattling the sheets. "Alderman Telfair is my friend!"

"Please read it," said Laurie.

Miss Colpas held the copy under the light. Laurie watched her narrowly. As she turned over the pages, first her lip uncurled, then her black eyes softened a very little; she paused and bit her lip and frowned. Finally she threw the papers pettishly on the table, her arms dropped indecisively, she avoided Laurie's eye.

"I know very well it all rests with you," said Laurie. "If you and your brother won't set it up, of course there'll be no Plainsman to-morrow—nor ever again!" She paused for a moment to let this sink in. "No one blames you for selling your mortgage," she continued with a reasonable air. "That was simply business. But selling it doesn't bind you to help old Telfair with his dirty work, does it? You are never the one to knife an old friend when his back is turned!"

Frankness was little Laurie's disconcerting weapon. Certainly the devil was in it if man or woman could resist her when she looked like that!

Leonora was in a wretched state of indecision. "Where's the bailiff?" she muttered.

BON-TON

THE above are reproduced from the "Bon-Ton" 1912 Spring and Summer Style Book, which should be in the hands of every lady who wants to dress well and as economically as possible.

When noting the prices quoted below, remember that every article we list will give *lasting* satisfaction. We do not sell goods which will not wear well, and with us quality of material is as important as style. As a very large part of our business is from former customers, we can safely say we have given good satisfaction.

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7552—Belt in White Washable embroidered linen, 2 inches wide—nice pearl buckle, 22 to 32 inches....**19c**

7524 — Good Cotton Chemises, Swiss embroidery, 8 to 16 years....**39c**

7561—Linen Collar, 2¾ inches high. Sizes 12½ to 14½....**10c**

7562—Collar—Prettily embroidered both in front and at back—12½ to 14½....**13c**

7563—Fluted Jabot, fine linen, Valenciennes lace and insertion....**19c**

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"We put him in a potato bin," said Laurie calmly.

Leonora snorted briefly: Hennery was no favorite of hers.

"I wrote this for to-morrow's paper, too," said Laurie, taking up another page or two of copy from the table and handing it over. "And I borrowed your new photograph from Peake this afternoon, and had a cut made to run with it."

Miss Colpas read an eloquent half-column appreciation of herself and her services to the Plainsman; "a great personal popularity" and "unswerving loyalty" figured largely. The cut lay on the table; Leonora distinguished the lines of the beloved picture hat and lace coat, and in her mind's eye she could not help but see it at the head of a column.

"Would you really run that?" she said incredulously.

"Just as it stands," said Laurie—"unless you want to add something."

Leonora looked at her oddly. "You're just twisting me round your finger!" she grumbled.

"No," said Laurie, honestly enough. "It's not me, really. You see, I knew you had a good heart!"

The old girl's wrinkles worked curiously. She suddenly caught Laurie by her two arms above the elbows and gave her a sharp little squeeze. "Laurie Gray, I've been an everlasting fool!" she said. Then, turning furiously to her brother, she shouted, "You Colpas! What are you gaping at? Get back to work, boy" She commenced tearing off her gloves. "Here, I'll take the machine myself, and you set up by hand!"

On his way back from Prince George next morning, Frank Ardry bought a copy of the Plainsman when it was brought aboard the train at White Deer station. He opened it with an amused and tender smile at the recollection of the seriousness with which little Laurie had undertaken the role of editor—and then he gasped. Clear across the top of the paper spread this amazing announcement in the largest type they owned:

DASTARDLY PLOT TO MUZZLE THE PLAINSMAN LAID BARE

And underneath, in type a little smaller, this:

ARE THE CITIZENS OF BLACKFOOT GOING TO SEE FAIR PLAY DONE?

He skimmed through the story with anxious eyes and a beating heart; then he read it carefully and considered; then he read it a third time—and laughed. "Oh, marvelous Laurie!" was his thought. Her strength as always lay in her frankness: here was the whole story, Telfair, Mackinnon, and the unfortunate Hennery Haddie, rendered in faithful, if somewhat heightened, colors. The automobile incident was rehearsed, the midnight meeting painted in strongly, the cowardly waiting of the conspirators until they had only a woman to deal with pointed out. She was compelled to boggle the truth a little as to Leonora's part, but what she could not say honestly she left unsaid—a privilege of special pleaders. Written straight from her generous young heart, the story could not help but be convincing—irresistible. It concluded with an eloquent and dignified appeal for funds in the cause of free speech. Mayor Pink was named as the repository.

Four times in the two blocks between the station and the Plainsman office Frank was clapped on the back and congratulated. The office itself was crowded, not with mere idlers, but solid men, members of the board of trade, a bank manager. Laurie was in the centre, perfectly self-possessed — only her lip trembled as Frank came in the door. In the sanctum Mayor Pink was entering checks in a notebook. By noon they had the Plainsman reorganized. Frank was elected president, and Laurie was put on the board of directors. Sufficient cash was subscribed to pay off all indebtedness and start the regenerated paper with a safe working capital.

Late that night, when the last friend and well-wisher had gone home to bed, Frank and Laurie adjourned to Mat Runyon's for a bite, as they often did before he took her home. Laurie, perched on a round stool, with her ridiculously small feet swinging free, was munching a cheese sandwich with perfect composure. Frank for his part could only look at her and murmur:

"Laurie! Laurie! How wonderful you are!"

She turned a frowning brow in his direction. "Oh, stuff!" she said inelegantly. "Be sensible! Pals don't carry on that way."

"Hang the pal game!" said Frank energetically. "You've got to marry me now, that's what!"

The sandwich was on its way to Laurie's mouth as he spoke. It completed its journey, and the white teeth met through it without a tremor. Laurie chewed and swallowed the bite before she spoke.

"Would I keep my job?" she inquired casually.

"For life!" said Frank.

"Oh, very well, then!" she said coolly. "I don't mind!"

But for all her cool airs, in the swift, veiled glance she vouchsafed him Frank saw that which made his breast rise with wonder and delight.

An Ill-sorted Family.

Farmer Carson looked up from his search for potato-bugs into the face of a former neighbor who was visiting his old friends after an absence of ten years.

"How's your son Dick getting on?" he asked, after a few preliminaries.

"Dick? Oh, he's getting on first rate; he's a sort of a doctor," said the father.

"How about Arthur?"

"Arthur? Oh, he's getting on all right, too. He's a sort of a lawyer."

"What's Jim doing?" he continued.

"Oh, Jim, he's doing fine; he's a sort of a preacher," said Mr. Carson, cheerfully.

"And you keep right on here," said the old neighbor, with evident regret.

"Well, er, for the present," said Mr. Carson, apologetically. "You see it seems kind of advisable for some one to be a sort of a farmer, and kind of feed Dick and Arthur and Jim for another ten years or so, till they get a sort of an income."

TEA AND COFFEE HURTS
One in Three.

It is difficult to make people believe that tea and coffee are a poison to at least one person out of every three, but people are slowly finding it out, although thousands of them suffer terribly before they discover the fact.

A New York hotel man says: "Each time after drinking coffee I became restless, nervous and excited, so that I was unable to sit five minutes in one place, was also inclined to vomit and suffered from loss of sleep, which got worse and worse.

"A lady said that perhaps coffee was the cause of my trouble, and suggested that I try Postum. (Tea is just as harmful as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee). I laughed at the thought that coffee hurt me, but she insisted so hard that I finally had some Postum made. I have been using it in place of coffee ever since, for I noticed that all my former nervousness and irritation disappeared. I began to sleep perfectly, and the Postum tasted as good or better than the old coffee, so what was the use of sticking to a beverage that was injuring me?

"One day on an excursion up the country I remarked to a young lady friend on her greatly improved appearance. She explained that some time before she had quit using coffee and taken Postum. She had gained a number of pounds and her former palpitation of the heart, humming in the ears, trembling of the hands and legs and other disagreeable feelings had disappeared. She recommended me to quit coffee and take Postum and was very much surprised to find that I had already made the change.

"She said her brother had also received great benefits from leaving off coffee and taking on Postum." There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Read what "The Christian Age" says

"DAVIS & CO., of 26, Denmark Hill, have gained considerable reputation for supplying unredeemed pledges at very moderate prices. We gather from their latest Bargain List that great savings can be effected by purchasing a secondhand article of jewellery which has just had enough wear to test its value at about one-third the original cost price. Included in their catalogue are watches by some of the finest makers in the world."

Read what "Great Thoughts" says:

"There cannot exist much doubt as to the intrinsic value of any advertised article when such advertisers are willing to send the goods advertised on the Approval system. This system is adopted by Messrs. DAVIS & CO., and is a singular proof that Messrs. DAVIS & CO. have every belief in their ability to please their customers and prove the genuine nature of their announcements."

$3.75—FIELD RACE or MARINE GLASSES $25 Military Binocular (by Lefaier), as supplied to Officers in the Army and Navy; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; wide field; saddler-made case; sacrifice, $3.75.

$5.25—POWERFUL $35 BINOCULAR FIELD GLASSES (by Chatelain); 10 lens magnification power, brilliant definition, marked stereoscopic effect, over 60 miles' range, great depth of focus, large field of view; adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy: in saddler-made sling case; $5.25

$9.50—POWERFUL $65 DOUBLE DRAW BINOCULARS; 12-lens magnification power by Lumiere (as supplied to H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Greece), most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; quick focus, brilliant field of view, colourless achromatic crystal lenses, enhanced stereoscopic effect, great penetration power; in solid brown English leather case; sacrifice, $9.50.

$3.25 (WORTH $15).—Gent's Heavy 18 ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action (John Forrest, London), 10 years' warranty; absolutely perfect timekeeper; also double Curb Albert, same quality, with Grecian's head seal attached; all quite indistinguishable f'm new; complete, $3.25

$3.25 (WORTH $15).—Lady's handsome 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch, improved action (Allen & Co., London), exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also long Watch Guard, same quality; guaranteed 15 years' wear; together, sacrifice, $3.25.

$9.75—MAGNIFICENT $35 Double Breech Loader Gun, 12 bore, top lever, proof tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; $9.75.

$3.75—BARGAINS—Real Russian Furs, $20 set. Rich dark sable brown Fur, 8ft. long, Granville stole, deep shaped collar beautifully trimmed, 12 tails and heads, large Granny Muff matching; together, $3.75.

$5.—REAL Furs, $30 Set black, silver tipped pointed fox-colour Princess stole, heads and tails; latest Parisian style; large muff with heads and tails hanging, $5.

$3.25 (WORTH $15.).—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern, heavy, solid links, superior quality; sacrifice, $3.25.

$2.75 (WORTH $15).—HANDSOME long Neck Chain, 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case, solid links, elegant design; another heavier, extra long, $2.75

$2.75 (WORTH $15.) FASHIONABLE Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain, solid links, 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; great bargain; sacrifice $2.75; another, heavier; sacrifice, $3.25.

$3.75—LADY'S $15 18-ct. Gold Government hall-marked, five-stone half-loop real Diamond Ring; perfectly matched stones, extremely fine quality, sacrifice, $3.75.

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$4.25—MASSIVE $20 Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain; sacrifice, $4.25.

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When the Tide Turned.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Farquhar McRae, Regina.

BILL Stringer gazed earnestly at his reflection in the little hand mirror which adorned a conspicuous place on the walls of his bachelor apartments on the Gully Ranch. Having critically surveyed his features for a season, he observed to the face in the glass:

"Well, I guess I need a shave if ever anyone did."

"But what's the difference, anyhow," he continued; "I guess the coyotes and jack rabbits aren't particular. If Kate could only see me now."

The face in the mirror reflected a frown and disappeared. Bill sat down to think.

When we think of ourselves, our thoughts are seldom pleasant.

"Three years—just think of it," he remarked to a shaggy wolf hound stretched on the floor. "Three years, and where am I at?" First two crops frozen; last year's hailed, and then, rather than quit, when I winter cattle, nigh onto two hundred get caught in a spring blizzard. I pay for the cattle and costs of court over it, too, like as not."

"Guess Kate's old man was about right when he told her she was a little fool to think I'd ever have a home for her. Well, it's all no go, so the best I can do is to write and tell her it's all off and I've been a failure."

This was not the first time Bill had determined upon this course; but his courage had always failed at the critical moment; after all, luck might take a turn in his favor, he had promised himself. But now there was no alternative.

Bill was a strong man, but the pen seemed to shake so that he could hardly write. What should he say? After the taunts he had so often endured as to his shiftlessness, he was too proud to confess failure. The only course open was to write an indifferent letter, breaking the engagement. Two hours before he could not have done it; but the news of the law suit, decided against him, had hardened him to flint. The letter was completed, sealed and stamped. Bill then rode over to the post office, set his teeth, and dropped the letter into the mail box; and saw nothing on the way back but a white face far away in Ontario.

Bill was in no gentle mood when he re-entered his shack. He held the lantern aloft, revealing the rusty stove, tobacco-stained floor and unwashed dishes on the table.

"No wonder fellows go crazy out here," he muttered. "But I won't though," he exclaimed to himself. "I'll catch the stage to-morrow—slide for the Peg, and have a regular blow out, see if I don't."

To keep up his spirits, he slammed the dishes together and broke into a boisterous song. The opening of the door interrupted an unusually bright passage in the solo and two men stepped unceremoniously inside.

"Why, and if it isn't Sel and Hiram by all the powers. Sit down fellows. What's the row; booze or jim jams?" inquired Sel, one of the arrivals.

"Neither; guess again."

"Perhaps ye've got the phenomenon, man," suggested Hiram, a cool. quiet Scotchman.

"Wrong again, old horse. Just getting ready for a little day off tomorrow. Anything to keep away the blue devils."

"Didn't know were ever 'Oh be joyful,' but I guess this law suit deserves a little celebration."

"Don't mention that case to me again," said Bill shortly.

Both men looked rather surprised, but made no comment. Cards were produced, and for several hours little was said but "pass," "hearts," "Jack high," and other technical terms. At midnight Bill got up to get a lunch.

While the coffee was boiling, Sel and Hiram arranged to go to Winnipeg with Bill and all have a tremendous spree together.

While they planned the details, Bill mechanically took a small photo from an inside pocket. He suddenly came to himself with a start. Kate was no longer anything to him. But what if she knew of his plans for the morrow. No, she would never believe it from anyone; of that he felt certain. He could almost see her cheeks flush as she would denounce as false anything representing her Bill as acting otherwise than a gentleman. Should he go or not? The little photo said No. That settled it.

"Hello Bill; where'd you get the picture?" exclaimed Sel.

"Oh, nowhere in particular," said Bill, evidently rather confused.

"I really begin to think ye are a lettle off after all, man," said Hiram, "for certain sure the picter canna come from nawhere."

"Let's see it," coaxed Sel. "It was a lady and a peacherina, too."

"I'd rather not, boys. See the coffee is about ready."

"Come along now, one wink at it. Girls are about as scarce as Archangels out here, you know."

"Let him keep the thing then. I wouldna look at it onyway the noo," said the Scotchman.

Bill hurriedly replaced it in his pocket. As he withdrew his hand the photo fell

This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A man tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

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So, I said to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a **month's free trial.** I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save it's whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

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to the floor, and at the same moment a tobacco spit of liberal proportions plastered it before Bill could rescue it. Next instant the Scotchman was sprawling on the floor, while the other two panted and struggled around the room, overturning chairs and crunching broken dishes into the boards of the floor. The table went amid the crash of broken lamp chimneys. In a moment the room was a mass of flames. Hiram, who had regained his feet, and was vainly trying to keep out of the way, snatched the bedclothes from the bed in a corner, and attempted to smother the flames, while the two combatants, realizing the danger of the situation, rushed out with pails for water. A few minutes of brisk fighting and the fire was quenched. A lamp was found and lighted, and the three men stood awkwardly enough all wet and grimy, looking at the blackened floor and walls.

"I say now," said Sel, "we're mighty sorry this happened. But then I never meant to spoil that keepsake of yours, all the same. You thought Hiram did it, but it was me, and I never meant to; straight I didn't. Shake on it."

The men shook hands in silence. In a few minutes the embarrassment had worn off, and all were seated around the table, enjoying strong coffee and cigarettes.

"Weel, man," remarked Hiram; "ye have started in to celebrate the law suit early, an' no mistake at all."

"Just wait till tomorrow, though, and watch our smoke," said Sel.

"I've decided not to go boys."

"What!" they both exclaimed.

"Thunderation and lightning, that case is worth a celebration. It means seven or eight thousand dollars to you," said Sel.

"That's just the trouble," growled Bill.

His visitors exchanged glances of surprise again, and the Scotchman remarked rather testily: "Hoot, man alive, I do believe ye would'na tak' a day off for ye're ain funeral."

"Let's see," said Sel, producing a newspaper from his pocket; "this decision ought to put you on your legs again. You are allowed seven thousand dollars, aren't you?"

The expression on Bill's face was a picture to behold.

"But I've lost, haven't I?" he almost gasped.

Sel gave a long whistle.

"I see now; look here."

Bill took the paper, and, looking where Sel's grimy finger indicated, read:

"In the case of Stringer vs. the Imperial shareholders, Judge Melton handed down today a decision in favor of plaintiff————"

Bill read no more, but dropped the sheet like one in a dream.

"Old Jenki..s told me I'd lost the case."

"Well, by Jove, that's one on you," exclaimed Sel. "The old beggar came around this morning asking fool questions, and among other stuff I told him you'd lost, just to plague him, you know."

"Too bad, too bad," commented Hiram.

"I never heard about it till he told me," said Bill, "and I just expected it would go against me like everything does."

"Weel, we'll leave ye to dream aboot it then," said Hiram, rising. "Ye'll gang tae Winnipeg noo."

Bill shook his head.

Both visitors looked their disappointment, but Bill was thinking of the letter he had mailed.

When the boys had gone and nothing could be heard but the howling of the coyotes, Bill did some hard thinking. Had he told Kate the truth, another letter might explain matters; but his foolish pride had given the letter a tone that could hardly be mended. If he had only not been in such a fearful hurry to post that miserable thing. But that was impossible. All night long Bill sat thinking.

The only feasible or practical course open was, evidently, to go East in person and do his best to laugh the letter off as a joke.

It was no easy matter to make arrangements for the care of the ranch during his absence on a day's notice. However, by riding night and day this he accomplished, so that a few days later, he rode into the town of Arrow Road to board the eastbound train.

Having a couple of hours to spare before train time, he repaired to an hotel near by.

"An old man and girl inquirin' the way out to your ranch, Bill," remarked one of the loungers in the hotel.

"Yes," rejoined another, "they calculate to strike out there after dinner."

"Didnt know who they were?" inquired Bill.

All shook their heads.

"They're up in the parlor just now. Better go up and see who they are anyhow," suggested one of the group, whose curiosity had the upper hand.

Bill ascended the steep little stairway and soon found himself in the parlor.

"Kate! Well I'll be——"

"Now, don't swear, Bill, just because I'm here."

"But how in the world——" began Bill, when he was interrupted.

"Dad came out to see about a land deal, and I coaxed him to let me come along too."

"Aren't you glad to see me?" she added in a slightly aggrieved tone.

"But my letter; you never got it?" gasped Bill.

"Your letter; well, I guess; your letter! A nice one you are. Why I never showed it to a soul, or they'd never have let me come."

"Well, you are a little trump," was all Bill could say.

" I knew you were just discouraged and lonesome out here; so——well, I just came; are you glad?"

"Glad? It will take me all my lifetime to tell you how glad," he replied quietly.

"But that was a horrid old letter you sent."

"Never mind," said Bill, "that was a beautiful letter and a lucky letter, since it has brought you here."

A Lesson in Socialism.

Mike and Pat were two Irish friends and Democrats. One day Mike learned that Pat had turned Socialist. This grieved and troubled Mike, who said:

"Pat, I don't understand this Socialism. What is it, now?"

"It means dividing up your property equally," said Pat. "'Tis this way. If I had two million dollars I'd give you a million and keep a million myself — see?"

"And if you had two farms, Pat, what would you do?"

"I'd divide up, Mike. I'd give you one and I'd keep one."

"And if you had two pigs, Pat, would you share those, too?"

"Now, Mike, you go to thunder! You know I've got two pigs!"

A writer in the "Outlook" tells the following story in connection with the dispute in the Hebrides between the Union and non-Union parties of the Presbyterian churches, in which the question of organ music played its part. "John, what is this instrumental music the folk are makin' sic' a din aboot?" one Scot asked the other. "Weel, Tammas," was the answer, "I'm thinkin' it's maybe the new-fangled 'peeng-pong' ye hear tell o'!"

A few years ago, when a Scottish Parliamentary candidate was canvassing his constituency, he called at the house of an aged couple. Finding the old woman alone, he entered into conversation with her and asked her to use her influence in getting her husband to vote for him. While they were conversing, the would-be M.P. noticed a kitten playing about on the floor and offered her five pounds for it. The bargain was struck, and on leaving he again expressed the hope she would secure her husband's vote for him. "Weel, sir," answered the woman, "as I said afore, John's a man o' his ain mind and does what stricks his ain noddle, but at ony rate, sir, you've gotten a real cheap kitten, for yer opponent was in nae farer gane than yesterday, an' he gaed me ten pounds for its brither!"

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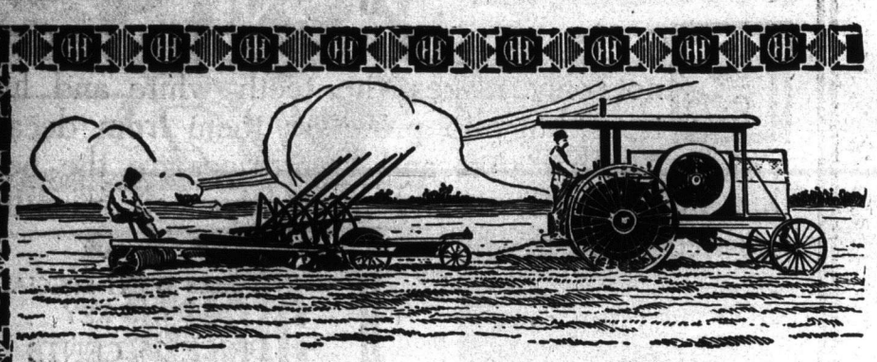

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The Interrupted Reign of Queenie.

By Lucy Pratt.

ALONG the line of children filed out from the Whittier School at Hampton Institute, and following it, came the lady from the North — who, with note-book in hand, was making a thorough study of the "Negro Problem" —and her friend — who, with a small camera, was helping along with an occasional picture.

As the line of children broke and scattered and then ran away in many directions, the two looked on sympathetically until they were apparently all gone, and then turned to find that they were not all gone, after all, that another one was sauntering leisurely down the steps—alone. He glanced at them with a half-smile, and then went on across the yard.

"That's the one!" whispered the lady from the North eagerly, "that's the one!"

What one, she did not explain, but her friend seemed to understand, and smiled appreciatively.

"Yes—let's follow him—just a little."

They walked on in an accidental sort of way, down one of the roads which led away—away to parts unknown, the small, sauntering figure just ahead unconsciously the leader.

"But why should we be following a child—like this?" suddenly murmured the lady vaguely.

"I don't know," vaguely murmured the friend, "do you?" He led them on.

"No." And he led them on.

They glanced at unfamiliar fields blowing with clover in the distance, at the unfamiliar road at their feet, at the small figure still leading them gently on, and smiled.

"There seems to be something queer about it," suggested the friend; "perhaps we couldn't turn back!"

"I doubt if we could," agreed the lady, "do you see? He's going toward the woods. He's going—to lose us in the woods."

"Are you agreeable?" smiled the friend. "We're getting there—certainly."

"Perfectly," and he opened the way through the first trees.

Suddenly he half stopped, undecidedly, and then dropped gently down on some brown moss and gazed away dreamily through low branches at the sky.

"Don't you wish you could get out?" whispered the friend, "but you can't!" And they still moved unresistingly over the brown moss.

But their leader, their Pied Piper, turned his head at the sound of steps and looked up wonderingly into their faces.

"Oh, what a—nice place to rest!" apologized the lady. "Do you mind if we sit down a moment, too?"

"No'm," he answered, in some confusion, and pulled himself lightly to his feet.

"Oh, don't go! We wouldn't have you go for anything! You're a little Whittier School boy, aren't you? Why, yes, isn't your name Ezekiel?"

"Yas'm," he answered, shyly pleased, and dropped down, with some hesitation, beside them on the moss.

"Surely!" she encouraged, "and aren't you the little boy who is so fond of telling them all such nice stories?"

"Yas'm, I tells 'em all kine o' stories," he smiled, even more pleased, "'bout—'bout all kine o' things."

"Oh, lovely!" murmured the friend. "Tell us a story while we're waiting, can't you?"

"Yas'm," agreed Ezekiel with unexpected willingness, still gazing somewhat absently at the sky, "I kin tell a story 'bout—'bout 'Manuel an' all 'is li'l' brudders. I'se fixin' ter tell 'em 'about it at school, too, only Miss No'th, she ain' nuver 'low me. Yas'm—'bout 'Manuel an' all 'is li'l' brudders." The lady arranged herself out of his direct line of vision, conscious that their ultimate purpose was acutally accomplished, and whipped out the note-book. She was prepared now, if never before, to settle the "Problem" once for all. "Yer see it's 'bout a li'l' boy named 'Manuel where lived all 'lone 'thout no kin 'tall, cuz dey's all daid."

The ladies were leaning forward listening intelligently.

"An' eve'y time he gotten 'im some mo' kin, w'y, sup'm allays seem ter happen to 'em, twell tain' none of 'em lef'. So one day he foun' 'isself all 'lone again."

The lady's pencil hovered doubtfully over her book as if she felt some slight question as to just how to begin.

"So w'en he foun' he's all 'lone agin he jes 'mence ter wonder w'at he's gwine do 'bout it. So after studyin' li'l' w'ile, he 'cide he'll git 'im some li'l' brudders an' sisters. But den he 'cide p'r'aps after all, it'll seem mo' home-like ef he jes has 'em all brudders, So he jes gotten 'im twelve li'l brudders. An' he set 'em all down on twelve li'l' cheers in a row, an' look at 'em, an' den he's kine o' s'prise cuz dey ain' look so home-like aft' all! So he look at 'em agin, an' den he says, 'Sho! Doan' look like sense ter hab 'em all jes same kine! Reckon I'se 'blige git one li'l' sister, aft' all!'"

The lady's pencil was still poised in wavering anxiety.

"So he gotten one li'l' sister an' putten 'er right on de en' o' de row on de flo' (cuz 'tain' no mo' cheers counten de li'l' boys settin' on all dey is) an' she set dere jes ez nice, in a li'l' coat all trim eroun' wi' fedders an' a li'l' par'sol over 'er haid."

"A parasol?" objected the lady, while the pencil twitched spasmodically, "why should she have a——"

"Yas'm, all trim eroun' wid fedders, an' a li'l' par'sol over 'er haid. An' co'se dat made thirteen. An' de li'l' sister's name Queenie. An' she's de li'les' of all. But de li'l' boys ain' nary one of 'em got no name 'tall. So' co'se 'Manuel has ter start studyin' right off w'at he'll name 'em.

"'Well, dat's kine o' funny, too,' he say, lookin' at de bigges' li'l' boy, 'cuz I cyan' seem ter think o' nuthin.' Cert'nly is funny. Well, I ain' gwine bother no mo' wid it!' he say, 'I'se jes gwine name eve'yone o' yer 'Manuel af' me! Only co'se I'll call yer Li'l 'Manuel w'en I speak, so yer'll know 'tain inten' fer me. An' co'se Queenie's name Queenie. An' takin' no way fer 'er ter be a settin' on de flo', nudders' he say, an' he look at de li'l' boy where's settin' nex' 'er. 'W'y doan't yer git up an' ax 'er does she want yer cheer, Li'l' Manuel?'

"Well, co'se w'en dey hyeah 'im say Li'l' 'Manuel, w'y co'se all de li'l' boys hop right up an' 'mence offerin' Queenie dey cheer. An' Queenie, w'en she seen all twelve on 'em a shovin' up de cheers, an' a axin' 'er does she wanter se' down, w'y she's ser skyeered she jes drap 'er par'sol on de flo', an' bu'y 'er haid, an' bus' right out cryin' twell look like she ain' nuver gwine stop. An' all de li'l' 'Manuels look kine o' skyeered, too, w'en dey seen de way it come out, but still dey keep on a offerin' 'er dey cheers."

The lady laid down her pencil and both she and her friend relaxed submissively.

"'Se' down!' 'Manuel holler. 'Se' down!' An' dey all hop back ser quick, look like he ain' no mo'n spoke 'fo' dey's all a settin' in de row agin looin' up. But Queenie's still a cryin', an' 'er par'sol's on de flo.'

"'Well, now yer didn' use no sense 'tall,' 'Manuel says, 'cuz co'se yer knowed I didn' mean all of yer ter git up an' offer Queenie yer cheer. Nev' mine, Queenie, doan't yer cry, I'se gwine turn de water spout on 'em twell dey 'haves

better.' So he turns de water-spout on 'em, an' 'twould 'a' all went jes de way he's 'tendin' ef he ain' got kine o' mix up 'bout w'at he's doin' an' turn de water-spout on Queenie, too. Well, ef she ain't holler an' squeal w'en he done dat! An' 'Manuel 'mence ter holler he ain't mean ter, 'twuz jes a li'l' mistek, an' de li'l' 'Manuels all 'mence ter holler cuz dey's feelin' kine o' bad anyway, an' 'Manuel he has ter speak up awful quick.

"'Now we's gwine out fer a li'l' run!' he say, 'so tain' nuthin' ter cry 'bout, we's all gwine out fer a li'l' run!'

"Well, fus dey say dey ain' wanter go out fer no run, but 'Manuel, he talks r'al nice to 'em, an' nex' yer knows he's a runnin' 'em out de do', an' down de steps, an' inter de road, all in a row, jes same, an' Queenie on de en', las' of all, wid 'er li'l' par'sol over 'er haid, same's at fus'. Well, co'se de sun's a shinin', an' praesen'ly dey all 'mence ter feel r'al good an' drap into a walk. But dey ain' no sooner drap into a walk 'n dey seen a man comin' drivin' 'long down de road in a cyart an' a lady settin' 'side 'im on de seat a playin' on a fiddle

"'Heyo!' de man say, w'en he seen 'em, an' slow up 'is ho'se an' stop right 'side 'em. 'Heyo! Is dese yere all 'long ter you?'

"'Yas, dey is,' 'Manuel answer 'im, 'dey's my li'l' brudders an' my li'l' sister, an' we's gwine a walkin'.'

"'Make right smart of a row, doan' dey?' man say; 'well, ef yer jes hops right in yere on de seat I'll give yer all a li'l' ride.'

"Well, co'se de li'l' boys, soon's dey hyeah 'im say dat, w'y co'se dey all 'mence a climbin' up on de wheels an' a scramblin' over de aidge an' a pushin' 'long on de seat an' a makin' room fer Queenie on de en'. An' nex' yer know, de ole ho'se she jes start right 'long wid 'er tail a flyin' an' de man an' de lady an' all de li'l' 'Manuels a settin' dere in de row, an' Queenie las' of all on de ve'y aidge wid 'er par'sol over 'er haid.

"'Well, yer jes stop!' 'Manuel call after 'em fum where he's stan'in' in de road. 'I ain't tole yer yer kin do no sech a thing! Yer jes stop, I tell yer!'

"Co'se de ole man's kine o' mad w'en he hyeah 'im callin' dat-a-way, so he driv right on a li'l' furder wid de lady still a playin' on de fiddle, an' de li'l' 'Manuels all a turnin' dey haids an' lookin' back, an' Queenie not turnin' nuthin', counten bein' ser nare de aidge she knows she cyan't—an' den he say 'W—o—a!' an' stop.

"'Well, now ain't yer 'shame!' 'Manuel say a comin' 'long right up 'side 'em all agin. 'Well, now yer kin jes git right 'long out agin.'

"So dey's all jes 'blige climb right 'long out agin, an' de ole man start whuppin' up 'is ho'se an' ridin' off agin faster'n ever, wid de lady still a playin' on de fiddle, an' 'Manuel an' all de li'l' 'Manuels an' Queenie went walkin' long in de row same's befo'. But dey ain' been ve'y far 'fo' de sun 'mence ter come out brighter 'n' brighter 'n' brighter, twell praesen'ly look like it's movin' righ' down todes 'em fum de sky.

"'Oh, my!' 'Manuel say, 'de sun's drappin' down. Now w'at yer reckon yer's gwine do? Cyan't yer see? De sun's drappin' down!'

"'Yas, sir!' dey all answer 'im tergedder, only dey's ser skyeered dey all 'mence cryin' same time dey spoke.

"'Well, dat ain' nuthin',' 'Manuel say r'al easy, 'thout balkin' 'tall fer words, 'but I reckon we'll jes' se' down an' res' a li'l' 'side de road.'

"So dey se' down an' look up, an' de sun kep' on a drappin' down narer, twell nex, dey knows it stop right on de tip-top branch of a big ole tree right 'side 'em.

"'Well, dat's kine o' funny, too,' 'Manuel say, 'an I reckon yer'll be 'blige loan yer par'sol fer jes a li'l' w'le, Queenie, cuz cert'nly is gittin' hot.'

"So Queenie she pass up 'er li'l' par'sol to 'Manuel, an' he pertec' 'is haid fer li'l' w'ile an' den he pass it ter de nex' li'l' boy, an' he pertec' 'is haid fer li'l' w'ile an' den he pass it ter de nex' li'l' boy, an' he pertec' 'is haid fer li'l' w'ile an' den he pass it ter de nex' li'l' boy, an' he pertec' 'is haid fer li'l' w'ile an' den he pass it ter de nex' li'l' boy, an'——"

The lady looked at her friend, who offered a suggestion.

"Until they had all used it?"

"Yas'm, an' he pertec' 'is haid fer li'l' w'ile an' den he pass it ter de nex' li'l' boy, and he pertec' 'is haid fer li'l' w'ile an' den he pass it ter de nex' li'l' boy, an'——"

"Yes, yes!" The friend was getting nervous. "Everyone of them protected his head for a little while!"

"'Yas'm, eve'yone pertec' is' haid fer li'l' w'ile an' den pass it ter de nex' li'l' boy, an'——"

"Till it finally got back to Queenie, I suppose!"

"Yas'm, twell fin'ly got back ter Queenie. An' by dat time she's—w'y she's mos' all melt away! Yas'm! It's de trufe, it's been gone s' long, dat time it got back ter Queenie, w'y, it's de trufe, sne's mos' all melt away!

"'Sho! Ain' dat too bad!' 'Manuel say, lookin' at 'er; 'well, ef fans 'er right smart, p'r'aps she won't melt no mo'! Ef we fans 'er right smart!' So dey each tuken out a li'l' fedder fum de aidge o' Queenie's coat, an' 'mence fannin' an' fannin', twell praesen'ly she stop meltin' an' look up jes 'bout same way's befo'. Co'se 'er yeahs is mos' gone, an' one arm's drip off, an' counten a li'l' disfiggerment o' de feet she cyan't r'ally walk on 'em, but 'side fum all dat, 'tain' seem ter done no harm 'tall.

"'Well, I reckon we better be gwine home,' 'Manuel say, an' same time he spoke co'se dey all 'mence ter start. But de stranges' thing! Same time dey start, de sun 'mence a movin' off fum de tree an' a gwine up—up—up agin, twell look like it's gwine clare way back in de sky where it come fum. An' it

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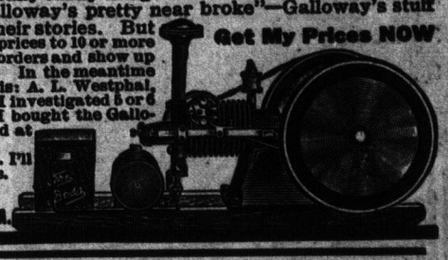

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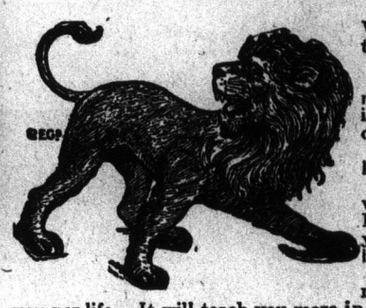

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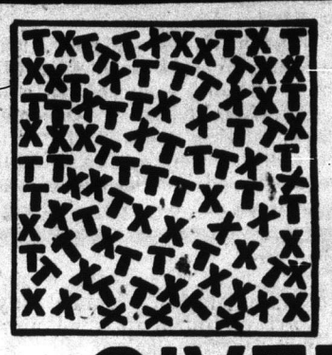

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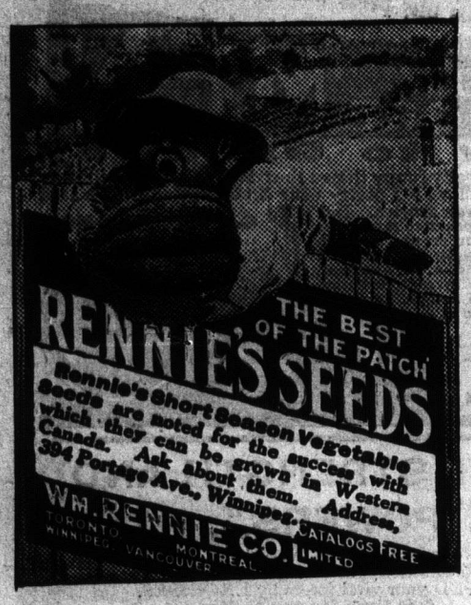

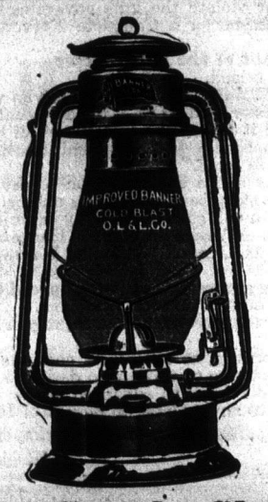

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'mence gittin' a li'l' darker an' a li'l' darker, twell praesen'ly, w'y, it jes 'mence ter rain. Well, by dis time co'se Queenie hol'in' 'er par'sol agin jes ez nice's ever, an' w'en 'Manuel look at 'er, seem like it made 'im kine o' mad ter see 'er a lookin' s' nice 'n' dry onder de par'sol, so, 'I reckon yer'll be 'blige loan yer par'sol fer li'l' w'ile, Queenie,' he say, 'cuz cert'nly's gettin' r'al wet.'

"So Queenie, she pass up 'er par'sol ter 'Manuel, an' he pertec' 'is haid fer li'l' w'ile an' den he pass it ter de nex' li'l' boy an' he pertec' 'is haid fer li'l' w'ile an' den he pass it ter de nex' li'l' boy, an' he pertec' 'is haid fer li'l' w'ile an'——"

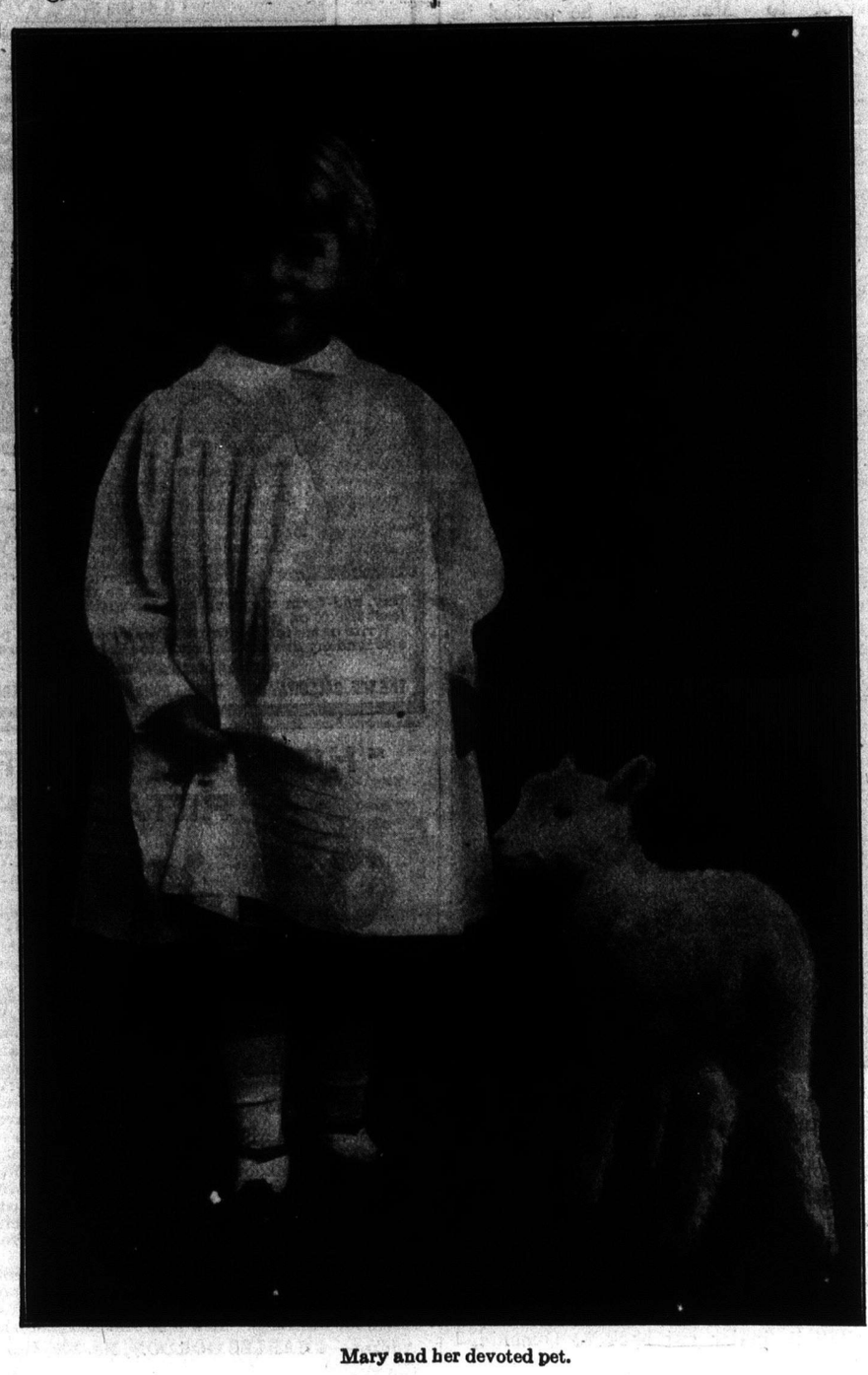
"So they all used it again!" gasped the friend, threatened with a nervous relapse, "everyone, till it got back to Queenie again!"

"Yas'm, eve'yone, twell it gotten back ter Queenie agin, an' den it been gone s' long, an' Queenie been a drippin' so' wouldn' 'a' went up s' easy. But 'fo' Manuel kin do a thing ter stop 'er, w'y, she's clare way up, an' still a blowin' 'long up, up, todes de sky, wid 'er par'sol over 'er haid.

"'Well, ain't she r'al mean an' trifiin'!' 'Manuel say, an' cose all de li'l' 'Manuels look eroun' ter see w'at he mean.

"'Wy, Queenie's blowed away!' he 'splain' to 'em, 'an' I jes ain' gwine bother no mo' wid 'er 'tall!' So co'se dey kep' on down de road ez ef 'tain' happen ter nobody. But w'at yer s'pose? Time dey gotten in de yard agin, an' start ter go up de steps, w'y, dere's Queenie a settin' on de steps jes where de win blowed 'er down. An' she's a cryin' tur'ble wid 'er haid bu'y in 'er lap—cuz she's los' 'er par'sol! It's de trufe! It jes kep' on a blowin' right up w'en de win' blowed 'er down.

"'Nev' mine,' 'Manuel say, 'I reckon 'twould 'a' been better ef yer ain' nuver



Mary and her devoted pet.

long, an' de water's gotten so' deep right eroun' 'er dat—w'y, she's a drowndin'!

"'Oh, shuh!' 'Manuel say, 'Queenie's drowndin'. Well, I 'spec we's 'blige fish 'er out.' So dey each tukken a li'l' fedder agin fum de en' o' Queenie's coat where's stickin' outen de water, an' start a fishin' fer 'er—twell praesen'ly, Queenie she jes cetch hole o' one o' de li'l' fedders, an' dey pull 'er right out. An' den she 'mence lookin' eroun' fer 'er par'sol.

"'Well, now we's gwine home' thout no mo' foolishness,' 'Manuel say. So dey start off down de road agin in de row wid Queenie las' of all. An' nex' dey know, de win' 'mence ter blow. Oh, my! De win' it jes 'mence ter blow tur'ble!

"'Jes keep right 'long after me!' 'Manuel say, r'al nice an' smilin', an' he turn 'is haid w'en he spoke. Well, jes ez he turn 'is haid w'at yer s'pose? W'y, it come up a tur'ble gus' o' win', an' Queenie, she jes blowed right away! Ef 'tain' been fer 'er par'sol p'r'aps she had it. An' I ain' gwine 'low nary one o' yer outen de house no mo', nudder, cuz 'tain' been nuthin' but trouble sence we start.' So 'Manuel an' all de li'l' 'Manuels an' Queenie went in de house agin, an' he set 'em all down on de li'l' row o' cheers, an' Queenie on de flo', still a cryin' about 'er par'sol, wid 'er haid bu'y in 'er lap. An' af' dat he jest keep 'em settin' dere in de row, an' ain' nuver 'low 'em git up. An' 'tain' no use fer 'em ter ax. So dey jes keep on a settin' dere all winter 'n' all summer twell 'mence ter git mighty wearysome. An' one day dey 'cide dey's set dere long 'nough. So w'en night come an' 'Manuel wen ter sleep, dey jes gotten up an' stretch out dey arms an' dey laigs, an' den dey 'cide dey'll all run away. So w'en dey foun' de do's lock, w'y, dey look up ter de winder—an' den dey putten Queenie right onder de winder fer a kine of a li'l' ladder. She ain't r'ally nuver been de same sence she los' 'er par'sol, so she stan' dere 'thout no trouble 'tall. An' den yer see de fus li'l' boy he start climbin' right up atop

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o' Queenie an' out fru de winder. An' den de nex' li'l' boy he start climbin' right up atop o' Queenie an' out fru de winder, an' den de nex' li'l' boy he start climbin' right up——"

"Yes!" agreed the friend enthusiastically, "until——"

"Start climbin' right up atop o' Queenie an' out fru de winder, an' den de nex' li'l' boy he start climbin' right up atop o' Queenie an' out fru de winder, an' den de nex' li'l' boy——"

"Yes! We understand! Until they had all gone out through the window!"

Ezekiel's voice went dropping on undisturbed.

"An' den de nex' li'l' boy he start climbin' right up atop o' Queenie an' out fru de winder, an' den de nex' li'l' boy——"

Both the lady and her friend had a vision of one million little boys standing in line waiting to climb right up atop o' Queenie and out through the window. The friend had become speechless at the prospect, but the lady nobly came to the rescue.

"H'm! Ezekiel! Yes, we understand about that! We understand about the little boys—and Queenie! But it's getting dark, you see, and it's—it's time for us——"

Gently it flowed on.

'An' den de nex' li'l' boy he start climbin' right up atop o' Queenie an' out fru de winder, an' den de nex' li'l' boy——"

His eyes were still on the guilty friend.

"She ain'—drap down—daid," came his voice again, evenly, reproachfully.

"I know it! Of course," put in the friend humbly, "I was just joking. What did become of her?"

The road divided. Ezekiel stepped naturally into the one which led another way.

"You see you're going to leave us," she went on urgently, "so tell us, Ezekiel, what really did become of her?"

Wonderfully the sad reproving eyes looked back at her from the other road.

"She ain'—drap—down—daid," he murmured, and his small feet moved on.

They glanced at each other uneasily.

. . "We should have been more patient with him," finally, suggested the lady contritely.

"But he wasn't making any progress at all, you know," returned the friend with a mournful twinkle in her eye.

"Any progress at all?" echoed the lady thoughtfully, and turned suddenly, severely, on her friend.

"Haven't we heard something like that before?" she challenged, "in regard to a—a larger Problem! Isn't that the excuse for all the impatience and unkindness—and—and abuse that's thrown at them all, continually and everlastingly!" Her eyes burned with a sudden hotly kindled fervor.

'What right have we to say he wasn't making progress—when we were too impatient to even wait and see— What

"But we understand perfectly! Ezekiel! We must go now! We must!"

"An' den de nex' li'l' boy he start climbin' right up atop o' Queenie an' out fru de winder, an' den de nex' li'l' boy——"

Helplessly she looked at her friend, who was reviving with an inspiration.

"Until — Queenie — dropped — down —stone—dead!" she announced distinctly, unblushingly, finally, without a quaver of emotion.

Ezekiel's voice suddenly stopped—and there was a pause. The lady looked a bit startled and glanced at her friend. . . Ezekiel was looking at the friend, too. . . . He continued to look with a long, silent, reproving gaze. . . . Then he spoke.

"No'm she ain'—drap down daid," he remonstrated slowly in hurt, even tones.

"Why, of course not," put in the lady tactfully, "come, walk a little way with us, Ezekiel, and tell us what did happen to her after they had all climbed out."

He glanced up at her appealingly as if he were seeking protection from something that had rudely startled — frightened him, and his lip trembled. She thought he was going to say something to her and she waited. But his eyes moved away again slowly—back to the friend.

"Why, of course she didn't mean anything at all!" went on the lady, and they moved from under the trees back into the road. "So tell us—" and she looked down gently at the hurt, little face, so new, so unknown to her—"what did become of her?"

right have they to—to—oh, my dear, my dear"—her voice dropped unsteadily, "we must all have things so — so apparent at the moment! We knew he was getting on, but it was too slow, we couldn't wait! They all know it, and they can't wait! Can't wait because—because 'the mills of the gods grind slowly!' What about the mills of God?

Slowly her eyes went down to a note-book still held in her hand, and she dropped it as if it were something that scorched her.

"Solution!" she murmured in a dry, stricken voice, "solution!"

Her friend looked up and patted her gently on the back.

'You're taking it too—too hard, aren't you? Don't! It doesn't do any good, and I suppose everything comes out right—in time, doesn't it?" She smiled philosophically.

"In time? Yes—I suppose," murmured the other, "but—the unnecessary broil we're making in setting ourselves up against Nature and—and God!"

They looked at each other silently for a long moment, and then slowly their eyes moved again to the other road.

"Look at him!" It came almost like a sob. "Wandering away there all alone with no one to understand or—or sympathize—just wandering away, so little and so helpless and so—so unequal—to it all!"

Her friend patted her again gently and brushed quietly at her own eyes.

Then they both glanced unseeingly down at a note-book crushed in the dust and went on down their own road.

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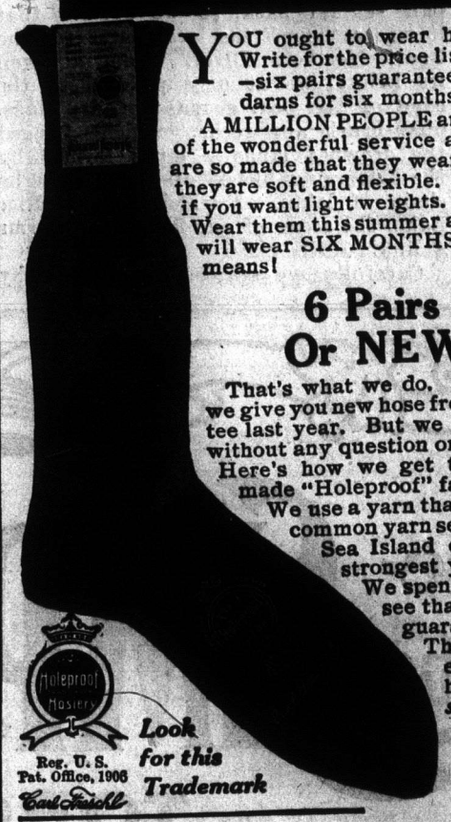

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The Great Northern Diver in the "Drowned Lands."

By Bonnycastle Dale. Photographs by the Author.

"WHAT is it?" called my assistant from the bow of the canoe as the big, white and black object passed rapidly beneath us in the shallow water.

I only caught a flash of its distinct markings as it darted in short zigzags below, but I saw it was propelled by only one pair of feet, a black, webbed pair set far back, so we decided that it was a "loon," the local name for the Great Northern Diver. Knowing well its habits, we at once paddled to the edge of the bog, a mass of dry flags, puka-brush and reeds, which fringed the drowned lands — lands formed by the damning back of the Kawartha chain of lakes, of which chain Rice Lake, the scene of our field work, forms a link.

Carefully we searched every marshy bay and point, each flat, boggy shore where would be a likely nesting place, as this big, unwieldy bird with feet set so far back that she can scarcely waddle, loves to nest where she can slip beneath the waters at the first sign of intrusion; slip from the nest with never a splash, no call or note to betray the whereabouts of the two big, olive-brown, red-spotted eggs, but after drawing every place blank we decided it had been the male bird sunning himself on the shore, and we started the seach for the nest in earnest.

We urged our light canoe from bay to bay, from island to island this bright May day, disturbing thousands of bluebills (American Scaup) as they fed on the sunken wild rice and deep growing wild celery in great flocks; we made a ten mile circle, all around the centre of this big lake, and at last as we darted around Prison Island—so called from an old Mississauga tale of captive Mohawks—we again saw the erratic white and black object dart beneath the waters and soon, out in the bay, the long black bill and deep green head of the female bird poked from the water like a snake's to be instantly withdrawn.

As our canoe paused beside an old muskrat house, on the levelled top of which lay one big egg, she again emerged, and seeing us at the nest, gave out her mournful, throbbing cry: "a-loo-oo," and far out in the broad lake we heard the answering cry of the male — "loo-oo."

With many a dive and long underwater swim he joined her, and the two sat there on the placid lake abusing us in the choicest loon language. We

He found two trails. It was this inner trail that was to be the Gateway of his Heart's desire.

noticed that the female is much the more timid of the two; he often venturing close enough for us to see the sheen of his proudly carried head, its deep green shading to all the bronze and deep blue tints that glorify the dusky Mallard's speculum, the accurate, distinct markings on the black and white velvet collar make this noble bird a very beauty for the lens. Save in size, the female was almost as handsome, mark for mark, collar as clear-cut, upper part of body and wings as beautifully white spotted; the head was a trifle smaller and was carried lower.

came the love notes—notes I had never heard her utter—"loo," then a pause, then again the plaintive "loo," low, unaccentuated, was repeated a number of times. Still suspicious and watchful, she swam up and down before that nest until bird, and island, and clouds danced a merry dance to my eyes tired with gazing through the glass. Then she swam close alongside the muskrat house, hooked her huge wings and using them as arms wherewith to climb, paddling hard with her black feet meanwhile, she slowly and toilfully dragged her big body up the slope. Then she gently poked the eggs with her bill, slid on to them breast first, and, as I saw later, settled them slightly with her webbed feet.

Now came the hardest work—to picture her on the nest. I cut two short poles, sharpened one end of each, and drove them down until about twenty inches remained above water at a distance of about eight feet to the south of the nest. To the projecting poles was firmly fastened a piece of float, and after being piled high with dry flags, was left there until she got used to it. I had to have it high to see into the nest and I feared she would be frightened away.

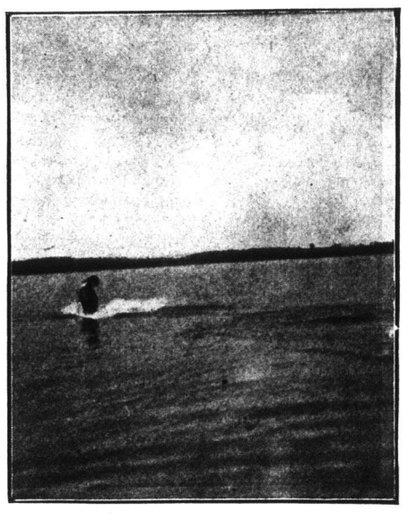
But never a bit! She plunged off the next time my unwelcome canoe glided around the point and watched me as I hastily strapped on my camera, drove a crotch down for the action line to pass through below water, attached the loop, and then paddled to the bog that edged the island. Not caring to wade this almost impassible morass, I fastened

Loons Nest.

As there was only one egg, we were early. "Clang!" rang the camera. "Tump, tump!" sang the paddles, and we left the big pair of birds rejoicing in the undistributed possession of their lonely island.

The wind blew hard from the northwest next day as the olive green canoe poked its bow around the corner of the tiny island. I was intently watching, my camera, with rapid focal plane shutter, ready in front of me, in case the loon came splashing her way out from the nest, her rare habit if she is sure you have seen her setting there, but although I was within a hundred feet I failed to see her slide from the nest into the water. Yet the tell-tale bubbles told me of her plunge, and, standing in the canoe, I saw her swim beneath, darting from side to side, and at a very good speed, too. The second egg was resting beside its mate, so again the camera told of its inclusion in the set, and again I left the bird—no doubt to her intense satisfaction.

It is well, in this work, to disturb the subjects as little as possible, else they may not return to your studio to have their "pictures took." But I fooled her. I have what a Mississauga friend of mine calls a "zhebuyahbbunjegun," which, I am satisfied, in my less poetic tongue, to call a telescope. At any rate, I landed across the bay and, seated behind a great boulder, watched her intently through the instrument with the fearful name, saw her swim back beside the nest, saw her arch her neck and raise her body so she could see if the two precious eggs were there. Then my hunting knife to the end of the line and tossed it over to the island; then I paddled around the point and concealed myself. Do you think she would go to the nest? Not a bit of it. She swam backwards and forwards with dreary persistency. I waited for two long, sweltering hours before I remembered that she had always seen me paddle away out of the bay, so, leaving the end of the line in the water behind the island, I once more paddled off, past the nest, past the island, and away across the big bay. Once around the sheltering point, I ran to a hilltop and saw her through the telescope sitting



Male Loon attacking me.

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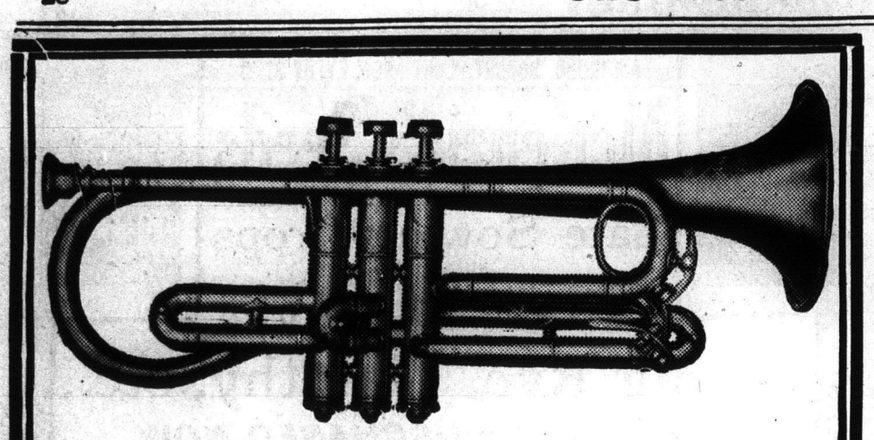

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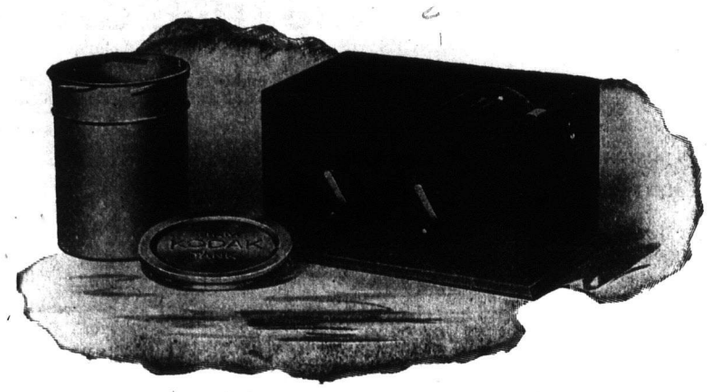

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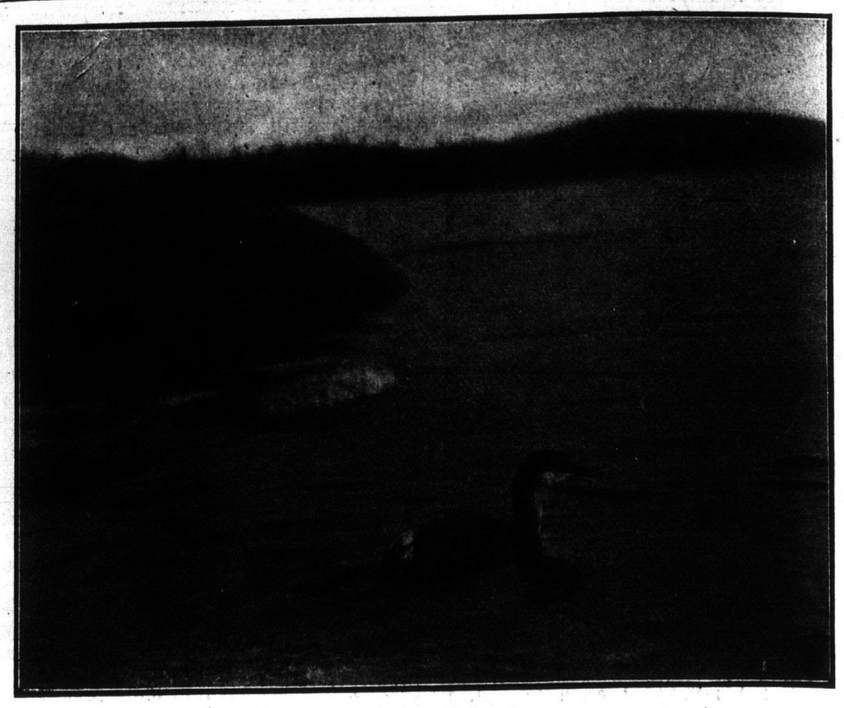


Young B. C. Diver Swimming.

there on the nest as contentedly as though she had never been disturbed.

Jumping into the canoe again, I circled widely and approached the island unseen, grasped the cord and pulled for dear life, for it was a new one and stretched like a Nature writer's yarn.

Did I get her? I did. See her sitting, alert, watchful, listening to the rustling of that stretching, passing line.

Again next day I caught her, when alarmed at the rustle, she had just spread her wings to assist her awkward feet in flight. Two more gave me the great bird flapping off the muskrat house, and the last two only brilliant splashes of water as she plunged furiously into the lake.

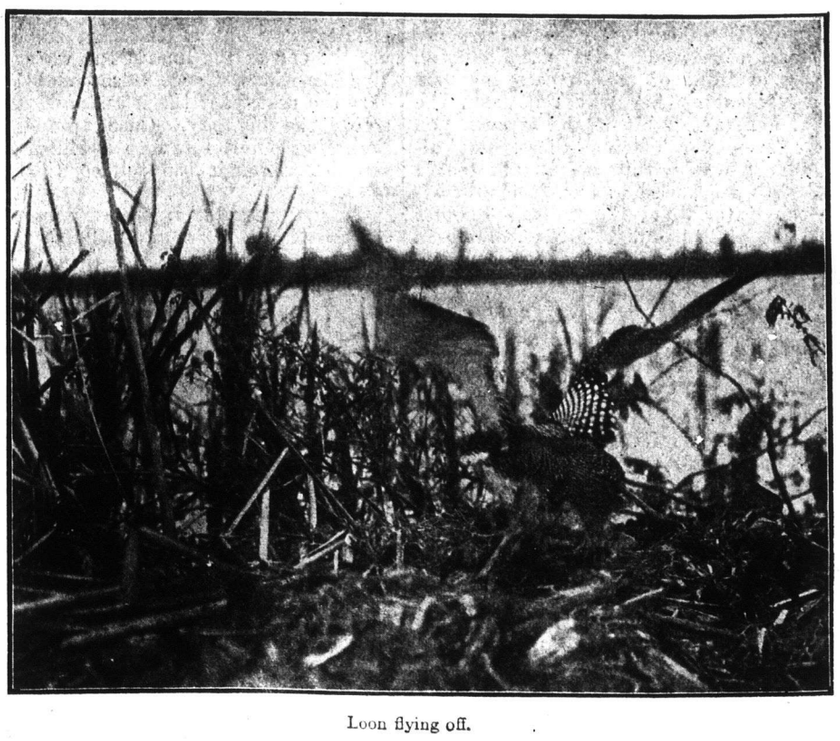
From a daily study of this breed we have learned that they migrate north early in April, and that they leave and arrive in pairs more often than individually—the departure being usually during the second week in November. The plumage is more brilliant in the spring than in the fall, especially in the case of the younger birds. It is well known that they are fish-feeders, and the way in which they can dart rapidly from side to side, and the great speed they can attain beneath the water, makes the chub, the roach, and shiners, fast as they are, easy prey.

Both birds utter the same notes, the young using a peevish "tweet" to make their wants known. In feeding these hungry ones the male is the best provider and really assumes charge of the black, downy pair as soon as they can swim, and that is as soon as they are dry from the egg. He has no bump of dimensions, however, as I saw him offer his hungry babe a fish which made a clear tie as to whether the youngster would swallow the fish or the fish swallow the bird, but tired muscles finally settled the question, and the big, handsome male swallowed the struggling fish himself.

This family has neither friends nor enemies, as far as our observation goes. They disdain noticing the passing hawk or even the eagle unless the young are with them. It is true they are sometimes seen swimming among the big flocks of ducks—in a wide lane left by the diverging flock—as that long, black bill can give some strong argument if needed. As regards age, authorities differ, but seven years is their lifetime as near as research and experience can tell me.

Invariably they return to the same place to nest, and from the day they finally desert the nest (in my experience at least) all the time is passed afloat except for the brief periods of flight; they seem to dread the land, as well they may, clumsy waddlers that they are.

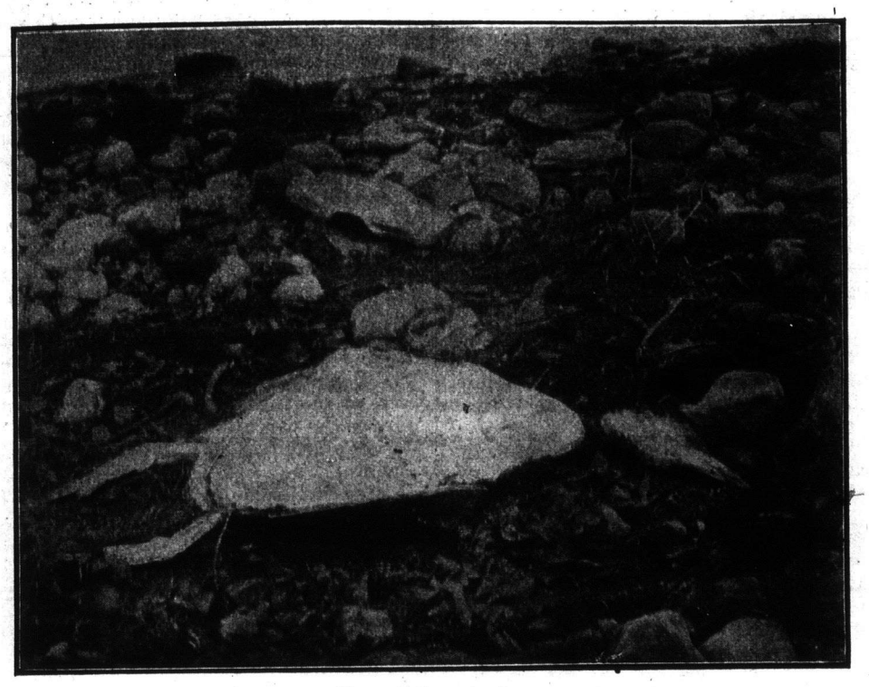
It has ever been my aim to present the scenes I witness and the actors therein in as homely and truthful a garb as possible, but I fear, from what I am going to tell you, you will think I have joined the forces of the Nature students, whose animals, as you know, talk. Well, for years the Mississaugas have told me about the male loon carrying his young on his back, and believing them, I waited until I myself saw it ere I wrote of it. It is true; the male bird of which I am writing swam away from my canoe with one little black youngster squatting on his back, low down, near where the back slopes to the water, but his speed was retarded by the other which swam at his side. The female dived away in alarm and



Loon flying off.

he too soon plunged beneath, leaving the two babes like survivors of a shipwreck, bobbing in the vortex. How he gets them on his back, whether they scramble up or he dives beneath them, I have yet to learn.

When I approached the nest on the twenty-eighth day after the last egg was laid, I saw it was deserted, only the fragments of the big eggs remained. Far up the bay I heard the male call, one single "loo," a call of alarm, harsh and vibrant. Padding rapidly I soon came within a hundred feet of them, and it was my reaching back for my camera that caused him to dive. The impetus of my strokes sent me right in among the diving youngsters,



Year old Loon dead.

when, up like a white flash, amid a surge of spray, the angry male rose close beside me. Twice he dipped his shining green head and great red eyes beneath the water to see where the last dive had taken the little chaps, then, filling his lungs he let out that maniacal screech of his, his resplendent green neck glittering with water, swelled out with the volume of his call.

Up came the downy black babes, and he rose on his feet and tail, arched his neck and stood erect on the water. He was a most intensely interesting sight, falling and rising, scattering the foaming water right and left as he plunged around my canoe. I rapidly snapped the camera, at the same time turning my craft round and round, and once when the long canoe hid the swimming diving babes he came right at me, winging and splashing his way along until he gathered them in beside him and urged them by every low, loving, tremulous call he could rapidly utter to follow him. Each time the turning craft swept close beside, he dived with that oily, splashless dive of his, and emerged literally standing on his feet on the water.

I now seized my dip net and landed the two youngsters, both parent birds screeching and calling and making every demonstration of anger and alarm, but assuring them that it was in the cause of science, and that I would return the precious wee ones uninjured, I paddled as fast as I could to the nest while the young birds lay in my camera box. I laid them on the nest and pictured them as rapidly as possible. Although only a day old the thick down covered these birds thoroughly; eyes, bill, feet and body, with the exception of the breast, which was white, were black. The youngsters already pecked at my hand in anger.

After the picture was satisfactorily accomplished, I turned the bow of the canoe up the bay and made all speed back to where the old birds were swimming in circles, searching everywhere for their lost family and when I came within fifty yards of them I set the downy little ones gently on the water and backed away a few feet. The bright eyes of the anxious male spied the floating dots, and, followed by the shy — shall I say cowardly — female, swam swiftly up, crooning and calling in low, gentle notes, and turning with the little ones bobbing in tow, left me with every appearance of satisfaction.

"Tump, tump," sang the paddle; island, bog, bay, the beautiful birds—all faded from sight, and only an occasional nervous "loo" came trembling aeross the lake to remind me of the whereabouts of these noble birds.

A border laird used often to come home from Selkirk very tipsy. His friends had tried in vain to reclaim him. A visitor volunteered to give him some good advice. So he arrayed himself in a white sheet, and waited in the churchyard where a path led homeward for the laird. The "ghost" demanded who he was, and what he was doing there? The laird steadied himself and answered, "I—am—the—laird." "But wha may ye be?" The "ghost" replied, in a hollow voice, "I am the ghost of your great-grandfather." "Aye, aye," said the laird with a hiccup, "and is this a general rising, now, or are ye jist takin' a bit daunder on yer ain accont?" The "ghost" vanished.

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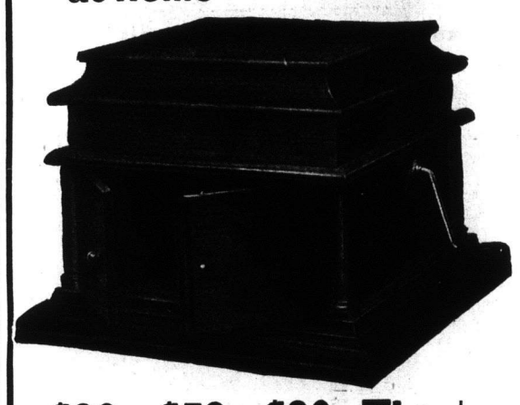

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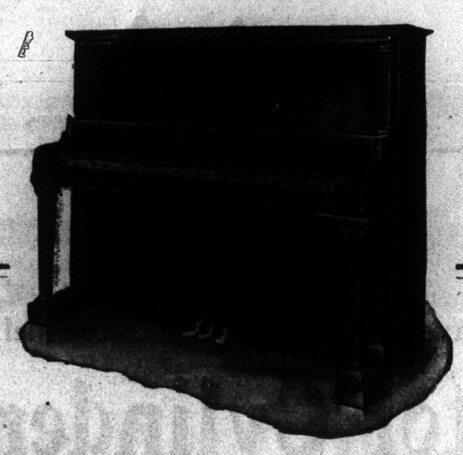

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Out of the Storm.

A Tale of the Nova Scotia Coast. Written for the Western Home Monthly by Naomi.

"IS my tarpaulin jacket ready Mother, and our mittens? This is a lovely morning, but we may need them before night. Now then, girls, grub ready?" shouted the voice down the hall—kitchenwards.

Donald McDonald took the jacket from his mother's hand, bestowing a kiss upon her cheek, and turned, as he heard foot-steps approaching, followed by his sister Jean.

"Grub ready, Jean?" he repeated. "We are late, most of the fleet have gone."

"Here is the lunch basket, Margaret is bringing the tea," she smiled archly, as the door again opened, admitting a tall fair girl, carrying a covered tin pail, her sleeves rolled to her elbow, displaying a well-rounded arm.

"I have made it myself," she laughed, handing it to the waiting Donald.

"Am I to drink it all?" he asked, giving an admiring glance at the plump, white arms, and pretty blue eyes of the speaker.

"Coming!" he called from the doorway, in answer to a call from the beach below.

"Jack is getting impatient, girls, I must be off, good-bye mother, ta! ta! girls, expect us back tonight with a good catch." He walked quickly to the beach, his brother awaiting him in their fishing smack "The Doric."

They waved an adieu to the three women at their home on the hill, who alternately watched the movements of the fishing fleet and gazed upon the beautiful scenery which surrounded them.

The season is early October, and bright blue sky, over which white, fleecy clouds chase each other, or are piled in billowy banks against the saphire blue. The river-like harbor, sheltered from the winds that sweep over the broad ocean, by the gently sloping hills that form the west coast line, which at this season are clad in rich colors of red, yellow, orange and green. The little wavelets dance and sparkle like diamonds in the sunshine.

Far away, outside the harbor, white sails dot the water while the last of the fleet, with their red, white or weather-beaten wings unfurled, glide slowly out, the merry voices of their crew coming back to the watchers above.

They themselves presented a pretty picture, framed by the vine-covered verandah, whose leaves were aglow with the brilliant red of its autumn dress.

Mrs. McDonald, a woman in the prime of life, well preserved, her dark hair waving over her broad forehead, contained but a few silvery strands. Her expressive eyes and resolute mouth, as well as her decisive movements, bespoke a forceful character.

Her daughter Jean resembles her in features and character, but while the mother is calm and decided, the daughter is impulsive, quick of speech and impatient.

Margaret, the younger sister, is not her own child, she is a tragedy of the sea. Some years before a ship had been wrecked on the Nova Scotia coast, and Margaret's parents had been numbered with the lost. As the little girl had no relatives who claimed her, Mrs. McDonald opened her motherly heart and arms to the little waif, and was repaid by a wealth of love and devotion, almost unequalled by that of her own daughter.

While the sea seemed as necessary to the family as the air they breathed, Margaret did not share their love for it, it had more terrors for her than pleasures. She would, when a child, hide her face in her mother's lap, and close her ears to the roar in a storm, while Jean would dash down to the beach, bare-headed, and clap her hands in glee as the mighty waves tumbled over the rocks in their haste to reach the shore. The roar of the breakers was as music to her ears.

The house in which they lived is prettily situated in the midst of a flourishing garden, on a hill commanding a fine view of the harbor and the village below. The McDonalds had not always been as prosperous and happy, as we find them this beautiful October morning. If Mrs. McDonald had few wrinkles in her comely features, and few grey hairs among her raven tresses, it was not because sorrow and trouble had passed her by, without stopping at her cottage door. Her father had been killed in an accident and she was early left to fight life's battles, and did not find them any easier than do the majority of mankind. She married early, her husband, a good, worthy man, was claimed by the sea in his manhood's prime, leaving her to face the world again, with four little ones depending upon her for their daily bread. With unusually good health and strength, she bravely assumed the task, burying her sorrow for her husband's loss as best she could.

From the back stoop at "Sea View," in after years, Mrs. McDonald would look down at a certain house hardly worthy of the name, and think of the dark days of her life which she had spent there, battling with poverty and trouble. It was there her youngest child, her blue-eyed baby Alice, closed her sweet eyes and with a smile, left her embraces, never to return.

Her's was a strong, unconquerable nature, partly inherited from her sturdy fore-fathers, and also cultivated by her sunny, cheerful disposition, that could see a "silver lining to every cloud," and no difficulties so great but they could be overcome.

The years passed and brought easier and happier times. The children grew up, able and willing to help. Her boys, Donald the eldest, commonly called Don, and Jack the youngest of her family, were fine manly fellows, who, for a number of years had been the mainstay of the household. They are fishermen and had prospered till they now own their own fishing smack, and had an interest in several others. They are respected and well liked in the village, not

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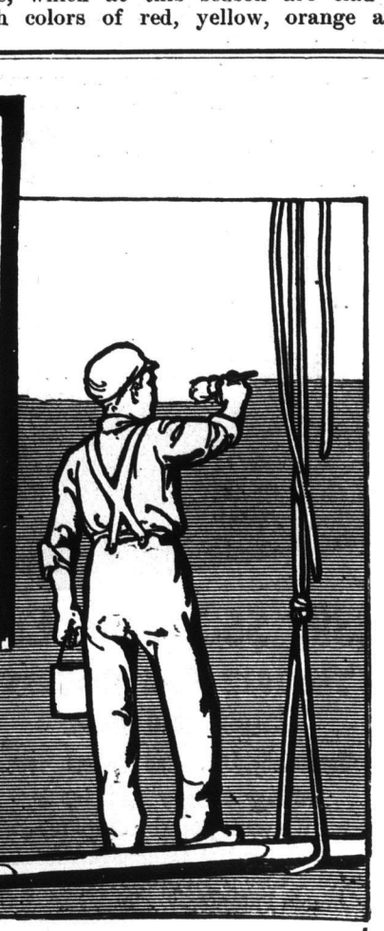

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only for their industry but for their genial manners and willingness to help others in need.

Don is more light hearted than his quieter brother, his merry laugh is often heard from the shore as the fleet sail in; passing girls would remark to each other: "That is Don McDonald, I know his laugh."

The fleet is now out of sight. Mrs. McDonald, turning to the girls, said, "Well, we must not linger here all day, there is work to do, I am for the garden. There are tomatoes to pick, cucumbers to gather and pickle, and lots of other things to do." E'er she had finished speaking, she was among the tomato-vines and the girls at their various duties—Jean is the housekeeper and Margaret a dressmaker.

Crossing to the house a few hours later, with a large golden pumpkin in her arms, she was attracted by a screeching and whirring of wings immediately above her; looking up she perceived a bevy of sea-gulls, circling low, uttering their discordant cry. She glanced at the sky seawards, knowing full well the warning in the cry of the gulls.

A great bank of dull grey clouds hung low over the sea, the wind was blowing them rapidly land-wards. The sun was still shining but there was a chill in the atmosphere. "A storm is approaching," she remarked to Margaret, who was seated at the open window sewing.

"How is the barometer?—falling!" she

said, "Well, I have finished the garden work for a spell, I guess it will likely be but a shower, the end of a thunder storm perhaps. We are having a lovely fall—just lovely." "Yes, mother," Margaret replied, looking up from her work, "we are certainly going to have a change in the weather, I can feel the dampness." She closed the window as she spoke.

"Do you think there will be any fog?" she added anxiously, scanning the sky, that was quickly becoming overcast, and glancing at the sea, which had lost its pretty ripple and was now calm, dark, and sullen, while the sun was hidden behind the bank of clouds that had already spread their dark canopy over the blue.

"Not much, I reckon," answered her mother, smiling, as she went to find Jean in the kitchen, from which a savory smell exuded, telling her the mid-day meal was not far distant.

It was an open secret that the merry-hearted Don, fisherman and lover of the sea, desired to win for his bride the blue-eyed Margaret, 'pearl of the ocean' he was wont to call her. Margaret might love the fishermen, but not the sea, and, thus far, had not consented to become a fisherman's bride. Jean loved the sea and was wooed by many a sailor, but her heart had been won by a medical student, attending college in a nearby city. Such is the contrariness of human nature. "I may love but will marry naught but a sailor," she said, sending him back to his college and books. She adored the ocean in storm and calm, when the waves lapped the pebbly beach with a gentle gurgle, or when the huge breakers, lashed into white-crested foam, dashed in impotent rage against the cliffs and rocks near the entrance to the harbor.

* * * * *

It was curious to note the effect of the weather on the three women, as, later in the day, Mrs. McDonald brought her knitting and calmly sitting by Margaret's side, glanced occasionally at the darkening atmosphere.

"Jean," she said, her needles flying through her nimble fingers, "We will have a fire in the grate soon, and keep a fire on in the kitchen also; the boys will be chilled and will need a cheerful blaze and their clothes will need drying. It is very damp."

"Now, Margaret, there is nothing to be feared, the fleet are all together and will be coming in as the fog is settling. Hark! the fog horn is blowing. We will see them entering the harbor as we have done many times before on just such days as this—that's what."

Margaret smiled, as she sighed and again took her work, which had lain unheeded for several moments on her lap, but letting it fall after a few stitches, while she anxiously scanned the sea that now could scarcely be distinguished from the lowering clouds.

In the midst of her household duties, Jean would rush to a window, exclaiming: "When the fleet returns I want to see it, they look so ghostly like sailing in the clouds."

She was the first to perceive the white sails which did indeed resemble phantoms gliding through the mist. The shouts of the returning fishermen soon dispelled the illusion.

The crew were all busy unloading fish—a good catch—furling sails, making everything snug, hauling their raft up on the beach or securely anchoring them in a sheltering cave; and the fog got thicker and thicker, and darker and still darker grew the atmosphere. Presently a noise was heard above the others. "Don McDonald, all is taunt." Meaning the Nancy Lee, a boat that the McDonalds partly owned, was ready to be lashed to her mate, the Doric.

No response came to the call. "Ben Johnson," sang out the voice again, "tell Don McDonald or Jack, Nancy is waiting."

"Tell them yourself," cheerfully and promptly came back the reply. "They are near you somewhere, they are not here."

Amid a little grumbling, the men on the Nancy Lee waited till the last smack had been hauled to shelter, and their crew were preparing to leave for home, light and comfort, still the McDonalds came not, and a search soon elicited the fact that they had not returned with the fleet.

The men looked gravely at each other and questioned. It was soon found that Alec Mure had last seen them. After

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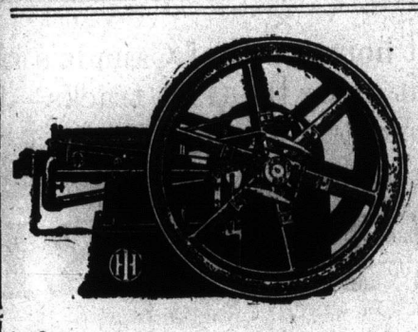

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raising their nets, they drew away, remarking to Alex who was near, "They was going round the Cape to their nets that had been placed there several days before. A number of the fishermen had seen them moving off, but as the fog rolled upon them so quickly they were separated, only coming near each other when entering the harbor and the McDonalds were not missed."

"Oh, pawsh!" cried Charley Benson, "There's nothing to be uneasy about, the boys are good sailors, regular sea-dogs, never bother, the sea is calm, though foggy, they will come in later or seek shelter on the coast till the fog lifts."

"That's what," replied John of the Nancy Lee, "but someone must tell the women folks," glancing anxiously up at the little house on the hill where preparations were being made for the missing men's comfort and peering through the mist, hoping and half-expecting to see the Doric come into view.

* * * * *

There were anxious hearts at the sea-view, in the village, and along the Nova Scotia coast that night—but few slept. The fog terminated in a pouring rain, accompanied by a rising wind which quickly developed into a gale; the storm furies were loose, shrieking over the land and sea, up-rooting trees, and shaking the dwellings till they rocked. Over the sea they swept with relentless wrath, wind and waves in battle array, the roar of their artillery resounding for many miles.

At every fresh onslaught, the rain, driven by the hurricane, dashed against the windows as if anxious to get to the inmates within.

"Tut! Tut! child," exclaimed Mrs. McDonald, clasping th trembling Margaret in her arms, "do not be so fearful, I have seen storms as wild, the boys are safe somewhere, to-morrow we shall hear of their safety or see the "Doric" coming up the harbor with them safe and sound."

Speaking bravely, even cheerfully, her voice never-the-less faltered; she glanced longingly into the little side room—her boy's—and breathed a prayer for their safety.

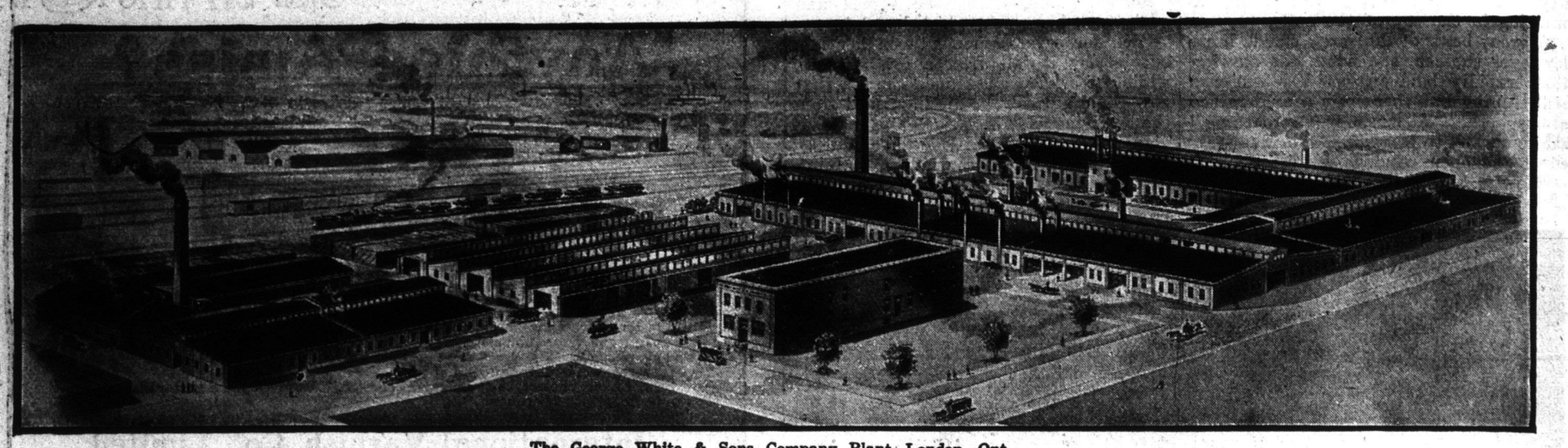
Jean's footsteps could be heard as she wandered back and forth from room to room arranging and disarranging anything to keep employed. She had not the faith or the patience of her mother and needed not the tenderness which Margaret craved.

Thus the long night wore away. The storm did not abate with the dawn; the waves and the wind were still at war, their rage unappeased. As the day passed men breasted the tumult and made their way through the village, where business was all but suspended, none caring to venture out unless compelled of necessity.

Sea-View had many callers; fishermen came to comfort, to assure, to offer help. From time to time the telegraph office was visited, some wires were down, but many reports of the great havoc along the coast was received, one steamer plying between Yarmouth and Boston was lost with only a portion of her crew saved, and a number of smaller craft, but no news of the missing Doric.

The women watched and waited, hoped and feared, still no news and the storm waged on. These hardy fishermen accustomed to the terrors of a sea-faring life, often facing and eluding death, bravely meeting their fate, or soon forgetting the many narrow escapes, knew only too well how little chance there was of the Doric's safety if she had wandered out to sea in the fog and been overtaken by the storm; if they were safe in port they would have taken some means of allaying the anxieties of the home folks.

Towards the close of the second day the wind had spent itself and only returned with occasional gusts as though loath to leave the scene of action. The



The George White & Sons Company Plant, London, Ont.

The Durable Roofing

The cut shows the big plant that houses one of Canada's important and fastest growing industries. Note well the location. The plant stretches out along the G. T. tracks—it lies in the very danger zone of flying sparks and hot cinders. But that does not worry the George White & Sons Co. much. If you could examine the roofing of this big plant through a microscope you would see that even their Boiler House and Foundries were covered with

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Think of it!

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There are **sound basic reasons** for the enduring qualities of BRANTFORD ROOFING. Whether you are in the market for roofing now or not it will **pay** you to consider them well. Because BRANTFORD is an **every purpose roofing**—the roof **par excellence** for farm buildings.

The 'Base' of Brantford Roofing is long fibred elastic wool—wool that is **flexible** and **weather-resisting.** This is **saturated through** and **through** with pure Asphalt—**a mineral fluid** that **cannot be affected materially** by heat or water, wear or weather. There are three kinds of BRANTFORD ROOFING. One is **Asphalt** with a silica sand finish—**it wears like iron.** Another called Rubber, has a smooth, rubbery finish—**but contains no rubber.** And Crystal has a **wear-defying, rock-crystal** surface. But—**you just write for our big free book. It contains roofing facts you'll be glad to know as well as samples of the best roofing.**

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sea ceased its roaring and moaned and sobbed like a tired child.

* * * * *

Again the sun is shining in a clear sky, all nature is gay and glad. Birds are trilling their morning carol, little sun-tipped ripples are again chasing each other over the pebbles as if they had always played as gently or sang as sweet a melody. Occasionally a long rolling wave comes swelling carelessly in-shore, reminder of the sea's unrest, while long strands of fresh sea-weed lay scattered along the beach. Boughs of trees and fallen leaves lay strewn in all directions; the garden at Sea View, as well as others, are shorn of their summer's beauty for the season.

The fishermen are again active silently to-day, they embark, heavy of heart and slow of speech, two of their number are missing. The merry laugh of Don and Jack's quieter chat is not heard as of yore, rallying the boys as they prepare for their toil.

They love not the sea less, however, and their daily bread must be earned for themselves and their families. The sea yields to them of her harvest, but their lost ship-mates and their loved ones they will not forget.

Jean, rising early this morning, leaving her mother and Margaret enjoying a much needed slumber, wandered down to the beach. Her step had lost its buoyancy, the glad light had gone from her face. Silently, she noted the havoc caused by the storm, and took small comfort from the sympathizing fishermen, or hope from their assurance of finding some trace of the "Doric" before they returned.

Shading her eyes with her hand, she followed the movements of the fleet, till rounding a point, they disappeared from sight.

The beautiful morning and sparkling sea had no charm for her, the pinions of sorrow hovered over her. and her loved ones, for the first time in her life the sea was distasteful to her, the music she loved so well appeared cold, heartless, and mocking. It became a personality to her and roused her to anger, clenching her hands, she cried passionately: "Give me back my brothers, none were so good as they, take some worthless creature whose death would be a blessing to many." Tears of anguish and rage filled her eyes, she sank on a boulder sobbing wildly.

Presently she grew calmer and her thoughts flew back to her childhood days when she and her brothers played on the beach and spent many happy hours on the blue waters; of the time they played ship-wrecked on the rocks.

"The Rocks!" she murmured dreamily; "The Rocks!" she repeated more decidedly, "Now, I wonder, but no! that is nonsense, and again she lapsed into silence. She frowned as though in deep thought, the shadows partly left her face, and springing to her feet, she ran up the hill, pausing for a moment to speak to a lad standing in the door-way of a house near their own.

"Billy," she said, "Be down at the beach where the sea gull lies and I will be there in ten minutes. The boy nodded and grinned but answered not. Jean was satisfied and walked quickly up the garden path, pushing aside a trailing branch of the vine that had been torn, and heeding not the bare and desolate appearance of the wind-stripped branches, she almost collided with Margaret, who was coming to the door to look for her.

"Margaret," she exclaimed, breathlessly, "Help me prepare a lunch, bring some water and some of Mother's cordial, I'm going to the Rocks.

"Going to the Rocks," repeated Margaret incredulously, "Why? are you crazy?" she added, grasping Jean's arm as she was flying around the kitchen gathering the articles she needed.

The touch of Margaret's firm hand and the pleading look in her eyes recalled Jean's scattered senses; placing her arm affectionately around her sister, she said calmly: "There are two or three places where the boys may have taken shelter if they were unable to reach the mainland and one of them, "The Five Sisters," the men are going to search too, they told me so. I have just thought of another, "The Rocks," they are probably not there," she interjected, seeing the eager look in Margaret's face, and fearing to raise false hopes; "if they are, I cannot understand why they have not returned, but I think likely and unlikely places should be searched and anyway," she finished, releasing her sister, "it will give me something to do and think about, I cannot stay quietly here any longer.

"You cannot manage the boat by yourself," Margaret said, soberly.

"Billy is going with me, you know he can manage a boat as well as I can." Billy is a half-witted boy who is quick with his hands if not with his wits.

"And mother—shall we tell her?" questioned Margaret, as they were hastening preparations. "Do not tell her where I have gone, or why, unless she asks, "say I have gone for a sail along the coast, she is used to my wandering habits and will not mind, and," she concluded, putting the last of the articles in the basket and donning her cap and cape, "If my quest is successful I will raise the flag and you will then explain. Poor Mother," she softly added, "her faith is surely tried."

"What a glorious morning, Billy! and is not that view splendid?" Jean exclaimed, as the sails filled and they glided over the bright waters.

"Look at those maples over the ridge yonder, we are too far away to see the broken branches torn by that awful storm. They are autumn's jewels, Billy, set in a ribbon of green. See! there they are again, close by the shore, their red, yellow, orange and green reflected in the blue water. Did you ever see anything so lovely?"

Already the necessity for action and exhilarating influence of the bright sunshine, beautiful scenery, and sparkling water had raised her from the slough of despondency, into which she had fallen. Speeding along, the spires of a Cathedral were dimly seen, which changed the current of her thoughts.

"Books!" she sniffed contemptuously, a doctor's wife! Humph!

"What did you say, Miss Jean?" came from Billy, who had not been listening very attentively to her eloquence.

"I said, Billy," she promptly replied, "if all was well at home we would sail on, and on, for hours—this is exquisite." But even as she spoke, the shadows again crossed her face, the light went from her eyes and she shuddered as she remembered her loss.

Silently they glided on, tacking, to round a point and changed their course to the open ocean.

On, on, they flew; riding over the swells, whose wrath was not entirely pacified.

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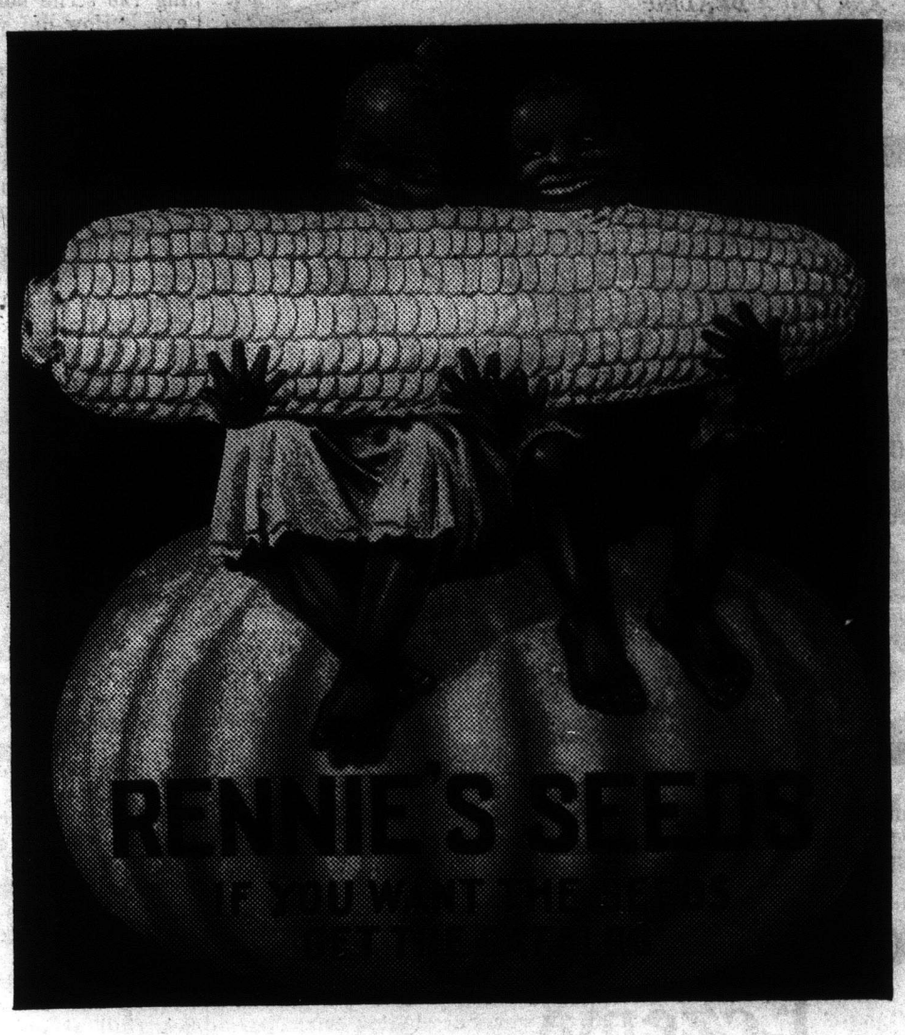

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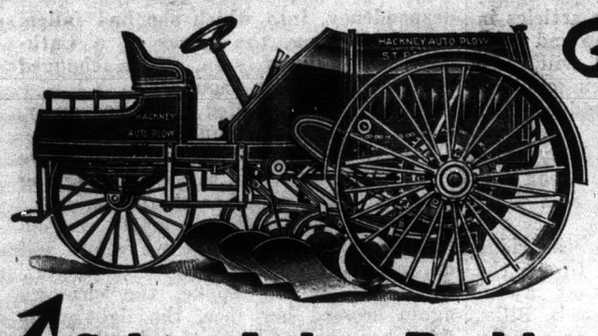

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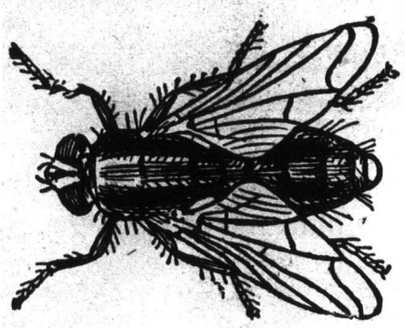

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nothing. 'The Rocks' could be seen some miles distant, standing bare and grey against the sky line.

As they approached nearer and nearer, Jean glanced at them anxiously. Should she find her brothers there? If so, in what condition? or would they find naught but cold bare rocks and the mocking sea?

Now they are close by them and Jean uttered a cry of dismay and admiration. Facing them was a ragged cliff with needle-like points, bristling along its surface; here the waves broke with terrific violence, sending the spray many feet into the air, falling in a shower of diamonds on the cliff among the needles showing dimly through the mist.

Before reaching the vicinity of 'The Rocks,' the sails had been furled and lowered, Billy taking the oars and Jean the rudder. They steered slowly and at a respectful distance around the rocky island.

The waves held this grim old pile at their mercy, encircling it with their foaming waters, which to-day rose Niagara-like and hurled themselves violently against its sides. Immeasureably secure they had stood the n-slaught, as the ages rolled on, its sides beaten and torn into rifts and chasms by the devouring waves.

Veering to the south to escape the reefs, which they knew to be dangerously near the surface, Jean motioned to Billy to cease rowing. They stopped at the southern-most point, and for a few moments gazed silently upon the scene.

To all appearance there was no haven where a boat could enter, even if they breasted the angry breakers which seemed an impossible feat.

"This is where we used to play shipwreck, Billy!" Jean said, calmly surveying the scene before her with a critical eye. "How did you get in, Miss Jean?" questioned Billy, wonderingly.

"We only came in calm weather. There were no breakers such as these; but there is a safe shelter between those two rocks," pointing to two jutting crags which seemed close together, yet in reality were some distance apart, with a channel of comparatively smooth water between.

"Now, Billy, listen," Jean went on earnestly, "We must get in ahead of the breaker or we will be dashed against the rocks and swamped. The reefs end here, when the wave breaks row for your life. We must be in before the next overtakes us. I will steer. Do you understand?"

"Yes Miss Jean," answered Billy slowly, taking the oars, and waiting for her to give the signal.

Both realized the danger but feared it not. True children of the sea, courting its dangers, defying its terrors, thinking only of their task and the best way of accomplishing it.

"Now then, Billy, go!" she commanded, as a larger breaker than usual crashed and broke with a roar that almost drowned her voice.

Billy strained at the oars with his utmost strength. Jean, with steady eye and nerve, guided the frail craft with an unerring precision, while behind, nearer and closer, gaining in height with every second, came the towering white-crested mass of water. The distance was not great. They swerved to escape a projecting rock, losing a fraction of time. Jean feels the flying spray that heralds the approach of the monster behind her.

Will they escape its clutches? "No!" "Yes!" she shouts exultingly, as the Sea Gull shoots into the channel and the breaker flings upon them a drenching shower as it tears past and again envelopes the rocks ere it sinks to its bed of waters.

So quickly does the boat ply through the narrow passage, neither Jean nor Billy notice a ragged end of rope attached to a spur near the entrance which might have told them a story.

While fastening the Sea Gull to a rock further down, eager to climb to the shelving rock above, they were startled by a cheer, feebly uttered but still a cheer. Looking upward, they immediately perceived the missing ones, her brothers, apparently alive and well, hastening down the steep and rugged path towards them. Jean had not permitted herself to hope she would find them. Her one idea was to do something that might bring some relief to her and some knowledge of their fate. If she had thought of them being alive, she had also pictured them as being weak and starved, unable to move, and here they were, coming to meet her as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. What did it mean? For a moment she gazed stupidly at them, then, with a glad cry, she bounded up the cliff.

"Don!" "Jack!" she cried breathlessly, "What has happened? Why are you here? Where is "The Doric?" We all thought you were—and mother"—she could get no further, her voice quivered and broke, sobs choking her utterance.

Don clasped her in his arms, and Jack patted her head. "There, there, my brave girl," Don said soothingly, "how thankful we are you have come, but have you any water? If so, for the love of heaven give us some; we are not starving for food but for water. Jack, poor fellow, is so parched he can scarcely speak.

"What a fool I am," Jean exclaimed, shocked at her brother's pale and exhausted appearance.

"Billy, bring the basket." But Billy, taking the matter as calmly as though out for a summer's picnic, had already brought and opened the well-filled hamper, and Jean very quickly relieved her suffering brothers; cooing to them in motherly tones, insisting they should eat and drink but sparingly, nor would she listen to any explanations till after they were satisfied.

Then, while the tide was receding, making the dangerous passage every moment less difficult, Don told the story of their plight. "As our catch had not been large," he commenced, "we determined to go to the jetty beyond the cape, where our outstanding nets were placed. We found a good haul, and being busy, we did not notice the approaching fog till it was almost upon us and we felt the chill. We were not alarmed, confidently thinking we would come within range of the fog-horn before it got dense, but such was not the case; we wandered too near the shore and knew by the sound of the breakers that always roll over the reefs near "The Rocks" we were in their undesirable neighborhood. It was calm though foggy and not as thick as it afterwards became. I know the entrance to this cave well, and, skirting the reefs, had no difficulty in finding it as the tide was receding, thinking the fog would soon lift, we preferred to take shelter here rather than risk standing out in the open. Fortunately for us that we did so. Had we been out in the open during that awful gale that followed, we should undoubtedly have perished. We tied "The Dorie," as we thought, safely to a projecting rock and soon made our way up here to what, as you remember, was our imaginary "rock of refuge" in our childhood days. We brought what grub we had, which was not much and some fish. There was a little tea left—the tea that Margaret made." Here the voice softened.

"We could make no fire; there was nothing to burn, but we ate some of the food and raw fish and waited. Then the wind rose higher and still higher; we looked at the boat several times. She was still there safe and snug. We felt no particular alarm only for you folks at home but hoped we should be back before our prolonged absence had caused them more than ordinary anxiety. You know how the hurricane lasted, the longest and worst I have ever seen. If you heard the gale on the shore, you can, perhaps, imagine its force here; it really seemed at times as if the very foundations of these grey, old "Rocks" must be loosened and the whole come tumbling down. Jean remembered that awful night and shuddered.

We dared not venture forth from our place of safety under this overhanging cliff which, as you see, forms a partial cave. The table rock is broad but the wind dashed against it with such terrific force we could not have withstood it. When there was a lull, about noon the second day, we sallied forth to get more fish from the boat and to make ready for our departure the first possible moment. What was our horror to find the Doric gone; not a trace of her could we find, although we made a careful search with great difficulty as the

sea was very high. We had eaten all the food and nearly all the fish, and drank all the tea. We did not suffer from hunger, made the fish last, but we were, oh, so thirsty. We caught a little rain-water in our hands and caps but the wind drove it in sheets, wetting us thoroughly, but not giving us enough to satisfy our thirst. We were out of the way of boats, unless by rescue parties, and who would think to look for us here? Who indeed? but you my brave sister. We owe our lives to you." "And to Providence," Jean said softly. Without any great difficulty the Sea Gull made her way over the breakers that were now but mere swelling waves and was soon flying over the bright sparkling water with her sails filled to the breeze and her flag fluttering gaily at the bow.

* * * * *

There was great joy that night at Sea-view and in the village. The inhabitants went wild with delight. The fishermen, returning at twilight, still silent and gloomy—they had found no trace of the "Doric"—soon learned the joyful tidings. The little home on the hill was beseiged by a happy crowd of men, women and children, all eager to hear the story, to shake hands with the men, and to mingle their grateful tears with the women. 'The man from the College' came to condole and remained to rejoice and again pleaded his cause, this time with success, for, as Jean said, she could not send him away unhappy that night, when she was so happy herself. Perhaps the whisper of a cottage by the sea had something to do with her answer. The glad look in Margaret's eyes and the lovelight in Don's told the old, old story as they stood with clasped hands oblivious of all others.

It was left to Jack to tell the story of their seige on the "Rocks" and their rescue by the brave sister and Billy and he told it over and over again.

Billy came in for a full share of praise which he accepted indifferently—seemingly better satisfied to sit in a corner, listening to Jack's recital, watching the crowd and munching apples, with which he was well supplied. The happy mother, seeking her pillow that night, looked on the moon-lit sea and breathed a sigh, which was also a prayer, for the sons pursuing their hazardous calling upon the briny waters, and the mothers whose sons came not back to them out of the storm; but whose forms lay—hushed to sleep—in the bosom of the mighty deep.

Leading Papers Display the Danger Signal against Alum in Food.

Thousands have no doubt read the commendable articles recently appearing in some of the leading American and Canadian papers on the use of alum in baking. Until the Dominion Government follows the lead of England, France and Germany, and prohibits the use of alum in foods, there is but one safeguard against alum, and that is to buy only a baking-powder which has the ingredients plainly stated on the label.

Miss Marie Corelli says: "It is time for you, the people, to think for yourselves—not to accept the thoughts proffered to you by conflicting creeds—not to obey the morbid suggestions propounded and discussed by a sensational press—but to think for your country's good with thoughts that are high and proud and pure! Otherwise, if you remain content to let things drift as they are drifting, if you allow the brains of this and future generations to become obscured by drink and devilment, if you give way to the inroads of vice, and join with the latter-day degenerate in his or her coarse derision of virtue, you invite terrific disaster upon yourselves and upon this great Empire! If you saw a man reeling under the effects of laudanum or cyanide of potassium, or any such deadly drug, you would be sorry for him—you would try to apply such remedies as might quickly restore him to health and sane consciousness. Yet our 'drunken' working men are just in the same condition, and instead of trying to cure them we reproach them for getting poisoned while we let the poisoners go scot free."

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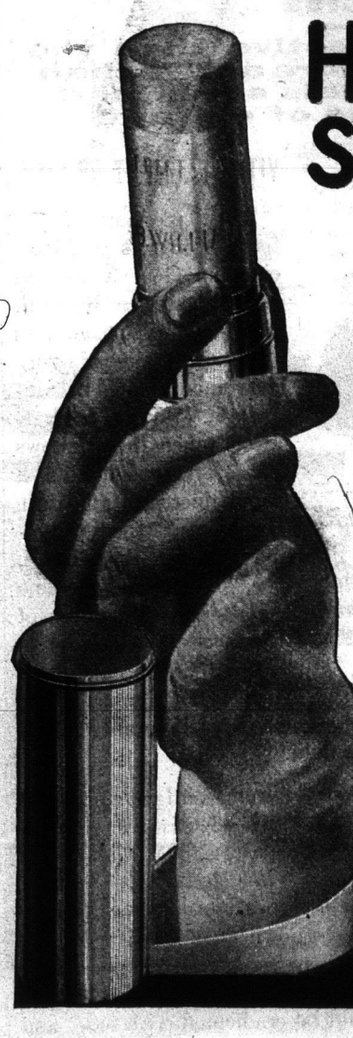

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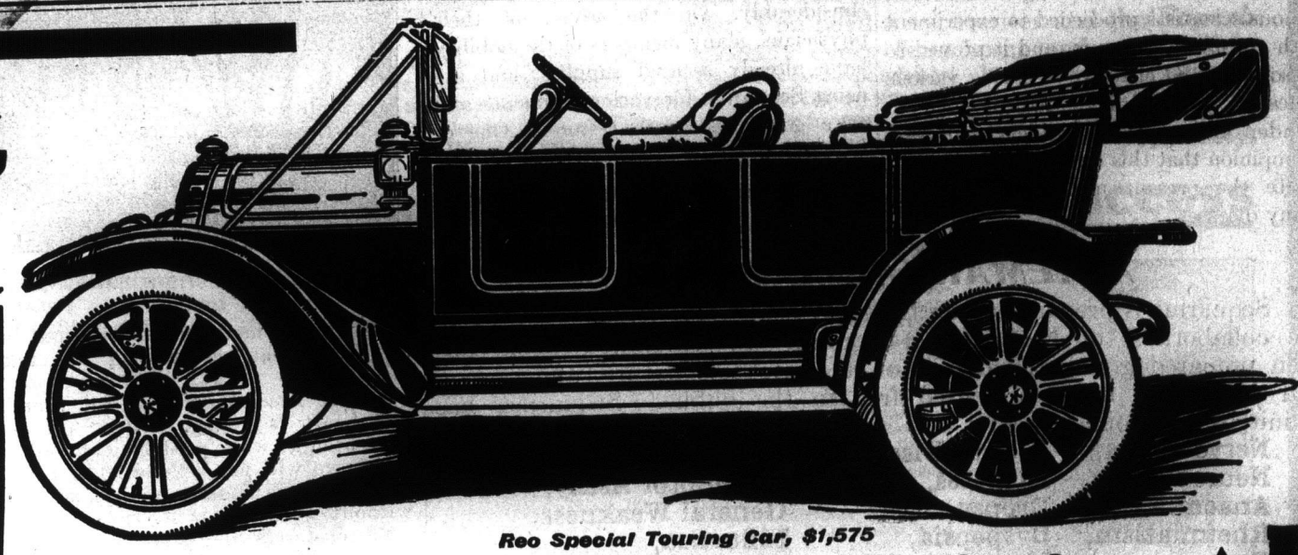

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BROWN-SEQUARD,F.R. S., F.R.C.P., London, Professor of Medicine at the College of France, the discoverer of Sequarine and founder of modern serum-therapy.

In a paper read to a gathering of distinguished leaders in Science and Medicine, held under the auspices of the Paris Biological Society, Prof. Brown-Sequard divulged the secret of the composition of Sequarine, and explained its manner of action. After this meeting a number of famous scientists proceeded to experiment with and test the serum, and it proved to be so swift and effective in curing various illnesses that leading Medical men in London and on the Continent expressed the opinion that this serum will render obsolete the present methods of treating many diseases.

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The Promise of the Year.

By William Lutton.

THE opening season holds large and iridescent promise for our Northwest. A warm wind fans the cheek; the smell of the moist earth is grateful to the nostrils.

The air is like balm. The tender blue of the sky hints the coming effulgence of light and heat and long languorous days. The winter is passed and its rigors forgotten. Something in the heart might long for the primrose and the daffodil; but the wild things are peering above the prairie; a throbbing life is pulsing in the bosom of nature, to which there is the happy possibility of close living in the West.

And in the quickening air, the sense of vividity, the strong hope rising in the breast, of large things to be done, of difficulties to be overcome, of comfort and independence to be secured in this last great West by the disinherited from older lands—the past, with its wistful appeal is forgotten.

The men are out in the fields; the women come to the open door, and fill their lungs with the health-giving air. The home, humble as it may be, is re-incarnated; a new soul has been put into it. The great resurrection has taken place.

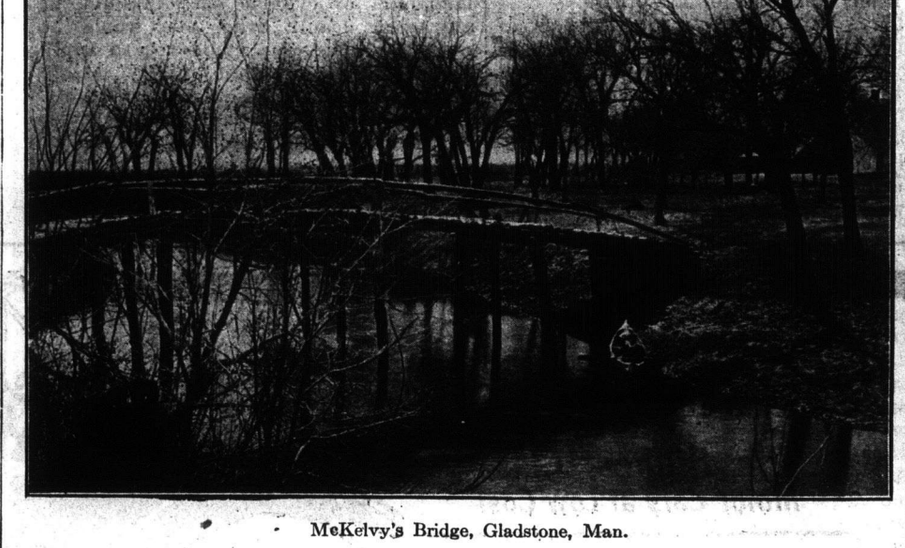
Nature has remembered her promise. The heart is young. Divine processes have been at work producing the miracle which we will not acknowledge, because we are so accustomed to it, and get it without working for it.

Secret forces and processes have been at work while the white carpet lay on the fields; and now the germinating forces reveal themselves in the fecund sod. Hope swells the breast. The farmer breaks new ground; the ownership extends. There will not always be congestion and hurt through congestion. We will go on extending the acreage; we will produce more wheat; but we will also remember the wisdom and the practicality of mixed farming, for the conservation of Nature's energies. The home, which was restricted in the winter, is taking on larger aspects. New rooms are added; the paint brush is brought into requisition; the housewife scrubs and cleans and washes her curtains and spreads out her furs, preparatory to putting them away. Society is yet a long way off, and there are lonely moments. It is a new world in the making; grander possibilities than were ever possible in the Old World swell the heart, and home, if it be only a lean-to, has a deeper meaning, because it is one's own, than the word had for thousands now, in the Northwest who, because of human greed, were forced to leave their native lands to find, in breadth and space, and freedom and the chance—the chance which God and Nature meant them to have — to stand erect on their own soil, calling no man master.

The land agent is abroad in the land; he is an aggressive, yet fascinating force. He has keyed every creature up to an enormous tension; he talks, he persuades, he sells. He keeps up a fever which may become hysterical in time. He over-emphasizes; he tears a proposition to tatters; he talks in twelve-inch letters; he shouts through a megaphone. He will even throw in the silver spoons as a prize. But he is part of the wonderful evolution. He is necessary; he is an evangel of progress, possibly more urgent to the situation than those other evangels which the Archbishop of Canterbury is so eager to send to save the soul of the Northwest. His voice is raucous; his language is picturesque; his manner is insinuating; his diamond ring is genuine and typical of much.

He might, in time, discourage regularity, and it is regularity and not delirium which sets the civic organism on its feet and keeps it there.

If you want to make a good thing and forget the West, you might hearken to the tale of the land agent; on the other hand, if you had the desire to grow up with the country you would need to ignore him—to a large degree.



McKelvy's Bridge, Gladstone, Man.

The cities and towns are planning for big extensions. Populations grow like Jonah's gourd. A constant stream from the United States, from the Old World, converge upon the West. It diffuses itself; it is lost to identity, but it forms the wonderful whole.

Half a million pouring in in a single season is like the pebble on the shore. But every human entity plays its part in the ensemble; makes history, is identified with destiny, which he does something to color.

And by all accounts, this is to be a banner immigration year. Many causes are operative. The industrial upheaval in England, the sense of unrest, the shaking of the foundations of those institutions which, if they heaved and shook elsewhere, were stable in the Mother Country; the spread of Socialism in European countries, leading to oppressive measure on the part of militarism, which is fighting for its life in the older European countries; the poverty of the people, accentuated by the madness which marks the war of armaments —all this crowds the ship, fills the trains which, on the three transcontinental lines, will set down many thousands of new settlers in the Northwest this season.

Though denied larger markets, which are of the most urgent importance, the West is seeing its own market extending year by year, while it is assured that in the immediate future, the manufacturing interests will be expressed in nice equipoise, making for complimental relations between the pastoral on the

one hand and the industrial on the other.

Already we see tentative efforts to establish branch manufacturing establishments in the West, and these will become more and more marked.

Reciprocal relations between the East and West need not be weakened, but the Northwest will become increasingly self-contained.

The manufactories will give employment; money will circulate; the home-market will extend and a growing population will compensate more and more completely for losses which an adverse vote imposed upon the young and virile people.

Ameliorating and refining institutions are keeping pace with material development, and, through the school and college curricula, culture is tempering rawness.

To the newcomer, who has left a civilization which, though he was divorced from its best features, he has learned to admire, the haphazard methods of living may seem bizarre and undesirable. He himself could only peep at the comforts and decencies and luxuries which were denied him; but he would note the absence of the commanding features and institutions which marked the life of the Mother Country.

It is precisely these features which are now being sedulously cultivated in the West. We have the university, fair and stately; the public school; the church, the club, the library — all of which measurably bring in salvation.

The School Garden Instructor.

Frequently it is said to me by would-be garden teachers that they cannot see their way clearly to the establishment of a garden station on account of their limited knowledge of horticultural practice. These good folk recognise how little they know and are desirous of extending their knowledge.

As a rule, they are the people who are eventually most successful in garden teaching. The man who does not know a thing—who knows that he does not know—wants to find out something about it. He is full of the energy and enthusiasm which does not mark the efforts of the "I-know--all-about-it" gentleman you sometimes meet and sympathise with. This type thinks he knows, and, unknowingly, keeps in his own little backwater.

The essential of all success in the school garden is unquestionably the instructor. He is the central idea of the movement. He is the pivot of the whole business. And in every case the good quality of the work rests entirely upon his enthusiasm.

Sometimes, through force of circumstances, or through lack of early training, the instructor has limited experience. Now, experience is, of course, an important element in all concerns, but in the instructor I count enthusiasm before experience. Where you have the two you soon secure efficiency. Where you have experience without enthusiasm you rarely find it. But enthusiasm begets experience, and finally leads to efficiency. These are the three E's of the school garden instructor.

What We Ask For.

Yes, I know exactly what some people will say: "A garden teacher should be properly trained for his work."

Quite right; he should, and that is why we are asking for an improved system of rural education. But unfortunately for the countryside in general we have not arrived at that stage of development which shall insure that teachers are trained early in life for this special work. This important training belongs to another day—to the training system of the future—and its results will bring a greater measure of success to rural industries.

To-day, while the establishment of school gardens is being encouraged, there is no comprehensive system of which a man can avail himself for qualifying as a teacher of rural subjects. He is left to his own initiative and bent of mind.

If one could gather full particulars of the numerous teachers who are doing excellent work to-day in the school garden, there would be much interesting and surprising evidence.

Enthusiasm.

Here, for instance, is an instructor—a town-bred schoolmaster—whose gardening experience commenced simultaneously with his appointment to a country school. When he started there he could not safely distinguish celery from parsnip leaves. That, however, was some years ago, and to-day he has a school garden which is a model of what school gardening really should be. Enthusiasm led him to experience and the two secured efficiency And, mind you, there are hundreds of this town-born type of instructor doing splendid work to-day.

Again, here is a man, reared in the country, who entered the teaching profession. From his youth up, gardening has been an open book to him. It was a commonplace business, that belonged to the experience of every-day life. But school gardening? What does it mean? What are its objects? He discovered them, and, working his gardening knowledge along educational lines, has reached the goal of success.

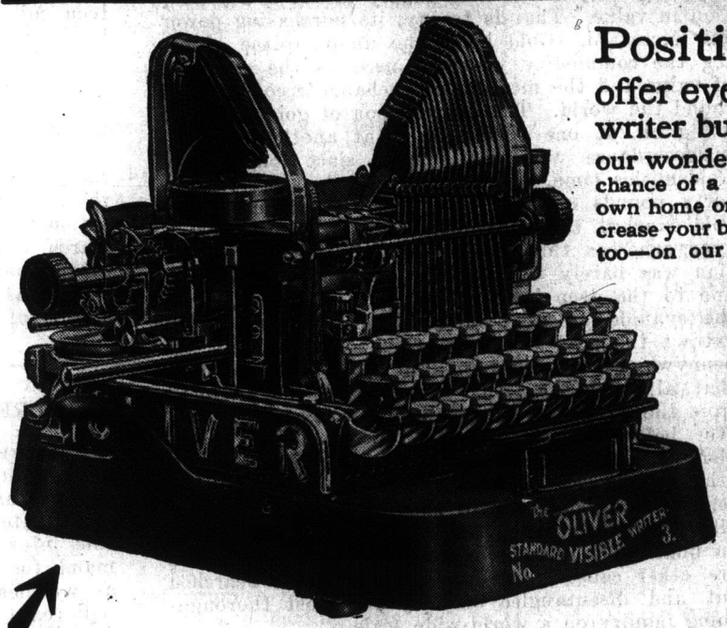
He may not have a bundle of certificates stored in his desk, but he does possess a standing memorial to good work in the tiny plots by the school playground. These are the men who are demonstrating the possibilities of rural education.

School Gardens a Fad?

There are very few country schools without their garden stations, but now and then in the garden-less schools you find people who smile at what they term the garden "fad." They cannot see the use of school gardens. There are some people who cannot see the use of anything. Such men are bodily in the country with their souls on the pavement of the towns. But fortunately they are very rare, and most town-bred teachers who go into the tiny village accept readily the need of a live and practical development of rural education.

Any man in any school—excepting, of course, the large city schools—can make gardens. It is the easiest movement possible because there are, at this time, so many sources of available aid. Instructors of great experience are attached to nearly every county; there are books and magazines which deal with the subject.

Wonderful Offer!



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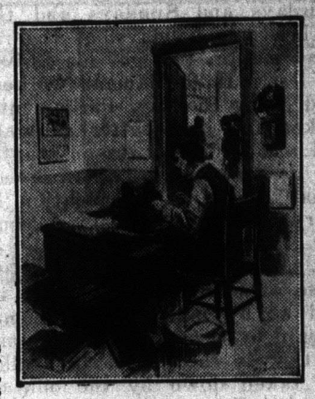

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE LOSS OF THE TITANIC.

The story of the loss of the Titanic can never be adequately told. Never before was there such an ocean tragedy. The more than sixteen hundred human beings who perished in that needless disaster included people of all classes and conditions. There were men of great wealth, men who were in positions of great power and responsibility, people in moderate circumstances, poor people in the steerage coming to make new homes in this new world. In the supreme crisis, when all were brought face to face with the Infinite in the darkness of mid-ocean, few, indeed, fell short of showing the heroism which is the spark of the Divine in human nature. This is the memory of that terrible disaster, which will ever live as an inspiration—that so many met their fate heroically as the Titanic plunged beneath the icy waters. And what has been burnt in as enduringly on the mind of humanity is the lesson of that terrible and unnecessary sacrifice of life—the lesson that safety should be the supreme consideration, and that no ship should be allowed to go to sea without lifeboat accommodation for every man, woman and child on board.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

Detailed figures of the census of last year now available reveal the fact that the total increase in the city population in Canada during the past ten years has been enormously greater than the total increase of the country population. The surface idea of most of us probably is that the big inflow of immigration has been chiefly settling on the Western wheat lands, and that, therefore, the increase of the farming population of the Dominion is the main item of census increase. But the census details show quite otherwise. The increase in the last ten years has been 555,065 rural and 1,278,147 urban. The increase of the country population has been 16.48 per cent., and the increase in the cities and towns has been 63.83 per cent. This is not as it should be. It does not mean a rightly proportioned national growth and development. Our Governments—Dominion and Provincial—should work hard at the promotion of agricultural immigration and the improvement of agricultural conditions in every way.

WHERE TALK IS NOT CHEAP.

The first session of the twelfth Parliament of Canada, which ended in the first week of the past month, actually sat for sixty-nine days—that is to say, the House of Commons did, for no one keeps track of the Senate. For this each member has received his $2,500, which is at the rate of $36 a day for each day that Parliament sat, or, including the Saturdays and Sundays and the thirty-four days of Christmas holidays, at the rate of $17 per day. Each Senator, too, got his $2,500, and exerted himself less. If Parliament worked by the piece, instead of by the day, Parliament would get through quicker and give better satisfaction. There is no good and sufficient reason why the sessions are as long as they are. The work could easily be done in half the time. Legislation is an expensive industry. Parliament cost the country $1,655,000 last year. What the bill for 1912 will be remains to be seen. There were some 6,750,000 words used in the House of Commons last year, this total being arrived at by multiplying the number of pages of Hansard by the fair average number per page. They say talk is cheap, but the talk in Parliament, as thus taken down by the official shorthanders and printed in Hansard, cost 24½ cents a word. Couldn't the country get on just as well with a few million less words per year at Ottawa?

THE "APPEAL TO REASON" STOPS.

The Socialist weekly which has had such a stormy career at Girard, Kansas, has ceased publication. The "Appeal to Reason" has ceased to appeal. The announcement is made that the confession of the McNamara brothers was a severe blow to the paper, and the editor himself lays his suspension of publication to his fight against the United States Government for the right to circulate it through the mails. But a more insidious influence than that of the United States postal authorities is really responsible for the end of the firebrand sheet. For "The Appeal to Reason" has made an appeal to the pocketbook. It has been not merely a creed to its editor and publisher, but a good thing financially also. He bought cheap land in Missouri with his profits, and valuable deposits of zinc were found on his land. Then the Socialist editor built and owned a town, but instead of running it on Socialist principles, he sold out at a handsome advance, and invested the proceeds in land in Texas, upon which the town of Amarillo has been built. His rentals from the town of Amarillo are reported to be $40,000 a year. No wonder he has stopped his "Appeal to Reason." He does not have to appeal to anybody any more. He has the "stuff" now, and the career of a Socialist for revenue has no further attractions for him

THE WORLD-WIDE RISE OF PRICES.

The suggestion of President Taft that an international commission should be formed to study the causes of the world-wide rise of prices meets with approval in the London papers. Prices fell steadily from the middle of the seventies until the middle of the nineties, but since then have been on the up grade, rising most rapidly in the last few years. The rise in prices extends to all the countries of the world; it has coincided with the increase in the world's supply of gold, and is held by most economists to be the result of that increase. There is a vast amount of gold being taken from the earth every year now, in comparison with ten years ago; and as gold is sold in the open market, like anything else, the greater supply means a depreciation in value. That is to say, its purchasing power has decreased. Gold holds the unique place of being the commodity which is used as the standard of value and the medium of exchange recognized all round the world. The depreciation of gold has been going on, at one time slowly, at another rapidly, in accordance with the supply, since long before Goldsmith's time, when a man was "passing rich on forty pounds a year." In 1911 the production of gold reached the enormous total of $500,000,000 a year, whereas thirty years ago the yearly production was barely $100,000,000. This is very largely due to the deep level mines in the Transvaal and the cyanide process, which makes it profitable to extract the gold from ore which contains only six pennyweights to the ton. But it is a curious fact that, although the actual quantity of gold produced from the Transvaal mines in 1911 was greater than ever before, the returns to the shreholders were about $5,000,000 less than in the preceding year. In other words, the increased production brought a corresponding decrease in the market price. It is all a very interesting and intricate problem, with an undeniable bearing on the rise in prices. There are other causes. All the causes can be searched out and disentangled only by the most thorough-going inquiry on a world-wide scale.

HUMANITIY'S FOOD SUPPLY.

A leading German paper, the Hamburger Nachtrichten, commenting on the discussion that is going on in all countries in regard to the increase in prices, thinks that the fears of Malthus are being already realized and that population is beginning to overtake the available supply of food. "Virgin soil," it says, "is believed to be not available any more in the United States of America, and is getting scarcer even in Canada and the Argentine." A European who sees only his own crowded country with the soil fully occupied and who is ignorant of the actual conditions on this side of the Atlantic may entertain the view that the people in the world are becoming too numerous for the possibilities of food supply. In this country there are vast areas of arable soil untouched; in the United States, while there is nothing like as much virgin soil as in Canada, it is a reproach commonly levelled at the farmers that they are far from getting the maximum production out of their land; in South America there are great expanses that have never known a plough; and Siberia, Australia and South Africa must also be taken account of. The Malthus bogey is a theory that may be dismissed from consideration.

MISGUIDED BELIEVERS.

A craze for the occult seems to have found many victims of late, and some extraordinary cases are being reported in the newspapers from many different places. In one of the chief cities of Spain the police have arrested a woman for sorcery, the charge being that she abducted and murdered at least six children, whose bodies were boiled down to make love philtres for deluded women. Of course the purchasers did not know the source of the charms guaranteed to bring the desired sweethearts to time. The amazing thing is that in a city anywhere in the world in this twentieth century people exist who believe such nonsense. Another terrible story came a couple of weeks ago from Toronto, where a mother killed herself and her three children by gas asphyxiation. She had had relations with a spiritualist colony in New York State, and left a letter denouncing some of the members of that cult. An extraordinary case recently came before Mr. de Grey, a police magistrate in London, in which two spiritualists were charged with fraud by a solicitor, who was induced to write letters to be sent by "spiritual post" to his dead sweetheart. He had written several hundred such letters, many of them enclosing bank-notes. The magistrate remarked that human credulity was supposed to be unfathomable, but surely the bottom had been touched in this case. Other cases, however, quite as bad, are occuring all the time. It was only the other day that the newspapers reported the trial in a city in the United States of a faker with a new "religion," who had a great following of women, who offered to put up thousands of dollars in bail for his liberation. In every land, including our own, there are many clairvoyants and others who make a living out of human credulity.

MAKING A TRANSGRESSOR TRUDGE.

One of the minor news items which attracted attention in the newspapers during the past month was the account of how a Galician who lives fourteen miles from Winnipeg caught a thief in his house at midnight. He tied the thief's hands behind his back, and led him on a rope to the nearest police station in the city. Quite a trudge that, through the darkness. The burglarious individual must have found it a very dreary walk, in poor company. It certainly gave him ample time to think the whole matter over, and come to the conclusion that, after all, honesty is the best policy. His sensations during the first few miles of his forced march were probably deeply resentful towards his captor, but gradually he must have become more resigned, as his fatigue increased. Certainly it was a case of the way of the transgressor being hard.

MORE EFFICACIOUS THAN TASTEFUL.

We read in Engineering News that castor oil is regaining its old place as a lubricant for machinery, and the demand for it is going up at a great rate. The average small boy will welcome this information with the hope that this new demand for castor oil will assume such proportions as will lead to its price becoming so high that it will cease to be any longer an article of household use. He is prepared to testify as to his conviction that machinery is all it is fit for. And it will not be denied that he knows something about castor oil, however little he may know about the uses of it that Engineering News tells of. It will be admitted that he can speak with expert knowledge in testifying that, administered in cases of certain familiar aches and pains that boyhood is heir to, it is more efficacious than tasteful.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN THE STATES.

Six states—Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, Oregon and Nevada—will vote in November on the question of woman suffrage. Of these it is believed Nevada and Oregon will award full suffrage for women. Three—Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin—are not expected to favor it, and Kansas is doubtful The feeling in favor of votes for women appears to be stronger in Western than Eastern States. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho have had woman suffrage for some years. Within a year Washington has adopted it, as California did only a couple of months ago. Oregon at the last general State elections rejected it, but, if we are to judge by the newspapers, is not unlikely to adopt it in November. It is a significant fact that all the aspirants for the Presidency have considered it worth while to declare themselves in regard to votes for women. They are either in favor of woman suffrage, like Mr. Taft, or they say, like Mr. Roosevelt, that "the women can have the suffrage whenever they want it." It is figured out that women are a not negligible factor in States that will cast more than fifty votes in the electing of the new President.

ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLES GROWING CLOSER.

The growing interest in things British among the press and people of the United States is rather remarkable. The doings of the British Parliament are recorded regularly in the leading newspapers, and editorials discussing British affairs appear regularly. Some of the newspapers discuss British affairs intelligently, while others show a deep seated ignorance of constitutional practice and methods of procedure. This is accounted for by the long period of insularity during which British affairs were taboo, except as an excuse for giving a twist to the lion's tail.—Belleville Intelligencer.

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary, Translator of New Testament in Braid Scots, etc.

It's announced that Queen Mary intends to provide a shelter for consumptives on the Balmoral estates.

In some places this year ratepayers were allowed to pay taxes and rates in three installments. The new plan was very successful.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." "Aye," said Geordie Mucklewham, "that was Wullie Shakespeare. Robbie Burns wadn'a hae said sic a fulish thing as that! Robbie Burns kent weel enuch that a king wadn'a gang till his bed wi' his croon on; he wad hing it ower the back o' a chair."

A Grace Before Meat.

Lord, when we're hungry gie us food,
When we are fain, O, gie us grace;
And l t ocht else o' gift and good
Come wi' the smiling o' Thy face!
W. W. S.

Very Scotch. I had two sisters—little girls—long ago. And at school the teacher would sometimes set the younger one to hear the elder sister's lesson. And the complaint of the elder one to my father was: "I did'nt mind saying my lesson to her; but the little chit would take my seat, and make me stand up before her when I said it." But it was very Scotch.

Scottish Nobility. Scotland has had handed down to her from old days a nobility and an aristocracy, but the mass of the people have never followed them. And after so many centuries of experience, the aristocracy have given up the idea that the people should follow them. The nobility did not follow Wallace; and (with the smallest exception), they did not follow John Knox; and they did not follow Robert Burns. And when—a few years ago—a hundred thousand Scotsmen assembled on the Battlefield of Bannockburn, to raise a great iron mast on the "Borestone," for a flag-pole, there was not a titled person on the ground.

Memorials. It is proposed to erect an obelisk to the memory of Mungo Park and Richard Lander, early explorers in Africa. A memorial to Wallace will also be erected next summer at his birthplace, Elderslie, Renfrewshire.

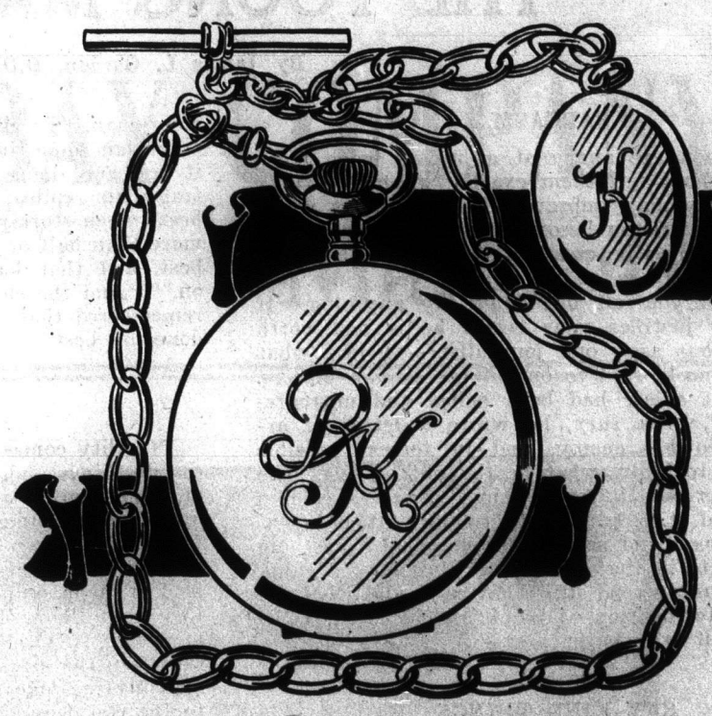
"Deed, lassie, I hae had but three thochts o' matrimony a' my days. 'Wha wull I tak?' Then, 'Wha wull I get?' And after I brak my leg, 'Wha'll tak me?' And the last thocht is like to be the langest.

The Alma. Of the 42nd Highlanders, who so distinguished themselves at the Battle of the Alma, Sept. 20, 1851, at the beginning of the Crimean War, there are still (so says a Glasgow paper), in life, two generals and one colonel (the latter a private in 1851), and 21 men of the ranks—many of the latter in the Colonies.

Och! hame's aye hame, an' there's nae
word like "langsyne."
The thocht is aye the sweetest still
that hauds the heart in pine;
Yon grey auld hills look fairer aye
the farer they are set—
O, Scotland, bonnie Scotland, is our ain
land yet!
Robert Reid.

Prof John Veitch says: "The degree in which a Borderer appreciates the poetry of his native hills and vales, may be taken as the measure of his culture. The Borderer who is entirely impervious to its influence—if any such there be—may fairly be given up as incapable of education, in any true sense of the word."

I neither gat promise o' siler nor land
Wi' the bonnie wee darling wha gied
me her hand,
But I gat a kind heart wi' my sweet
blushin' bride,
And that's proved the bliss o' my ain
fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
My Jeanie's the charm o' my ain fire-
side.
David Vedder.



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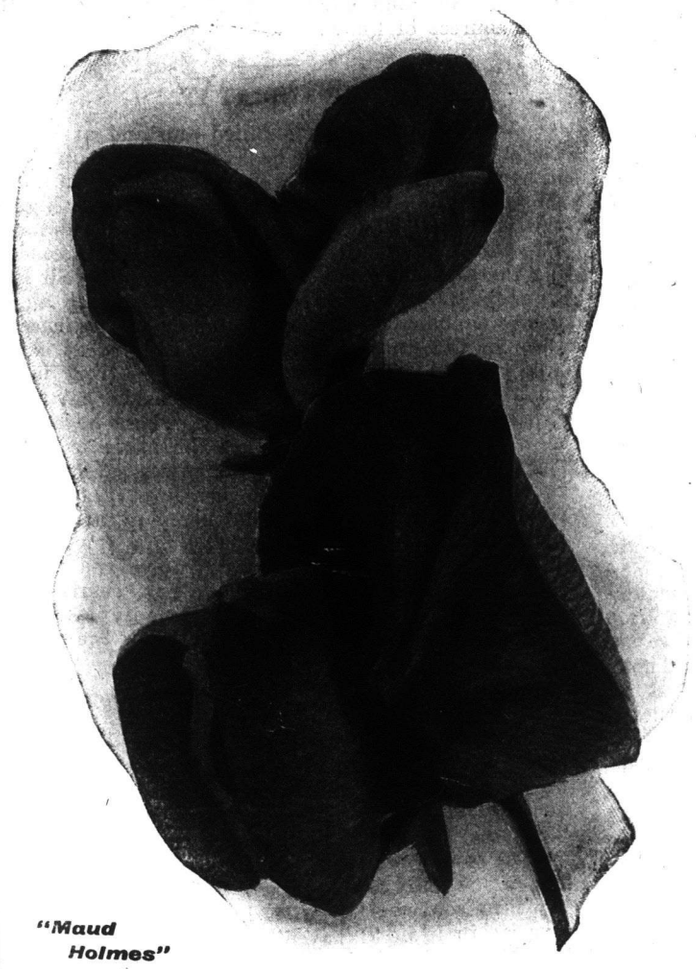

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

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

SARCASM.

When you are angry at a human being, keep it inside. Don't tell them exactly what you think of them—they may improve. Besides things which are said and written become fixed in the minds of people. You may be creating a sort of social literature which will be quoted against you some day. Smile within yourself but don't say anything. If your enemy justifies your wrath he is not worth thinking about says one journalist:—"I like what Abraham Lincoln said to one of his cabinet officers. That cabinet officer had been belied and misrepresented until, in a fury, he wrote a letter of arraignment to his enemy, and in tersest possible phraseology told him what he thought of him. The cabinet officer read it to Mr. Lincoln, and asked him how he liked it. Mr. Lincoln replied, "It is splendid for sarcasm and scorn. I never heard anything more complete in that direction. But do you think you can afford to send it? That calm and wise and Christian interrogation of the President stopped the letter, and it was never sent."

SAY KIND THINGS.

Say kind things and say them now. People need encouragement. Actors need encouragement. Preachers need encouragement. Servants need encouragement. People are dying for a kind word. And you can say it. Not simply a formal thank you—more than that. Watch, study, and be considerate. If folks serve you well, tell them so. Men and women hunger for a word of appreciation. Some years ago a clergyman died in New York, and after his death a company of his brother ministers met to speak of the one who had gone. The widow was present, and as one after another spoke of the dead with words of loving appreciation which had never been used to him in his life, the poor woman, who knew how weary and discouraged he had been, broke out at last: "Oh, gentlemen, why did you not tell him this while he lived?" There are weary hearts to comfort, there are broken hearts to heal, there are saddened hearts to comfort, there are penitent hearts to forgive, "as the days are going by," and it is woeful to wait until the days are gone and then stand weeping over the lost opportunity.

EXECUTION.

There is safety in doing things. The man who is moving somewhat and going somewhere is in harmony with a universe which is all astir. Something always happens which is favorable to the man who is at work. Work on and if you despair work on in despair. When the King of Sparta had crossed the Hellespont, and was about to march through Thrace, he sent word to the people in the different regions, asking them whether he should march through their countries as a friend or an enemy. "By all means as a friend," answered most of the regions; but the King of Macedonia replied, "I will take time to consider it." "Then, said the King of Sparta, "let him consider it; but meantime we march—we march!"

GRIT.

It takes grit to battle with loneliness. To sit in a cold, uninviting room, with a silent newspaper or a voiceless book and concentrate the mind on paragraph or chapter while the buss and tread of humanity may be heard on the street below, this requires genuine nerve and grit. Conquer that mood and you will conquer all the adverse circumstances of life: Sir Walter Besant says at sixty-four: "To this day I cannot think of those lonely evenings in my London lodging without a touch of the old terror. I see myself sitting at a table, books spread out before me. I get to work. Presently I sit up and look round. The silence is too much for me. I take my hat and go out. There are thousands of young fellows to-day who find, as I found every evening, the silence and loneliness intolerable"—but friend, don't go out—conquer the mood!

GOD'S EYE.

Earnest men are so scarce in this world that God has no difficulty in keeping an eye on them. There are but few men in every community who are sincerely bent on doing the will of God. We are so filled with our own plans, schemes, programs and arrangements that when discouragements come they are personal disasters—we cannot link God with them. I am not preaching; but a man cannot do his best unless he believes that he is in partnership with the universe. The man who believes that, will do his best when the circumstances are the worst. A parishioner asked a clergyman why the congregation had filled up and why the church was now so prosperous above what it had ever been before. "Well," said the clergyman, "I will tell you the secret. I met a tragedian some time ago and I said to him, 'How is it you get along so well in your profession?' The tragedian replied, 'The secret is, I always do my best; when stormy days come, and the theatre is not more than half or a fourth occupied, I always do my best, and that has been the secret of my getting on.'" And the clergyman reciting it, said: "I have remembered that, and ever since then I have always done my best."

QUALITY.

Quality comes to the surface. To the man who can do things and do things well there always comes an opportunity—aye an opportunity! All a strong man needs is one good opportunity. So, be all there! Master your own calling, occupation and profession if your implement of labor is only a broom and your field of labor simply a street crossing. Be all there! Listen to Henry Drummond:—"In Tokio I had the privilege of addressing some thirty or forty Japanese Christian pastors. At the close I asked them if they had any message they would like me to take home to the churches here in America. They appointed a spokesman, who stood up and told me in their name that there were two things they would like me to say. The one was, "Tell them to send us one six thousand dollar missionary rather than ten two thousand dollar missionaries." But the second request went deeper. I again give the exact words: "Tell them," he said, "that we want them to send us no more doctrines. Japan wants Christ. . . ." To judge from the Japanese converts I met, I would question whether any mission work in the world had ever produced fruit of so fine a quality. How deep it is, how permanent, remains for the test of time to declare; but the immediate outlook, though disheartening possibly to individual missionaries, seems to me one of the richest promise."

HESITATION.

Hesitation, chronic hesitation, is indicision enthroned. Something must be done, therefore, do something. To the man who compels a decision and who gets into the way of deciding things when circumstances compel a verdict there comes a peculiar insight. All the unseen forces seem to favor action, execution, crystalization and progress. A certain writer has testified:—"Frederick the Great said of Joseph II, Emperor of Germany, that he always wanted to take the second step before he had taken the first. The world is full of such unpractical people, who fail because they refuse to recognize the thousand conditions which fence a man in, and are impatient to reach the goal without passing over the intermediate ground. It is not so often talent which the unsuccessful man lacks as tact."

TIME.

Time is the real radium. It is the strongest instrument in the hand of genius. It is the invisible element out of which all the architecture of earth's splendid achievements are carved. Queen Charlotte said: "I am always quarreling with time: it is so short to do something, and so long to do nothing." John Bradford used to say, "I count that hour lost in which I have done no good by my pen or tongue." Seneca taught, that time was the only thing of which it is a virtue to be covetous. Dr. Cotton Mather would express his regret after the departure of a visitor that had wasted his time, "I had rather have given him a handful of money than have been kept thus long out of my study." Henry Martyn won the honorable title, "The man that never wasted an hour."

HABIT.

Everything is habit! A good character is guaranteed by the personal possession of a score of good habits. Learn to do right automatically. For habit is talent, gift and genius all in one. Habit will make or habit will break. "Scott, in his autobiography, tells this story of himself. One boy was always above him in his class; do what he would he could not pass him, till, observing him always fumbling at a lower button of his waistcoat as he answered a question, it occurred to him to cut it off on the sly. He watched with some anxiety for the result. The ruse answered only too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought for the button; missing it, in his distress he looked down for it in vain. "He stood confounded," says the penitent aggressor. "I took his place, nor did he ever recover it, or suspect the author of his wrong." This story tells two ways. Doubtless some bodily habits establish associations favorable to the memory, and quieting to irritability; the mischief is, that the mind becomes dependent, and is stranded when cut off from the old moorings."

YOUR WEAK POINT.

Every man has a weak point. Even a strong man has a weak point. Concentrate on your weak point. Find out what it is. Perhaps your friends will assist you to make the discovery. But the strong man who discovers this weak point first is well nigh invincible. Peter the Great, we know, was so timid that he could not even cross a bridge over a stream without having the carriage windows darkened by curtains. But he said "I can and I will overcome this weakness." He did master it. He crossed the ocean, worked as a common ship carpenter in an English navy yard, gave to Russia her first vessels, and laid the foundation of her imperial greatness. Henry of Navarre, we must not forget, was a natural coward and fled ingloriously from the field of conflict. But he affirmed "I can and I will conquer this shameful poltroonery." In the next encounter, when fear began to shake him, he shouted out: "Down, traitorous flesh!" Then, striking his rowels into his horse's sides, he plunged into the thickest of the fight. And ever afterward his white plume was seen in the battle's van.

HONOR.

A keen sense of honor is a defence at thirty and a garland of beauty at sixty—and ever and always a diadem of glory. To do right for the sake of right and to be true for Truth's sake, this is the perfection of character. Thus speaks Sir Walter Scott in the hour of his financial crisis:—"Now I can sleep," he says, "under the comfortable impression of receiving the thanks of my creditors, and the conscious feeling of discharging my duty as a man of honor and honesty. I see before me a long, tedious, and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the harrows, as is very likely, I shall die with honor; if I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned and the approbation of my own conscience."

CONVERSATION.

Talk is only "cheap" when you talk with "cheap" men. Conversation, rigntly used, is one of the great sources of reliable information. Every man is a specialist on his own particular department of human knowledge. Webster laid great emphasis on conversation as one of the most important sources of imagery as well as of positive knowledge. "In my education," he once remarked to Charles Sumner, "I have found that conversation with the intelligent men I have had the good fortune to meet has done more for me than books ever did; for I learn more from them in a talk of half an hour than I could possibly learn from their books. Their minds, in conversation, come into intimate contact with my own mind; and I absorb certain secrets of their power, whatever may be its quality, which I could not have detected in their works. Converse, converse, converse with living men, face to face, and mind to mind,—that is one of the best sources of knowledge."

UP AND AT IT.

When your plan has failed—up and at it—once more. When something has gone wrong—up and at it again. When all signs fail—up and at it in the morning. When everybody says: "Well, I guess, this is the end of it all"—then, oh then, up and at it. The editor of "Great Thoughts" thus writes concerning the great scientist, Sir Isaac Newton:—"Sir Isaac Newton appears to have been endowed with an immense amount of the rare quality of patience all through life, to which, no doubt, to a great extent, he owed his ultimate success. The old story is well known which avers that on one occasion, having vacated his study for a short time, where he had left most valuable manuscripts on the table containing the work and calculations of many years, he returned to find the papers hopelesly torn into fragments on the floor, having been at the mercy of his favorite little dog during his absence, and in a few minutes the results of the careful consideration and research of years were totally destroyed; but, characteristic of the man, he patiently, though sadly, exclaimed, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, you little know the mischief you have done."

PURPOSE.

Ever have a purpose. It need not be unchangable in form—but for to-day and to-morrow have a purpose. The atmosphere may be clearer to-morrow and you may find it necessary to change your plan, but drive toward one fixed goal—"On and forever on" as Emerson would say. "It is said that Carlyle, on one of his daily walks, met a young man, and, falling into conversation with him, inquired about his purpose in life. "I haven't any particular purpose," came the reply. "Then get one," exclaimed the stern old man, striking his cane on the pavement,—"get one quick."

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The best stores sell them.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

NOTICE.

Often girls from rural communities and girls from the Old Country do not know where to go when they reach the city. If any girl, who contemplates coming to Winnipeg, will write to me in care of The Western Home Monthly, I shall be pleased to see that she is met at the station and taken to a safe environment. We have made arrangements with the ladies representing the Travellers' Aid to meet any young woman who makes this request through The Western Home Monthly. The women of the Travellers' Aid wear a badge of silver metal, the centre of which is a Maltese cross. The letters, Y.W.C.A., are enamelled on the outside circle. If any young woman who desires help in this way will write to me, describing herself and the time she expects to arrive, I will give the description to one of these women, and she will give special attention to the stranger. Be sure to give definite description. One of our readers wrote me, stating she would be in on the morning or evening train. She did not state the road she was coming on. The costume she described was like a great many costumes worn at the station that day. I spent two half days at the station, but failed to find her because of her indefinite description. Another wrote me stating definitely by the station and time of her train. She described her costume even to the flowers on her hat. I found her immediately. I find that our young women need this attention, and we are pleased to assist our readers in every possible way.

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

A TRIBUTE OF CANADA'S WOMEN TO CANADA'S MEN.

The recent heroism and gallantry witnessed in the Titanic disaster proves that we are still living in an age of chivalry. We shall always have with us heroic manhood as long as woman retains her femininity. Man regards himself as the protector of woman, because he recognizes her rights as superior. While woman remains in her true and purest state, man loves her, respects her and dies for her. It is this love that inspires man with an incentive to be brave and noble and self-sacrificing. Canada's men expect purity and inspiring companionship from Canada's women, and this high expectation will forge the way to a splendid standard of civilization in our great country, if our women strive to be the ideal expected by our men. If this magnificent ideal of womanhood be set up in every woman's heart and in every girl's heart, the kingdom of Heaven would be in Canada.

Let every girl who reads this page resolve to mould her character with a will of iron. What if she does have difficulties? She needs them. There is often talent in tatters. "The more difficulties one has to encounter," says Bushnell, "the more significant and the higher inspiration the life will be." Every girl has a divine mission. The secret of Jeanne d' Arc's success was not alone in her decision of character, but in the seeing of visions which inspired her to self-confidence — "confidence in her divine mission." One modern writer says: "This is a dark world to many people, a world of fogs, of chills, a world of wet blankets." Nine-tenths of the men we meet need encouragement. Let our women, then, cultivate the personality that shall send out from Canadian homes a happy, encouraged, inspired manhood with aspirations so big and lofty and magnificent that their fine feelings shall create an atmosphere productive only of honest laws and moral supremacy.

Since there are not so many women in Western Canada as there are men, our women have greater responsibility

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FURNITURE BARGAINS FOR MAY AND JUNE

There are Times when a Little Money goes a long way towards furnishing a home comfortably: this is one of them. If you require Furniture of any kind, **take advantage of our May and June Sale Prices.** Its during these months we **have** the **Best Bargains of the year.** Order from this Ad., or send for Special Bargain **List.**

Wingold Kitchen Cabinets Save Labor

There's Every Convenience in the Wingold

$18.50

A small price for a **Big Kitchen Cabinet,** $30 would be a modest retail price. Wingold wholesale to consumer price represents actual cost to manufacture under most favorable conditions; and a small profit added.

THE WINGOLD Kitchen Cabinet, from the large divided flour bin (98 lbs. capacity) to the smallest spice drawer has every conceivable arrangement for convenience and labor saving. **Don't Waste Your Strength and Energy.** Instal a Wingold Kitchen Cabinet, and save all unnecessary labor. The Wingold is made of selected white maple, finished natural. Entire height 84 inches. Base 48 x 26 inches. Two cutlery drawers, sugar and salt bins, draw-out cutting and kneading board. Two cupboards with shelves, fine large china closet, and three small spice complete the cabinet in every detail. The pure white surface is given several coatings of varnish, which, gives it appearance and cleanliness.

Shipping weight 250 lbs. **$18.50**

The above are but a few of the many Bargains found in a Wingold Catalog. **Remember** Wingold Wholesale to Consumer methods bring First Quality furniture, crockery and stoves to your home for less than trash would cost you **elsewhere.** Send your order **now.** Some items are sure to be sold out quickly. A Wingold Catalog will save you money. Your name and address on a postcard is sufficient.

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$2.25

Solid Oak Diners

A neat plain oak full box seat Diner, with genuine leather pads, quartered panel and back. Well made and finished in dull Early English.

Reg. $3.50, May and June Special **$2.25**

Quartered Oak Dresser

$17.25

Full swell front, rubbed and polished finish. Golden quartered oak. British bevel plate mirror, 18 x 31 inches. With solid oak toilet. The top of base is 36 x 19 ins. Shaped to match drawers. Two large and one small drawer fitted with locks and wood knobs. A Reg. $22.50 Dresser. May and June Special **$17.25**

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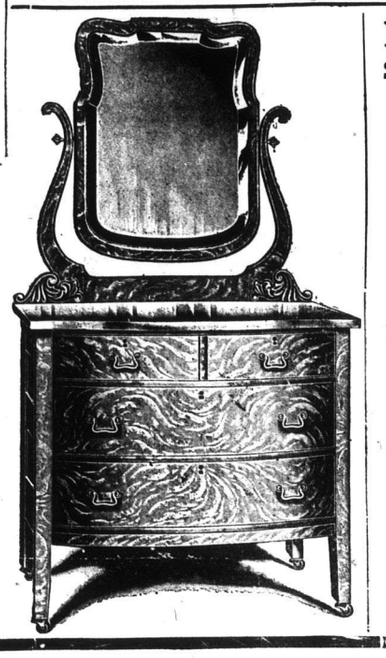
SOLID QUARTERED OAK FRAME

DAVENPORT BED SOFA

The frame is made of solid quarter cut oak, finished golden, rubbed and polished. As a sofa it is 72 inches long and 24 inches deep, as a bed it is 72 inches long and 48 inches wide. Has a tufted spring seat and back containing 48 high carbon steel springs. The construction is strictly high-grade throughout. Filling is a fine grade of tow with a cotton top. Heavy duck canvas over springs.

Covered in Velour. Spring Edge **$19.75**
Covered in Panastote, Spring Edge **22.00**



Here is a Bargain for you!

Solid Oak Claw Foot Pedestal Table, only $13.50

Extends to 6 ft.

42 inch Top

$13.50

Carved Claw Feet

Made of seasoned oak, high gloss golden or Early English finish, 42-inch top, with rounded edge and box rim. Extra heavy fancy shaped pedestal 9 inches diameter in widest part. In the 6-ft. table the pedestal is non-dividing as shown in small illustration. Massive, shapely designed legs with smooth cut carved claw feet. Best quality casters.

MAY and JUNE SPECIAL $13.50

than do women elsewhere, for we are given more attention than if we figured in the majority. Men watch every move young women make and they do admire and respect and expect that pure lofty idealism that appeals to the chivalrous in their nature. Then let every girl or young woman who reads this page strive to influence for the better every man she meets. Let her demand of them that which aspires to something higher, better and holier than they have already attained; rouse their hearts with great hopes and raise paltry aims and vain pursuits to those which last and feed the soul; for it is the soul of man that prompts chivalry. Let women cause men to see the worth and meaning of life. Let the tribute, then, of Canada's women to Canada's men be a womanhood that is pure, moral, inspiring, intellectual, spiritual and feminine.

* * * * *

WHEN SHE ARRIVES.

When a strange girl walks into the station of a city, she seems bewildered at the crowd of people coming and going, at the noise and bustle of city life, and at the mysterious movements of a new environment. Her mind seems like a blank page and she stares about her not knowing which way to turn. In other words—she loses her head. It is this expression of bewilderment that encourages the tempter to offer assistance. A strange girl should assume an air of confidence even if she be confused in her mind. She should know where she is going. It is a fact that nearly every man who comes into the station sees the badge of the Travellers' Aid at once, but few girls do. The power of observation is necessary to every woman. For example, few inexperienced travellers read the words above the different windows in the station. They never see the bureau of information even though it be crowned with gilded letters. They appear to see everything in chaotic confusion, but nothing in detail. I have known the matron at the station to direct a girl very definitely to a street and house, telling her where to take the car, even pointing at the place where the car stopped. If the girl had listened attentively she could have gone with absolute confidence. The last words of the matron were: "Now follow my directions and do not ask information from anyone." Before the girl had gone twenty steps she asked the first man she met the way to —— street.

I have known girls who, at the age of seventeen, have left their country homes without any knowledge whatever of city life. But they had cultivated the power of self-confidence and by a keen sense of observation they found their way without any difficulty.

Winnipeg is to be congratulated on the splendid system at the stations for directing strangers and taking care of them. The matrons, constables and all connected in an official way are very courteous and helpful to the strangers who come and go. I cannot understand how a girl who is careful and confident and keeps her head can lose her way in Winnipeg. It is not safe to ask information from strangers and it is not necessary with the excellent service that exists at our stations.

* * * * *

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

One young woman writes me that she is seventeen years of age and her parents object to her accepting the attentions of a young man. I wish all parents of girls of this age would do likewise. Girls between the ages of fifteen and nineteen are having too much social life. They should be spending this important period in the improvement of those qualities that will make them womanly. As a rule, the young man a girl likes at the age of seventeen is one she would be ashamed to recognize when she is twenty-five.

"Less of self and more for others" is a motto of a life well begun. If a girl spend her teens in cultivating useful accomplishments, she will attract at the age of twenty-two a young man worthy of her. A sensible suitor does not want a bargain counter girl. By this I mean a girl who has spent her teens going with all kinds of young men. In this new country where there are more men than women, a girl need have no fear of lack of matrimonial opportunity. Let her improve her mind by reading good literature and by studying music, domestic science and all other arts that make women attractive. Another girl writes this to me: "What would you do if your father thought there was no young man good enough for you to keep company with, and if you did keep company with a young man on the sly and bring him to your home as you ought to, he would insult him?" This, too, is from a very young girl. What would I do? I would obey my father. A girl who entertains a young man "on the sly" shows extreme lack of filial love. Is it right to give a passing acquaintance all the sunshine and personality of the life that a father and mother have labored for seventeen years to shelter, protect and love? Many, many girls have felt just as these two confess. Their lack of experience and judgment does not convince them of their value in the hearts of their parents. A young man has more respect for a girl who is protected by her parents, than he has for a girl who is free to come and go as she pleases. Diamonds are placed back of steel bars, while the cheap imitation dangles from a cushion on the counter, because the loss is little if it is stolen. Protection places a value on a girl. A girl must spend her teens in self-improvement if she would fill her place in life; for cultivated girls win admiration and compel respect. A girl who tries to improve herself is creating a magnetic atmosphere about her that will bring to her life ample reward for her efforts. I have seen a father pace the floor and I have watched his hair turn white because he felt his seventeen-year-old daughter was blasting her future by accepting the attentions of a certain young man. She faced the situation seriously, obeyed her father and is the happy wife of a noble man to-day—and all because she obeyed her father. Had she married the young man whom she encouraged at seventeen she would have been a wreck. I would leave this question with our young girl readers:

"What are you going to be?"

(Continued on Page 56.)

The Most Exquisite New Ideas in Watch Cases

Take your choice of these superb new style watches sent without a cent down—on approval (Payable at $2.50 a Month)

The Movement—In connection with our sweeping fighting on trust methods we have selected our finest highest grade watch for a special offer direct to the people. **Material:** *The best that money can buy.* **Workmen:** *World renowned experts in their line.*

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Since the $1,000 Challenge was made to the giant factories four years ago, why have they not answered? Why have not these factories produced a watch **equal** to the Burlington? And this challenge did not ask our competitors to produce a watch **better** than the Burlington. NO. If they should produce a watch **equal** to the Burlington we should be the losers. Our $1,000 still lies in the bank for competitors to cover.

No Money Down

We ship the watch on approval, prepaid (your choice of ladies' or gentlemen's open face or hunting case). You risk absolutely nothing---you pay nothing---not one cent unless you want the great offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch.

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The Burlington Offer—Our startling and smashing direct offer is overwhelming the watch trust. The superb Burlington Special at the anti-trust rock-bottom price—the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay—is paralyzing competition. Such a *smashing and overwhelming* offer has never before been heard of in the entire history of the watch industry. Just think of it! You may secure one of these superb time-pieces—a watch of the very latest model, the popular new thin design, adjusted to the second—19 jewels—the most perfect product of the most expert watch manufacturers in the world, at the rock-bottom price, direct from us—the identical price that even the **wholesale** jeweler must pay. And you may pay this rock-bottom price at the rate of $2.50 a month. Yes—only $2.50 a month and all the time you are carrying this most superb time-piece. No wonder competition is paralyzed. No wonder everyone says that this is the greatest watch offer of the age.

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Get this wonderful new watch book. It is free and prepaid. No obligations whatever. It will tell you about our gigantic fight against the trust and trust methods. It will tell you of quiet agreements which the giant factories have with dealers which enable them to uphold prices. That is the reason why we say that the great watch factories are a trust. It is because they have contracts and agreements with dealers everywhere which enable them to control trade and to uphold prices. It is not an illegal trust; but its methods are unfair to us—unfair to the public who must pay the price. We want you to get this watch book at once. Find out the inside facts of the watch industry. This book will also tell you about the superb Burlington Special and how it is manufactured *for quality, not quantity.* Just put your name and address on the coupon and send it to us today. We will send you the book prepaid—no obligations on you whatever. Do not delay. Better write *now.*

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Please send me absolutely free and prepaid one of your new watch books explaining about your anti-trust fight, and giving the *inside facts* about the watch industry. Also give full particulars of how I may obtain a fully adjusted 19-jewel gold strata genuine Burlington Special, *on approval,* at the rock-bottom price, on terms of $2.50 a month. No obligations on me.

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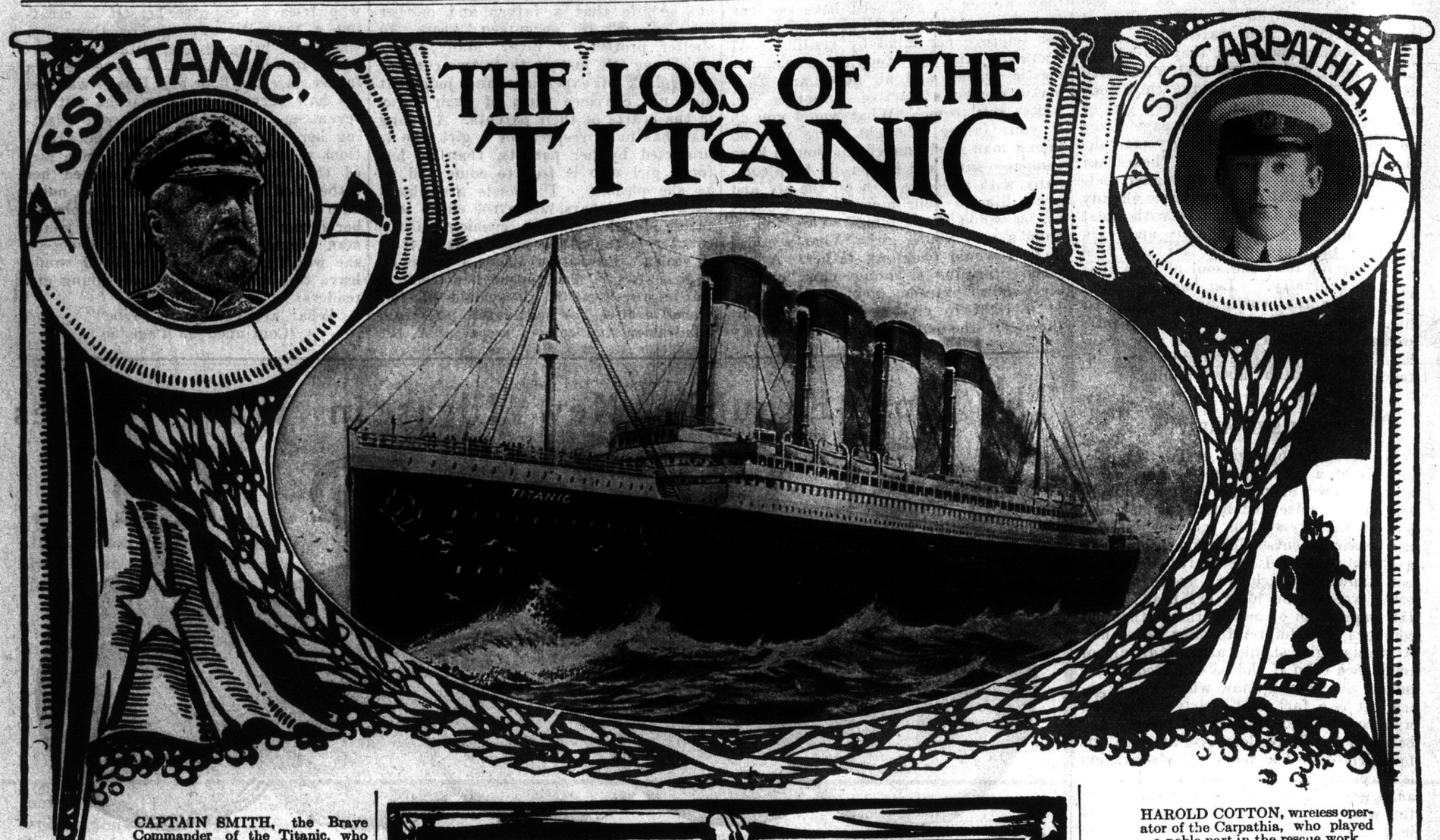


CAPTAIN SMITH, the Brave Commander of the Titanic, who went down with his ship.

HAROLD COTTON, wireless operator of the Carpathia, who played a noble part in the rescue work

Just as the world was cherishing the thought that the perils of ocean travel had not merely been reduced, but practically eliminated, came the appalling disaster to the Titanic, the greatest steamship ever built, which occurred on Sunday night, April 14. The whole world has followed the newspaper accounts of that ocean tragedy. There have been many terrible catastrophes in the history of Atlantic navigation, but the loss of the Titanic is without parallel in its tragic circumstances and in the loss of life. When on Wednesday, April 10, the huge steamer started on her maiden voyage to New York, it was with the acclaim due her as the greatest wonder of human achievement in shipbuilding. Now, after crashing into an iceberg, she lies at the bottom of the Atlantic.

The official statement of the lost and saved is as follows:—Lost, 1,595; saved, 705.

There has never been a more tragic reminder of man's impotency when the greatest human achievements are ill-controlled, or made the sport of the mighty forces of Nature. The abnormal ice drift in the north Atlantic during the past month, which veteran sailors say they have never seen equalled, may be set down as one of the consequences of the perturbed conditions which have prevailed more or less throughout the world for a year past. Last summer the Arctic regions were unprecedentedly warm, and earthquakes occurred in the Aleutian Islands which were ascribed to the shifting of strains caused by the melting and breaking away of glaciers. There have been extraordinary meteorligal disturbances in both hemispheres.

The greatest iceberg field ever seen off the coast of Newfoundland was skirted on Sunday, April 14, by the steamer La Bretagne, of the French line, from Havre. The field was 70 miles long and probably as wide, and the La Bretagne was five hours in passing along its edge. Scattered among the small ice were between 40 and 50 immense bergs. The La Bretagne sighted the field Sunday in the immediate vicinity of where the Titanic sank

The gloom which darkened the whole civilized world when the facts of the terrible catastrophe were flashed from continent to continent and penetrated to the most remote villages in every land under the sun, was lightened only by the knowledge that on board the doomed steamer there was such superb heroism shown, the men standing aside and the women and children being placed in the lifeboats, of which, alas, there were all too few. Few, indeed, were the cases of flinching or recreance to the call of duty. It is such events that teach us that humanity is essentially noble and true, despite its blots and shortcomings, and that the race is marching steadily onward to the high destiny set for it by the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

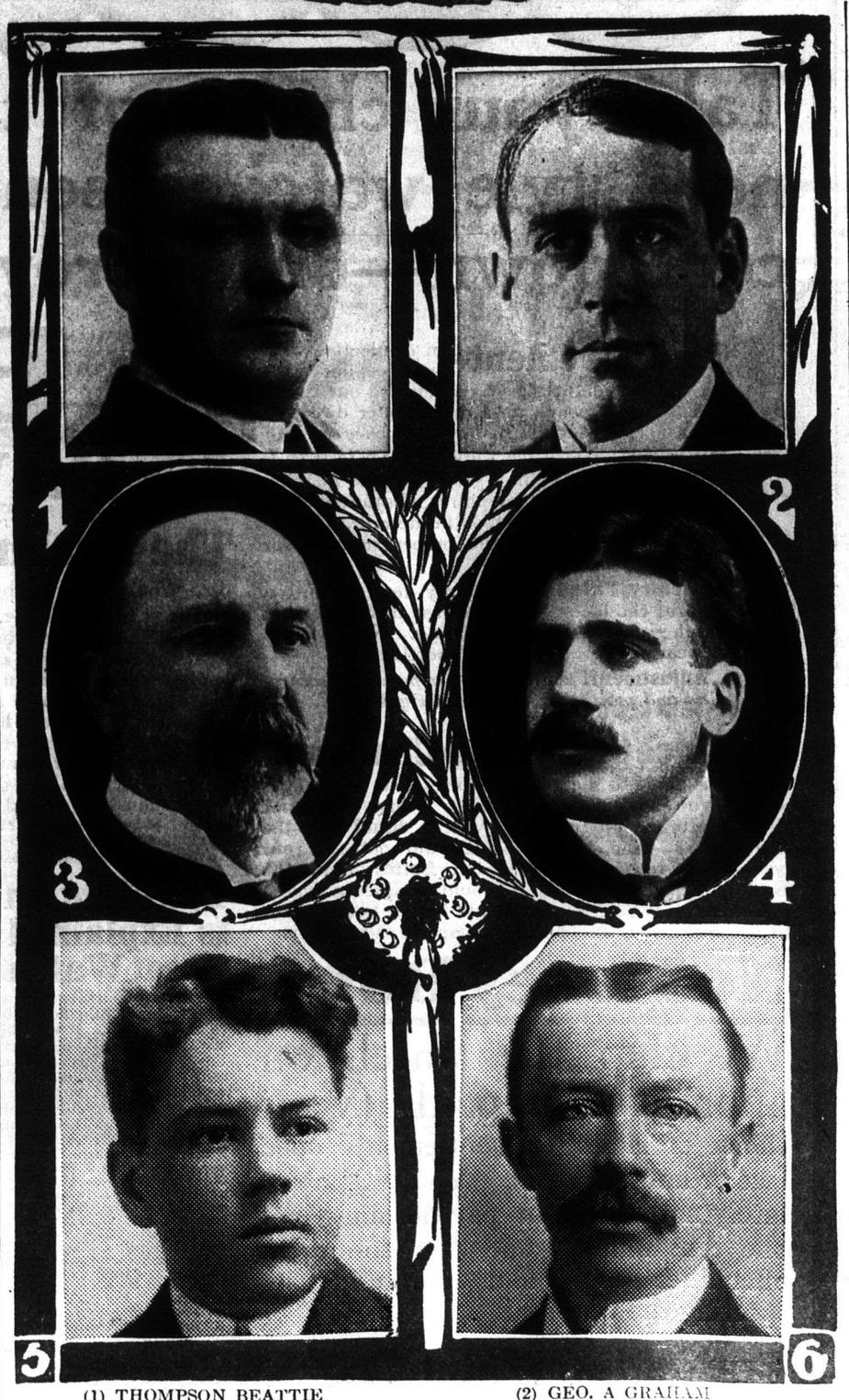
Out of nearly a score of men from Canadian points who sailed on the doomed boat, only two are among the survivors. And both of those can fairly and honorably justify his being alive to tell the tale. Of Winnipeg's five citizens who were on board, none survived; none will go home again. Of several from Vancouver, there were none left to carry the tale to the Pacific coast. And to every man of them must be accorded the honor that he gave his life for the women and children.

The two Canadian survivors are A. A. Dick, of Calgary, and Major Peuchen, of Toronto. With the sixth boat only partially filled and with few women by the rail at the time, an officer started to lead Mrs. Dick to the boat. She resisted, and clung to her husband prepared to die with him rather than be separated. Her husband had kissed her goodbye and had let her go, but she refused, and both were bundled forcibly into the boat where Dick took his place at the oar.

Major Peuchen had helped to load the boats, but there was swung to the water a craft filled with women which was not half manned. There was none to go and none seemed likely to offer, for from the deck of the Titanic to the lifeboat on the water was a dizzy depth. "If you are a yachtsman," said an officer, "take your chance on a dangling rope." The major took it and reached the unmanned boat safely where he took charge.

Taking refuge on the bridge, two little children remained by the side of Capt. Smith until that portion of the big ship had been swept by water. Survivors of the crew who went down with the Titanic, but were saved by clinging to an overturned lifeboat, told of their gallant commander's efforts to save the life of one of the children. He died a sailor's death and the little girl who had entrusted her life to his care died with him.

"He held the little girl under one



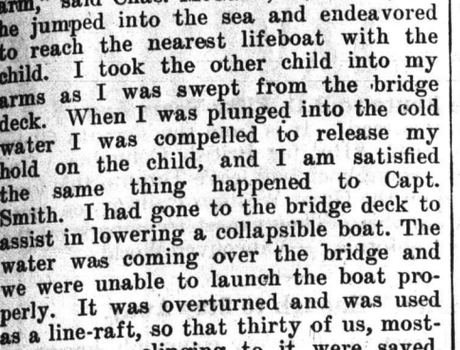
(1) THOMPSON BEATTIE
(2) GEO. A GRAHAM
(3) MARK FORTUNE
(4) HUGO ROSS
(5) CHARLIE FORTUNE
(6) J. J. BOREBANK

Winnipeg's great loss in the Titanic disaster.

arm," said Chas. McGann, a fireman, "as he jumped into the sea and endeavored to reach the nearest lifeboat with the child. I took the other child into my arms as I was swept from the bridge deck. When I was plunged into the cold water I was compelled to release my hold on the child, and I am satisfied the same thing happened to Capt. Smith. I had gone to the bridge deck to assist in lowering a collapsible boat. The water was coming over the bridge and we were unable to launch the boat properly. It was overturned and was used as a line-raft, so that thirty of us, mostly seamen, clinging to it were saved. Capt. Smith looked as if he was trying to keep back tears as he thought of the doomed ship.

"He turned to the men lowering the boat and shouted: 'Well, boys, it's every man for himself.' He then took one child standing by his side to the bridge and jumped into the sea. He endeavored to reach the overturned boat, but did not succeed. That was the last I saw of Capt. Smith."

Modern invention did not avail, or was not employed so as to give safety to the Titanic's passengers and crew, but it at least robbed the terrible disaster, at which the world stands aghast, of even worse horrors. When the White Star Naronic disappeared in 1893 the only traces of her ever found were two of



CHARLES N. HAYS, President Grand Trunk Railway System, who was lost with the Titanic.

her boats, one bottom up and the other riding at an improvised sea anchor and empty. Whether the occupants of that empty boat had been crazed by thirst after days of maddening suffering and had leaped into the sea, there was no evidence to show, but it was only too likely. But thanks to the wireless, the women and children who filled the lifeboats of the Titanic were at least spared the long days of torture through which they might otherwise have drifted helplessly. Yet, as it was, those eight or more hours which lay between the sinking of the Titanic and the coming of the Carpathia must have seemed an eternity to those who sat huddled together in the cold, thinking of those who had gone down with the ship and of their own possible doom.

The Titanic, the largest liner ever launched, was a sister ship of the Olympic. The registered tonnage was 45,000, but officers of the White Star Line say that the Titanic measured 45,328 tons. The following were her dimensions:—

	Feet	Inches
Length over all	882	6
Breadth over all	92	6
Breadth over boat deck	94	0
Height from bottom of keel to boat deck	97	4
Height from bottom of keel to top of captain's house	105	7
casing	72	0
Heights of funnels above boat deck	81	6
Distance from top of funnel to keel	175	0

Number of steel decks	11
Number of watertight bulkheads	15
Passengers carried	2500
Crew	860

The largest plates employed in the hull were 36 feet long, weighing 4½ tons each, and the largest steel beam used was 92 feet long, the weight of this double beam being 4 tons. The rudder, which was operated electrically, weighed 100 tons, the anchors 15½ tons each, the centre (turbine) propeller 22 tons, and each of the two "wing" propellers 38 tons each. The after "boss-arms," from which were suspended the three propeller shafts, tipped the scales at 73½ tons, and the forward "boss-arms" at 45 tons. Each link in the anchor-chains weighed 175 pounds. There were more than 2,000 side-lights and windows to light the public rooms and passenger cabins. In the construction of the Titanic three million rivets (weighing about 1,200 tons) were used to hold the solid plates of steel together. To insure stability in binding the heavy plates in the double bottom, half a million rivets, weighing about 270 tons, were used. But of what avail were the steel plates when the mighty leviathan crashed at such speed upon the monster iceberg which came floating down from the North, bearing the Angel of Death!

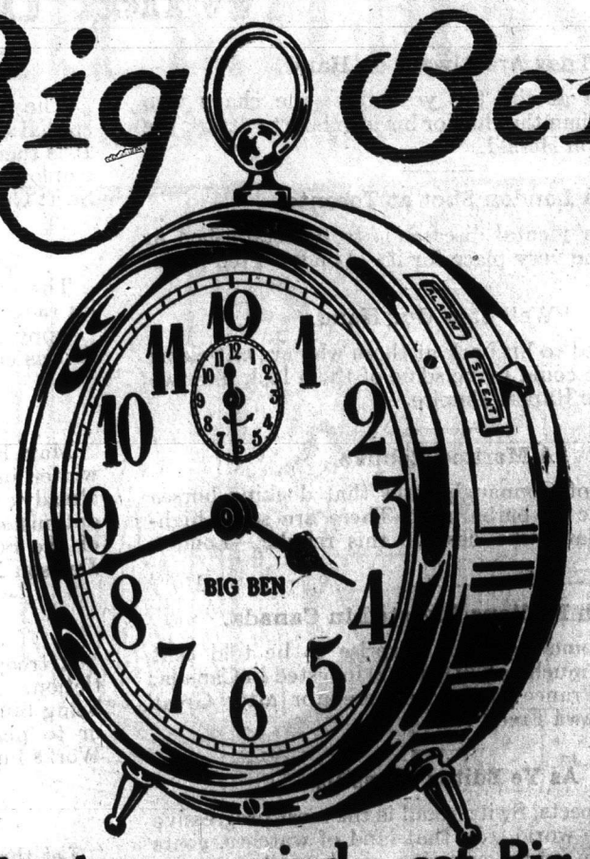
In the equipment and interior arrangement of the Titanic, no expense was spared. There were staterooms with private shower baths; a swimming pool large enough to permit of diving; a ballroom comprising an entire upper deck, which could serve also as a skating rink; a gymnasium abundantly equipped with modern paraphernalia; a cafe so arranged on one of the upper decks as to render the illusion of a cafe at a seaside resort as realistic as possible; a grillroom suggesting an old English chop house, with high-backed stalls and broad, low tables, and a sundeck representing a flower garden protected by a glass roof and bedecked with a large variety of tropical plants and foliage.

As an instance of the luxuriousness of the first class section of the Titanic, it may be mentioned that two private promenades were connected with the two most luxurious suites on the ship. The suites were situated about amidships, one on either side of the vessel, and each was about fifty feet long. One of the suites comprised a sitting-room, two bed-roms, and a bath. The private promenades were expensive luxuries. The cost figured out something like $40 a front foot for a six days' voyage. They, with the suites to which they were attached, were most expensive trans-atlantic accommodation yet offered. One of them together with a servant's room in another part of the ship was priced at $4,350 for one or two persons. One of these suites was occupied by John Jacob Astor, the New York millionaire, and his young wife. He went down with the ship; she was saved.

The race for bigger ships continues each year. The Cunard Line is now building the Aquitania, whose dimensions have not been announced. She will, it is said, be the largest British vessel. The Hamburg-American Line has the Imperator on the stocks. She will be 5,000 tons larger than the Titanic. Another great ship, measuring 54,000 tons is soon to be built for the North German Lloyd.

The plain lesson of the loss of the Titanic is that in the construction of ocean steamships money should not be spent upon the provision of luxuries until every provision has been made for safety.

Big Ben



Don't set your mind—set Big Ben

Don't bother *your* head about getting up. Leave it to Big Ben.

You ought to go to sleep at night with a *clear brain*—untroubled and free from getting up worries. You men, if you are up to date farmers, work with your brains as well as with your hands. Such a little thing as "deciding to get up at a certain time in the morning" and *keeping* it on *your mind* often spoils a needed night's rest and makes a bad "next day." Try Big Ben on your dresser for one week. He makes getting up so *easy* that the whole day is better

Big Ben is not the usual alarm. He's a timekeeper; a good, all-purpose clock for *every day* and *all day* use and for years of service.

He stands seven inches tall. He wears a coat of triple-nickel plated steel. He rings with one long loud ring for 5 minutes *straight*, or for 10 minutes at *intervals* of 20 seconds unless you shut him off.

His big, bold figures and hands are *easy to read* in the dim morning light, his large strong keys are *easy to wind*. His price, $3.00, is *easy to pay* because his advantages are so *easy to see*. See them at your dealer.

5,000 Canadian dealers have already adopted him. If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you duty charges prepaid.

$3.00

At Canadian Dealers.

The LOUDEN WAY To Prosperity

Louden Tools put farming on scientific basis and makes it a business of *certainties*. They stop waste of time and labor, increase the fertilizing value of stable manure, and the output of your herds and acres.

LOUDEN'S TUBULAR SANITARY STEEL STANCHIONS are scientifically designed to make cows *give more milk per year*. They keep the cows all lined up without in any way restricting their movements or comfort, either standing up or lying down. Cows are comfortable and *clean* all the time. No corners or edges to irritate and collect dirt. Are flexible, chain-hung, tubular steel; can be hung in home-made wooden frames if desired.

Louden's Sanitary Steel Stalls make every part of the dairy barn light, airy and fresh. They increase the cow's contentment and flow of milk, and decrease the danger of disease.

LOUDEN EQUIPMENT

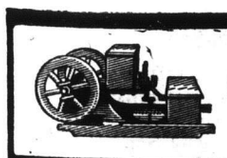
LITTER CARRIERS run also includes *FEED* and ning on overhead tracks; *Complete HAYTOOLS; and Louden's Famous BIRD-PROOF BARN-DOOR HANGERS.* The *LOUDEN BALANCE GRAPPLE FORK* is the best fork ever built. It is the only one that can handle clover, alfalfa and straw as successfully as timothy. No dribbling or scattering with long stuff or short, large load or small.

LOUDEN'S FEED and LITTER CARRIERS are among the greatest labor-savers ever devised for farm use.

See Louden Tools at your dealers or write to us direct. Send for our catalogue, "Everything for the Barn," today.

Louden Hardware Specialty Co.

511 MARTIN AVENUE, WINNIPEG



2¼ H P Gasoline Engine $57.50

30 Days Trial—5 Year Guarantee

Shipped complete, ready to run, a woman or boy can operate it. Figure time spent pumping water, sawing wood, cutting feed, turning cream separator, churning or washing, anything, you will be surprised how soon this engine will pay for itself. All sizes up to 10 H.P. at proportionate prices. Write today for Catalog, it is free

From Factory to Farm

C. S. JUDSON CO.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

What the World is Saying.

They Are Always on Hand.

They were at the fire yesterday—the chaps who knew better than the chief or his men how to attack the blaze.—Guelph Herald.

A London Shot at Toronto.

A clinic for mental diseases is to be established in Toronto. The very place for it.—London Free Press.

"We" Stay Our Hand.

If we desired to hit back at those who are criticizing our course we could make some of them look like two cents.—Prince Rupert Empire.

A Merited Rebuke.

The Duke of Connaught says that docking horses tails is a relic of barbarism. There are some high-toned barbarians who deserve this rebuke.—London Advertiser

French Millions Invested in Canada.

It comes somewhat as a surprise to be told that France has as much as $70,000,000 invested in Canada. This makes France our second creditor after Great Britain.—Ottawa Free Press.

As Ye Editor Views It.

In some respects, Switzerland is the most progressive country in the world. In that land of watches, goats and guides, an editor can ride on the railways continually, if he wishes, for $10 a year.—Greenwood Ledge.

Revolutions Cost Money.

It is stated that Madero expended $7,000,000 in carrying on the revolution through which he became President of Mexico. It is doubtful if he thinks now that he got the worth of his money.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Christians of India.

It is said that there are nearly 4,000,000 Christians in India, and it may be remarked that in India a man is not classified as a Christain on any such casual evidence as is accepted in Canada.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Peacefulness of Ungava Explained.

Two Scotchmen and six Englishmen are listed among the population of Ungava, newly added to Quebec. No Irishman is reported, which explains why that vast territory has been so peaceful.—Brockville Times.

The Work is Then Only Begun.

It is a common delusion that when a good law is put on the statute books, directed against some public wrong or danger, the battle is over. The fact is that when this is done the fight has just started.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Surely a Libel on His Grandmother.

Our grandmothers did indeed indulge in the luxury of clay pipes, but this habit was healthy and unobjectionable compared to the use of the modern cigarette. —Belleville Ontario.

Uneasy Lies His Head.

Having had a number of the royal jewels stolen, Ferdinand of Bulgaria now takes the precaution of placing his crown beneath the mattress on retiring.—Vancouver Province.

A Wondrous Change in Idaho.

Women and Indians combined to vote Nez Perce county, Idaho, dry, by a vote of 2407 to 2127. Thus is the wild West being tamed, but it is an odd combination of tamers. It is believed that every eligible Indian voted for prohibition.—New York Sun.

The Sweet Sound of Her Name.

Yik Yuk Ying is the name of the Chinese woman advocating equal suffrage. She must be sweet. Her name reminds one of the sound one hears when pouring maple syrup out of the small hole in a five gallon can.—Toronto News.

In Regard to Railway Stations.

That railway stations should be built to meet public convenience, not that of the railways themselves, furnished the basis of the argument in an interesting case before the railway commission at Ottawa last week. Surely this is a proposition which should allow no room for argument.—Cardston Globe.

A Favorite Pastime.

The people in general have an idea that it is their special advantage and mission in life to slam the council. It is their privilege, and too often without reason they employ themselves in this quiet little indulgence.—Swift Current News.

Now Up to the "Sloppy Slopers."

The people in the interior of British Columbia, with its radiant sunshine, speak of the coast tract as the "sloppy slope." It is now up to the sloppy slopers to find as clever a bit of alliteration.—Halifax Herald.

The Cream of Klondike Society.

Max Kolim, the Klondike Artist, sojourning this winter in Fairbanks, is to the front with a scheme already carried into effect, which is characteristic of that optimistic old Yukoner. Max has founded the Society of the Sons and Daughters of the Golden North.—Dawson News.

Guiding a Frying Pan.

A troop of Girl Guides has been organized at Penticton. In this age of fads there is little danger of them being taught to guide a frying pan across a hot stove or to play a washboard solo, entitled, "Everybody Works but Mother. —Victoria Times.

Reform Lifts All Alike.

Let the fact be written large and clear that no man and no city and no nation can be saved alone. Reform, like the tide of the sea, lifts all alike. And unwise are we to rejoice over the success of the single wave, or to sorrow over its defeat.—Ottawa Citizen.

Woman Suffrage in China.

Chinese women, twenty years old, who can read and write or who are the owners of taxable property have been granted the right of suffrage in the new Republic. One feminine college graduate has been sent to Parliament as the representative of the Province of Canton. "The world do move."—Philadelphia Record.

West and East.

The day of the West is surely coming. In the next redistribution of seats the newer Provinces will be entitled to about twenty members, and what they added to the present western contingent, want, they must have. The big interests of the East must sooner or later defer to the big interests of the West.—Kingston Whig.

Human Wastage.

We Canadians are too busy to bother about reforming people. The wastage of human material is almost as extravagant in this country as the wastage of natural products. We seem to figure concerning men as we do concerning trees, that there are plenty more where these came from.—Montreal Herald.

That Long-Promised Tunnel to P.E.I.

The annual subsidy of Prince Edward Island is to be increased. If we could avoid the building of the long clamored-for tunnel between the mainland and the island by increasing the subsidy, we could be very liberal and still save money.—Peterboro Examiner.

The Outlook for 1912.

Despite discouragements of the past season, owing to transporttion handicaps, to say nothing of the big market closed to the south, 1912 will see a greatly increased acreage in the three great grain-growing Provinces. 1912 looks at the present time like a record-breaker.—Monetary Times.

A Thing That Should Not Be Done.

It is an infamous thing to send lads of tender years to the penetentiary, and we hope the minister of justice will make an investigation into the case of the boy of fourteen who was sentenced to two years imprisonment in the Portsmouth Penitentiary, where he will come in contact with hardened criminals, and probably have his morals utterly corrupted.—Kingston Standard.

A Hamilton Comment on Toronto.

Toronto people promise to utilize an old factory chimney as a monument for the late Edward Hanlon, the champion oarsman. This will have two advantages from the Toronto standpoint, in that it will remind the citizens how they used to burn incense around their acquatic hero and also that their thrift has prevented them from burning much money to perpetuate his memory.—Hamilton Spectator.

The Route to B.C. Fifty Years Ago.

How does this read? It is from the Toronto Globe of April 29, 1862: "Ho! for British Columbia. Upwards of forty young men will leave Toronto this forenoon by train on the Great Western Railway, en route for British Columbia. They expect to embark on the 1st prox. for California. —Vancouver World.

"Smart" Enough to Stay Away.

That small fraction of society commonly known as the "smart set," has been receiving attention from the ministers in some of the City churches. Arrows aimed in that direction do not usually get to the mark, for the reason that the "set" are "smart" enough to stay away from the places where they would hear themselves adversely criticized.—Edmonton Bulletin.

States in Which Women Vote.

In the next Presidential elections in the United States, the women of six States will vote on equal terms with men. The States in question are California, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Washington and Wyoming. In addition, votes on woman suffrage will be taken in Kansas, Oregon and Wisconsin in November next. This feminine victory has been achieved without the destruction of property and its accompanying disorder. The militant Englishwoman should take a lesson from their American sisters. The violent course seems to be a failure.—Montreal Gazette.

Voters Should Vote Every Time.

Hamilton Presbyterians voted on Church Union this week. But only half of them voted. Isn't it curious? In civic elections, half the electors stay away from the polls. In politics two-thirds vote. Evidently this is because of better campaign organization—or can it be for worse? More money is spent in political campaigns. Yet even two-thirds is nearly one-third less than ought to be the case. Moral: Every decent citizen should make a point of voting on everything about which he has a vote, and teaching his sons to do the same.—Ottawa Journal.

When the Canal is Open.

The opening of the Panama Canal will reduce the ocean voyage from Britain to Vancouver or Victoria about 6,200 miles, and from Montreal to Sydney, Australia, 2,700 miles. Many of the trade routes of the world will be changed out of all recognition by the use of the canal. Few and far between will be the vessels that will "round the Horn" a decade hence.—Toronto Globe.

Legislating at Midnight, and Later.

Dr. Clark, of Red Deer, thinks that the work of Parliament should be done in the daytime instead of in the "wee sma" hours of the morning, and the Standard is inclined to agree with him. Why Parliament should transact its business while other people are in bed, and every other business in the country is closed up, it is difficult to see. Those night sessions or early morning sessions are conducive neither to good business nor to good health. Many a member's health has suffered as a result of the late hours kept by Parliament. —Hamilton Herald.

The Needs of a Parcels Post.

The parcel post, it must be recognized, is not a mere shopping business. It is very largely used as the truest manner of keeping up friendship. Witness, for instance how full the mail bags are at Christmas. Had we reasonable rates, packages would be sent in great numbers throughout the year, attesting thought and friendship. If established in Canada, it would be a very great help to break down the almost insurmountable barriers that divide our population into sections. Canada and the United States are the only two civilized countries in the world that maintain the rate of sixteen cents a pound. If Canada does not hurry she will have the proud distinction of calling herself the only country that refuses to adopt modern postal regulations.—Montreal Witness.

A Pugnacious Senator.

Hon. William Miller, who died in Ottawa recently, enjoyed the dual distinction of being not only the senior Senator of the Dominion, but also the most pugnacious member of the Red Chamber. It was Senator Miller who once startled the Upper House by referring to his colleague, William Ross, of Halifax, as "a toothless old viper" to which the stripling of eighty-seven summers retorted that he would race Senator Miller down the "main walk of Parliament Hill. The race never came off, but one of the pathetic scenes in the funeral ceremonies of the deceased statesman was the kindly old gentleman from Halifax, who has been a prominent figure in the public life of Canada since 1859, tottering behind the hearse which bore the body of his former political adversary to quiet Beechwood.—Toronto Star.

WAR WAGED ON OUT-OF-DATE KITCHENS!

We Are Compelled to Start a 2nd "Hoosier Club

In this Hoosier Cabinet the owner has put 110 dishes, 41 packages and more than 200 other articles. She saves miles of steps.

Only 500 Women Can Join the 2nd Hoosier Club and Get This Famous Cabinet for $1

A Country of "Model Kitchens"

All over the West women who own Hoosiers are delighted with their kitchens. Praises are endless.

"I wouldn't be without my Hoosier for $100."

"My automatic servant."

"It is simply wonderful. It saves miles of steps for tired feet."

"The only perfect kitchen cabinet I ever saw."

"It saved me at least $15.00 last year in supplies."

"It puts everything in my kitchen at fingers' ends."

Out of 450,000 Hoosiers sold, you couldn't buy a second-hand Hoosier Cabinet for love or money anywhere in all America.

What you get with the Hoosier

Without extra cost you get with the Hoosier a sanitary, metal flour bin, capacity 65 pounds; "clock-face" patented want list; roomy cupboard for cereals, dishes, etc.; metal sugar bin, dust-proof; crystal glass air-tight spice jars; glass air-tight tea and coffee jars; handy utensil hooks; sanitary rolling pin rack; improved metal bread and cake box; metal cake tray; compartment cutlery drawer; linen drawer; large pot and kettle cupboard, pan racks, sliding shelf; convenient cutting board; patented aluminum covered table, 40 x 39 inches—larger, more convenient than a kitchen table; copper plated adjustable door fasteners; ball-bearing, high grade pressed steel casters. Finish is golden oak, water and steam-proof.

Size—height, 5 feet 8 inches; width, 3 feet 4 inches; depth of lower section, 2 feet 4 inches.

The Club Plan in Detail

A certain number of Hoosier Cabinets have been sent to each of the 3,000 Hoosier agents to be sold on the famous Hoosier Club Plan. Membership in these clubs is limited by the number of cabinets sent. Each member admitted pays $1.00 membership fee; balance in $1.00 weekly dues for a few weeks. The cabinet is delivered at once.

How Low Fixed Price Protects You

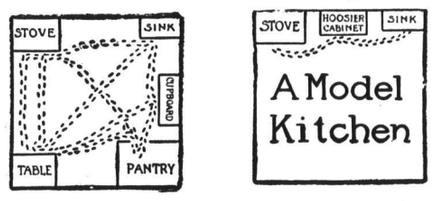
The Hoosier Club Plan differs entirely from the installment plan, which often is linked with unknown goods at high prices. The Hoosier Cabinet cost is lowered by great volume of Hoosier sales. To insure you full benefit of this cost saving the low price of the Hoosier Cabinet is fixed at the factory.

You enjoy the liberal credit of the club plan, without paying one penny more than this low fixed price.

Only 500 Women Can Join

Thousands of women all over America buy Hoosier Cabinets every month. With this great club offer the demand doubles. The number of Hoosiers on the Club Plan for each town is limited usually to 100, but we have secured permission to extend the membership to 500. Only one woman in five who wanted Hoosier Cabinets could get one in some towns where this plan was tried first. Those who want a real Hoosier Cabinet should enter names early.

How a Hoosier Cabinet Saves Miles of Steps



Your table is the centre of all your kitchen work. Everything you take to your stove, to your sink, to your dining room first goes onto your table. Everything you bring from your pantry, refrigerator, cupboard, cellar, goes onto your table.

If you must walk from place to place to collect these things and put them back again, your kitchen is not ideal. It tires you.

Your ideal kitchen saves these steps by combining in the Hoosier Cabinet a pantry and cupboard around a big table covered with pure aluminum.

The Hoosier Cabinet puts everything at your fingers' ends. You can sit down at work. Your table is not cluttered. Spices, sugar, salt, dishes, flour, utensils—everything has its place. You can get through quickly.

No. 1 FREE No. 1

To Every Lady

To the first 1000 ladies who will write their name and address on this coupon and mail it to our store we will present **Free** a copy of the "Model Kitchen Book."

We will not ask you to buy a "HOOSIER." We just want you to get one of these books free.

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HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS

JEWELLERY BY INSTALMENTS

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

$1 DEPOSIT and $1 MONTHLY SECURES THE GREATEST BARGAIN IN THE WORLD

The British Clothing Club

(Jewellery Department)

74 Oldham Street, Manchester, England

have received such a large number of orders for their wonderful Jewellery Bargains from Canadian customers, although the advertisements appeared only in English papers with a limited Canadian circulation, that they have now decided to place the offer direct in the Canadian papers in order that all may read and benefit by the enterprise of one of the most progressive firms in the world.

Wonderful Sets of High-Class Jewellery, for Ladies and Gentlemen, consisting of a handsome 18-ct. Gold-plated Watch (Hunter or open-face), with a signed warranty for 10 years, usual price $12.50; a beautiful 18-ct. Rolled Gold Chain, also warranted for 10 years to wear, equal to real gold, value $6.25; and in addition a Genuine 9-ct. Real Gold Beautifully Designed Buckle, Signet, or Rubies and Pearls, Ring, value $6.25—for £5 only.

The Regular Price of these Sets of Jewellery as sold in the ordinary way is $25.

OUR SPECIAL PRICE FOR FOURTEEN DAYS ONLY IS $5 THE ENTIRE SET

As a huge advertisement, and in order to enable everyone to avail themselves of this most astounding offer, we shall send this **Beautiful Set of Jewellery,** as above described, to any address, by registered post paid on receipt of **$1 Deposit** and the balance ($4 only) at $1 per month.

We must impress upon you the fact that the Watches are perfect timekeepers, jewelled movements, with gold hands, and are warranted for 10 years. The Chains are Genuine Rolled Gold, guaranteed to wear the same throughout for10 years. The rings are **9-ct. Real Gold,** every ring Government stamped, and are alone worth the $5. This is the most sensational "$5 Worth" ever yet attempted. (A Watch with a 10 years' warranty cannot be purchased anywhere under $12.50.) **Fill up the Coupon below, and send at once with Postal Order for $1.** Do not delay or you may be too late, and miss the greatest bargain of your lifetime. Make sure of a set **Now.** This offer stands good for **Fourteen Days Only,** from the time of your receiving this periodical.

The Gent's Watches have magnificent Hunter Cases, but open-faced Watches are sent if preferred. The Chains are double, graduated link, new design, and the Rings have plain gold tops, suitable for engraving with Monogram or Initials. A Signed Warranty for 10 years given with each Watch.

The Ladies' Sets consist of a Handsome Crystal Face Watch, Fancy Dial, and Gold Hands, Splendid Timekeeper, Beautiful Long Rolled Gold Guard, diamond cut design, and 9-ct. Real Gold Dress Ring, set with rubies and pearls, or diamonds.

Extra Special Line: A Massive English Silver Lever Watch, value $12.50, and Solid Silver Chain, value $5, for $6 only. Send $1 with order and pay balance ($5 only) at $1 per month. Mark Coupon "Silver Watch and Chain."

The most enthusiastic letters of satisfaction are sent us by delighted purchasers.

Do not delay, but seize the opportunity, and send for a set NOW

Money returned in full if the Jewellery is not as represented.
A Handsome Present sent in addition for Cash with Order.

.....CUT HERE.....

A $25 SET OF JEWELLERY for $5

$1 deposit and $1 per month secures the full Set.

Every Set sent by registered post paid and insured for $25.
If two or more Sets are required additional deposits must be enclosed.
Secure a Set now; the deposit is small and payments easy.
Satisfaction is assured as we undertake to return your money if the Jewelry is not as represented.
Address your letter fully and plainly. Always keep the counterfoil of postal order.

A Handsome Present is sent in addition when full cash is remitted.

CUT HERE

Fill up this Coupon fully and plainly. A letter is unnecessary

Date ..... **COUPON** ***No. of Postal Order*** .....

The British Clothing Club
(Jewellery Department)
74 OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER

Full Name .....
Full Address .....
Town .....
Country .....

I wish to avail myself of your marvellous offer of a **$25 Set of Jewelry, as advertised, for $5.** I require
State here if Lady's or Gent's Set required } .....
for which I enclose Postal Order value .....and promise to send you the balance at .....per month by Postal Order.

Western Home Monthly.

Signed .....

The Young Women and Her Problem.

(Continued from Page 43.)

I WILL.

A girl may be anything in these days from a lawyer or doctor to a cash girl. It depends entirely upon the girl what station she shall take in life. I believe a girl can be what she wants to become if she have an iron will. Let every girl see an ideal and then climb to it earnestly and honestly. Then she will accomplish something in the end. "Louisa M. Alcott earned two hundred thousand dollars by her pen. Yet, when she was dreaming of her power, her father handed her a manuscript one day that had been rejected by Mr. Fields, editor of the Atlantic, with the message: 'Tell Louisa to stick to her teaching; she can never succeed as a writer.' 'Tell him I will succeed as a writer, and some day I shall write for the Atlantic,' she exclaimed." Not long after she wrote for the Atlantic a poem that Longfellow ttributed to Emerson. And then came a time when she wrote in her diary: "Twenty years ago I resolved to make the family independent if I could. At forty, that is done. Debts all paid, even the outlawed ones, and we have enough to be comfortable."

* * * * *

THE GIRL AT HOME.

Why is the girl who remains at home and makes life so comfortable for the family often little appreciated at home and abroad? Many questions have come to my desk this month and the above is one of them. This is a serious problem and one that concerns an older sister in homes of every country. She slaves and sacrifices for younger members of the family and when they are grown they consider her old-fashioned, while strangers regard her as stupid and uninteresting. In many cases when she is too old to work others make her feel that she is a burden. There is such a thing as a time when patience ceases to be a virtue, and I believe every young woman has a right to think of her own future. Besides, there is such a thing as sacrificing too much for the good of younger members of the family. I know older sisters who have done so much for their younger sisters that they made them selfish.

Sisters of great men have proven that it is not necessary for the girl who remains at home to become a slave. Caroline Herchel, the sister of the great astronomer, became a great student of the heavens and her services in mathematical calculations were indispensable to her brother. She habitually worked with him till daybreak. She not only read his clocks and noted down his observations, but executed the whole of the extensive calculations involved. She also discovered comets and her name has become almost as famous as that of her brother. Dorothy Wordsworth and Mary Lamb have likewise proven that sisters at home may cultivate the art of companionship to such an extent that they not only encourage their brothers to fame, but they, too, become immortal by improving themselves while performing the duties of sisterly devotion.

It is not necessary for the sister at home to become narrow and dull and slavish. On the other hand, she should think of her own possibilties. She may remain at home and have splendid opportunity for self-improvement as well. A woman who is companionable will be appreciated by those in the homes and by strangers. Lofty character in womanhood transfigures a whole community. Little children and strong men alike love the charm of a companionable woman

* * * * *

THE COUNTRY GIRL AND THE HIRED MAN.

Girls in the country have their temptations as well as those in the city. For example, they are often forced to accept the attentions of strange hired men. Women who hire girls for domestic work should exercise care and protection over them. There are country homes in Western Canada where the

I CLEARED MY FACE OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

I Destroyed the Blemish, Never to Return. The Secret Yours Free.

"Women who are despairing because they have tried all manner of things without success to remove a disfiguring growth of Superfluous Hair on face, neck or arms, will be delighted to hear that a recognized chemist of standing has made public a new scientific method, whereby "hairy arms" can be made a thing of the past, and all disfiguring growths on face or neck forever banished from sight.

"I entirely cured my heavy growth, after all else had failed, by the use of the new method invented by a former Professor of Chemistry at the famous College of Rugby, England, and who has received many degrees and titles for his learning.

"I am sure that no matter how many things have failed—no matter how heavy the growth, no matter where it is—on the face, the neck, or arms, or any other part of the body—Professor Smith's Method may be relied upon to actually destroy hair so it will not return, as I myself found."

Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Society Leader of Scranton, Pa., Cured of her Hair Blemish by the Tripose Method so that it never returned. Acknowledges her gratitude.

This is the glad message of Mrs. Kathryn B. Jenkins, a prominentsociety woman of Scranton, Pa., who resides at the fashionable Duckworth Apartments in that city, and who has graciously allowed her photograph to be published herewith.

In order that every sufferer in this country may receive the benefit, full particulars will be sent absolutely free and without charge, which will enable you to get rid of your growth as if by magic.

If you are troubled with hair on your arms, so that you are unable to wear short sleeves with comfort; if you are afflicted with a growth of hair on the face or on the neck which interferes with your peace of mind and spoils your feminine appearance. Send your name (please state whether Mrs. or Miss) and address and a two-cent stamp for return, to Elinor Chapelle, Secy, 995 N.F., Delta St., Providence, R.I

We can give you

ABSOLUTE PROOF

that the Lots we offer inside the Town Limits of Edson at **$40** each on easy terms are a

Money-Making Investment

offered below their real value.

Edson is a Divisional Point on the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, with a monthly pay roll of $40,000. Edson is the actual distributing point for the Peace River country, the Brazeau coalfields and for two hundred miles west on the Canadian Northern. Edson is little more than a year old and already has more than twelve hundred permanent residents. It costs you one cent to obtain Illustrated Booklet and the above-mentioned proof. Mail us a postcard today.

The Edson Point Company
608 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg.

BLACK'S NEW JEWELRY CATALOGUE IS NOW READY

Drop us a postal card and get a copy of our new Illustrated Catalogue of the newest things in

JEWELRY and WTACHES.

It will pay you to look this Catalogue over carefully before making your purchases.

D. E. Black
Mfg. Jeweller and Optician
116a 8th Ave, East, Calgary, Alta.

mistress of the home leaves a girl alone while she and her children and husband go to town or visit a neighbor. The girl in the meantime has to stay in the house with men who often make questionable advances and the girl is powerless in the presence of their superior physical strength. I know of girls who spend hours of terrible suspense until their mistresses return. They are not in a safe environment when left alone in this way. Then, too, in many cases when the entire family go to church or to some other place, the mistress leaves the maid to go with one of the hired men. She either has to stay home alone or go with one of the men—men who often are repulsive to her and who frighten her with indecent demonstrations of affection. At the ages of thirteen and fourteen these girls ar urged to marry; there are many child-wives in Western Canada. Now, there are numerous country homes in Western Canada where the mistresses treat their domestic help as if they were members of the family; and they protect them in a motherly way. But in other homes, I have from the girls themselves testimonies to the effect that they are left at the mercy of hired men, and these girls ask: "What shall we do?" I believe if this matter be brought to the attention of women who have not thought of the danger to their girls who are thus forced to accept the attentions of hired men, they will be pleased to see that their girls are in safe company. Even the daughter of the family is often subjected to the same dangers. I know two girls who have left home for this very reason.

* * * * *

Oh, an' the sun were shinin' now!
An' oh! an' I were there!
Wi' twa three friends o' auld lang syne,
My wanderin' joy to share!
For though on the hearth o' my bairnhood's hame,
The flocks o' the hills do graze,
Some kind hearts live to love me yet
Upon bonnie Ordie braes!

Robert Nicoll.

$20 SUIT to measure

(Carriage and Duty Paid)

FOR $8.60

Valued by thousands of our Canadian friends at $20.

All Curzon clothing is sold with a guarantee (satisfaction given or money returned) and is produced from genuine British Textiles.

That "There's comfort in the Curzon cut" is no mere idle statement, and is a truth which has been attested by clients residing at all points of the habitable Globe.

Greatest attention is paid to the cutting of every individual order, and the style of production of these suits is equal to anything sold anywhere at twice and thrice the money—at least, this is what the Curzon clientele say about the Curzon $8.60 Suit.

Then there is the tailoring. As is well known, London is the hub of the tailoring craft, and Messrs. Curzon Bros., as practical tailoring experts themselves, are in a position to secure the most qualified workmen in the trade. For all these reasons Curzon tailoring is sold with the following guarantee:

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED IN FULL.

One Silver and Two Gold Medal Awards.

Our methods appeal to the thoughtful man: that is perhaps why we number among our clientele such well-known men as the following:—Rev. R. J. Campbell, Hon. G. E. Foster, M.P., Horatio Bottomley, M.P., Lieut.-Col. A. E. Belcher, Lieut.-Col. Dr. S. H. Glasgow, Hon. R. R. Fitzgerald, Rev. Canon Davidson, Comte. Ubaldo Beni, Lieut.-Col. Hugh Clarke, J. P. Downey, M.P., W. H. Doyle, M.P., Hon. F. W. Aylmer, Mr. Eustace Miles, Dr. T. R. Allinson, Major-Gen. J. C. Kinchant, Mr. Matheson Lang, Mr. Montague Holbein.

Fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund the money.

$20 SUIT TO MEASURE FOR $8.60.

CURZON BROS. Co. in Curzon

The World's Measure Tailors,

Dept. 103, **60-62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, England.**

West End Depot:
Pembroke House, 133-35 Oxford St., London, England.

Address for Patterns:
CURZON BROS., Care THE CLOUGHER SYNDICATE (Dept. 6)
450 Confederation Life Buildings, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Please mention this paper.

Hemstitched Pillow Cases

Made from a splendid quality Pure White English Cotton, Beautifully hemstitched on top. The price on these pillow-cases is only possible by the large quantities we buy. They are exceptional value.
11 M 69.
Price per pair.....35c

Full Bleached Pillow Cotton

This is an extra good value in full bleached pillow cotton. English manufacture, close, firm weave, pure finish. Will launder splendidly. Extra good wearing quality. These figures will show a decided saving in price.

11 M 51, 40 ins. width,	18c	per yard
11 M 51A, 42 ins.	19c	" "
11 M 51B, 44 ins.	20c	" "
11 M 51C, 46 ins.	21c	" "
11 M 51D, 48 ins.	22c	" "

The Values shown here are just specimens of the splendid buying ecomomies offered in our new Spring and Summer Catalogue.

Eaton's Special Bedspread

This Spread cannot be equalled at the price anywhere. Extremely handsome, rich, embroidered designs. These spreads are giving splendid satisfaction and we can positively guarantee their wearing qualities.
11 M 62. Price...$3.98

The values shown here are just specimens of the splendid buying economies offered in our new Spring and Summer Catalogue.

Bleached Sheetings

Splendid quality full bleached English sheeting. Plain weave, evenly woven. 70 inches wide. 11 M 510. Per yard 25c

11 M 512. A very superior quality absolutely reliable. Wear guaranteed. This is one of the best sheetings on the market. 80 inches wide. Per yard 43c

Hemstitched Sheets

These sheets are made from the very finest quality of Pure White Cotton Sheeting. Soft smooth finish. They have deep hemstitched hem at top. Will launder splendidly and give every satisfaction in wearing quality. Size 2 x 2½ yards. This is one of the best values. 11 M 67. Per pair $1.98

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CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

WINNIPEG

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The festival of Empire and the celebration of a stage in its Progress. The pageant of the Centenary of Selkirk's settlement.

The holiday of a great city and the sporting event of a country. Men, Women, and Children from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta.

The Races, the Hippodrome, the Fireworks, the Horse Show, the Dog Show, the Motor Plowing Competition. The Great Fair of the Great West.

JULY 10-20

Make that Entry---Visit the Exhibition

Spring and Summer Sporting Goods

WE carry the largest and best assorted sto k of the above in Canada, including
Baseball, Lacrosse, Lawn Tennis, Football, etc., e.tc.

ATHLETIC UNIFORMS

of all kinds are a specialty with us. Write for sample book of materials from which we manufacture Baseball Uniforms..

Our Spring and Summer Catalogue No. 50W is now ready for distribution.

The Hingston Smith Arms Co. Ltd.
488 Main Street - WINNIPEG

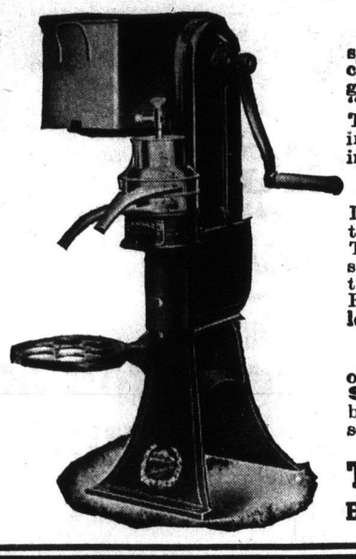
There's a merchant in your town who sells Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes—the line that includes a high-quality paint or varnish for every use on the farm or around the home. Go to him for paint advice.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

"STANDARD"

Sprays Itself With Oil all the Time It's Running



The self-oiling system of the "STANDARD starts spraying the working parts the instant you turn the crank. It stops oiling when you stop turning. No glass lubricators to be continually looked after. The "STANDARD'S oiling system takes care of itself. The oil-proof and dust-proof casing enclosing the working parts, prevents dust and dirt clogging up the machine, and makes it impossible for oil to get on the floor.

Because of the self-oiling system, the "STANDARD" runs easier. There is always a bath of oil in the bearings, always oil between the cogs as they mesh. This means that the cogs in the different gears are not subject to the usual wear. The less wear, the easier the separator will run, and the longer it will last. Furthermore, this up-to-date oiling system saves at least one half the oil wasted by other separators.

The self-oiling system is only one of the big features of **"THE WORLD'S GREATEST SEPARATOR."** Others are described in our booklet. Write us for a copy and learn how good a separator your money can buy.

The Renfrew Machinery Co. Ltd.
Enderton Block WINNIPEG, MAN.

A GOOD RELIABLE FIRM TO SHIP YOUR GRAIN TO—
DONALD MORRISON & CO. Grain Commission, 711 Grain Exchange WINNIPEG, MAN.

To submit to a headache is to waste energy, time and comfort. To stop it at once simply take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

Your Druggist will confirm our statement that they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box.
NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 124

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

C. H. Moody: The musical quality of many hymn tunes is an insult to the angels.

..Rev. Dr. Bland: A thing that is morally right can never be economically wrong.

Rudyard Kipling: If writing had not been invented humanity would have remained savage.

H. G. Wells: Pride ceases to be a vicious thing when it becomes pride in the things we share.

Lady Warwick: The best time in life is always after thirty; better than that is after forty; and the best of all is fifty.

Sir Oliver Lodge: It is not what a man eats that does him good, but what he assimilates; not what he reads, but what he thinks.

Arnold Bennett: There is no room for the pessimist in the present order of things. **Optimism** is the dominant factor of the age.

Sir Wm. Osler, M.D.: .The physician must be able to make his patient believe in him, for without this faith his ministrations may be as nothing.

Andrew Macphail: The purpose of a state is not to manufacture millionaires, but to train up healthy, efficient, and intelligent men and women.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward: A babe in the house is a wellspring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love, a resting place for innocence on earth, a link between angels and men.

Eugen Sandow: .The true ideal. of physical education is not to become a strong man. It is to have one's body under such command that it will do one's will in the quickest possible moment.

Thomas A. Edison: .The main purpose of all mechanical inventions, from the printing press onwards, has not been that things may be better done, but that they may be more quickly done.

Andrew Carnegie: Our descendants will wonder why we tolerated our ugly smoke-begrimmed, squalid cities, just as we wonder at the insanitary cities of our forefathers.

Thomas Hardy: Much of our lives is spent in marring our own influence and turning others' belief in us into a widely concluding unbelief, which they call knowledge of the world, while it is really disappointment in you or me.

Send this Advt. with $2.00
and get a pair of our fine warm-weather Lumbersole Boots. Made specially for damp, rough work around farms. Keep your feet cool and dry, preventing rheumatism. Waterproof and sanitary. Have lightweight wood soles. Protected by galvanised steel rail on sole and heel—outwear ordinary boots and are more comfortable. All sizes, for men, women, boys and girls. Price includes delivery to you. Catalog of Specialties mailed on request. Write today!
SCOTTISH WHOLESALE SPECIALTY CO.
134 Princess St., Winnipeg

A Convenient Kitchen showing location of dining room and pantry and chief furnishings. Illustrating article on Page 59.

Japanese Gardener.

The late Sir Edwin Arnold had a great many stories in illustration of Japanese traits.

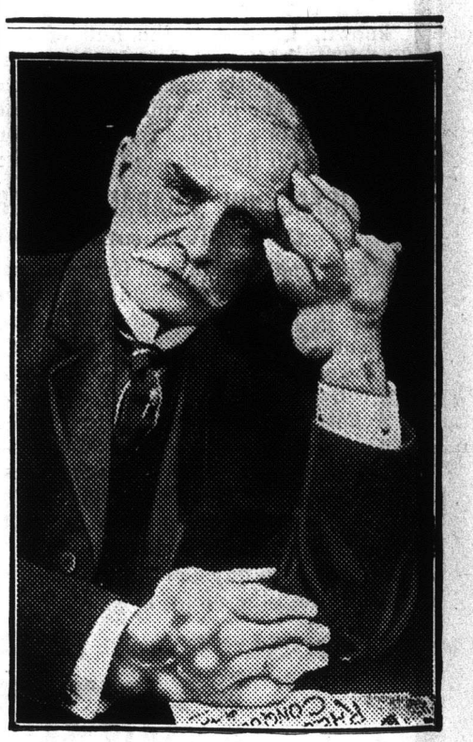
"The Japanese gardeners," he once said, 'have carried their art further than we have carried ours. A landscape gardener in Japan is esteemed highly. He is looked on quite as we look on a poet or a painter.

"And these Japanese gardeners are, truly, remarkable men. I was riding with one of them near Kioto on an August afternoon, and we came to a steep hillside.

"'Tell me,' I said, 'how would you plan a road to the top of that difficult hill?'

"The gardener smiled humorously.

"'I think,' he said, 'that I would first turn some cows loose and see how they got up.'"



I CAN CURE YOU OF RHEUMATISM FREE

This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effects of rheumatism in my case, but today I enjoy perfect health and devote my life to curing others.

After spending $20,000 and suffering untold agony for thirty six years, I discovered a remedy which permanently cured me, and I will send you a package of the very same medicine absolutely free.

Don't send any money—it's free. A letter will bring it promptly.

Your absolute satisfaction at all time is positively guaranteed.

Every day lost means one more day of needless pain, so write now to S. T. Delano, Dept. 328a Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

Good Taste in Home Decoration

The Kitchen Planned, Decorated and Equipped for Profit, Pleasure, Health and Time-Saving. By Edith Charlton-Salisbury, Professor of Domestic Science, Manitoba Agricultural College.

In planning the average home we often find that the kitchen has been given too little or too much importance in the arrangement of the rooms. Sometimes it is tucked away in the darkest corner of the house, windows looking out on unsightly walls, fences, woodpiles or barnyards; practically no ventilation or light, and with no thought given to convenience or labor-saving. Such a kitchen is often found in the moderate-priced house in town or city, and is often the home of a woman who finds more pleasure in public and social affairs than in the private life of her family. Again, on the other hand, we find that the kitchen has been made the chief part of the home. It is not only the work-room, but it is living room, dining room, laundry and lavatory. This style of kitchen is generally found in the country, in homes where the family still clings to the habits of the pioneers who were forced to live and work and have their pleasures entirely in one room. Old habits die hard, and several years will come and go before such things as the best arrangement and use of rooms in the country home are considered from a viewpoint of convenience and pleasure. Still, there is enough improvement and sufficient progress each year to make us feel that any effort and any information upon the subject is worth while

I do not wholly agree with the person who says "the kitchen is the heart of the home," because I do not think the work of the home is the chief reason for its existence. But it has a vastly important place in our material life since in it and from it emanate those things which have to do with our physical well being. Everyone knows that unless the wheels of the machinery run smoothly there is little chance to escape jarring and friction in all parts of the organization.

* * * * *

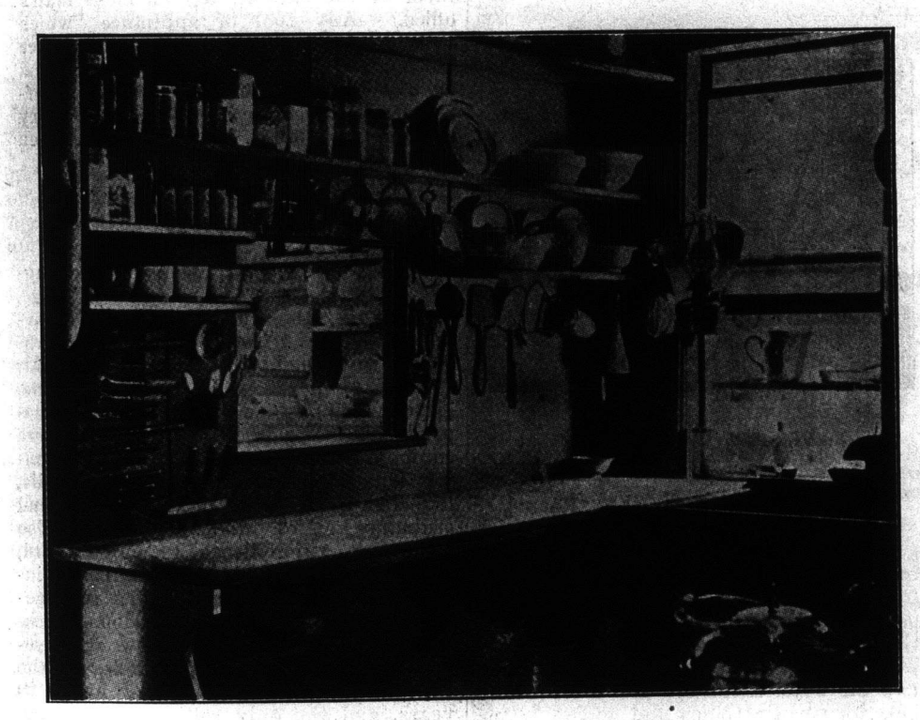
Pleasant Outlook from the Window.

There is a difference of opinion among housekeepers as to what is meant by an ideal kitchen. Some want a large one with implements of work pushed out of sight; others, knowing the value of saving energy and steps, ask that the kitchen occupy as little space as possible. For a few months I lived in a house where the kitchen was so small and compact that two persons could not work in it at the same time. When the 7 by 9 floor space was occupied on one side by a gas range and a kitchen cabinet, on the other by a small table and sink, a chair by the table at one end, and a door at the other, there was no more unoccupied space than one person could turn in. It was as compact as the kitchen in a dining car—too small for a family of more than three or four persons—but it gave practicable proof of the statement that has often been made that a small kitchen expedites labor. I found I could prepare a meal in less than one-half the time it would require in a kitchen where perhaps a dozen steps had to be taken between stove, table and sink; the effort spent in the task was almost nothing. The kettles, saucepans and other tools used in cooking were disposed of upon shelves within easy reach or hung on hooks over the sink and beside the range—any one of them could be reached without taking more than two steps. It was truly a workshop—nothing more could be made of it—and it proved beyond a doubt that the small kitchen is the best. The term small, of course, must be in comparison and depends on the number of persons in the family. My 7 by 9 kitchen would have been impossible for a family of ten, but it was just the thing for three.

Several housekeepers were asked what they considered the most important points in an ideal kitchen. Their answers were significant of their interest in housework, and their individualities. One woman said with marked emphasis, "I want a good view from my kitchen window." Instantly everyone present had a mental picture of what she saw when she looked out of the room in which she spent several hours every day. One saw the bare brick wall of the adjacent building; another saw a neighbor's unsightly back yard; still another had a glimpse of the woodpile and barnyard beyond. Then these pictures were replaced by another that the speaker was describing in a few terse sentences.

* * * * *

"I want to see something pleasant from my kitchen window—a tree or a bit of green below a blue sky or even a bed of pansies to smile at me when I look down upon them." Other good points were suggested, but this woman seemed to have struck the keynote in the innermost thought of everyone — something pleasant—a bit of beauty to take the bitter edge off hard work is an essential in the ideal kitchen. One cannot always change the location of the kitchen nor have a chance to decide on which side of the house it shall be, but whenever possible to have a north and west exposure, as this gives a cool room in the forenoon when most of the work has to be done. There should be at least two windows to insure plenty of light and satisfactory ventilation, points very



Everything close at hand in the small orderly kitchen.

LIN-UNA BURLAP BEAUTIFIES THE HOME

SHOWING A DINING ROOM PANELED WITH LIN-UNA BURLAP

STUDY THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION. Can you imagine anything more attractive than a beautiinl panelled dado of LIN-UNA BURLAP in your ***dining room, living room, hall, den, etc.*** Not only do they give forth comfort and good cheer, but create a lasting impression of good taste and refinement.

Write for sample card showing 13 popular colors and suggestions—for beautifying the walls of the better town and country homes, churches, hospitals, public buildings, theatres, etc., and are extensively used for this purpose. The colors are rich in tone, selected by competent artists and are fast to light as can be obtained by modern methods of scientific dyeing.

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THE WINNIPEG PAINT AND GLASS Co LTD.
EVERYTHING FOR A BUILDING

Protecting

The health of the family is without doubt the greatest task that wives and mothers have to face.

Pure, wholesome, nourishing foods are absolutely necessary to keep them fit. In

Clark's Prefectly Prepared Foods

you get all that is meant by

"Pure, Wholesome and Nourishing"

Refuse Substitutes. **Insist on Clark's:**

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Manufacturer of the Celebrated Pork and Beans

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg, Canada.

Enclosed find $ for years subscription to the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

Name .....

Town.....Province.....

He needs no stronger recommendation of her ability to make a happy home than the use in all her baking of

Royal Household Flour

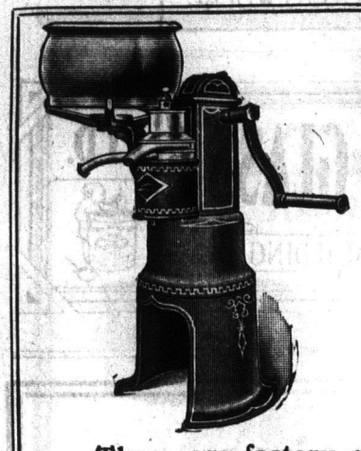
This is the ONE Flour which contains the full nutriment of Canada's famous Red Fife Wheat. It is noted for its real food value, for nutrition and digestibility, and for bone, muscle and blood building qualities. It is the secret to complete satisfaction in the kitchens of all particular people throughout Canada.

"All the Wheat That's Good to Eat."

LOOK for the CREST ON EVERY SACK. REFUSE ALL OTHERS.

Ogilvie's "Book for a Cook" contains 125 pages of carefully selected recipes that have been tried and tested. Sent free on request. Mention name of your dealer.

The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, Winnipeg



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for a 275 lb.

Cream Separator

HIGH GRADE
CLOSE SKIMMING
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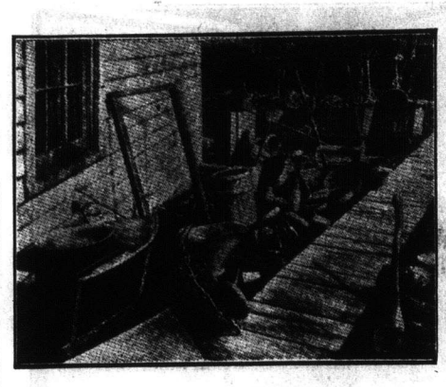
often neglected in kitchen planning.

Sanitary Appointments are Desirable.

Another esential of the ideal kitchen is that all furnishings and appointments should be washable—a perfectly sanitary room from floor to ceiling. Also there should be color — that substance which gives atmosphere and character to every room no matter how humble. To my mind the most suitable colors for kitchen decoration are green and white, Dutch blue and white, brown, and if the room is dark a soft shade of yellow, which will have the effect of bringing in sunshine. Do not be contented any longer than necessary with plain white walls, even if they are considered sanitary. The white surface is no easier to keep clean than the colored, and is vastly more monotonous, and may be the cause of a genuine discontent with one's surroundings.

The walls must be covered with something washable and something non-absorbent; these two essentials are best achieved by paint or oil cloth. Paint, when it is stippled to take off the glossy surface, is really as durable, inexpensive and satisfactory as any finish, not excepting the tile, which is too expensive to be within the reach of average people. There is a washable wall paper sometimes recommended for kitchens and bathrooms which will give fairly good service for a year or two, but it is not as durable as paint. Of course, paint can be injured by washing, if it is not carefully done. No soap should be used, as the alkali softens the paint and destroys the color. A little kerosene in the water will remove the smoke and grease quite as well as soap and with less injury to the paint.

* * * * *



Is this a familiar view from your kitchen window.

Wall Coverings for Other Rooms.

The mention of wall coverings brings to mind that the choice of materials for this purpose is wide and varied, depending on the style and character of the room to be decorated. Just at this point it may be well to give a hint or two on what materials are most desirable for certain rooms and why.

For kitchen and bathroom the wisest choice lies, as I have said, between paint, tinting or oil cloth, the last being the most expensive at first cost, but lasting many years if properly put on. By the way, I have been told that a tablespoonful of good cooking molasses added to a gallon of paste will improve its sticking qualities.

For bedrooms nothing is prettier and more satisfactory than a good paper in delicate colors and small simple designs, and for other downstairs rooms—dining room, living room, hall and the den—a rich, comfortable, extremely satisfying feeling is obtained if the walls of these rooms are decorated, part way, at least, with burlap. The panel effect extending from floor base to plate rail or dado, has no better finish than burlap, of the darkest shade in the wall covering, just a tone lighter than the floor covering, and a little darker than draperies and dado. The burlap should be carefully put on, but the latest advance in its manufacture has simplified this task, for it is now made so carefully and perfectly that it is both dust proof and unfadable. It makes a splendid wall covering because its wearing qualities are excellent.

* * * * *

The Woodwork and Floors.

On account of yellow pine having so much resin in its composition it is a satisfactory wood for doors and window casings in kitchen bathroom and laundry, because it will not absorb moisture. It is often used, too, for flooring on porches and verandahs, also in kitchens, though being soft, does not wear long in floors that are much used, and is likely to splinter. The best wood for any floor from the point of durability is hard maple, though many think, and rightly, that some kind of covering on the kitchen floor is easier for the feet. Taking wearing qualities and everything else into consideration, there is nothing better for this purpose than cork linoleum, which, expensive to purchase, will wear a lifetime.

* * * * *

Be Sure to Have a Good Range.

The first consideration in equipping any kitchen is the cook stove or range, and no matter what kind of fuel is used, this should certainly be first-class. Wherever else economy must be practised it should not be on this most necessary article; still, a big outlay of money does not always imply a satisfactory article, and frequently we find the cast-iron stove lavishly decorated with leaves and roses, nickel parts full of rough places, holes and crevices to catch everything that boils over, which cost a lot of money, is anything but a good baker. The most economical range is the medium-sized steel range which costs from $50 to $75. With care such a range will last about 25 years, will need little or no repairs in that time, and is a good investment, quite as essential in the business of home-making as the binder or cream separator on the farm or the safe in the business man's office. Any tool or appliance which saves the housekeeper daily annoyance and makes her work easier for mind and back is worth all it costs. Increased efficiency is demanded nowadays in every piece of machinery. Why not in kitchen appliances?

* * * * *

Some Helpful Little Things.

I have been asked frequently to suggest a list of articles, exclusive of range, sink, work-table, and other large furniture, which I consider a really profitable investment in kitchen equipment. The question is an interesting one, though the list would necessarily depend somewhat upon whether one were equipping a kitchen in a town or country house. There are certain utensils, like dish-pan, tea-kettle, frying-pan and ordinary kettles and sauce-pans, also baking-pans and dishes, kneading board, rolling pin, etc., which I shall not include in the list, because very few women would attempt to keep house without them. Though I knew a housewife, prominent in social circles in the East, who had been keeping house 20 years, and the only rolling pin she had ever had was a large round bottle, and her only kneading board was a table top.

The first utensil I would include in my list would be a double boiler, or cereal cooker, as it is sometimes called. This should be, but often is not, included in the ordinary granite or enamel utensils. It is almost a necessity in the proper making of custards, cream soups, steaming cereals and cooking any dish in which eggs and milk are used. Such an utensil can be improvised by putting one sauce-pan into a larger one containing boiling water; but this makeshift should not be resorted to, except when it is necessary to practice economy.

The second item in the list for the kitchen in a small town or country home would be a gasoline or coal oil stove to use in hot weather and in preparing a simple meal at any time. The following articles I consider useful appliances in any kitchen, to do without any one of them means spending more time over routine tasks than is necessary, and is often one of the causes of uncertain success in cookery. More than half of them can be bought for a dollar or less:—

Bread mixer.
High stool.
Covered garbage can.

Long handled dust-pan.
Good sized tray.
Meat chopper.
Dover egg beater.
Pair sharp pointed scissors.
Sharp knives for meat and vegetables.
Bracket lamp or gas jet near the range.

Most of these things will seem unimportant until one who has learned their value is obliged to do without them, then their importance is unquestioned. For instance, the high stool, which costs less than a dollar, makes the most satisfactory seat when one is working at the sink. If a meal is to be prepared after dark, the bracket lamp fastened to the wall near the stove soon makes its usefulness apparent, and the pair of sharp scissors makes cutting dried fruit and a dozen other jobs much pleasanter. The long handled dust-pan requires to be used only once to prove its worth; and the tray makes carrying dishes to and from the dining table much easier.

The sink, the work-table, the best kind of kitchen ware, the cost of an average outfit and other items have their own place in the well-equipped kitchen, and these will be considered in an early issue of The Western Home Monthly.

The Devil-Bird.

By W. R. Gilbert, Calgary.

Most people who have visited the island of Ceylon and penetrated into its jungle vastness have heard the cry of this bird. This awe-inspiring sound resembles nothing so much as the scream of a human being undergoing the most terrible torture. Naturalists have identified it with the Syrnium indrani—a brown wood owl found in Hindostan. But the devil-bird, or "ulama," as the Sinhalese call it, is an illusive creature, and no one has apparently had the good fortune to kill or catch a specimen. The Singalese, naturally a superstitious race, regard the cry of this bird with horror; they believe that its scream heard at night presages the most dire misfortune, and they are in the habit of offering sacrifices to avert the approaching disaster. The superstition is probably of very great antiquity; but Robert Knox, who was a prisoner in Ceylon for twenty years, about the middle of the seventeenth century, gives an interesting account of it, although it will be seen that in common with the natives he believed the cry proceeded from the devil himself. "This for certain I can affirm," he writes, "that oftentimes the devil doth cry with audible voice in the night; 'tis very shrill, almost like the barking of a dog; this I have often heard myself. Only this observation the inhabitants of the land have made of this voice, and I have made it also, that either just before or very suddenly after this voice, always the king cuts off people. To believe that this is the voice of the devil these reasons urge because there is no creature known to the inhabitants that cries like it, and because it will on a sudden depart from one place and make a noise in another quicker than any fowl can fly, and because the very dogs will tremble and shake when they hear it, and 'tis so accounted by all the people."

Dr. Davy, who was in Ceylon in the early years of the last century, writes a description of the cry as follows: "A loud cry and hideous scream, conveying the idea of extreme distress.....the harsh and horrid notes are supposed, like those of the screech-owl, to be of evil omen, and a prelude to death and misfortune. The bird—if it be a bird—is very rare, and I have not been able to get a tolerable account of it." The worthy doctor was evidently unwilling to be influenced by the prevailing superstition, and yet I cannot help thinking that he felt a good deal of doubt about the origin of the screams.

A more recent account, however, is given by Mr. Mitford, of the Ceylon Civil Service, who affirmed that he had often heard the cry while at Kurunegala, where the bird haunted the rocky hill behind Government House. He had evidently studied the bird with great interest. At any rate, so far as its very elusive personality permitted. "Its ordinary note," he writes, "is the magnificent clear shout like that of a human being, and which can be heard at a great distance, and has a fine effect in the silence of the closing night. But the sounds which have earned for it its bad name, and which I have heard but once to perfection, are indescribable, the most appalling that can be imagined, and scarcely to be heard without shuddering. I can only compare it to a boy in torture, whose screams are being stopped by being strangled. I have offered rewards for a specimen, but without success." It is interesting to note that Mr. Mitford differed from other naturalists, inasmuch as he held that the bird was a podargus or night-hawk. It is said never to approach human dwellings, and its sudden and terrible screams might well convey to the traveller in a lonely jungle the firm conviction that a horrible murder was being committed. In India both men and women flee in terror from the sound, and believe, with the natives of Ceylon, that it is the harbinger of nebulous ills to themselves, their families, or village. Its mysterious habits and the extraordinary swiftness of its flight have doubtless done much to foster its evil reputation amongst a people already so steeped in superstition as the Singalese.

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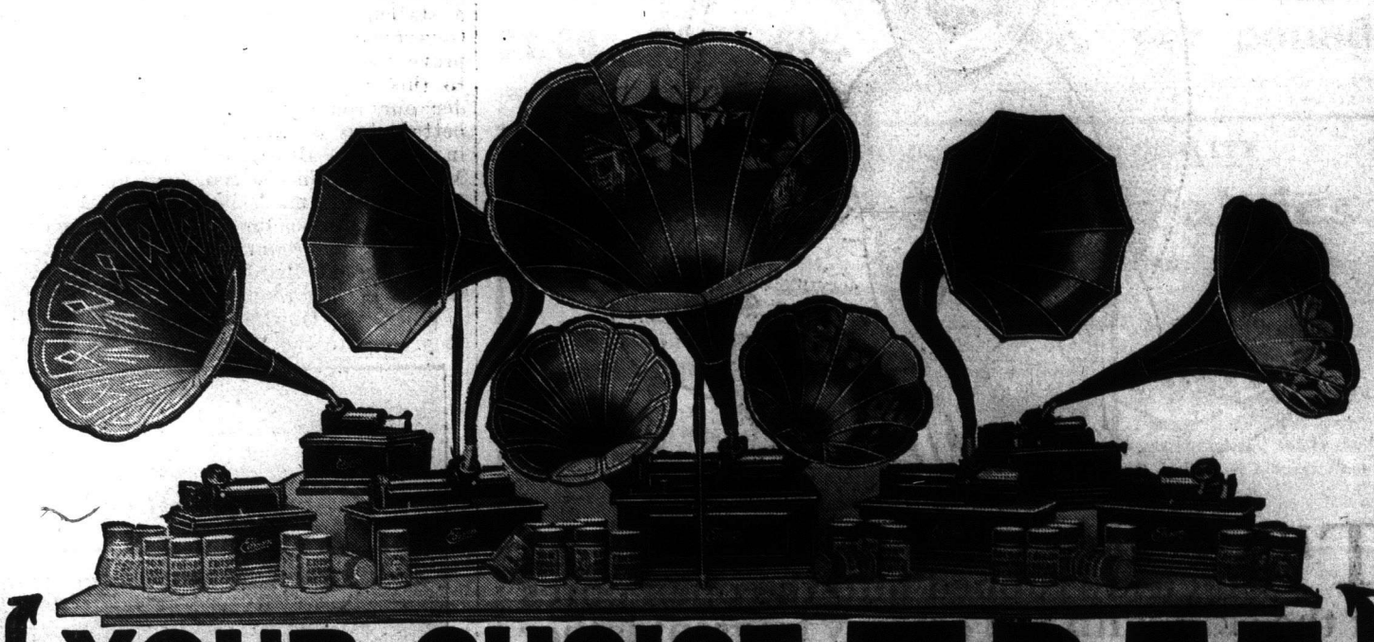
Mothers Can Tell.

The latest addition to the Murphy family was lusty twin boys. At six months of age they were as like as two peas. Neighbors often wondered how Mrs. Murphy told them apart. One day Mrs. O'Flaherty said to her:

"Foine pair of boys you've got, Mrs. Murphy, but bless my soul, how do you iver till thim apart?"

"Faith, and that's aisy, Mrs. O'Flaherty," replied Mrs. Murphy. "I puts my finger in Dinnis's mouth, and if he bites it's Moike."



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JOS. CORNELL, General Manager.

The Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

Women and Immigration

For, I believe, the first time in the history af Canada, the wants and needs of women have been touched upon in an official report made to the Government on the question of immigration. Mr. Arthur Hawkes was appointed some months ago as a special commissioner to enquire into what was being done to induce immigration into Canada and to also make recommendations as to what he thought should be done not only to ensure immigration, but immigration of the best possible kind. Mr. Hawkes, in his report to the Minister of the Interior, the Hon. Robert Rogers, devoted one or two pages to a statement of what he considered the Government might possibly do to improve conditions for the women coming to this country, and by so doing, render our country more attractive to a better class of woman immigrant—and, in that way, also a better class of men. Mr. Hawkes, in the course of his investigation, was much impressed with the lack of provision for the nursing of sick people in the country, and the consequent great hardships endured by women in this connection.

When Mr. Hawkes' report was ready to present to the Minister, and while he was in Winnipeg for a few days, he was waited upon by a few of the newspaper women who are specially interested in the writing of women's pages, and also by a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union; and this matter was very thoroughly gone into. Mr. Hawkes very kindly permitted the women to read the suggestions contained in his report, though just what they were cannot be made known at the present time, as, so far, the report has not been officially brought before Parliament. In discussing the matter, however, Mr. Hawkes expressed the opinion that it would be a material help if there could be secured definite information as to the need in the matter of nursing in the more outlying country districts. Mr. Hawkes laid emphasis on the fact, and indeed the women present very heartily agreed with him, that the nurses that were required were women with a good practical experience, a certain amount of training, and a willingness to do all that was necessary in a home during the time that the mother might be laid aside. It has been felt by the newspaper women for a very long time that the solution of this difficulty must be either through the Dominion Government making some appropriation for the support of nurses in the country, letting them draw the balance from such patients as are able to pay, or else that this work should be taken up by the municipalities and a guarantee given by the Dominion.

* * * * *

English Writers.

One or two English women who have come out to write up Canada have been struck with the need of nursing, and, hastening home, have urged old country nurses, especially those with a training in midwifery, to come to the Canadian West to take up this work; with the result that a large number of these nurses who have come out, have not been able to secure employment that would afford them a living, and have come back into the cities to be a burden to themselves and everybody else. Anyone who is familiar with conditions in the country districts knows that where the need for nursing and help is the greatest, the ability to pay for it is often the smallest, and that, while many farmers and farmers' wives could pay a certain amount, they could not possibly pay sufficient to warrant nurses going and settling in any one district. It is difficult to decide just how this matter could be worked out, but the need is so great and the suffering entailed by the want of nursing so serious, that it certainly merits the utmost consideration by everyone who has anything to do with immigration and immigration matters. Mr. Hawkes' idea that it was much cheaper to look after the young mothers and young children on the ground than to bring in fresh immigrants certainly has the recommendation of being a common-sense idea. I would like to throw this column open for a discussion of this question, and I would be very glad if any woman will write to me and state what her experience has been in her own district as to the need of nursing of this kind, and also what she thinks would be the best solution of the difficulty.

I may say that I have undertaken to secure from doctors in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta some idea of the numbers of women who die or who are permanently weakened and injured for lack of proper care and nursing; but I quite realize the fact that the very worst of all cases of this kind occur where there are no doctors at all, and it is especially from such districts that I would like to hear, though I shall be glad to hear from any woman on this subject. I would like to get the letters in as quickly as possible, in order that a number of them may be dealt with in the June issue. I think this is a subject which is very close to the heart of every woman in the Canadian West, and there is no doubt at all in my mind that very many of the women who have suffered from want of care of this kind themselves will have valuable suggestions to make as to how the difficulty may be remedied in the future.

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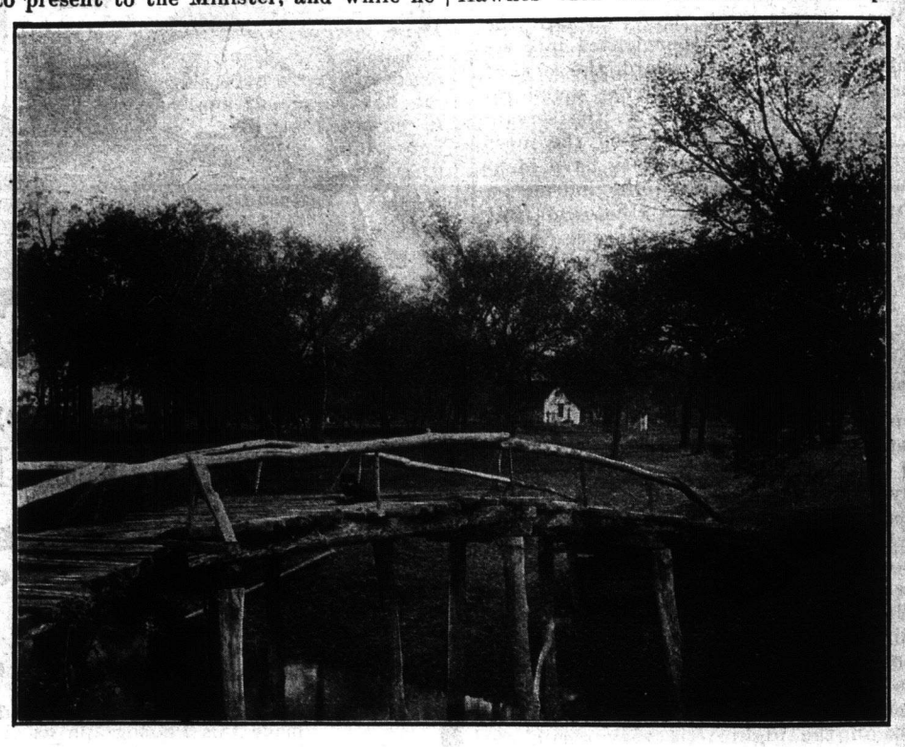

Rustic Bridge on White Mud River Gladstone, Man.

The Manitoba Legislature has concluded its sittings and gone home, and I regret to say that it did little or nothing to improve the condition of women in regard to protection as to property. The bill which was brought in and which provided that where a woman was left worse off under her husband's will than she would have been had he made no will, and which provided that, where a woman was left with children and was anxious to remain on the farm, she should be permitted to do so and should give an accounting for the managing of same.

Acts for the Relief of Women.

The clauses providing for the relief of women who were left with families of children and less money than they would have received had their husbands died intestate, were thro n out completely, the objection of Mr. Roblin and his colleagues being that it was interfering with a man's liberty and would open

Preparing land for cropat Gladstone, Man.

the door for having a man's will set aside wherever his wife did not happen to be satisfied with it. There was really no argument in the matter. Saskatchewan has already passed this law. The Government had made up its mind that it would not afford this relief to women, and as women are not voters and of very little account in the eyes of politicians, why, they simply threw it out. The clause of the bill which was finally passed provides that in the case of the death intestate of a farmer, whose widow desires to carry on the farm business of her late husband for the benefit of herself and her infant children, with capital belonging to herself and them, the administrator may, at his discretion, permit her to do so for so long as he may deem it advisable, and shall not be r sponsible for losses in connection with such business which is so carried on by the widow, but such widow shall in due course make good to such children and their representatives all such losses, and shall account

Harvesting scene on A. Gillespies farm Gladstone Man.

to the administrator for the profits of the business, less a reasonable allowance for her services in carrying on such business and for the cost of maintaining and educating the children while so doing.

It does not, however, give the women much leeway, as it provides that they must agree, if they fail, to make good all losses, and if they succeed, they must hand over all their earnings to the estate. Still, it will no doubt be a help in some cases.

There was one bill passed, however, which certainly deserves the warm approval of all women, and that was one brought in by Hon. Mr. Howden, providing for the maintenance of illegitimate children, making the father of an illegitimate child responsible with the mother for its support.

Another bill which actually managed to get through the House was that providing for women taking up the study and practice of law if they wished to do so. Miss Sissons, of Portage la Prairie, will, I believe, be the first woman student in Manitoba. There was not only no attempt made to provide dower protection for women, but there was nothing done in the way of a substitute for the same, and the women of Manitoba are still in the position that, after toiling for many years to help to build up a home, they may find themselves absolutely homeless any time that their husbands choose to sell out. It is rather significant that, during the very week in which this legislation for the protection of women should have been passed, two very striking instances of the need of it were brought to the attention of the women of Winnipeg.

One of these was the case of a young woman with three little children. She and her husband had purchased a small house in one of the suburbs of Winnipeg, and she had worked very hard and had been extremely careful in order to help to pay for this property. They had succeeded in paying for it, and it was valued at $1,800. The husband and father was absent from home for a few days, and apparently there was nothing in his absence to arouse his wife's suspicions; but one day she received notice to vacate the property, as it had been sold. She found, upon enquiry, that her husband had sold the property for $900, cash, and had left the city, deserting her with three children, and leaving hardly a dollar in the house. He had a perfect right to sell the property. There was no reason that he should not, according to the law. Of course, it may be said that he could have been proceeded against for forsaking his wife and children, but a penniless woman with three little children to provide for is not in a very good position to follow up a runaway husband.

The other case, though perhaps in some ways not so pathetic, was equally notorious. This time the woman had seven children, though some of them partially grown-up. She received a notice through a lawyer's office to vacate the premises for an in-coming purchaser, and went to the office to enquire, when she found that her husband had sold the property. He had been paid $3,500 cash for it, and he, too, had left the city.

It may be said that these are isolated cases, but if the law was what it should be, such cases could not occur. It would not be possible for the husband to sell the home over the head of his wife and children without her at least knowing about it beforehand and having some check on the money.

* * * * *

Spring Millinery.

The millinery openings in the city were many of them held in March, but I did not say anything about them in the April issue because I knew that in the smaller towns and in the country districts they would

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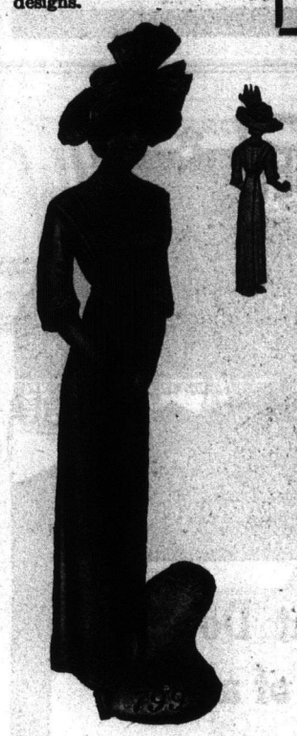

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which gives better service than old-time shingles and costs no more than the poor shingles now offered. NEPONSET Paroid is used by the great railways because of the protection it gives against fire. Put it on all *your* farm buildings if you want to be free from worry over roof-leaks and repair bills, as well as from risk of fire from sparks. NEPONSET Paroid is guaranteed.

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not be held until considerably later. There is a good deal that is of interest in both the styles and the colors for the present season.

The shapes of the hats are a decided improvement on those of last year. They are not so extreme either in style or conformation, and, in fact, the tendency is more generally in favor of the small hat, and, what will I am sure be good news for women who have much driving to do, the sailor hat has come back to us in all its smart plainness of good straw and a simple band of ribbon. This is what milliners call a "black and white" season, and the black sailor with a white band, and the white sailor with a black band are very much in evidence and are considered quite correct for even very smart occasions. There is also a return to what is called an English walking hat, though there is not much resemblance between the present style known by that name and the English walking hat of ten or fifteen years ago. The brims are less turned up; the crowns are higher and wider. Frankly, they are not a very becoming hat to buy any but fresh, full young faces. I do not mean faces of young girls, but more especially young married women. They are a very useful hat, and, with a veil, an exceedingly comfortable one, especially for those who have to be out much in windy weather.

Where hats are large, they have, as a rule, rather low crowns, and many of them are of the dome or beehive shape. Numbers of these larger hats have the entire outside covered with fancy flowered chiffon or net, kept in place by bunches of flowers. While these are very pretty hats, they are not very serviceable. However, a wide fine straw, trimmed exclusively with either ribbon or flowers, or a combination of both, is equally good style, and more serviceable. Though it is, as I have said, a black and white season, combinations of those colors predominating, there are many pretty tones worn, and many beautiful shot effects. Shot silks, ninons, chiffons and nets are all shown in great profusion. Green and brown, blue and brown, green and blue, rose and grey, and blue and gold are some of the more popular combinations for these shot goods.

* * * * *

Suits and Long Coats.

A great favorite for the coming summer season will be the silk suit, made of either taffeta or some of the softer silks, or the natural silks, such as Shantung, Tussore and Pongee. These silk suits will be, I imagine, a very profitable investment for the woman in the country, as they are very smart in appearance, and would not get out of shape or become shabby so quickly as the more fanciful one-piece gown. They are very, very plain, but the collars of the coats may be decorated with loose overcollars or collars of fancy embroidery. These are adjustable and may be taken off when the suit is required for church wear, and replaced for afternoon entertainments or special occasions of any kind. The skirts are perfectly plain, usually with little inserted pleats at the side to give a slight fullness over the boots in walking, and the coats are short and plain, with shawl collars, three-quarter sleeves and turn-back cuffs.

The long separate coat is also a very convenient garment where a woman has a good deal of riding to do. These coats are very many of them made of the natural silks, and will stand an immense amount of wear. They can easily be cleaned at home. In these days, when gasoline is in such common use on the farms, a gallon or even two gallons of it may be used for the purpose of cleansing a garment of this kind, and afterwards, being allowed to settle and poured off, it can be used for the purpose for which it was originally purchased. One of the mistakes which many women make in attempting to use gasoline is that they do not use enough. One of these coats should be literally washed in gasoline. It is well to put the coat to soak in the gasoline for a time, being sure to use it outside, where there is absolutely no danger of the vapor condensing and becoming combustible. A silk coat soaked in gasoline in this way, wrung out fairly and pulled neatly into shape, may be hung on a line in the yard until it is dry and the odor of the gasoline has passed off, and then, when pressed, it will be almost, if not quite, as good as new.

In addition to the silk coats, a great many coats of cream-colored serge and light, fancy serges of almost any color are shown. From personal experience, however, I do not believe that these coats would be as serviceable for wear in the country, and they are decidedly more difficult to clean than the silk.

* * * * *

Blouses.

I was in one or two of the American cities recently, and noted that the blouse with the peplum was very much in evidence. These little skirts or tails to the blouses add a very decidedly new touch, and they are very becoming to slight figures. Women with hips should leave them severely alone. Where a blouse of last year's vintage has to be rejuvenated, it is quite correct to put on a peplum and cuffs of a contrasting color or material. If a white wash-blouse is to be freshened, the peplum may be made of any scraps of linen or muslin left over from last year, and lace and insertion.

The plainly tailored blouse with the flat shirt-sleeve and the small breast pocket is good for any and all occasions. Kimona blouses of last year which have torn under the arm may be very successfully reconstructed by cutting the sleeve out and setting it in with insertion, the set-in kimona sleeves being much more popular this year than the genuine kimona.

I hope that these little fashion hints may be of some use to my readers.

A Useful Hint.

Talmage Sask., March 29, 1912.

Dear Editor,—In the March number of The Western Home Monthly M. B. asks for directions for washing a white net waist which is lined with silk. Please allow me to give my experience. My net waist is also lined with silk, but is not attached to the lining except at waist, so I just drew the lining out of the net and put the entire waist into a pillow slip and washed it in my machine with the rest of the white clothes, but, of course, did not boil it. Then after rinsing, starch in very, very thin starch, and iron in the usual way. My waist came out just as good as new.

The Western Home Monthly is a very welcome visitor at our home. I enjoy the stories as well as household hints and the correspondence columns. Thanking you for the space I have taken up, I am, Girlie.

"Tommy," said the fond mother, "isn't it rather an extravagance to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"No, ma'am, it's economy," Tommy answered. "The same piece of bread does for both."

A man entered a drug store in a hurry and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.

"Shall I put 'em in a box, sir?" the clerk asked as he counted them out.

"Oh, no," replied the customer, "I want to roll them home."

"My husband has promised to allow me to choose what I want for my birthday."

"Oh, then there will be no surprises this year."

"Yes, there will. He will be surprised enough when he gets the bill."

Thinkley: "Just look at the smoke pouring out of the windows of Mr. Bronson's house! Quick, call the fire-engines!"

Winkly: "Don't get excited. Bronson swore off smoking on New Year's Day, and he's making up for lost time.

$25 Reward.

Lost, 1 dark grey Mare and Yearling Colt, from Lot 23 Kildonan West. Above reward paid for information leading to their recovery. Address J. MEDCALF, Inkster, P.O., Man.

Woman and the Home.

The Sewing Room.

An experienced needlewoman who knows how to use the various numbers of needles and cotton to the best advantage in hand sewing gives this list: Use a number nine needle for seventy or eighty cotton, in hemming and tucking; a number eight needle, with fifty or sixty cotton, for plain stitching, overhanding and overcasting; a number seven needle, with forty or fifty thread, for buttonholes; and a number seven or eight needle, with thirty-six and forty thread, for gathering.

It is well worth remembering that when buttons are to be sewed to a thin, sheer material, it is well to reinforce the material by adding an extra fold of material to each hem.

Easy way to mend a hole in an umbrella. Stick on very firmly court-plaster inside the umbrella. This is not so much seen as a darn.

If a button on a coat is missing and cannot be replaced; buy new buttons, as nothing mars a garment more and makes it look old than mismated buttons.

When mothers are making their boys pants if they will put a piece of the same material on the knees between the lining and the outside it will be ready when repairs are to be made. It will be sure to be needed.

Using a warm iron when cutting out clothing will do away with pins and weights on tissue-paper patterns. Lay the pattern on the material and press it lightly with a warm iron. The pattern will cling to the cloth.

Instead of basting long seams use wire fasteners and avoid unnecessary work. These fasteners, which are like little clips, come in boxes and are used by business men to hold papers together. A few of them placed along a seam will hold the edges together while they are stitched on the machine. Keep a box in the work-basket for such uses.

When sewing sleeves in a waist this is a good rule to take for a guide: Measure back from shoulder-seam one inch; crease the armholes at this point, and the spot exactly opposite will be the place to put the under-arm of the sleeve.

Nursery.

To save a little child from slipping when he is having his bath in a porcelain tub, spread a large, heavy Turkish towel on the bottom of the tub before turning on the water.

When children are using paste let them have an old magazine to work on. As soon as a leaf is soiled it may be torn out and consigned to the waste-basket, and a clean one will be ready for them. This saves a table, which otherwise would be much smeared by the paste.

An easy way to amuse children on a rainy day, or if they are convalescing, is to get a piece of heavy cardboard about a yard square and ma k it off in streets, blocks, parks, etc., for a minlature city. Let the children name the streets, and write the names on the cardboard. Cut from old magazines pictures of houses, stores, churches, schools, etc., and paste them on the margins of the streets. To make the buildings stand upright paste stiff paper on the back of each one. Add more houses as the "city" grows.

Help baby to walk. — Take an old kitchen chair with back sawed off. Screw into four legs four castors. The baby will push it easily around and it is surprising how quick he will think he can go without help.

To keep a child in bed and prevent him from crawling up on the pillow and out of the bedclothes, as so many little children do, try the following plan:— Sew two loops of tape to the middle of the nightgown hem, one in front, the other in back; then pass a long piece of tape around the foot of the crib, bringing the ends up to tie through the loops on the nightgown when the child is placed in bed. In this way the child is kept in the same place all night, though still free to turn from side to side.

When there is a nursery it is a good plan to have the door made in two parts a Dutch door—so that the lower part may be shut and fastened and the upper one left open. Any one outside may see and hear all that is going on, and the children, if little, will be safe inside. If you do not wish to have the regular door cut in two, a half-door may be made and put on the same door-frame.

Household.

Blankets are heavy and hard to handle, but they can be washed with comparative ease, and come out soft and white.

One pound of white soap, shaved; four or five large spoonfuls of powdered borax; boil in two gallons of water until dissolved. Pour into a large tub, fill two-thirds full of cold rain water, put in three single blankets, and let soak over night. Be sure and have blankets well covered with water.

Next morning lift up and down, pressing and working them, but do not rub, as rubbing and wr nging hardens woollens. Shake them through four or five rinsing waters, or enough to remove all traces of soap. Squeeze out water necessary to pass them from one tub to the other; then without wringing, lift carefully from last water, hang on line, throw over them a liberal supply of water, and let them drip dry. They will dry much more quickly than one would suppose. Dress skirts and trousers may be washed successfully in same manner, hung by waistband to line; let dry thoroughly, then sponge and press. Blankets that have been hardened by poor washing can be softened and made whiter if washed in this way. If hard water is used more soap and borax will be required.

Something to Remember.

There is an exquisite charm about a neatly dressed woman. She does not wear her hair loose as if it is about to fall on her shoulders. Her gloves are not ripped at the seams, nor are any buttons missing from her boots. Her veil does not reveal a hole over her chin, nor does the binding of her skirt show ragged in places. Not many women show their tidiness in these details, but the well-groomed woman considers that neglect in those little things is full of shame to womankind. Note the well-dressed, tailor-built woman. Her cloth gown fits her without a crease and there is neither speck nor spot on it. Her linen collar and cuffs are snowy white, and remain properly fixed in their places. Her gloves do not wrinkle, but button smoothly over her wrists, her shoes are dainty and polished. Her bonnet or hat is pinned on straight, and her hair is neatness itself. She is the picture of delicate finish and wholesome order. Would that we could come across her somewhat oftener.

Fishing on Dry Land.

By Lizzie DeArmond.

It was such a dreary day when Auntie Mabel stepped in, shaking the drops of water from her mackintosh and smiling like a veritable sunbeam.

"I'm a regular duck!" she cried, "and

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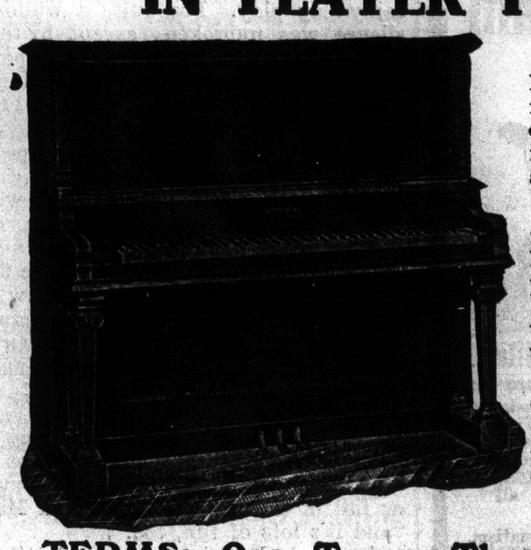

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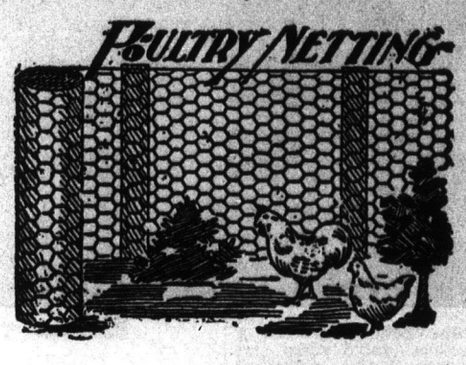

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A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

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Send Us 50c

receive by return mail, postpaid, this little Boy's Buster Brown Suit of long Coat and Breeches of heavy Dark Blue. Wash goods. Ages 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 8. Add 10c for postage.—STANDARD GARMENT CO., 10 Standard Building, London, Ont.

I paddled out just to amuse my dear, sweet, darling little namesakes."

There was a rupturous shout at the head of the stairs; and after auntie was kissed and hugged, they all went into the sitting room to hear about a new rainy day play. For quite a while the silence was unbroken, except by occasional shrieks of delight, interspersed with sundry "ohs" and "ahs," showing that somebody was having a lovely time.

When the lunch bell rang, we peeped in the door. The blue carpet was covered with paper fish, yellow, blue, white, brown, of every size and shape; each one had a big eye and the body was bent so that it would not lie flat on the floor. In a clothes basket, with a straw hat on his head, sat Percy, in his hand a grace hop stick to which had been attached a bit of wrapping cord and a large bent pin. "I've caught him! I've caught him!" he cried in great glee; "it's a shad, too!" Seeing me, they had to explain how they went fishing on dry land, "and we don't have to get muddy or fall in the water either," said Mabel, "and it's lots of fun, too."

Auntie had made patterns of different fish and the children laying them on the various colored papers drew their outline, then cut them out. The brown sofa was the shore, the blue carpet a lake, a small table that stood in the corner with an old sheet draped in bunches about it, a rock with the waves dashing against its sides; the clothes basket served for a boat.

They caught the fish by trying to hook them in the eye with the bent pin, which was not so easy as it looked. Each fish as it was caught was put on a string, and when several were obtained, hung on the knob of the door so they could not get away. More fish were added from time to time to the collection, but the play was reserved for rainy days only. Other mothers heard about the game and when the showers fell there was a general fishing time on dry land.

The Servant-Girl Problem.

Is there any other cause of worry against which complaint is more universally directed than the difficulty of securing competent female help for the home? In the small town and on the farm the cry is that the girls prefer the cities; and in the cities the lament is bitter because working girls prefer shop and factory to the employment offered by the home. Statistics prove that the grievances of both the country and the city housewife rest on a sure basis. In 1870 there were 1,836,288 women working outside of homes; in 1900 though our populatior had only doubled this number had almost tripled, rising to 5,-319,397.

Beyond dispute the miraculous growth of the factory system is directly responsible for this momentous change in our domestic economy. The question still remains, however, as to why women so widely abandon the tasks of the household for work in the factories. Certain students of sciology find the answer in the statement that the factory attracts through its readiness to adopt every mechanical improvement that will minimize work, while the household repels through its stubborn refusal to adjust itself to changed conditions. In proof of this statement they point to the thousands of devices which have been invented to reduce the physical drudgery of the maid-of-all-work, but which up to date, serve no other purpose than to accumulate dust in our Patent Office.

Can women plead poverty as a reason for refusing to avail themselves of these numerous labor-saving contrivances? Not at all; for only too often such contrivances are found lacking in rural and urban homes that have met without a murmur the cost of installing running water, gas, steam heat, and what not. No; the fundamental trouble lies in the innate conservatism of woman and her proneness to believe herself incapable of handling the most simple machinery. But, happily, thanks to the scarcity of maids on the one hand and the broader education of women on the other, both this conservatism and this unjustifiable distrust are tending to disappear. The millions of dollars spent annually by enterprising manufacturers to advertise their various mechanical adjuncts to easy housekeeping point to a turn of the tide and mark the way we are beginning to drift. It is in the readjustment of the modern household to modern requirements and inventions that we shall probably find the solution of the vexatious servant-girl problem.

Arousing Interest in the Children.

Farm work made interesting and dignified through a union of the school and the home is being carried out in a practical way in a little school district in Western Oregon. The teacher conceived the idea of making a list of the home duties on the farm and allowing a specified amount of time for each. He grouped the children according to age and grade, and persuaded the farmers to offer prizes for the one in each group doing the highest number of hours of work during the school term. In addition, every time a pupil earns seven hours he is entitled to a holiday, but not more than one each month. Milking cows, feeding horses, starting the morning fires, getting breakfast, washing dishes, are some of the duties mentioned in the list which the teacher has prepared. The child brings a note each morning signed by one of his parents stating what he has done, and the teacher gives him credit for the proper amount of time.

The plan is working so successfully that it is attracting the notice of the leading educators of Oregon. On January sixth, the state superintendent of schools, the assistant superintendent and sixteen of the county superintendents attended a parents' meeting held in this district to learn at first hand the details of the plan, and to try to find out whether it was really practical. After the teacher, Mr. A. I. O'Reilley, had explained his system of giving credit for home work, and answered many questions as to how it affected the work of the school, the parents were called upon and were questioned in every way by the superintendents. One father said: "My children have always obeyed me and would do whatever work or chores I told them to do, but they never seemed to take any special interest in such work. Their reading at school seemed to give them an idea that town life is more attractive, and we have felt that they would not care to stay on the farm. I suppose it was my fault, but I did not know how to make the work interesting for them. Since the teacher has introduced this little scheme of giving credit for home work my children insist upon doing all the work they can. My boy starts the fire in the morning and helps me with the chores until breakfast-time. His sister prepares the breakfast, while the mother rests until the meal is ready."

"Yes," the mother laughingly broke in, "I don't have to work at all any more—my children are doing all the work for me."

"It gives us more to talk about," the father continued. "The children are more thoughtful of their mother, and we in turn are trying to see what we can do for them. I am going to give my boy a good piece of ground on which to raise vegetables for the state fair contests, and the girl is to have some pure-bred chickens."

Nearly every parent present had something to say and the same enthusiasm and awakening were notice-

"IDEAL" Fence will hold a Buffalo.

Any attempt to get the better of "IDEAL" Fence will only make him look foolish. "IDEAL" Fence was chosen by the Government out of fourteen makes, to fence in their herd of wild buffaloes at Wainwright. Naturally, buffaloes don't take kindly to fence of any kind and "IDEAL" Fence was tested pretty roughly the first few weeks at Wainwright. **NOW** the buffaloes know better.

"IDEAL" Fence and its never-give lock are made of **all large guage No. 9 hard steel wire, heavily galvanized. Rust proof,** won't sag, won't weaken, won't get unsightly.

GET A HANDSOME PICTURE FREE!

Send us the names of five men who would be interested in GOOD fencing and we will mail you a beautiful picture in colors of the herd of buffaloes in the Government preserve at Wainwright. This picture is an excellent production and worthy of a place in the finest home.

Send in five names and get your picture by return mail.

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I Quickly Cured My Superfluous Hair

You May Cure Yours Too by a Simple Remedy Learned From the Japanese

I Will Give the Benefit of My Experience to Anyone Free of Charge

Ever since I was a little girl, I was cursed with a growth of Superfluous Hair. I didn't mind it so much then, but when I grew to young womanhood, the humiliation grew upon me until it became almost a nightmare. It finally got to the point where I was ashamed to go out of the house, and at the coming of a stranger, I wanted to run and hide my face. The thing preyed on my mind until there were times when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, and I often thought life a burden.

I tried every sort of powder, paste, cream, lotion and remedy that I could lay hold of—even the painful electric needle—but to no avail. The hair not only would not leave, but it grew worse. What I suffered under the needle, I can't describe.

One day a friend, who had travelled much, recommended a simple little remedy learned from the Japanese. It removed the hair at once and without pain, and in a few days I was the happiest girl in America. The hair had disappeared. It left no scar, and it didn't hurt at all. To-day my face is still free from any trace of it

I am so happy at my own success that I want every other woman to have the chance to remove the ugly disfiguring hair from her face, neck and arms so that they can go into society or to business, free from embarrassment, able to wear short sleeves, and go without a veil. All who want to destroy their growth as I did may secure full particulars to enable them to do likewise, free of charge, by just sending me a two-cent stamp—that's all I ask—just to pay actual postage for reply in plain sealed envelope. Please state whether Mrs. or Miss and address, Mrs. Caroline Osgood, Suite 995 B.I. 118 East 28th St., New York City.

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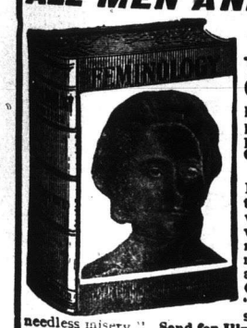
ALL MEN AND WOMEN SHOULD READ



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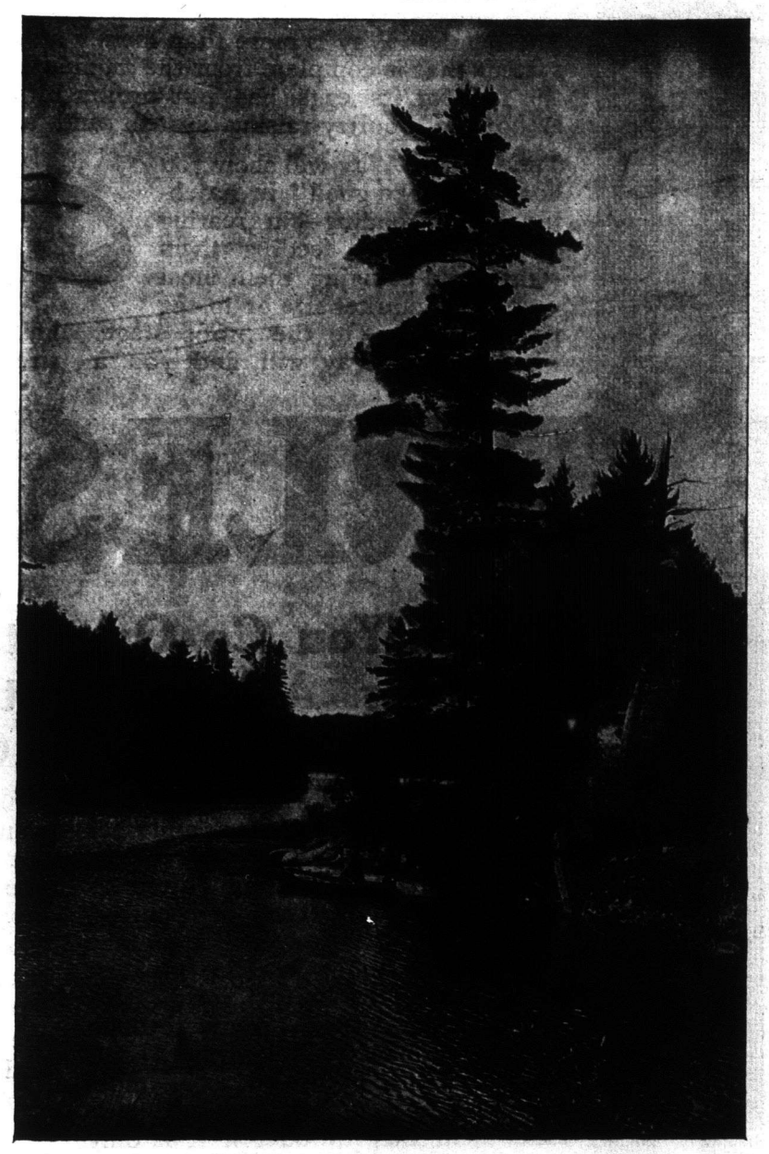
In this book Dr. Florence Dressler, the greatest authority upon her own sex writes frankly and with a voice of truth about marriage, care of babies, diet, nursing, children's diseases and physical culture. The **Chicago Tribune** says: "To read this book would save women endless and needless misery." Send for Illustrated Table of Contents.

MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, General Agt., Windsor, Ont.

able in each one. Every possible objection was urged by the superintendents to see whether there was any flaw which did not appear on the surface, but none could be discovered. The records of the school and the testimony of all present showed that the pupils were taking a new interest in their school work.

The secret of the whole plan is that the teacher has made practical use of his pedagogic training and has shown the parents how to make farm life more attractive. He has brought the life of the school into close personal relations with the life of the home. These little boys and girls have learned that they can make articles, grow products, and raise chickens, sheep, pigs and cattle that will be recognized in the commercial world; for these are the things that the various parents say they are going to let their children do. The prizes first offered by the farmers of the district were cash, but now that interest has been aroused, blooded poultry, and other high-class stock and choice fruit trees will be given as prizes.

The sixteen county school superintendents have gone home to their sixteen different counties and are telling to the teachers and the parents the story of what is being done in the little school district of Spring Valley. It is not too much to say that the leaven at work in this valley will give a new impetus and change the character of the agricultural work of the whole state of Oregon.



British Columbia River Scene.

Royal Nicknames

King George is still "Georgie" in the privileged family circle, just as he was when he wrote his home letters in his cabin on the Bacchante. Queen Mary was long known and loved as the Princess 'May;" but this pet abbreviation is no very great favorite with her. She prefers to be addressed as "Toria" by her friends and relatives, and always signs this name to her friendly letters. The Queen of Norway is "Audie" or "Maude" to all who enjoy her intimacy, just as the Duchess of Fife is "Louie." The Princess Victoria, her sister, is either "Vicky" or "Victoria." As a boy, the Duke of Connaught was usually addressed as "Pat" in the home circle, a familiar appellation which, in his more sedate years, has given place to "Arthur." The Duchess of Argyll has two entirely different autographs, one bold, dashing, and vigorous, when written outside the Royal pale; the other small, and much more formal in her family letters. But both are equally "Louise." Princess Henry of Battenberg, daughter and mother of queens, loves to be called "Trixie" by her august relatives.

Eggs in the Window.

The district known as Eden Valley, in Westmoreland, England, still observes a peculiar custom. Sometimes rows of hens' eggs are placed in windows, and strangers and tourists wonder why. The reason for this custom when known supplies you with information concerning the inhabitants that often proves useful. Should there be two ordinary eggs in the window, it denotes a married couple are in residence, while a bantam egg represents each child. Thus, if there are six children, there would be six tiny eggs. If a parent dies, his or her egg is painted black, and after a year is removed altogether. Should any of the family die or leave, a small egg is taken away. Should a widow or widower marry again, she or he is represented by a couple, which means there would be three large eggs—or one for each marriage. Bachelor or spinster occupants, for some reason or other, are exempt.

On one occasion there was a window bedecked in one village with sixteen eggs, registering the parents as each twice married, and twelve children, including three sets of twins, when two eggs are added at once.

Costiveness and its Cure.—When the excretory organs refuse to perform their functions properly the intestines become clogged. This is known as costiveness and if neglected gives rise to dangerous complications. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will effect a speedy cure. At the first intimation of this ailment the sufferer should procure a packet of the pills and put himself under a course of treatment. The good effects of the pills will be almost immediately evident.

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For Resident and Day Women Students.

Students prepared for degrees in Arts. Pure Science and Music. Scholarships are awarded annually.

For all information apply to the Warden.

Fascinating Eyes

Famous Professor of Chemistry Offers Free, Secret How to Have Strong, Healthy, Beautiful Eyes

Many with Weak Eyes Can Throw Away Their Glasses

EYELASHES AND EYEBROWS Can Also Be Made Beautiful

Without beautiful eyes, no one is really beautiful, while even a homely face is made attractive by eyes that please or appear forceful.

Without strong eyes no one can enjoy life to the utmost. Those whose eyes are weak and those who have to wear glasses are greatly handicapped in life's race.

Through the wonderful discovery and free advice of the famous English chemist, Prof. A. P. Smith B. Sc., F. I. C., etc., formerly Professor of Chemistry at an English University, you may have eyes as radiant as the Evening Star—eyes that attract and fascinate—eyes that have the power to influence others—eyes that people call wonderful.

Better still, Professor Smith's scientific discovery enables many with weak eyes to throw their glasses away and make their vision stronger and more capable. Neither operation nor dangerous drugs are necessary.

His secret will also enable you to secure long, silky eyelashes and thick, well arched eyebrows, which are to a beautiful eye what a fine setting is to a brilliant diamond.

In addition, this remarkable discovery makes weak eyes strong, and quickly overcomes smarting effects of wind, dust and sun, besides clearing the eyes of "bloodshot" and yellow sear. If you wish to make your eyes bright and beautiful, write today, enclosing 2 cents in stamps for reply, (please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and address your letter to Prof. A. P. Smith, Dept. 995 F. E., Pine St., Providence, R. I., and you will receive the secret free

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No need to suffer bunion torture another day.

DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE of all bunion pain. Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure. Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or $1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from The P. Scholl Mfg. Co., 472 King St. W. Toronto. *Illustrated Booklet Free*

APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.

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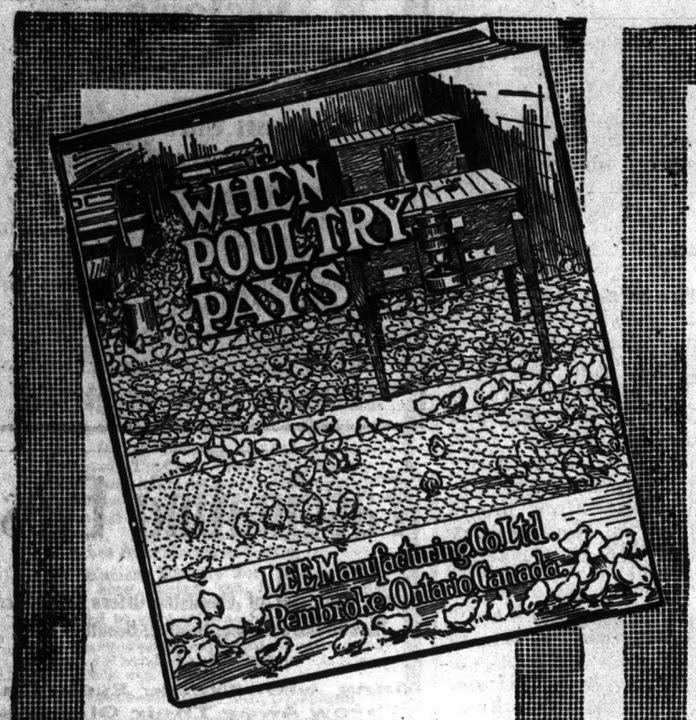

CO-OPERATION, the corner-stone on which The Peerless Way rests, is the factor that is building up the poultry industry in Canada,—is the factor that has made possible the big profits in this business. This book, "When Poultry Pays,"—the book that goes to you FREE on request—is a volume you cannot afford to be without if you are even the least bit interested in better-strain fowl, more eggs, higher prices, assured markets; in short, in

The Poultry Method That Ensures Success In The Canadian Climate.

The Peerless Way is more than merely a system for raising poultry—it is a system that is complete from the moment the chick is hatched until either the fowl or its eggs has put profits into your pocket. The Peerless Way is both a poultry-raising system and a co-operative marketing method.

The Peerless Way will show you how to "make good" in hatching and brooding—in rearing your chicks—in feeding them right—and bringing them most quickly to market size or to egg production—to the profit stage. The Peerless Way will find you a market at highest prices—and for spot cash! That is an important part of the service. The Peerless Way guarantees absolutely to put you in touch with buyers who will take off your hands every cent's worth of your entire output at topnotch figures.

THE PEERLESS WAY

Offers You Co-Operation In Breeding, Rearing And Marketing In The Most Productive Branch Of Agriculture.

Canada, with all her natural advantages and her special adaptability to the breeding of an extremely hardy strain of poultry, needs only to be awakened to take her proper place as the greatest poultry country in the world. But that awakening must come through YOU—each individual farmer, poultryman—each Canadian—must realize what a veritable gold-mine this field has to offer if it is only worked and worked RIGHT! And The Peerless Way is forcing this awakening—has already awakened 15,000 Canadian poultrymen to the possibilities of the industry,—and CAN show you. The Peerless Way will show you the unequalled opportunity for extension that exists in the poultry business—how its numerous and varied branches are capable of rhythmic combination and unison; it will illustrate how the business may be adapted to your locality, either as an individual business of considerable size or as a work secondary to some other, either upon enlarged or confined limits.

Get Into An Under-Supplied Market With Rising Prices

When you stop to consider how the prices of both poultry and eggs to the consumer have doubled within the last ten years, you can readily see that the market must be a tremendous money-maker for someone. Why should not you be among those who are taking the easy profits? You can be as successful as any poultry-raiser in Canada if you will only let The Peerless Way show you how—if you will only follow out our methods, and devote just a little time and more or less common-sense to the work. Poultry-raising is a long way from being over-done. One user of The Peerless Way sold nearly a quarter of a million fowl last year—over twenty-five carloads. And he started just as YOU can start—with practically no investment at all. Do not put this off—it only costs a two-cent stamp to know—write now for the book and the proof. Put the burden of proof up to us and make us prove our case—we can. Merely send the coupon.

LEE Manufacturing Co., Ltd. 133 Pembroke Road **PEMBROKE** ONTARIO CANADA

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After you have read "When Poultry Pays"—read the host of facts that it has to offer you—you will realize why poultry-raising ranks among the biggest single industries in the world.

This book is full of valuable facts and figures and expert knowledge—information tha will make you open your eyes as to the real profits in poultry—information that you owe it to yourself to have.

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and the book will come to you by return mail. It will tell you a story of success achieved by 15,000 Canadian poultrymen who have adopted The Peerless Way—a story of a business in which you can succeed just as others have succeeded—of a business into which you can go almost without capital—of a way that will increase your present profits, if you are already in the poultry business. You will find in it practical information that is the result of costly experiments which you, perhaps, could not afford to make—and which you don't need to make when you have the book.

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Temperance Talk.

When the Drink is Driven Away.

No broken windows or creaking doors,
No greasy walls or filthy floors,
But pretty homes, and gardens fair,
Scent of sweet flowers perfume the air,
Where the drink is driven away.

No "raggit weans," no weary wives,
No women in fear for their very lives,
But merry maids and bonny boys,
Making streets ring with gladsome noise,
Where the drink is driven away.

No tempting bars or drink-shops low,
No brawls or fights where'er you go,
But peace and plenty reign supreme,
And life is one long pleasant dream,
Where the drink is driven away.

No aching hearts and dragging feet,
No unemployed in any street,
But bounding step and cheery song,
And work for the willing, the brave and strong,
Where the drink is driven away.

No frowning gaols and prisons drear,
No criminals in training here,
The banner of true freedom waves
O'er men who never can be slaves,
Where the drink is driven away.

No public debt to crush them down,
No breaking banks to make them frown,
No empty coffers in the state,
For debts are small and incomes great,
Where the drink is driven away.

Drunkardness, A Disease and Not a Crime.

By H. Kinzel Laws.

For a long time drunkardness has been looked upon as a crime, but the present growing interest in public health matters has caused the leading scientists and physicians to conclude that alcoholism is a disease. A disease that is susceptible to treatment.

The habit of drink, is a financial loss in the very outset. When a man begins to drink he begins to lose his money, and all that money will buy. There is more than one drunkard in every town who spends all his money on liquor and leaves his family to want. Wherever in our land you see poverty you will find that in a large measure liquor is responsible.

Strong drink will lead men to lose every principle of right-doing. It has led men to cheat, to steal, to gamble, to passion, to murder, to every crime. It is drunkenness that fills every jail in our land. It takes away character and honor and brings man to the lowest social level.

Alcohol when introduced into the system produces certain abnormal conditions, and as these conditions continue and increase a condition of bodily distress arises which is relieved only by the introduction of more alcohol. Thus is produced a physical craving for alcoholic stimulants. This craving for alcohol is the demand of a system disordered by the repeated use of alcohol, and the drunkard who has become a true alcoholic should be pitied and not blamed for his condition. A man on whom the alcoholic craving has become fastened is as much a victim of disease as a sufferer from pnuemonia or consumption.

Drunkardness is not a vice, crime or sin. It is true that the disease may have been originally brought about by ignorance or even deliberate wrong-doing, but having once been contracted, the sufferer should be scientifically treated.

It has been proven by our doctors and scientists that drunkardness can be cured, and the body restored to its normal condition and that a system relieved of alcoholism and made normal again, will remain normal, so far as the craving alcohol is concerned; unless it becomes diseased again by wilful indulgence.

Statistics show that professional men and men of finely developed intellect are more commonly addicted than the laborer. Their works are on lines that exhaust their nerve potentials and whiskey is the lash that whips them along. This only bears out the theory that inebriety is a disease, and a disease of the nervous system; or nerve exhaustion.

Alcohol in beer or wine is the same as alcohol in whiskey, there being only a difference in the percentage they contain. A susceptible system will respond to it just the same, the form in which it is contained does not matter. To those whose systems have become a slave to alcohol and constantly demand this fiercest of stimulants: How many times have you resolved to try to quench this thirst that is wrecking your being and destroying your life?

Perhaps you failed to recognize that your failure is due to an uncontrollable physical demand for stimulants, just as there is a demand for food at regular intervals. The only difference is that one is a demand for something natural, the other a demand for something unnatural; the one an evidence of health, the other an evidence of disease. It is just as reasonable to expect a man not to take stimulants when they are demanded, as it is to expect a child not to eat when there is a call for food. This unnatural appetite can be cured and conquered by treatment, but this treatment can be greatly assisted and aided by a strong and determined effort on the part of the afflicted one. To better illustrate this point, I will relate a story of an old negro who was given to the habit of chewing tobacco and who was heard praying to the Lord to help him conquer this habit—while all the time he was praying he had a wad of tobacco in his mouth. I am of the opinion that the Lord only helps those who try to help themselves, and that a strong resolution aided by persistent effort will avail much. A strong will that determines that health, strength and sobriety, shall at any cost be acquired, goes far towards making success more certain.

Here is a great economic problem for the several provinces to solve. Reformation of drunkards and changing a non-producer into a producer, turning a liability into an asset. The popular notion that the drunkard is subject to punitive laws is remote from reason, his condition is little understood. He is to be pitied and helped, not punished.

The standard of intelligence is increasing throughout our land, and enlightenment along medical and health culture lines is an integral part of public education, and a necessity in every community. The development of this knowledge is as much a duty of the province as is school development. The people should know how to prevent disease and lessen crime, first for their own protection and second for the betterment and advancement of the general good of the country. There is a distinction between disease and crime, and drunkardness is a disease.

Each province is full of men and women, who have a natural or acquired predisposition to strong drink and the misuse of toxic drugs, and after a more or less use of these systematic poisons, the victims lose that something we call "will-power." They cannot resist the cravings of debauched desire, which makes them pride abased and creatures of humiliation. They become helpless and indifferent and are a menace to society, and a tax to the country. History tells us that the fall of the great Roman Empire was, in great part, due to the vice of intemperance, and to its conguer-licentiousness—which still further weakens and ruins.

To take care of and treat such unfortunates is a duty the province owes society, and public policy demands an institution where this rushing to destruction can be stopped. When we come to consider this subject in its true light we are brought to the fact that the province is too eager grasping after the easy revenue that directly or indirectly flows into its treasury from the license tax or bar-rooms and allied sources. Then why charge a man with crime and all the while the province is doing that which is sure to make him commit crime? Does not the province make this possible?

The province should consider her citizens and protect them, by considering their weaknesses and safe-guarding them in every way. The province can well afford to care for and treat its drunkards, because it will be changing a non-producer into a producer—turn a liability into an asset. A general appeal for legislation designed to diminish drunkardness and the drug habit, and to increase the comfort and joy of life, believing human efficiency, health and happiness is the prerequisite of a strong and loyal people, would accomplish great good.

A province grows in wealth and greatness as it multiplies its producers, hence this is not a question of charity, but a sound fiscal proposition. I feel safe in saying there is no enemy more potent for injury to the great superstructure of civilization than drunkardness. War, famine, pestilence, and even the "social evil" sink into comparative insignificance beside the demonical power of rum. Murder, arson, acute and chronic inflammations, ruin and death all follow in its wake.

There is no necessity of entering into a discussion as regards the classification of inebriety. It is a disease, a pathological condition. Being a disease, we naturally look for a cure; as the nervous system seems to be the most seriously affected, we tend our energies in that direction, using specific therapeutic agents, and as the maintenance of the physiological equilibrium of the nervous system depends on a healthy condition of the gross economy, we give general constitutional treatment improving the patient's general tone, stimulating and strengthening his nervous mechanism, and surrounding him with such moral influence as will tend to reinforce his enfeebled conditions. Along this line of treatment we can reclaim the drunkard, restore his self-respect and esteem, and the province add a good producing citizen again to her list of subjects.

F. A. Gotch on Alcohol Drinks.

The great wrestler, who beat Hackenschmidt, says:—"I do not believe in any form of alcoholic drinks to make one fit. In the health of mind and body nature has made provision for all necessary stimulants. We should live as near to nature as possible—regular hours and regular, wholesome diet, with plenty of work."

Dog's Intelligence.

A great river in America, swollen by the melted snow off the hills and by heavy rains, overflowed its banks and rushed down in a flood. A Newfoundland dog had a litter of three puppies in a house near one of the banks of the river, now surrounded by water. With wonderful intelligence and memory of a boat, she dropped them one by one into a tub standing by the door, and when the river floated it, she caught it and dragged it with painful labor to the nearest land left above the stream. Here, unable to pull the tub up, she took each puppy out separately in her mouth and put it in a place of safety, barking and showing great delight at their safety.

A Scotsman Lost In Paris.

A Scottish tourist wandering about the streets of Paris some distance from his hotel found himself in a maze, from which he could not escape, and to make things worse he failed, through ignorance of the language, to get any light to guide him homeward. Then a happy thought struck him. By dint of signs, he concluded a bargain with a fruit hawker for a basketful of gooseberries, and then, to the amazement of everybody, he went about shouting, "Fine Scotch grozets a penny a pun!" This went on for a while till a fellow-countryman rushed forward to him, and, seizing him roughly by the shoulder: "Man, d'ye think ye're in the streets o' Glesca' that ye gang aboot crying like a madman?" "Ech!" he replied, with a sense of relief. "Ye're jist the man I wis looking for. D'ye ken the way to my hotel?"

Before and After.

It is really rather funny how the man who's burning money finds a legion of admirers any place that he may stray. Everything he says is witty; all the Johnnies in the city gather round him to adore him while there's wealth to throw away. When he grows exceeding frisky in the gilded home of whiskey, e'en the bar-keeps make confession that he has a wealth of charms; and the peelers evidently love him, for they treat him gently when his feet become entangled and he falls into their arms. Oh, the world is soft and tender to the lavish money spendor, and he thinks that people love him for his merits and his face. But when all his wealth is melted, he is hustled, he is pelted, and the bar-keeps calmly kick him from the portals of their place. And the people who were smirking when his money he was jerking call him names that hurt his feelings when he seeks a helping hand; and the haughty cops surround him, draw their little clubs and pound him, load him in the hurry wagon, and he's fined to beat the band. All the friends you gain by blowing money where the booze is flowing are not worth a cent a dozen—they're not worth the half of that; they will shake you when you're busted and will turn away disgusted when, to buy a little fodder, you attempt to pass the hat. — Walt Mason.

Regulating the Elephant.

Everybody had heard that the great elephant was loose, and several famous families whose gardens he had torn up and whose boys he had trampled on, were sure of it There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to exterminate him; in fact, many of them did not believe they could exterminate him, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides, he was useful in his proper place—in shows, in India, and in story books.

"Our best plan is to try and regulate him" said an enthusiastic speaker. "Let us build toll-gates all along the route he is going to take, and make him pay."

"Yes, but that leaves him roaming round," shrieked an old woman, "and I don't want my boy killed."

"Keep your boy away from him; that's your business. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes, and that he is useful in India? Besides, there's the toll he will pay. We shall by this means get money enough into the public treasury to build schools for a good many boys who are not trampled to death."

"That's the plan; regulate him, regulate him," shouted the crowd. So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitutions and by-laws, and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more boys and trampled down a number of gardens they had erected very comfortable toll-houses for the gate-keepers, and gates for the elephant; and then they waited in great satisfaction to see the elephant regulated.

Slowly the great feet trampled onward: slowly the great proboscis appeared in view; and with a sniff of contempt the elephant lifted the gate from its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd stared after him in dismay.

"Well," exclaimed the keeper, catching his breath, "we haven't made much money so far, but the regulating plan would have worked first-rate if the elephant hadn't been a little too strong for the obstruction."

The elephant's name was "Whiskey."

The DOHERTY PIANO & ORGAN Co. Ltd.

beg to announce that they have moved from their premises at 280 Hargrave Street, and are now at home in their

Magnificent New Store
—324 Donald Street—

(Just North of Portage Avenue)

This Store is the most beautiful of its kind in Western Canada and you are cordially invited to come and inspect our new quarters when in the city.

LARGER STOCKS THAN EVER
LOW PRICES AS USUAL

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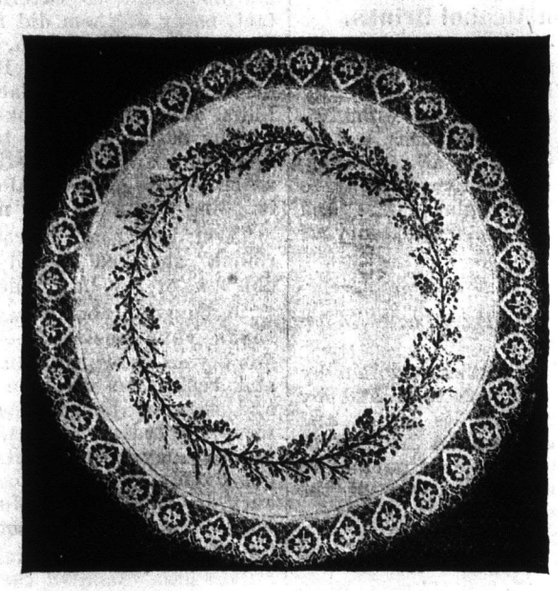
324 Donald Street . **Long Distance Phones.**

If You will send us 35c.



For eight skeins of ART EMBROIDERY SILK which is sufficient to embroider a 15 inch Cream Linen Centre Piece, stamped for the new HEATHER EMBROIDERY.

We will give you **FREE**, this Centre Piece, and sufficient Cream Lace to edge this as illustrated, also a diagram lesson which will teach any woman this beautfiul embroidery which is simple but effective.

Send to-day, as this generous offer is good for a short time only.

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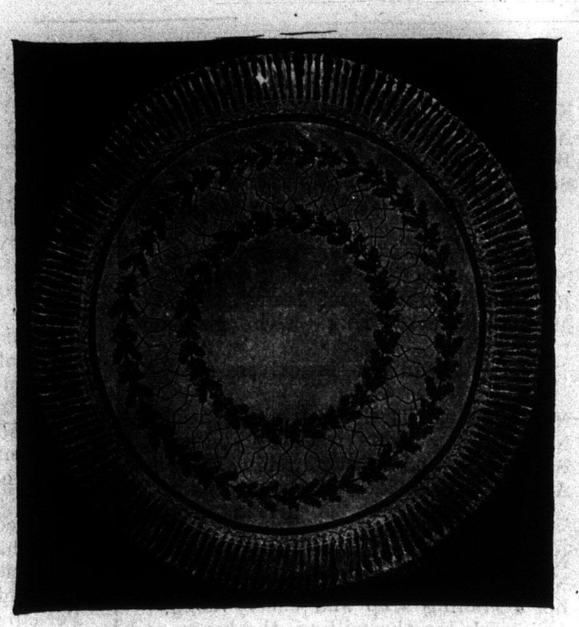
BELDING PAUL CORTICELLI LIMITED,

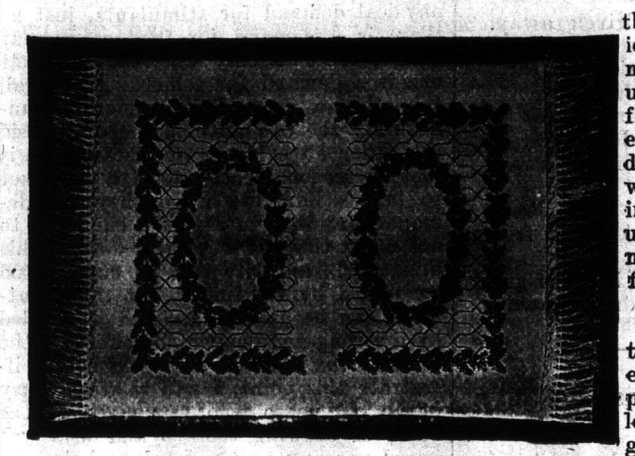
Dept. L. **Montreal, P.Q.**

Heather Bloom Embroidery.

A fashionable idea at present is to have a matched set consisting of centrepiece, scarf and cushion, where the three are to be used in one room. One of the newest embroideries being shown is called "Heather Bloom." It is most effective and dainty and the stitch consists of groups of heavy French knots. The heather is embroidered in shades of reddish purple, and the stitch is formed by twisting a heavy silk two or three times around a coarse needle so that the knot is full and round. Two strands of royal floss or four threads of filo floss may be used, and this embroidery is so quickly worked that one may easily be tempted to embroider the complete set. Heavy cream linen is used for these effective embroideries and a heavy fringe matching the material is used to finish these beautiful designs. This embroidery is also effective on dark linen background worked in stronger colorings, or for dining-room use dainty pale shades may be embroidered on fine white linen.



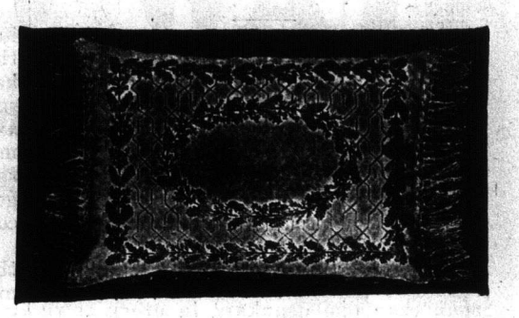
No. 6065—27 Inch Heather, Table Centre, 55 Cents



No. 5820—Scarf, 22 by 54, $1.50.

The heather set illustrated has been embroidered in shades of reddish purple, the small green leaves are embroidered in green, one stitch being taken the full length of each petal and dull browns are used for the stems.

This is the season of the year when one's thoughts turn to spring and summer clothes, and to the embroidered articles which complete them. The present styles are so simple that a handsomely embroidered collar and cuffs are all the trimming they need, and No. 8214 shows one of the latest ideas suitable to wear with either a suit or a one-piece dress. Colored linen appliques are basted on to the stamped linen foundation, and are buttonholed closely all round, cuting away the edges afterwards. The veins and dots are then embroidered on the appliques which form the rose design. The set illustrated has been embroidered on white linen with pink appliques which form the rose design. The set illustrated has been embroidered on white linen with pink appliques. The remainder of the design is solidly embroidered in white.



No. 6506—Cushion, 60 Cents.

No. 8214—Collar and Cuff Set, 50 Cents.

No. 8212 is another handsome design which also shows the colored appliques. In this case they form the border upon which are embroidered the dots. The appliques are connected to the white linen by an effective wreath design. Cuffs may be supplied to match either of these collar sets, and if preferred the colored appliques may be omitted and the entire design carried out in white.

Further description of any of these embroideries will be furnished and a diagram lesson illustrating the heather embroidery will be enclosed with any of the stamped designs ordered. Silks may be supplied to embroider any of these designs at 55 cents per

No. 8212—Collar and Cuff Set, 50 Cents.

dozen, and suitable fringes can also be had to finish these.

Readers will please understand that the prices quoted are for the stamped linens only. Prices for embroidered pieces will be furnished on request.

For further information regarding any of the articles described in these columns, address Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, Dept. L., Montreal, P.Q.

CANADA AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

By Dr. Hugh MacKay, Winnipeg.

It was my privilege to visit London, England, last summer, and while there I was an interested spectator of the great Railway strike, and a close observer of events in the British House of Commons when the Government was endeavoring to reach a basis of settlement between the warring factions.

I was particularly impressed with the attitude of the statesmen on both sides of the House in this national crisis. There was no attempt made by the Opposition to embarrass the Government and gain a party victory at the sacrifice of the country's well-being.

It was bourne in upon me, that this attitude might well be cultivated by Canadian public men in their relations; that in the matter of Imperial defence there was a question broad enough for the two political parties to sink their differences and join hands in an honest endeavor to do something worthy of the growing importance and rapidly increasing wealth of this important section of His Majesty's Dominions. This, it appears to me, is an outstanding issue at this juncture, when Great Britain is torn by industrial strife, and the greatly increasing burden of military defence bears all too heavily on our compatriots across the sea.

During the Laurier administration, we saw inaugurated in Canada a policy of defence, which, in spite of many shortcomings and defects, was at least a move in the right direction. We had in this scheme of defence, according to the then Government, a plan which, if not dictated by the British Admirality, had at least the approval of that body. On the other hand, these claims of the party then in power, were utterly discredited by the Conservative party. Both parties have acted in unison in throwing dust in the air which, to the independent elector, anxious to get at the real facts, has effectually obscured the question at issue.

It is my settled conviction that the leaders of both political parties in Canada are quite conversant with the line of action Great Britain, at this period of stress and strain, would have us follow, but, to our sorrow and shame be it said, political expediency rather than loyalty to country dominates the action of the party in power.

Some two years ago I had the pleasure of hearing Hon. Geo. E. Foster enlarge upon the duty of Canada in this momentous question, and upon the need, urgent, immediate and insistent, of concerted action, wide, far-reaching and generous as becomes the greatest of the dominions in the Confederacy of the British Empire: a need demanded by present exigencies; a need which common gratitude on the part of Canadians rendered imperative in view of the many benefits in which we have so long shared without contributing in any way toward defraying their cost. I have watched in vain and with no small disappointment for utterances of a like character from Mr. Foster in his capacity of a Cabinet Minister. His policy now is destructive rather than constructive, a policy of tearing down the old rather than building up the new. Apparently his patriotism has gone a well travelled road and been sacrificed to the interests of his party.

While we are folding our hands complacently, contenting ourselves with loud sounding plaudits of king and country, and while events are rapidly shaping that make our inaction in the highest degree reprehensible, a disquieting sentiment is making itself felt, that the forces arranged against Great Britain are looming so large and threatening as to create a well-grounded fear that they may eventually overshadow her might and power and wrest from her the supremacy among the nations. In the event of a world struggle, while other colonies, as, for instance, Australia and New Zealand, are in a position to add substantially to the sea-going power of Englnd, we Canadians would present a pitiful spectacle, since any attempt that we might then make to aid the Mother Country must necessarily be belated and futile.

Navies are not built in a day. The self-respect of the Canadian people demands that the Government take prompt and decisive action and make adequate provision for the future so that should the need arise—which—God forbid—we may be in a position to do our duty as Canadians and Britishers and as loyal sons of a loyal mother repay—fain would I hope, more than repay—our debt to the Mother Land.

For Sprains and Bruises.—There is nothing better for sprains and contusions than Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It will reduce the swelling that follows a sprain, will cool the inflamed flesh and draw the pain as if by magic. It will take the ache out of a bruise and prevent the flesh from discoloring. It seems as if there was magic in it, so speedily does the injury disappear under treatment.

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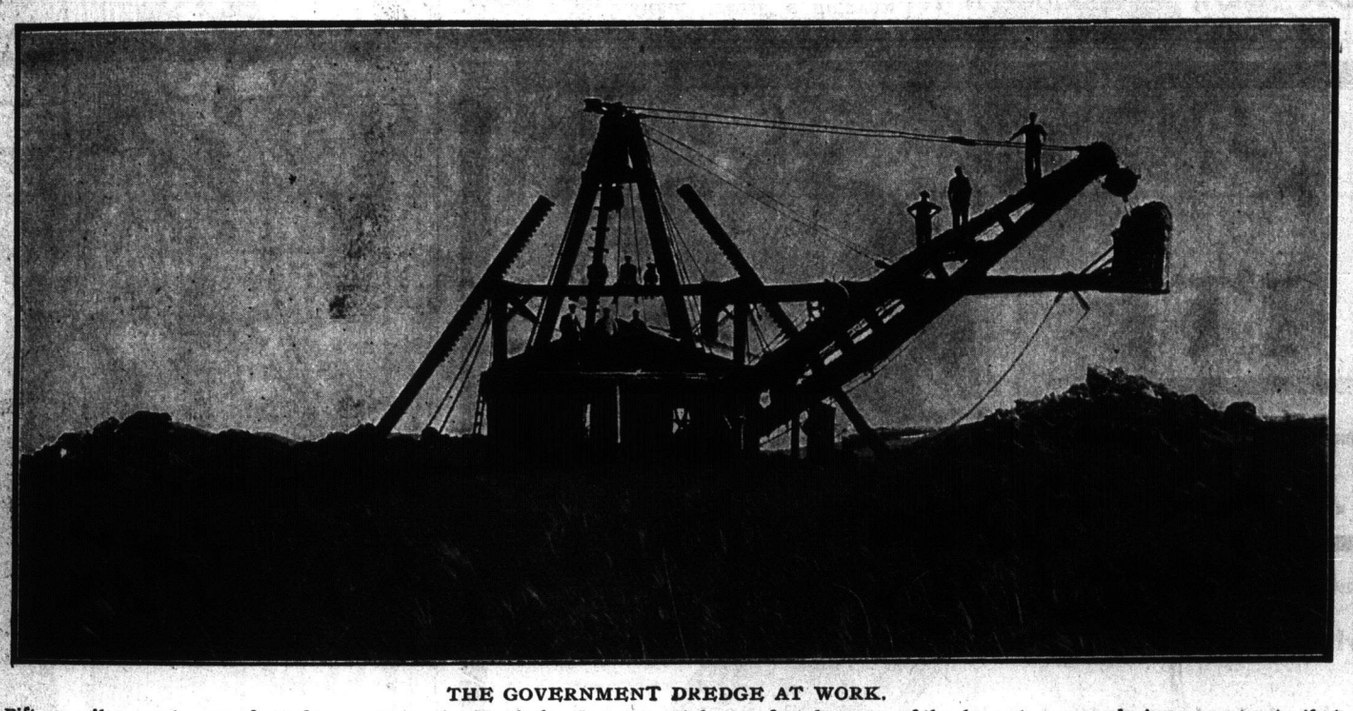

THE GOVERNMENT DREDGE AT WORK.

Fifteen miles north-east of Gladstone, Man., the Manitoba Government has undertaken one of the largest swamp drainage contracts that it has ever tackled in any part of the province. The drainage canal, all told, will be forty miles long. It commences near Woodside, on the C.P.R., and goes due north to the Big Grass River. Ii is estimated that the ditch will drain in all 200,000 acres of swamp land. This work was commenced by the provincial government three years ago. Already some land has been drained and made fit for farming operations. The photograph of the two four-horse teams and the four-ox plow show the first outfit that turned the sod upon the reclaimed swamp land which is now splendid mellow soil, and is a homestead owned by Mr Teddy Willis, One of the recognized features of the West is to see one summer a great swamp or prairie and the next vast fields of golden grain. So much for the assistance of an energetic provincial government backed by an enterprising people, and upheld by a generous Creator, Manitoba will continue to grow.

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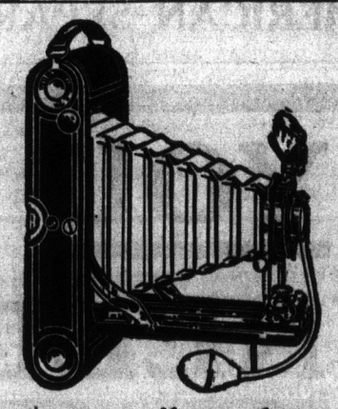

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Fashions and Patterns.

¶ The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man. ¶

A SMART FROCK OF FRENCH GINGHAM.

Simple little frocks made after this manner are always charming and available for many different uses. This season there are an unusual number of pretty materials suited to such purpose, but nothing really is more practical than the French gingham illustrated. It is white checked with pink, and the scallops are worked with pink thread, the dots with pink outlined with black, and the scallops also show a single thread of black darned through the centres. The combination of colors is extremely smart and the dress as pretty and attractive as can be. The plain pink collar gives an especial dainty touch. The blouse and skirt both are closed at the side of the front and are joined by means of a belt. In this instance, one of patent leather is worn over it. Linen would be very pretty so made, soft finished pique is well adapted to the design and it can, indeed, be utilized for any material that can be made on simple plain lines. Girls are wearing a great many light weight taffetas treated in just such ways and a striped taffeta with the edges scalloped and bound with plain colored silk would be very pretty. Plain colored linen would be handsome with the scalloped edges of this sort or with banding as trimming. The edges of both blouse and skirt are plain and embroidery is by no means necessary, although it always gives a distinctive touch. Blue linen with the edges simply underfaced and stitched and collar and cuffs of white edged with blue would be very charming. In this case the sleves are finished with cuffs, but if preferred they can be left plain and edged with straight or bias bands of the material. The skirt is cut in three gores. It is just slightly gathered at the upper edge.

For the 16 year size will be needed 5⅝ yards of material 27, 4 yards 36, 3½ yards 44 inches wide with ⅜ yard 27 for the collar.

The May Manton pattern of the

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7385 Belted Semi-Princesse Dress for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

dress, No. 7385, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age, of the scallops, No. 583, includes four yards. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

A SMART GOWN OF DOTTED LINEN.

Such a gown as this one can be made from linen, serge, mohair, taffeta, or from any material that is adapted to a tailored finish. The lines are exceedingly smart, yet not over severe. The skirt gives just width enough for the very latest style, and the trimming can be arranged over the seams as in this instance, or they can be left plain as material and requirements render desirable. In the illustration dotted linen is trimmed with bands of embroidery and made with chemisette of heavy lace, and there are no under sleeves, but there are a number of ways in which the gown can be finished. If the round neck is liked, the collar can be omitted. If

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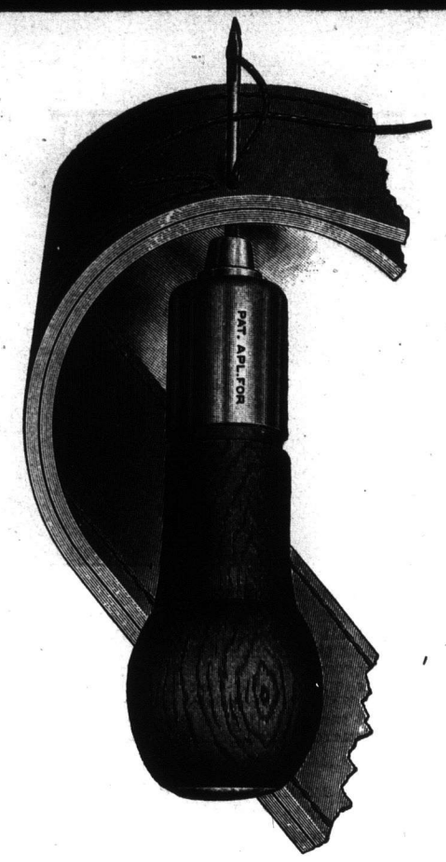

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the under sleeves are wanted, close fitting ones can be used that extend to the wrists or for three-quarter length, as liked. The box plaits at the front and back of the skirt can be stitched all the way down, as they are in this case, or they can be stitched to any depth that may be liked, with the edges joined below, and this latter treatment means even greater freedom for walking. One of the new striped taffetas would be charming with all the seams corded and a little ruching on the skirt drawn up by means of cords. Natural colored pongee would be handsome with

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7388 Semi-Princesse Gown,
34 to 42 bust.

the neck edge, armholes and cuffs corded with green. Linen or pique can be finished just in the same manner or with the plain stitched edges, as liked, or the edges could be piped with a contrasting color and be pretty. The skirt is six gored and the blouse is made with front and back portions that are lapped on to side portions, while the separating sleeves are stitched to the armholes.

The chemisette is closed at the centre back, and the gown is closed at the left of the front.

For the medium size will be needed 7½ yards of material, 27, 5 yards 36, 4¾ yards 44 inches wide with 5 yards of banding, 1 yard of edging, ½ yard 18 inches wide for chemisette and 1 yard 18 for chemisette and under sleeves; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2¼ yards.

A May Manton pattern, No. 7388, in sizes from 34 to 42 bust, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

A SMART SPRING COSTUME

Silk makes one of the most fashionable materials for street costumes this spring, and it is combined with cloth, with ratine and with various materials. This suit could be made from taffeta with broadcloth or with ratine, or from poplin or any other ribbed silk, or it could be made from wool suiting, tweed, broadcloth or serge, with trimming of a contrasting material or of the same material in a contrasting color. Plain material with plaid or striped trimmings would be handsome; or a fancy material could be made with plain trimmings. The coat is a very jaunty one that can be made with cutaway or straight fronts and with or without the trimming on the back that gives the Empire effect. It allows the choice of three-quarter or long sleeves, too. Treated after the manner illustrated fronts and Empire back, it is very chic and dressy; made with straight fronts and plain back, it is suited to harder usage and becomes adapted to a more serviceable costume. The skirt gives a tunic effect that is essentially chic, it is straight of line and narrow in effect, yet at the same time includes inverted plaits at the sides that allow freedom in walking. The tunic and the foundation are joined on the line of the stitching so that there is only one skirt to be adjusted and the weight of only one skirt to carry, yet the effect is that of a double one. The finish can be made at the high or natural waist line.

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7368 Straight Fitted Coat,
34 to 40 bust.
7367 Two-Piece Skirt with Tunic Effect, 22 to 30 waist.

For the medium size the coat will require 4 yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide with 1 yard 27 for the trimming; for the upper portion of the skirt will be needed 2½ yards 27, 44 or 52 and for the lower portion of the skirt 3¼ yards 27, 2 yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

The May Manton pattern of the coat, No. 7368, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7367, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

Wisdom.

Jane—"Henry, what would you do if you should go to the post-office, buy a stamp, ask the man to stick it on for you, and he refused?"

Henry (who is very serious)—"What would I do?" Stick it on myself."

Jane.—"I should stick it on the letter."

The Friend of All Sufferers.—Like to "the shadow of a rock in a weary land" is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to all those who suffer pain. It holds out hope to everyone and realizes it by stilling suffering everywhere. It is a liniment that has the blessings of half a continent. It is on sale everywhere and can be found wherever enquired for.

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"Our draperies and portieres, too, come into their share of being made like new with Diamond Dyes."

(Signed). MRS. S. E. JENKINS

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Their users are so many as to be almost countless. The economies they afford are so great as to be almost unbelievable.

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There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

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Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

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Household Suggestions.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF COOKING EGGS.

By Mary Mason Wright.

Breakfast should always be a refreshing as well as a nourishing meal, one of the most appetizing and attractive of the day. In the country home the breakfast should be hearty, not necessarily in the number of dishes served, but in the quality of them. Spring breakfasts are more difficult to plan than those at other seasons, for the appetite begins to lag somewhat, and there is no fresh fruit to serve as an appetizer, although tart canned fruit and baked apples make a good substitute.

Eggs make an almost perfect breakfast dish, being nourishing and easily digested. They need not always be fried, boiled or poached. There are other delicious ways of serving them. When prepared with the remnants of fish, meat and vegetables left over from the day before they make a more substantial dish than when served alone. Many delicious and economical omelets may be made with the addition of cold fish or meats, or with finely minced, cooked vegetables used as a filling. Take a cup of any cold boiled fish, preferably salt, free it from the bones and flake it; then heat it in a white sauce made by blending together in a double boiler one tablespoonful each of butter and floor and one cup of sweet milk. Stir it constantly until smooth and thick. Use this as a filling for a plain omelet, spreading it lightly on one-half of the omelet before folding it over. Finely chopped cold chicken, veal or ham, or any good lean meat, may be warmed up in a white sauce or a thickened gravy made with stock. The meats can be seasoned with chopped parsley, finely chopped onion or with lemon juice, according to the tastes of the family. Peas, lima beans, asparagus, chopped potatoes, and even tomatoes if thickened, make good fillings for omelets.

To make a plain omelet, use a granite frying pan, and be sure that the bottom is entirely covered with melted butter. For every egg used measure out a tablespoonful of milk, and for every four eggs use about half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, but the seasoning should depend largely on the tastes of the family. Beat the whites of the eggs up until they are stiff, add the yolks and the seasoning and beat, then add the milk and mix all thoroughly. Have the frying pan hot, then pour in the mixture. When the omelet begins to firm up, run a knife round the edge to loosen it from the sides of the pan, and shake to keep it from sticking to the bottom. When the omelet is brown on the bottom put the pan in the oven in order to dry off the top. Some bake the omelet entirely in the oven.

Variety in Poached Eggs.

To make poached eggs properly, have the water in the pan in which they are to be poached at the boiling point, break each egg separately into a saucer and slip it into the pan until the required number is in, then draw the pan aside and let the water simmer until the whites are set. Lift up the eggs and place them on squares of buttered toast, and garnish the platter with hot creamed peas or asparagus. A little salt and vinegar added to the water in which the eggs are poached will help to keep the whites from dissolving and scattering through the water.

Poached eggs are delicious served on toast with cream or cheese sauce or with parsley butter. Cheese sauce is cream sauce with a little cheese grated into it and blended with the other ingredients. To make parsley butter, beat three tablespoonfuls of butter into a cream; add half a tablespoonful of lemon juice, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley. Spread this on the toast before lifting up the eggs.

Creamed spinach is also good served with poached eggs or hard-boiled eggs. To make the cream, wash the spinach in several waters and discard all coarse leaves and stalks. Drain and cook in salted water for about twenty minutes. Drain well and press through a colander; return to the pan and season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Stir until the butter is melted, then add two tablespoonfuls of good cream, and beat until creamy. Spread the toast with some of this and place the eggs on it; then pour the remainder over the eggs.

Some prefer scrambled eggs. To give a variety, eggs may be scrambled with minced ham, chipped dried beef, tomatoes, and so on. To prepare scrambled eggs with tomatoes, cook together a pint of tomatoes, one tablespoonful of butter, a few drops of onion juice—this may be omitted—a saltspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. When this has boiled for a few minutes add six slightly beaten eggs. Stir constantly and add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Serve on buttered toast or squares of fried bread.

Poached Eggs in Rice Nests—Make a white sauce by blending in a double boiler one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and half a cupful of milk. Stir constantly until the sauce is smooth and thick, then add one cup of cold boiled rice. Season with salt and a dust of red pepper. Place this rice mixture on squares of toast, and with a spoon form into nests. Poach the required number of eggs and drop one into each rice nest. Grate over the top a little cheese, and place in the oven until it is melted.

Poached Eggs and Macaroni—Cook some macaroni in salted water until tender. Make a tomato sauce with one tablespoonful each of flour and butter, and one cup of tomato stock made by boiling together for about twenty minutes one quart of tomatoes with a slice of onion, a clove or two, one or two tiny peppercorns, and a fourth of a bay leaf if desired, and strain this through a sieve. Thicken this tomato sauce with the boiled macaroni, and place in a baking dish. Place on top of this the required number of poached eggs, grate a little cheese over the top and place in the oven a few moments. This makes a good substantial breakfast dish, and with the addition of fruit is all that is necessary for a meal. The eggs may be placed uncooked on top of the macaroni and allowed to remain in the oven until the whites are set.

Other Breakfast Dishes.

Baked Eggs with Fish—Take a cup of cold boiled fish and heat in a white sauce. Place in a baking dish a layer of breadcrumbs, then the fish. Break on top of this fish an egg for each person, and set in the oven until the whites are cooked.

Egg Soufflé—Boil six eggs hard, and chop fine; add one cupful of cold boiled rice, one cupful of cold boiled potatoes chopped fine. Season with salt, pepper and a dash of mustard; add half a cupful of sweet cream. Stir all together, place a tablespoonful of the mixture in each section of well-buttered gem pans and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake twenty minutes or until brown.

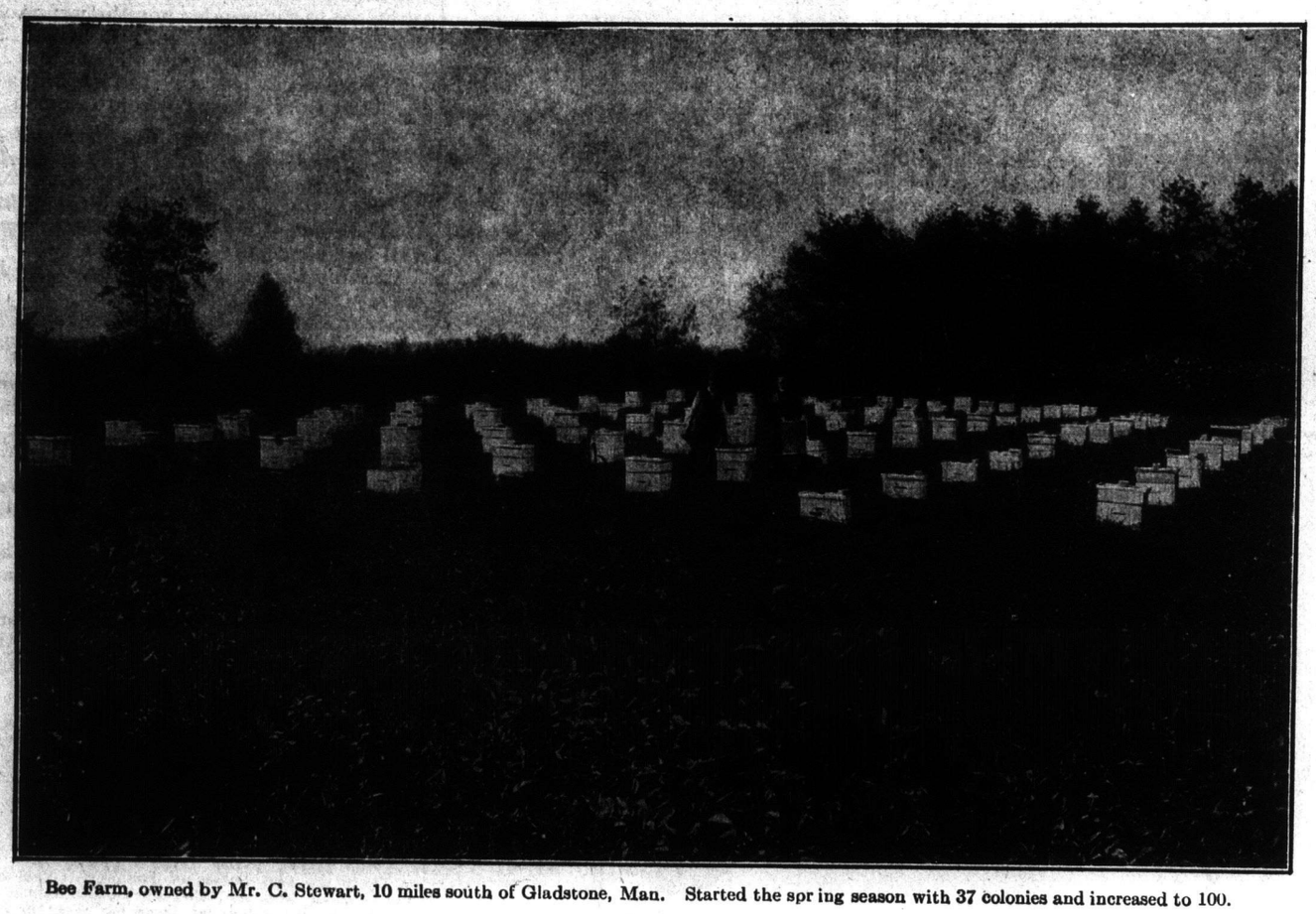
Fish on Toast—Cold fish left over from the dinner the day before may be used for this dish. Remove the bones and flake. Break into a bowl one or two eggs, according to the amount of fish you have—two eggs to a cupful of fish—add salt and pepper to taste and a teaspoonful of flour. Mix thoroughly and add the fish. Pour into a fryingpan in which has been placed a tablespoonful of butter or ham gravy; stir until the eggs are cooked and very hot, then spread on toast and serve. Garnish with slices of lemon.

Parsnip Croquettes — Take enough boiled parsnips to make a pint, and mash; season with two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of cream and a small teaspoonful of salt. Mix all together thoroughly and heat in a saucepan; add a well-beaten egg and allow to cool. Form into balls, roll in egg, then in breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat. These may be prepared for frying the night before.

Potato Cakes—Take one cup of cold mashed potatoes, one cupful of sweet milk, three eggs, and a little salt. Beat up until light; add one cupful of sifted flour into which a teaspoonful of baking powder has been placed. Drop from a spoon on a well-buttered griddle or frying pan, fry a golden brown on each side, and serve very hot.

Potato Roll—This is a good way to serve cold mashed potatoes left over from the day before. Put one cupful of mashed potatoes in a saucepan, add one-fourth of a cup of milk, two well-beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly and beat until light. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan; when hot put in the potato mixture and cook slowly until a golden brown. Roll like an omelet and serve hot.

To Care for the Hands when doing kitchen work try this way: Keep a



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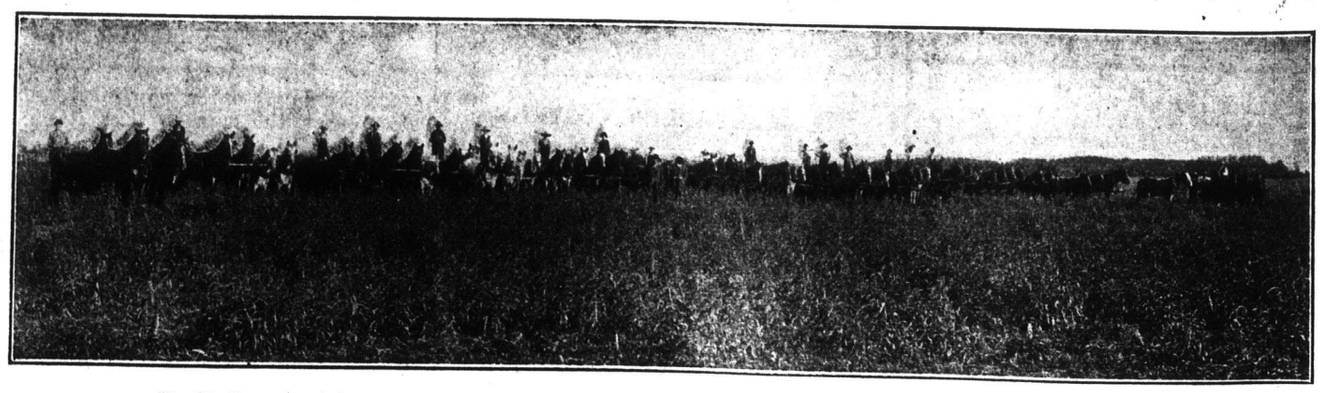

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We Will Prove at Our Own Expense That It Is No Longer Necessary To Be Thin, Scrawny and Undeveloped

WE INVITE EVERY THIN MAN and WOMAN HERE

Every Reader of The Western Home Monthly Who is Run Down, Nervous or Underweight, to Get Fat at Our Expense

"Gee! Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol?"

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman reader of this magazine. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk, we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good, solid "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck, bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy; to do this without drastic diet, "tonics," severe physical culture, "stunts," detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women, whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we can not put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

How can we do this? We will tell you. Science has discovered a remarkable concentrated treatment which increases cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—a treatment that makes indigestion and other stomach troubles disappear as if by magic and makes an old dyspeptic or a sufferer from weak nerves or lack of vitality feel like a 2-year-old. This new treatment which has proved a boon to every thin person, is called Sargol. Don't forget the name—**"S-A-R-G-O-L."** Nothing like it has ever been produced before. It is a revelation to women who have never been able to appear stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness. It is a godsend to every man who is under weight or is lacking in nerve force or energy If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of symmetrical proportions, of which you can feel justly proud—if you want a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 5-S Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y. to-day, and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c. box of Sargol that will prove all we claim. Take one with every meal, and in five minutes after you take the first concentrated tablet of this precious product it will commence ot unfold its virtues, and it has by actual demonstration often increased the weight at the rate of one pound a day. But you say you want proof. Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried—who have been convinced—and who will swear to the virtues of this marvelous preparation.

What Sargol Has Done for Others

When we mail you the Free 50-cent package of Sargol. We will send you copies of letters received from grateful patrons, reporting actual gains in solid healthy permanent flesh, of from ten to over thirty pounds.

We give here a few interesting figures from reports which are being received daily:

REV. GEO. W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this means 24 pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so well pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy for me."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 26 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

C. Crouner	**gained**	**15**	**lbs.**	**in**	**30 days.**
Thomas Davis	"	10	"	"	16 "
Leonore Patten	"	16	"	"	30 "
Mrs. Seim	"	13	"	"	20 "
Mrs. A. Arnott	"	10	"	"	40 "
F. A. Myrick	"	20	"	"	30 "
Philip Drapeau	"	9	"	"	30 "
Mrs. S. E. Murray	"	30	"	"	40 "
Mary Bland	"	18	"	"	40 "
W. W. Allis	"	36	"	"	50 "
Wm. Carmichael	"	5	"	"	10 "
Arthur Stewart	"	5	"	"	12 "
Mrs. C. Craig	"	13	"	"	30 "
Mrs. N. Galliger	"	18	"	"	35 "

Send to-day for our free 50-cent package and let us prove that

SARGOL Should Do The Same for You.

This treatment increases the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 50-cent box to-day. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free will be an eye-opener to you. We will send it that you may see the simple, harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is not only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon today and mail it at once to The Sargol Company. 5-S, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., and please enclose 10c with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it

FREE COUPON

Come eat with us at Our Expense.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter to-day, with this coupon and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 5-S, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

Pin This Coupon to Your Letter

Real Hair Grower Found at Last

THE GREAT ENGLISH DISCOVERY "CRYSTOLIS" GROWS HAIR IN THIRTY DAYS

$1,000 REWARD IF WE CAN NOT PROVE OUR CLAIMS---TRY IT AT OUR RISK---MAIL COUPON TODAY

Beautiful Hair and Lots of it, if you Use Crystolis.

Some of the most eminent scientists in Europe consider "Crystolis," the new English Hair Grower, the most wonderful discovery of the century.

The judges of the Brussels and Paris Expositions enthusiastically awarded Gold Medals to this marvelous hair grower.

Since we secured the American rights, thousands of men and women from all parts of the world write, telling of the phenomenal results obtained by its use.

People who have been bald for thirty years now glory in beautiful hair. Others who have had dandruff all their lives have got a clean, healthy scalp after a few applications of this wonderful drug.

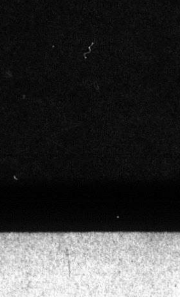
We don't care whether you are bothered with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, matted hair or dandruff, itching scalp or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "Crystolis" at our risk. We give you a binding guarantee with no "strings" or red tape that it won't cost you a cent if we do not prove to you that Crystolis will do all we claim for it, and what's important we have plenty of money to back our guarantee. Cut out the coupon below and mail it today to Creslo Laboratories, 5 E. Street, Binghamton, N. T.

FREE COUPON

The Creslo Laboratories, 5. F Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

I am a reader of the Western Home Monthly. Show me, without cost, how Crystolis stops falling hair, banishes dandruff and itching scalp and restores gray and faded hair to natural color. Write your name and address plainly and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

To Our Million



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We especially commend to our friends who have helped to make *Ingram's Milkweed Cream* famous, that they ask their druggists to show them the full line of

Ingram's

High-Grade Toilet Specialties

There is beauty in every jar Ingram's Milkweed Cream improves bad complexions; preserves good complexions; cures complexion faults. Healing, soothing. Creates or retains the natural beauty of youthful skin. Is absorbed leaving the skin neither sticky, shiny nor dry. Prevents pimples, blackheads and removes imperfections. 50 cents and $1.00. Sample FREE.

Look for the name *Ingram* on the White, Green and Embossed Gold Labels to insure the genuine satisfaction we promise you in every product of the House of Ingram, including: *Ingram's Zodenta*, paste or powder, for the teeth, 25c—*Velveola*, the Milkweed Cream face powder, 25c—*Elliteine*, for chapped skin, 25c—*Ingram's Rouge*, 50c—and many other Ingram Specialties for toilet purposes.

"*Druggists know and will tell you so.*" Most druggists carry the Ingram Line but if you have any difficulty in getting what you ask for write us, and we will see that you are supplied. Samples FREE.

Frederick F. Ingram, Pres.

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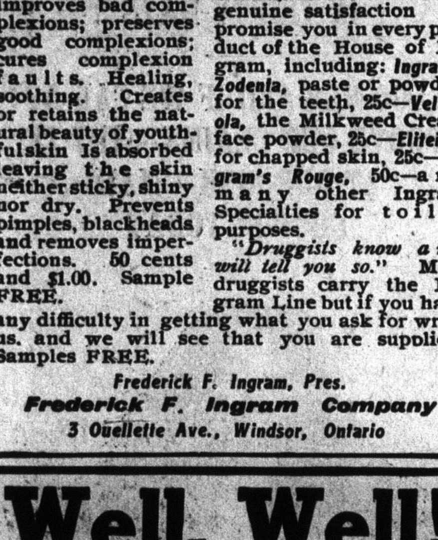
3 Ouellette Ave., Windsor, Ontario

Well, Well!



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REMOVE YOUR FAT MY WAY
THIS BOOK FOR FAT FOLKS ONLY WHO WISH TO REDUCE THEIR WEIGHT WITH THIS GREAT DRUGLESS TREATMENT

FAT GOES QUICK

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Bodily Fat and Double Chin Vanish
LOSE ONE POUND A DAY SAFELY without starvation diet, violent exercises, straps, belts, cups, wires, jackets, sweating, electricity, rollers, bandages, soap, salts, pills, oils, vibrators, drugs or medicines of any kind. Most marvelous treatment of age for harmless FAT REDUCTION. Stands supremely victorious over all. Nothing to doubt. No risk. Delightful results guaranteed. Thousands of pleased patrons. Strong testimonials. Better get rid of FAT, the FOE, before it gets rid of you. Delays are dangerous. Send postal or letter today sure for my FREE BOOK on DRUGLESS WEIGHT REDUCTION and BEGIN REDUCING NOW.

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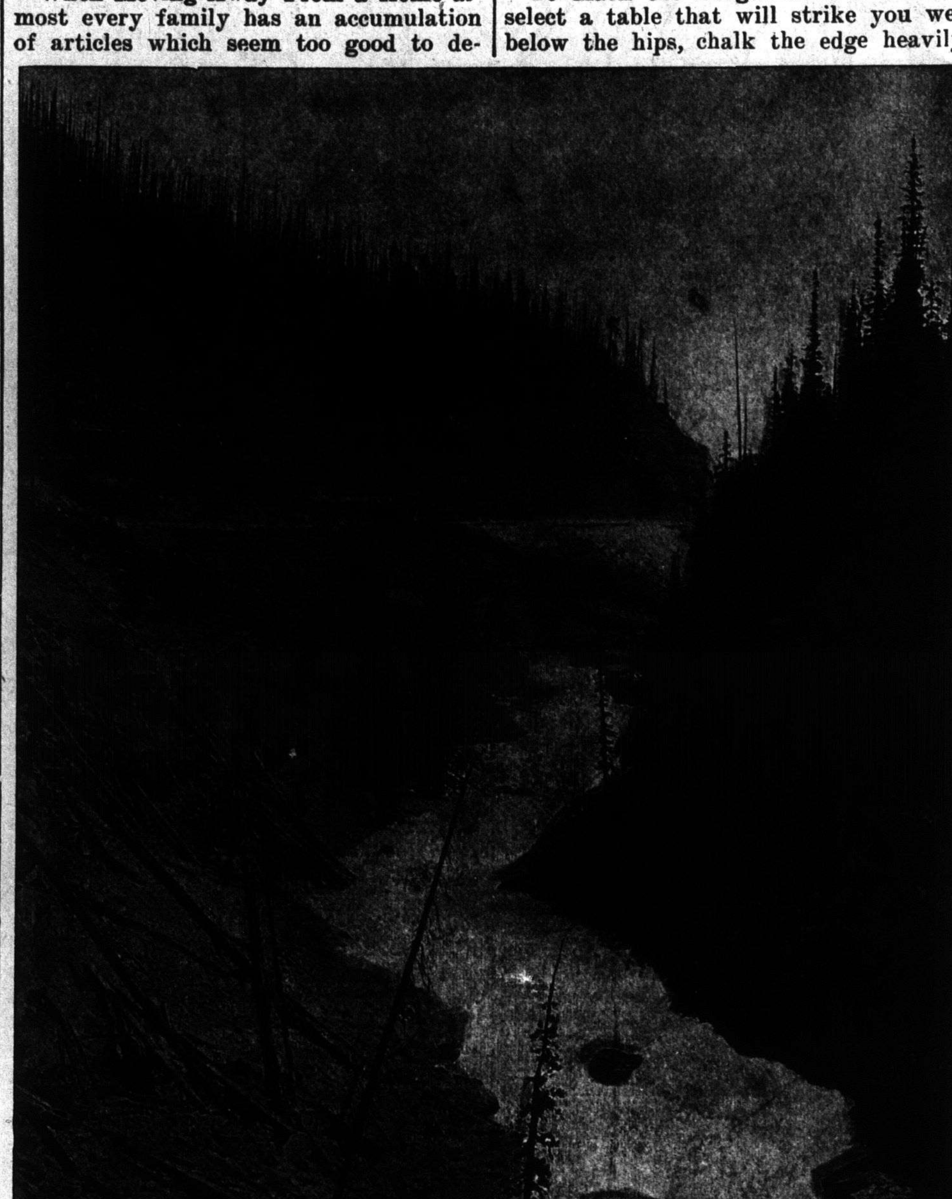
lemon and a cup or small dish of cornmeal on the shelf above the sink. After paring vegetables or fruit, or washing greasy dishes, clean the hands with the meal and lemon juice before using soap. When only a small quantity of lemon juice is required do not cut the lemon, but make a hole in one end. Press out the desired quantity of juice, and the remainder of the lemon will keep longer.

Instead of Sacques for the Baby to wear in cold weather make white flannel waists to be worn under the dress. Have the waists with high necks and long sleeves. The baby will be warmer and look clean and neat.

Shutting up the House Before Dark is a wise course for a timid woman who has to be alone at night. If doors are locked and windows fastened while it is yet light there is a certain feeling of security when night approaches.

When Moving Away From a Home almost every family has an accumulation of articles which seem too good to destroy, but not worth sending to a second-hand dealer. One family so situated put the collection of odds and ends in one room and marked them at very low prices; then they put a card in the window announcing that there would be a rummage sale that evening. They sold everything at prices ranging from one cent to fifty cents, not only realizing their moving expenses, but also getting rid of the stuff very easily.



Kicking Horse Canyon.

Poached Eggs on Toast for an Invalid are much easier to eat if the toast is first cut in small squares and then buttered, keeping the shape of the slice intact. Place the egg on the toast, which may be easily broken apart by the person in bed.

In Making an Article for a Fair as, for example, a pretty apron, cut out the pattern carefully from tissue paper, mark it, fold it neatly, and sell it with the apron for a little additional sum. See how acceptable such an idea will be at your next sale.

A "Change" Box is a Good Thing to have where it can be conveniently used. It should contain little compartments for the dimes, nickels and pennies. With such a box it is possible to make cash payments for many small household purchases and avoid running up accounts.

Canvas Gloves Kept Near the Furnace will protect the hands every time there is work to be done there. Get a big pair that will slip on easily.

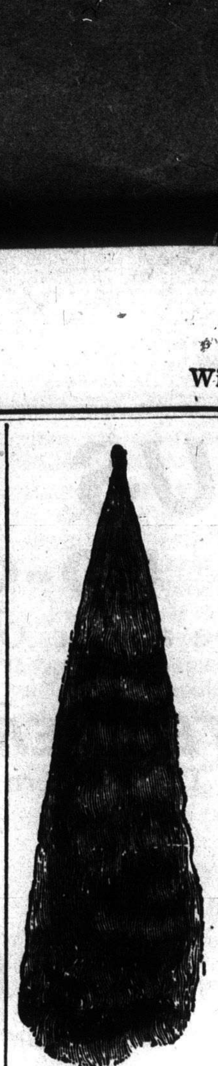
A Fund for Everybody's Use in meeting the minor household expenses was conveniently provided in this way in one family: In a drawer of a desk the father deposited at regular times a certain amount of money to meet probable needs. In the same drawer were kept a pencil and a small pad of paper upon which each one noted the amount taken and the nature of the expenditure. From these items a regular cash account was made up afterward. The plan worked well.

To Mark the Length of a New Skirt select a table that will strike you well below the hips, chalk the edge heavily, then hold yourself perfectly erect and make a complete turn, slowly, pressing closely against the chalked edge of the table. From the chalk line made in this way on your gown measure off the number of inches that will give the skirt exactly the proper length at any one point; and when you have determined this point measure the same length all the way around. After hemming the skirt you will find that it hangs perfectly. Use colored chalk on light goods.

It is well to Remember when Popping Corn to put the regular quantity into the popper and hold it under a stream of cold water long enough to saturate the kernels thoroughly. Shake the popper while doing it, and afterward place it on the back of the range to dry; then hold it over a hot fire, shaking the popper all the time. The kernels will be large and have no hard centers.

More and Better Bread

will be the result of your baking, if you use White Swan Yeast Cakes. Your grocer keeps them in 5c packages of six cakes. Send to-day for free sample. White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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Send a Sample of your Hair, inclose $3.00 and we will mail you **a 26 inch, short stem, fine human Hair Switch, natural wavy,** to match. If you don't find it a **big bargain** send it back and money will be **returned** at once. Grey shades cost a little more.

Also high grade Pompadours, Wigs, Curls, etc. Buy straight from the manufacturer.

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Best Quality Hair Goods

We always carry a large and varied stock of Hair Goods, including

Wigs, Toupees, Pompadours, Transformations, Puffs, Curls, Switches, Bangs, Etc., Etc.

Switches made from your own combings

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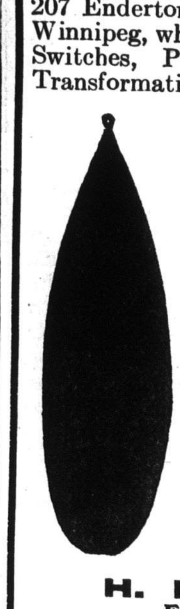
Ladies Save Your Combings

and send them to H. E. HILLINGS, 207 Enderton Building, Portage Ave. Winnipeg, who will make them into Switches, Puffs, Pompadours and Transformations. I carry only the finest quality hair and if you want a switch or any head dress send a sample and I guarantee a perfect match. I keep an expert for Wigs, Transformation Toupee, etc., etc. All work done on the premises. Send for my price list. When in the city visit my Hairdressing Parlors. Agent for Dr. Berry's Creams and all Toilet preparations. Try Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment. Positively removes Freckles.



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Send us 98c.

receive by return mail, post paid, this very attractive dress designed for young ladies from 14 years upward. Materials is fine washable percale in light blue stripe with white ground made in one piece style with elbow sleeves, opens in back, trimming consists of plain dark blue bands which trim neck, box pleat, belt, sleeves and skirt just as pictured. This is a very pretty and serviceable dress and bound to please. Give bust and waist size also length of skirt desired, add 20c for postage. Standard Garment Co., 10 Standard Building, London, Canada.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

The Home Doctor.

Some Plain Truths.

By David R. Locke.

There are two lies which have always been accepted as truths, that ought to be exploded: The first is, "Men will drink in spite of all the law in the world."

Men will not drink until they have been educated to drink. No man was born with an appetite for liquor save those unfortunates born of drunken parents. They take to it more kindly than others, but it requires temptation to start even them on the short steep road. No natural stomach ever craved for it. After the boy has been enticed into a whisky or beer shop, and has been plied with the horror a certain time, he wants it more and more every day, and the time comes when he will have it at no matter what cost, but it takes months of bedevilment to bring him to that pass. Of himself he is neither going to hunt the ruin nor take it after he has found it. It is a matter of education, and the brewer, and his agents, the saloon keepers, are the educators. The drunkard is made, not born.

The other lie is that quotation of Pope's, which is more quoted than almost any other in the language:

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
But, seen too oft, familiar with its face,
First we endure, then pity, then embrace."

Pope sacrificed no sense to sound. Vice never puts itself up in frightful form at the beginning. On the contrary, vice is always clothed in light and is always pleasant and as alluring as the ingenuity of the devil can make it. Vice, in gin mills, has gorgeous mirrors, cut glass ornaments, bright, cheery furniture and the most gorgeously beautiful pictures that human genius can devise. Artists of the highest ability are employed to make these places beautiful, and their art is prostituted into a decoy. Is there anything frightful in the gorgeous bar room of the Hoffman House, with its walls mare luminous with nude nymphs warm from the sensuous brush of Bouguereau? Is there anything frightful in the wonderful pictures which speak to the senses from all the walls? Not at all. Thousands throng that wondrous place to see those jewels so appropriately set. What are they there for? The proprietor probably knows no more of art than the pig does of Sunday, but other people do, and he paid his money for the best in art. What for? In the interests of art? Ah, no. These pictures are so many decoys. The young man whose pulse quickens as he stands before this work of forbidden beauty, must patronize the bar, and he drinks, paying two prices for what he consumes. He takes this art bait kindly, and comes again, or goes straightway to other bars of the same kind, whose proprietors give him quite as tempting excuses. The proprietors are simply rumsellers, and these fittings and accessories are their advertisements.

Vice does not stop with beauty on its walls. Vice has the liquors it kills with, of the warmest and most seductive colors. Its wines sparkle, it puts pure cold vestal ice into glasses, through which prismatic rays dart and glitter to the enticement of the eye; it adds to that sugar of the whitest and purest, lemon of the richest and coolest colors, and liquors that look as beautiful as a painter's dream, and it mixes the delicious compound in a way that would seduce an anchorite. And the compounder has diamonds blazing from his immaculate shirt front, his hair is combed and brushed in most careful particularity, his apron is of the whitest and his boots are polished to the last degree. And then this compound, which is seduction to the eyes as well as the stomach, is not shoved at the victim coarsely or carelessly. The very mixing of it is artistic. In the most tantalizing way the right hand of the low priest of vice pours the glittering mixture in a rainbow-like stream from one beautiful glass to another, permitting it to dance through the air, giving you as many tints as there are in a kaleidoscope, and filling space with delicious perfume. The drink is a work of art. There is a seduction in the clink of the ice aganist the sides of the glass, there is a treacherous kindliness in the "glug glug, cloop, glug, glug" of the liquor as it leaps out in an amber stream over the ice, and lights up with brilliant color its crystal whiteness, and when the compound is completed it is permitted to stand a moment while the rim of another glass, as thin as paper and as beautiful as a fairy's dream is dipped into pure refined sugar, making an inexpressibly delicate frosting, the vision is poured into this, the whole then crowned with cool green leaves of mint, with slices of lemon artistically disposed, and with ripe luscious red strawberries nestling lovingly among them; well, talk of vice putting on a frightful mien. Why there is nothing more beautiful in the world. No housewife so decorates the dishes she places before her guests; nowhere can anything so absolutely aesthetic be found.

But the bottom, the foundation of the whole is alcohol, and that bites and stings just the same as though it came hot from the still, and was drunk out of a tin dipper. The eye, and sight, and the other senses are used to betray the young man at his vulnerable points, the stomach and brain, and the law gives the greedy seller the right to do it.

Listen to the Doctor.

If a child has obstinate bleeding at the nose, place the arms at full length straight above the head and lift up on them for a few minutes, using sufficient strength to lift the child from the floor.

A large majority of the troubles of healthy born infants are digestive troubles, many of them being caused directly by the mother, who by too frequent feedings may prove her child's worst enemy. The child is caught up and nursed every time it cries to appease it, the warm milk doing this at first, but ultimately "adding fuel to the fire," since generally the child is crying from the effects of indigestion, and at this rate the family physician has finally to be called and finds his duty rather in the line of correcting the habits of the mother than in drugging the little sufferer.

If a child regurgitates its milk, or, as the mother says, vomits, nine times out of ten it has been overfed and simply needs stomach rest. Since this is a frequent fault and babies have to vomit so much, it is very fortunate they can do it so much more easily than an adult; indeed, it is their only salvation under these circumstances.

Death.

Should a person who is seriously ill, and not likely to recover, be told of his danger? This is a question on which there is much difference of opinion—some arguing for, and some against, and all wishing an absolute rule to be laid down. This is, however, impossible; for there are so many points to be considered, both in connection with the disease and with the mental state of the patient. The doctor is the best judge of this delicate matter, and the breaking of the news that there is no hope had better be left to him; for he can tell as no one else can how far the disease has gone, how far it has still to go, and what resources the patient has at command to combat it. The whole of nature revolts against death; and the love of life, which is strong up to nearly the very last moment, nerves the sufferer to struggle against the disease. Hope acts the part of a tonic, for which there is no equivalent in the whole pharmacopoeia. Be

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

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Weak Men, Stop Drugging

AND APPLY NATURE'S REMEDY

Are you as well and strong as you look, or have you weak nerves, poor memory, stupid feelings, lost ambition, lame back, rheumatism and kindred troubles, or a general run-down condition of your entire system?

Have you doctored without benefit? Is your stomach ruined from drugs and your money wasted? Are you tired of trying useless remedies? Then come to me. I have a positive and certain cure for you in

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

You put it on when you go to bed, and sleep peacefully under the influence of its warming, vitalizing power. You awake full of ambition, with a healthy desire to tackle your day's work. Each day you gain new life from it, and soon begin to feel yourself a man among men. Each symptom gradually disappears, strength takes the place of weakness, and your life is made happy by the restoration of your old health.

If you have tried drugs that failed—if other belts have failed to cure you—then come to me. I have made a life study of the use of electricity, and apply it only in that manner which has proven successful.

NO MORE DIZZINESS—HEART STRONGER

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir,—I have used your Belt with great success. It has done just what I expected—it has helped me in every way. I am getting stronger all the time. I have gained twenty pounds since I began using your Belt. I think it was money well spent. I have no more dizzy spells; my heart is much stronger and my lungs feel better. I think your Belt has the most healing power of anything that was ever invented. Yours truly, **W. M. COOPER, Claresholm, Alta.**

NOTHING LIKE IT

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir,—I now write you, and do what I should have done before. I never found anything to do as much good before as your Belt did for me, and I think there is nothing can do any better. I have gained ten pounds in two months, and I think every man should have one of your Belts. I give your Belt the very best of praise for the good it has done me, and I will recommend it wherever and whenever I can. I remain, yours truly, **JAMES H. FERGUSON, Box 84, Neepawa, Man.**

This appliance has cures in most every town and city in the country, and if you will write to me I will send you testimonials given to me by people that are probably well known to you. My Belt not only cures weakness, but rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, backache, kidney trouble, nervous constipation, indigestion and stomach trouble. I have a beautiful illustrated book, which I will mail sealed, to any address FREE. This book is full of lots of good interesting reading for men. Call to-day. If you can't call, send coupon for Free Book.

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Then I took "Fruit-a-tives"

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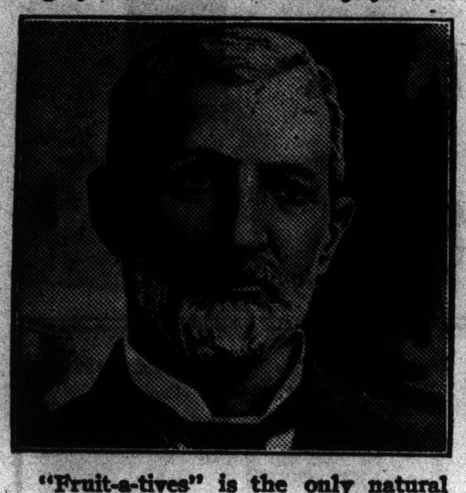
"I have been a sufferer for the past 25 years with Constipation, Indigestion and Catarrh of the Stomach. I tried many remedies and many doctors but derived no benefit whatever.

Finally, I read an advertisement of 'Fruit-a-tives'. I decided to give 'Fruit-a-tives' a trial and found they did exactly what was claimed for them.

I have now taken 'Fruit-a-tives' for some months and find that they are the only remedy that does me good.

I have recommended 'Fruit-a-tives' to a great many of my friends and I cannot praise these fruit tablets too highly" PAUL J. JONES

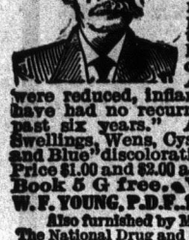


"Fruit-a-tives" is the only natural cure for Constipation and Stomach Trouble, because it is the only medicine in the world that is made of fruit juices and valuable tonics. Hundreds of people have been cured, as if by a miracle, by taking "Fruit-a-tives", the famous fruit medicine.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

DON'T CUT OUT A VARICOSE VEIN

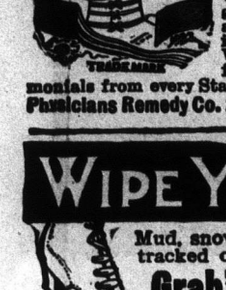
USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT



A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles. Mr. R. O. Kellogg, Becket, Mass., before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins; they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of ABSORBINE, JR., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years." Also removes Goitre, Painful Swellings, Wens, Cysts, Callouses, Bruises "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Price $1.00 and $2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 5 G free. Write for it.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 138 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; The National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg & Calgary; and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.



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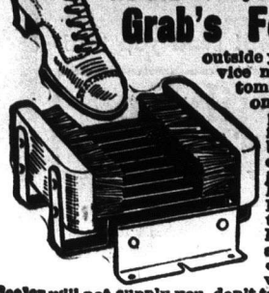
Have your Goitre removed without taking medicine or having it cut out. We have a convenient, soothing appliance which is worn on the neck at night and cures while you sleep. It checks the growth, reduces the enlargement, and stops all pain and distress in a short time. 18 years success. Write today for free booklet and full particulars, including testimonials from every State, price, etc. Address the

Physicians Remedy Co. 206 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

WIPE YOUR FEET

Mud, snow, dust and dirt will not be tracked over your floors if you use

Grab's Foot Scraper



outside your door. The only device made which cleans bottoms and sides of shoe in one operation. Has ten parallel plates for scraping soles and two stiff bristle brushes which clean sides of shoe. Adjustable to any size. Handsomely enameled. Looks neat. Can be rotated and swept under. Fastens to doorstep or any handy place. Get one and save useless work. Price $1.00. If your dealer will not supply you, don't take substitute, but send your order direct to us. Illustrated folder FREE.

Onward Mfg. Co., Berlin, Ont.

cautious, therefore, lest unwittingly you undermine the pillars of the house of life.

Death may commence at the heart, at the lungs, at the brain, or in the blood. The heart ceases to beat; the lungs no longer perform the functions; the telegraphic messages of the nerves are still; the blood stagnates.

Sometimes it happens that death is simulated, as in trance, where all the functions of the body are so lightly performed as to be hardly noticeable. This, however, does not happen as often as it is popularly supposed.

The surest test by which to distinguish real from apparent death is the condition of the muscular system. After real death the muscles relax—the jaw drops, the eyelids droop, the limbs are soft and flabby. Five or six hours later the body is rigid; but this also passes off permanently in about a day.

It is nevertheless as well to be acquainted with those signs which are usually certain accompaniments of the last great change.

The breathing stops. Neither in abdomen or chest can any movement be traced, and a looking-glass held before the mouth remains undimmed. The eyelids on being turned up show the eye dim and glazed. A greenish discoloration of the abdomen denotes that the natural process of decay has begun, and that all hope and all fear are alike at an end.

served hot, and cold food is served cold, and do not let any food stand in the sick room.

The Boiling of Water would seem a simple accompaniment, and yet is rarely done properly. It should never steam or simmer, but should cool quickly, and be used the instant it is boiled. This is most important—as important as the constant scouring of the kettle. Food cooked with water which is not properly boiled, or which is boiled in a kettle coated with dregs, has not the same flavour, and is not so wholesome as properly cooked food.

Fish.—Whiting, plaice, and soles are the most suitable kinds of fish for invalids, according to the season. In choosing fish it must be remembered that it may be fresh and yet not be good. Whiting, which is often called sea-chicken, is the easiest of digestion, and is at its best from October to March; plaice from May to November, soles from April to July. The best mode of cooking fish for invalius is to boil or steam it. Shell fish and fish of an oily nature should be avoided.

Dry Toast.—The bread for making dry toast should be twenty-four hours old, cut it in thin slices, and toast slowly before a very clear fire till the bread is uniformly browned. This may seem a simple matter, but how seldom does one get toast in perfection?—it is more often burnt black in one place and hardly coloured in another; this is caused by putting the bread too near a fire that is not sufficiently burnt up.

Place the toast in a rack, or, failing this, prop up one piece against another. If left flat on a plate it loses its crispness and becomes soft.

Wheat Flour yields the best bread, being the most nutritious and wholesome. There are three leading qualities of wheat—the soft, the medium, and the hard wheat, the last of which yields a kind of bread which is not so white as the bread made from soft wheat, but is richer in gluten, and consequently more nutritive.

Brown bread has of late years become very popular, being recommended to invalids with weak digestion. Bread should always be at least a day old before it is eaten, and if properly made and kept in a cool, dry place ought to be perfectly soft and palatable at the end of three or four days. New bread ought to be shunned.

Cookery for Invalids.

When preparing food for a sick person, do not ask him if he is hungry, or what he would like to eat. The surest way of tempting the appetite is to bring to the sick-room some unexpected, daintily prepared dish, prettily served, and generally it will be eaten with a relish which would have seemed utterly impossible to the invalid had he been consulted beforehand.

A small tray covered with the whitest of linen, the prettiest of china and the brightest of silver, a spoon for each separate dish, will appeal to the eye and imagination of the sick one, and he will be prepared to enjoy the food so attractively served. Further stimulate his appetite by dishing only a small supply of food, and he will be tempted to ask for more. Be careful that hot food is

THE POOR DYSPEPTIC

Suffers Untold Agony After Every Meal.

Nearly everything that enters a weak, dyspeptic stomach acts as an irritant; hence the difficulty of effecting a cure.

Burdock Blood Bitters will relieve all the distressing symptoms of dyspepsia and in a short time effect a cure.

Mrs. F. C. Gross, Berlin, Ont., writes:—"I have been troubled with my stomach for the last seven years and tried all kinds of medicine for it, but none of them ever cured me, for as soon as I would quit using any of them, the same old trouble would come back. Last fall I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, and used four bottles, and now feel so strong I can do all my house work nicely and can eat almost anything without it affecting me in any way.

"Our boy is also using it; he always complained of pain in his stomach and all over, like rheumatism, and at the age of ten had to stay home from school. He hasn't quite used two bottles yet and is feeling good, can attend school regularly and eats heartily."

B.B.B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Use KEROSENE Engine Free!

Amazing "DETROIT" Kerosene Engine shipped on 15 days' FREE Trial, proves kerosene cheapest, safest, most powerful fuel. If satisfied, pay lowest price ever given on reliable farm engine; if not, pay nothing. No waste, no evaporation, no explosion from coal oil.

Gasoline Going Up!

Gasoline is 9c to 15c higher than coal oil. Still going up. Two pints of coal oil do work of three pints gasoline.

Amazing "DETROIT"

—only engine running on coal oil successfully; uses alcohol, gasoline and benzine, too. Starts without cranking. Only three moving parts—no cams—no sprockets—no gears—no valves—the utmost in simplicity, power and strength. Mounted on skids. All sizes, 2 to 20 h. p., in stock ready to ship. Engine tested before crating. Comes all ready to run. Pumps, saws, threshes, churns, separates milk, grinds feed, shells corn, runs home electric lighting plant. Prices (stripped) $29.50 up. Sent any place on 15 days' Free Trial. Don't buy an engine till you investigate money-saving, power-giving "DETROIT." Thousands in use. Costs only postal to find out. If you are first in your neighborhood to write, you get Special Extra-Low Introductory price. Write!

Detroit Engine Works, 347 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Bog Spavin

Cure the lameness and remove the bunch without scarring the horse—have the part looking just as it did before the blemish came.

Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid)

is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Bog Spavin, Thoroughpin, Splint, Curb, Capped Hock, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't imitate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

describes and illustrates all kinds of blemishes and gives you the information you ought to have before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy. Mailed free if you write.

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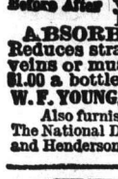

ABSORBINE

Before After

Will reduce inflamed, strained, swollen Tendons, Ligaments, Muscles or Bruises, Cure the Lameness and stop pain from a Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone. Horse can be used. $2 a bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 2 E free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the liniment for mankind. Reduces strained, torn ligaments, enlarged glands, veins or muscles—heals ulcers—allays pain. Price $1.00 a bottle at dealers or delivered.

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About the Farm.

What Wins,

Never be a quitter,
Though the outlook's blue.
Do not lose your grit or
Think the game's played through.
Bid your courage rally—
Starch your upper lip
Make resolve your ally,
Take a tiger grip.

Never be a quitter.
"Friends have thrown you down"—
That's why you're bitter.
Why the skulk and frown?
Well, it's awful, Mabel,
But, if friends have flown,
Show the world you're able
To strive and win alone.

Never be a quitter.
Learn to stick and stay;
Scorn to weakly fritter
Time and strength away.
Find your work and do it
Within unfainting heart;
Constant sticking to it
Is the winning art.

—Same Old Kid.

Safe Brooder Methods.

By A. F. Hunter.

That wrong handling of brooders is the cause of the greater part of the mortality among baby chicks is evident to every careful student. And this great loss of chicks is largely preventable. The cause of wrong handling is lack of judgment on the part of the caretaker. It is safe to say that in no other department of our poultry work do we so urgently need to have our judgment constantly with us as in caring for baby chicks.

Undoubtedly the degree of heat under the hover of the brooder is the crucial point. A few err in not giving the chicks sufficient heat to keep them comfortable. A far greater number, however, err on the other side. They argue that if some heat is good, more heat is better, and keep the temperature up to a high point, the result being the chicks perspire and the pores of the skin are kept open. When they go out into a cooler temperature they contract colds, with fatal results. Another error is keeping up the heat for too long a time.

The right temperature under the hover is easy to obtain if we have a fairly accurate thermometer by which to gauge the heat, and use our judgment. The right temperature is from ninety to ninety-five degrees for the first ten days. Then lower it steadily and rapidly until about seventy is reached. In cold weather—say, in March, that point should be reached by the time the chicks are three weeks old; and, in the milder weather of May, when they are two weeks old.

A Convertible Brooder.

There are many different types of brooders. Perhaps the best is the colony brooder, which is a brooder as long as the hover is retained in it, but may be changed into a colony coop, in which the pullets are grown to full maturity, by lifting out the hover and taking off the lamp box on the end. In this brooder we have a liberal range of temperature. There are three separate parts: the warm apartment under the hover; the adjoining semi-cooled space surrounding the hover, but in the same half of the brooder; and the cool room, beyond the partition, where there is space for exercise and where the right conditions for rapid growth are found. In this type of brooder the babies are adequately sheltered from inclement weather at all times. They are kept close to the hover for about three days until they are well "hover-broke" and are accustomed to running in and out. Then they are permitted to run out into the cold end of the brooder, and all food and water is supplied them in that apartment after that. With food and water always at hand, they eat and grow, getting needed exercise from scratching in the cut clover scattered over the floor into which the chick feed is thrown, and running in under the hover when they feel the need of warming up again.

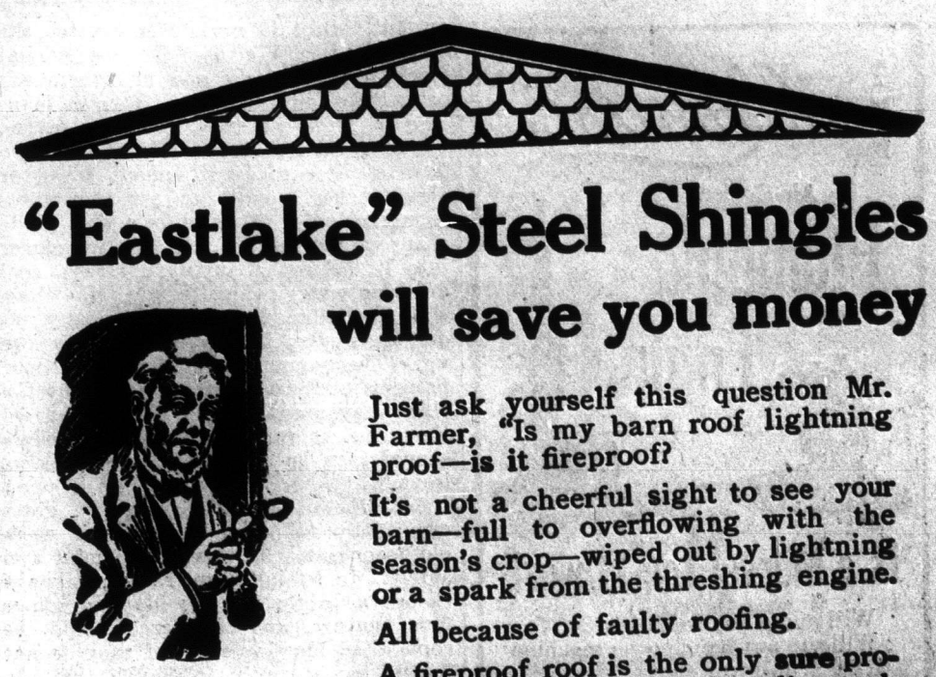
Undoubtedly too high a temperature under the hover is the greatest difficulty in handling chicks in brooders. Such a temperature saps their vitality and makes them susceptible to various ills, of which white diarrhoea is probably the worst. Heat may not directly produce white diarrhoea, but the weakening effect of too great heat so debilitates the chicks that they easily succumb to the bacillus of that dread disease, when with right handling they would have resisted its attacks.

Sometimes, owing to miscalculation, the heat may increase and the mischief may be done before we can check it. I lost a hundred baby chicks in this manner a year ago last spring, through being unavoidably absent from home for several hours while a quick change in conditions was occurring.

Too low a temperature is another cause of disaster. When the chicks are not comfortably warm they bunch together for greater warmth. Those within the bunch get overheated, and those round the edges are warm on one side and chilled on the other. Both conditions contribute to disaster.

Care During the First Week.

Have the floors of the brooders covered half an inch deep with fine sand, and spread about an inch of finely cut clover



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Just ask yourself this question Mr. Farmer, "Is my barn roof lightning proof—is it fireproof?

It's not a cheerful sight to see your barn—full to overflowing with the season's crop—wiped out by lightning or a spark from the threshing engine.

All because of faulty roofing.

A fireproof roof is the only **sure** protection for your crops, your livestock and implements.

"Eastlake" Steel Shingles are absolutely **lightning-proof, fire-proof, storm-proof and vermin-proof**—the best and safest roofing for all buildings.

"Eastlake" Metallic Shingles are made of the finest galvanized steel—are easiest and quickest to lay—save labor and expense.

"Eastlake" Shingles cost less than a wooden roof equipped with lightning rods.

"Eastlake" Shingles make the best roofing for you, Mr. Farmer.

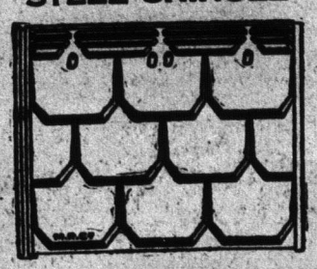
Roofs covered with **"Eastlakes"** a quarter of a century ago are in perfect condition to-day. This is the best guarantee for you.

Send for our illustrated booklet, **"Eastlake Metallic Shingles."** Write to-day—just your name and address.

We also manufacture Corrugated Iron, House and Barn Siding, Metallic Ceilings, Cornices, Eavetrough, Conductor Pipe, Ventilators, etc.

SAFETY
By
The Philosopher of Metallic Town

THE "EASTLAKE" STEEL SHINGLE



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793 Notre Dame Ave. WINNIPEG
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

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FEEDS for ONE CENT
WE POSITIVELY GUARANTEE
that a 25-pound pail of
INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD
will save you $7.00 worth of Corn or Oats
Because it promotes digestion and assimilation and enables you to cut down the grain ration 15% to 25% and still get better results. The saving of grain represents a saving of good hard cash to you.

WE WANT YOU TO FEED 100 LBS. AT OUR RISK

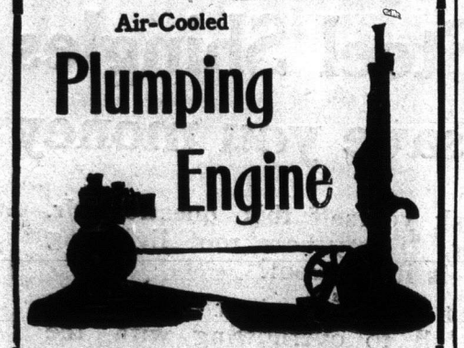
¶ It will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied. See our dealer in your town or write us for particulars. Mention this paper and the stock you own and we will send you a litho, size 16 x 22, of our three champion stallions.

Read what James L. Hill, of Fredericton Junction, P.E.I., wrote us on February 15th:

I think International Stock Food is a great thing for stock. We wouldn't be without it for anything. It keeps our horses in fine condition; in fact, every person admires them, they have such a glossy skin and always look well. We give it to young calves and pigs and find it agrees with them splendidly, and the Poultry Food shows itself in a very short time. Our hens have been laying most of the winter. I cannot say too much for your food for all kinds of animals.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., Limited - - - TORONTO

THE Manitoba
Air-Cooled
Plumping Engine



Is a Marvel for Power!

Will pump any well up to 300 ft.
Will run any hand power machine such as cream separator, churn, fanning mill, grindstone, etc.
Guaranteed to start easy in winter or summer.

Cannot Freeze up or Overheat

Has enclosed crank case, with perfect splash lubrication.

A complete High Grade Power Plant

Weighs only 225 lbs.

Sold under an absolute guarantee to give satisfaction.

Write to-day for descriptive literature and price.

We manufacture all sizes of Gasoline Engines up to 25 h.p. If interested in the large sizes, write for complete catalog.

The Manitoba Windmill and Pump Co. Limited

Brandon, Man., Calgary, Alta.

over it. In this cut clover scatter the chick feed. We use the commercial chick feeds entirely and find them excellent for our purpose. Have a fountain of fresh water at hand inside the brooder. We find it an advantage to have a piece of board, about seven or eight inches square, to set the water fountain on. Then the active little chaps cannot scratch and kick the clover into it. Keep a supply of fresh, cool drinking water before them all the time.

Keep the brooders clean, especially under the hover; this is where many slip up. The youngsters do not foul the brooder much the first week; but by the time they are three or four weeks old they foul it rapidly, and the brooders should then be cleaned twice a week at least.

Get the chicks out upon the grass ground by the time they are a week old—sooner if the weather is mild and sunny. In letting them run out always choose a bright, sunny day for their first venture, and if there should be some wind blowing see that they do not bunch for warmth. Should they do that, lift them into the brooder again, and if there is much chill in the wind it is better to shut them in for that day.

Young chicks should not have much meat food, especially when they are on a good grass range where they can glean a worm or bug now and then. After they are old enough to be put on free range, they will take ten per cent. of their dry-mash mixture of meat-meal or fine beef scrap. We begin giving them this dry-mash mixture when they are about a week old, keeping a small hopper of it before them in the brooder all the time. When they are two weeks old we begin putting a very little meat-meal or fine beef scrap into the mash, and gradually increase the quantity until, at about eight weeks and after, the proportion is about ten per cent.

About Farm Yard Manure.

Cyril T. Hopkins, of the University of Illinois, in dealing with the question of farm yard manure, writes as follows:

If fresh farm manure is thrown out and exposed to the weather for six months in summer, one half of its total weight of dry matter is lost and more than one-half of its value as a fertilizer is lost. In most newer countries there is enormous and shameful, if not wicked waste of farm manure. In older countries it is the rule to save all possible farm manure with very great care, although this rule is too frequently broken by the careless, ignorant, or short-sighted.

As a whole, the unnecessary waste and loss of farm manure which occurs on this continent each year is equal in value to several times the value of all commercial fertilizers used. Sometimes the waste of farm manure and the purchase of commercial fertilizers occur upon the same farm. In such cases the commercial fertilizer used is usually a so-called "complete" fertilizer, containing acid phosphate with a trace of nitrogen and potassium too small to add appreciably to its value, and it is commonly applied in amounts which supply less plant food than the crops actually remove, the small amount of soluble plant food applied being supplemented by that which the soil would naturally give up, together with what can be forced from the soil by the stimulating action of the soluble corrosive acid salts, and manufactured land-plaster contained in such fertilizers.

Saving Farm Manure.

In order to retain the full amount and full value of farm manure, it should be removed directly from the stall or covered feed lot and spread at once upon the land. Manure may be allowed to accumulate without much loss in deep stalls for several weeks if plenty of absorbent bedding is used, and then it may be hauled from the stall directly to the field and spread.

It should be the rule never to handle manure more than once. When taken from the stable or feeding shed it should be at once loaded on to the spreader and hauled to the field. If manure is produced at the rate of two loads or more a week, the convenience and importance of taking this manure directly from the stable and spreading it at once upon the field will certainly justify providing a manure spreader or special wagon to be used solely for this purpose

The Value of Manure.

Feed your land and it will feed your live stock, and what the stock make will feed and provide liberally in every way for you and your household.

To illustrate this point, let us imagine for a moment or two two farms in the same neighborhood, the land of both of medium quality and highly responsive to intensive tillage and generous manuring.

One is largely kept in permanent pasture without manurial attention and the other worked on a more or less extended rotation, which includes a modern area of green crops, the entire area of which is liberally treated manurially each year. When in grass it is judiciously top-dressed with bulky manure, and when it can be spared, or in its place, a combination of artificials.

On the first, in the management of which carelessness and apathy are too apparent to pass unnoticed, the starved grasses are barely able to keep a fair-sized beast to an acre and a half, little money is coming in, no matter how large the farm may be, with everyone on it discouraged by their surroundings, and going about what work has to be done in the most listless manner.

Meadows
Power Washer

Washes 100 pieces in 10 minutes. Self washer and wringer. You wash second batch of clothes while blueing and wringing first. Machine does all work—no scrubbing—no backaches—the "Meadows"

Does Week's Washing in 10 mins.

You sit by and watch. Small Power operates. Special low price offer if you write us to-day for free circular. Send postcard now.

Canadian Swensons Co. Ltd
Lindsay Ontario
710 Chambers of Commerce, Winnipeg

Sandow $37.50
2½ H.P. Stationary Engine—Complete

Gives ample power for all farm uses. Only three moving parts—no cams, no gears, no valves—can't get out of order. Perfect governor—ideal cooling system. Uses kerosene (coal oil), gasoline, alcohol, distillate or gas. Sold on 15 days' trial. YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED.

5-year ironclad guarantee. Sizes 2½ to 20 H. P., at proportionate prices, in stock, ready to ship. Postal brings full particulars free. Write for proposition on first engine in your locality. (116)

Detroit Motor Car Supply Co., 83 Canton Av. Detroit, Mich.

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HE PAYS FREIGHT

Sells direct to buyers at factory prices Iron and Wire Fence, all styles; Gates; barbed, coiled and plain wire; Staples; fence hooks; tools. Special prices car loads.

I save you big money, give you best fencing and quick service with Western warehouses. 17 years in Canadian fence business. My printed matter explains my methods. Get it. Write to-day.

THE KNOT CAN'T SLIP

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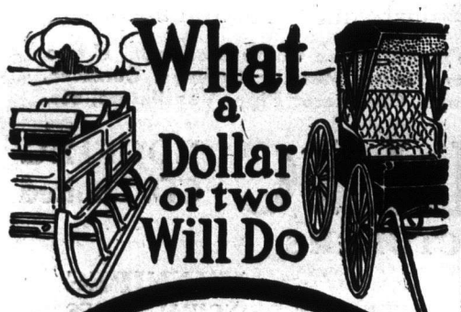
What a Dollar or two Will Do



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It is estimated this "habit" is saving the people of Western Canada more than a million dollars a year. Manufacturers say Stephens' Paints have increased the average life and usefulness of wagons and farm tools at least three years. How much is paint saving for you? Get a can of

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Coach Paint

today and see the wonders it will work—it will transform any shabby old sleigh or buggy into a respectable and stylish vehicle. Apply it yourself with satisfactory results. Don't wait until things are worn out, paint and keep them new with the paint that stands the wear and tear.

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PAINT AND VARNISH MAKERS
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Lump Jaw

The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was
Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure
and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in
Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser
Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy.
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Here prosperity shows on every hand, the farmer himself is full of energy, his example stimulating his men to further his interests in every way possible, cheerful faces and bustling activity being everywhere apparent.

Why I Returned to the Farm.

By A Farmer's Son.

Much has been written on that time-honored three-cornered problem of the boy, the farm and the city. Many different writers, especially in our farm papers, have discussed it, and though some of their articles seem to point to a solution, the problem is still unsolved. It is not with any thought of offering a definite plan for the farmer who has sons that he would keep at home that I am writing this brief sketch of the life of one farmer's boy, but with the thought that the first-hand knowledge and experience in it may prove suggestive.

I was born on my father's farm in Southern New England in the early eighties. My mother died when I was three years old, and my brother and I were thrown upon my father's society a great deal more than most boys of our age. My father was a farmer of the best type. He was a man who, before he settled down to farming, had had a varied career and had seen much of the world. This we boys knew; and therefore the remark that we often heard him make, that a farmer's life seemed to him the most satisfactory of all, made a deeper impression than in all probability it otherwise would. As a youngster, I firmly believed that when I grew up I should follow farming and nothing else; but when my school days were over and it was time for me to choose my work I had a somewhat different view. I had been educated mostly away from home, and from constant association had become to all intents and purposes a town boy with the usual town boy's contempt for farming as an occupation. I had read many of the "Great Men" books that school libraries contain, and had duly absorbed the "success" pap supplied from time to time by stray lecturers.

Two courses of action were open to me. My father offered a partnership with my brother and himself in the business of the farm. The father of a friend of mine offered me a chance to start in a factory in town. The farm offer was as fair as could be made: to come in as an equal partner without cash capital and to share equally with the others in the expansion that would easily be possible through our combined efforts. The factory opening was a chance to "learn the business," which, whatever else it might mean, certainly did mean beginning at the bottom at six dollars a week. The farm offer was very much the better of the two; but the success pap of my school days was still working in my system. In my mind I compared the prosperous farmer, with his annual income of from one to three thousand dollars, to the agent of a dozen mills with a salary of from fifteen to twenty thousand. I thought that I should not mind being the agent and riding from mill to mill in my automobile. To be sure, it was a somewhat lofty climb from six dollars a week, but—well, optimism is a great thing!

Delusions in City Wages.

When I announced my decision my father did not urge me to stay, simply saying that it might be well to try it and adding: "If you ever change your mind the home offer stands." A pleasant day in late September found me quartered in a little cramped bedroom high up under the eaves of a boarding house in the town where I was to begin my career. That day I had a short talk with the superintendent of the plant and listened to glowing descriptions of the good things that awaited promising young men, and to the comforting statement that brilliant young men were scarce. The superintendent cited himself as an example of what was possible. I listened happily, not knowing how many times I was to hear that same glad story told to other boys by other "supers" and always with the same shining example tacked on at the end.

The way to fortune was straight and wide open. I swung into it at half past six the next morning with a smile on my face and a suit of blue overalls on my arm. An English overseed took me in hand and set me to work changing gears on the end of a long whirligig affair, with rows of grinning girls standing on each side. They giggled and admired my pink cheeks. I was not used to having so many all to myself, and I spent a delightful five minutes bugling away with a monkey-wrench, the object of a merciless but good-natured cross-fire from the double row of fairies. Then something went wrong with the gear, and the nearest girl stepped over promptly to straighten me out—an act that I afterward found to be characteristic of mill workers. The little incident ended the strain. After that, somehow, I felt that I belonged—that I was accepted as one of the workers.

The first six months passed busily and swiftly. The novelty and rush of new machinery and new duties as I was shifted from job to job in the room made the hours pass unnoticed, and the night whistle found me ready for supper, absolute relaxation, a pipe and bed. This was not exactly a giddy round of festivities, but enthusiasm carried me by the first half-year with a rush and a whiz of cogs, dust and other pleasant things filling in the daily background. I was now promoted to another department and very soon after that to still another. At the end of the year I had arrived at the munificent salary of 12 dollars a week. After living expenses were deducted, this was about as much as a "bull Portugee" farm hand earned down home. But twelve dollars looked so much larger than six that I did not think of this at the time. Instead I felt prosperous. Now and then I treated myself to a theatre trip or other amusement, but I soon found that one must not be too hilarious even on two dollars a day. About this time I began to enjoy my occasional week-ends at home as I never had previously, and before long I acquired the habit of going down every Sunday when nothing prevented.

My second year in the factory and the last I spent in that town passed very much like the first, but it brought its little spark of disillusion. I was "promoted" again and again and filled about every greasy job between cellar and garret, but my pay remained the same

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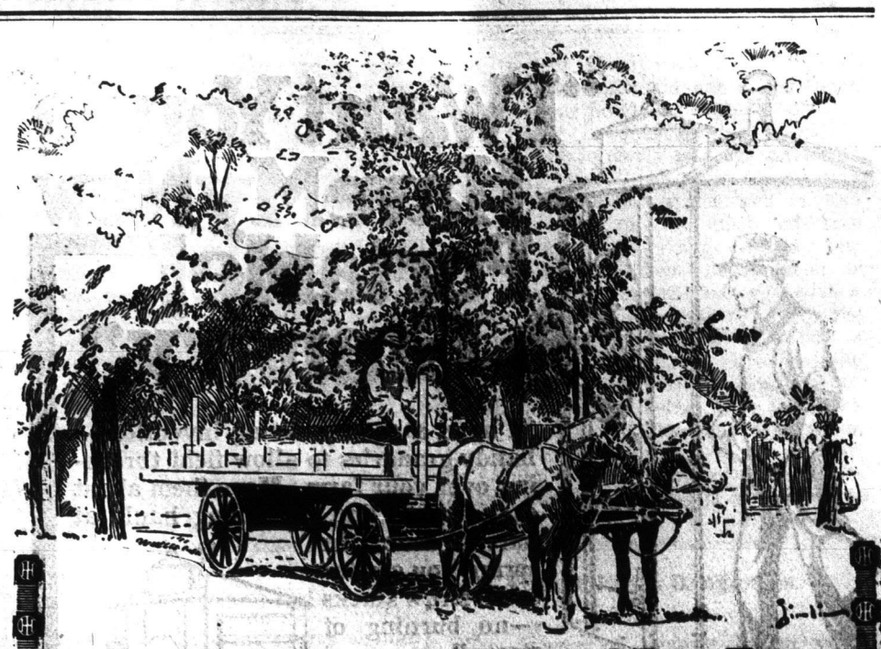

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and I could not reach a higher place. Other men held the better-paid positions, and although most of them were far below me in general equipment, education, and so on, they had learned through almost lifelong experience to fill their particular niche and to fill it well. I began to suspect that there might be only the difference of a phrase between "learning the business" in a factory and "getting a job" in the mill.

As soon as I grasped the full humor and beauty of my promotions, I discharged myself. After a short hunt I secured a better position in one of the largest factories of its kind in the country. Here I jumped from the top of the manual-labor ladder to the bottom of the boss ladder. The change from overalls to ordinary garments, from a heavy monkey-wrench to a roll-top desk, seemed too good to be true. The release from them acted as a spur. My enthusiasm, however, was tempered this time, for I had learned some jolting facts since I started in the business, and did not expect too much. The girls this time did not admire my pink cheeks.

Two Years in a Mill are not good for Pink Cheeks.

From this time I rose reasonably fast up to the time that I left the business. The agent of the mill seemed to like me and every inducement was offered me to grind ahead. Grind I did. Many, many days in succession and many weeks in the rush season I reached my desk before seven in the morning and did not leave until late at night except for a bite to eat. Of course I got some results. One of them was a bothersome heart, another a chronic gloom. I finally attained a salary of twenty-eight dollars a week, and a place where there were but two heads between me and the superintendency. The man immediately over me was a "pin-headed," anaemic German with all the obstinacy of his race and little of its brains. What brains he did have were concentrated upon his business. Not a great time went by before we clashed. Our ways of looking at almost everything were too radically different. Again and again some petty tyranny would show his attitude. I could only rage inwardly. I learned from bitter lessons how much the daily welfare of an employee may depend upon the man higher up.

The social side of town life — the theatre, dinners, dances, everything of which I had dreamed before I left home—had faded from my sight. When after a long day I came home at night to my boarding house I had no inclination for such things. Instead I would sit in my room and smoke pipe after pipe until bedtime. The worst of it came, however, after my last promotion under the German I have mentioned. My general health was at a low ebb by this time, and I found that under the constant irritations from my boss I could not leave my work behind me at night. The little incidents that made up the day would keep running through my mind until I fell asleep. I had started in the mill business as a means to an end. The means had now become the end. The game had got me.

The Fear of the Whistle.

Then came a summer vacation, and I went home to spend it. During the time that I was there the difference between my own position and that of my brother seeped into and soaked through me. Big, rugged, the picture of health, he went about his business at a normal speed, and often during my stay he stopped work a bit early to play a little tennis. Before I went back to town, my father urged me to come back to the farm. This time I listened very attentively. But my mind was not quite made up. Before I had been in town a week, however, I had decided I could not get the contrast between my brother and myself out of my mind. Here was I, a run-down understrapper; there was he, the great unbossed.

Mr. Sammis, the agent, telephoned to my office one day and told me that I was to be transferred to an assistant superintendency in another city at a good salary. The next day I walked into the private office and resigned. I told him my reasons, and added: "This is a good position you offer me. I haven't a doubt that you think me foolish to leave you." Sammis looked me over firmly for a moment. I awaited and dreaded the caustic answer. I liked Sammis. Then a big hand was pushed at me and a big voice rumbled quietly enough: "You would be a fool to stay. Look at me. I'm fifty. I have the constitution of an ox, and I haven't been really well for ten years. I've been lucky; I get ten thousand a year. I've been bossed by everybody all my life, and I don't know a damned thing outside this office. Goodbye and good luck."

And so I came to the farm again—thinner, wiser and eight years older than when I left it. In one respect, however, I was a gainer by my years in the city. The experience in the factories and the knowledge of business ways and organizations remain with me, together with a dearly bought conception of the value of a dollar.

I sometimes visit, on farm business, the town where I started my boomerang career, and sometimes I see and talk for a few minutes with some of the boys I worked with. They have climbed a little since then, but there is a nervous desire to drift, as they talk, a few feet nearer the mill gate, that show the ingrown fear of the whistle—the symbol of their bondage. Moreover, they do not talk to me as they did when we worked together. They are friendly and frank as of old, but running through their talk is a subtle deference, an unconscious homage from the man who is still an employee to the man who has ceased to be one. And to me, who has been in the same boat, the actions and talk of these old young men of the mill show sharply the great difference between farming and other business in these days of great corporations, and the greatest blessing that farming can offer a young man—the chance to be lord of his own business and master of himself.

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Intensified Farming.

"It's the insects," complained the amateur gardener. "They destroy all my radishes; and try as I may, I can't exterminate them."

"Best remedy I know," said the friend, "is to lay salt between the rows never been known to fail."

"Well," said the friend, when next they met, "and did you try the salt on those insects."

"Yes," replied the gardener, "and the next morning the little beggars were pulling up the radishes, dipping them in the salt and eating them by the score."

How to Kill Quack Grass.

By L. A. Darling.

As all farmers are aware, the killing of knot grass or quack grass is in many instances a serious problem. One method that in my experience has never failed is as follows: Prepare the soil by plowing and dragging, as for any general crop, and then mark it both ways into rows about eight feet apart. At the intersection of these rows make hills for winter squash seeds, preparing each one with a large shovelful of well-rotted manure covered carefully with dirt to the depth of an inch or two so as to prevent evaporation. Plant from six to ten seeds in a hill in order to insure a good stand.

The soil round the hills can be kept free from the quack grass by hoeing with a well-sharpened hoe. Since we are assuming that the ground is very badly covered with the grass we will let the soil between the hills lie untouched, since it seems to be useless to try to cultivate it except in very dry seasons. When the grass has sprouted to a height of three or four inches take a team and plow the entire piece, going in one direction and turning the furrows from each side toward the hills or rows. This will leave a dead furrow between each row. If the plowing is done carefully scarcely any uncovered grass will be left between the hills, and we shall have entirely cleaned the piece from any growing quack grass—that is, the weed will have to grow entirely new shoots.

Continue to keep the hills clean with the hoe, but let the rest of the patch remain untouched until the quack grass has grown to about its previous height. Then plow in the same manner, but crosswise. The relative time which takes the squash plants and the quack grass to grow should allow the squash vines, by the time of the second plowing, to be almost at the running stage; consequently, before the quack grass can get much of a start for the third time, the vines will be covering the entire field. The grass finds itself unable to survive under such conditions.

In this way, with a minimum amount of work, we have succeeded in raising a crop of Hubbard squashes and cleared the soil of the noxious weed. Of course, plowing the field in the manner described leaves it in anything but a level condition. The dead roots of the quack grass, however, will have enriched the soil to a greater extent than a good application of fertilizer would have done, and a crop which makes heavy demands on the soil may be raised without an unnecessary amount of labor.

After having tried everything from turpentine and ashes to cheese box hoops with mosquito netting over them, to prevent the striped bugs from devouring the young squash plants, I find that the practice of scattering a little tobacco dust on the hills while the ground is still damp from the morning dew, two or three days before the plants appear, is most economical and practical. A second application should be made, at the same time of day, as soon as the plants are above ground. In case of a hard rain a new application will be needed, but in dry weather going over the plants thoroughly once in three or four days will keep them entirely free from the insects. When the plants are so large that the danger from bugs has disappeared the hills should be thinned to the three largest plants in each.

Selection of Seed Potatoes.

There are potato growers who grow less than one hundred bushels to the acre. There are other growers who are not satisfied with less than 300 bushels to the acre, and many get yields as high as 400 and 500 bushels to the acre and even more. What is the answer to the question of whether you are going to use two acres or eight acres for your potato crop? Seed! In that one word lies the answer in nine cases out of ten. The crop has to be cultivated, of course, but to have something to cultivate you must begin right at the seed—the foundation of any crop.

No sane man would think of planting his wheat, barley or oat screenings. Neither would he use the poorest bull he could find to head a herd of dairy cattle. Yet this is practically what many farmers do in growing potatoes. Then they wonder why their potato crop is "run out." The potato pile is picked over daily for the table, the choice, smooth potatoes that are solid and meaty being taken because they are easily prepared for dinner and look nice on the table. When it comes time to plant potatoes there are left the culls and weaklings. But it is the potato crop, and "anything that will sprout will make a hill of potatoes," is the way the farmer looks at the matter. If the seed looks a bit puny, two or three unusually weak ones are dropped in the same hill. One of them is sure to sprout, the farmer tells himself, and leaves the small potatoes to settle the question. "But like produces like" just as surely in potato growing as in Shorthorn breeding or in wheat growing, and the farmer who plants the culls and odds and ends gets a crop that comes from the odds and ends of his previous crop instead of a crop that is sprung from the best of his previous crop. Consequently instead of getting better each year his potato crop gets poorer and "runs out." Small seed potatoes, smaller weaker plants, fewer and smaller potatoes and smaller profits!

The seed potatoes should be picked as soon as they are harvested, before the cook has a chance to get the choice ones for the table. Don't run to the other extreme and pick out the outlandish big ones, however, as they are not as marketable nor as easily handled for seed use. They are also more subject to hollow centres. Medium size, smoothness and firmness and uniformity should be the points to note in sorting out the seed potatoes.

Mealy Bugs.

J.K., Cass county, N. Dakota, writes: "Enclosed find a sprig of myrtle on which is queer insect. The first time we saw it the branches looked as though a spider had made a web there. We tried to kill them with a solution of carbolic acid, which did not affect them. Kindly tell us how to kill them."

The insect in question is the mealy bug, which frequently appears on house plants. It injures the plant by sucking the juices from the stems and is also unsightly. One of the most effective ways to kill mealy bugs on a few plants is to pick them off by hand or wash off all the insects and eggs with a strong stream of water. Kerosene emulsion is an effective remedy, but is likely to injure the plants. Brushing the stems and leaves with a small brush dipped in alcohol, being sure to touch all the insects, will also dispose of them. It will probably be necessary to go over the plants several times, as some of the smaller bugs and the eggs are likely to be missed.

Frozen Beets Dangerous.

The danger of feeding frozen vegetables or fruit cannot be realized until the loss of a valuable animal is experienced. This will prompt the most careless person to be careful not to feed their stock frozen roots, or permit them to come in contact with them anywhere around the farm.

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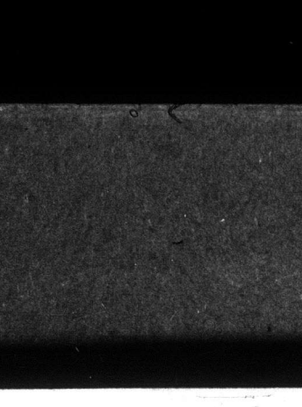

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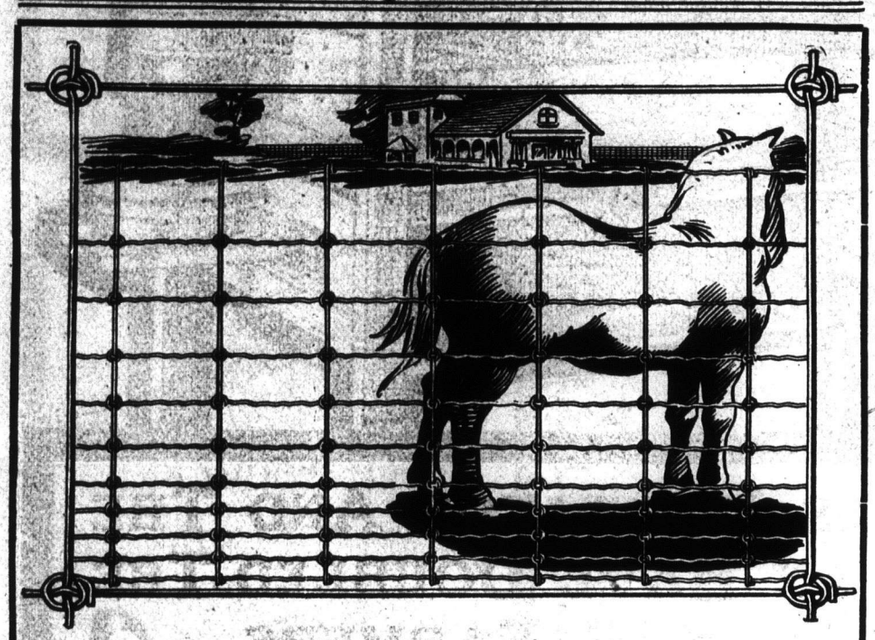

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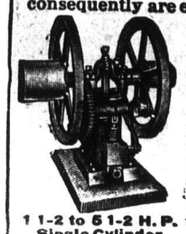

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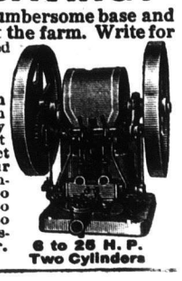


6 to 25 H. P. Two Cylinders

enough to swallow without some danger of the root lodging in the throat or gullet. However, if the animals succeed in swallowing enough of these frozen vegetables, the heat of the body soon thaws out a poisonous gas, which, if it does not kill an animal by bloating and suffocation, is liable to do so by direct action upon the heart.

In this way animals often die suddenly, even when they are not as greatly distended with gas as they are by eating young alfalfa or clover. If an animal does not consume enough roots to cause death they are very apt to consume sufficient to cause a great disturbance of the entire system, and especially the digestive organs.

There is great danger of causing a partial paralysis of some parts of the stomach or bowels, and this is oftentimes manifested by either constipation or diarrhea. The animal has an anxious look and sometimes manifests its discomforts by a grunt at each respiration.

There is usually a drooping of the ears, horns are cold, if animal has horns, and, in fact, the animal is very much disturbed, and if it be a milking cow she drops off considerably on her flow of milk, which indicates the importance of keeping the digestive organs in order, to obtain the best results.

being filled with water to keep the blossoms fresh.

When you come to think of the pansies of many years ago and compare them with the Imperial German and Giant Excelsior pansies of to-day, the progress made in pansy culture is apparent. The many colors and varieties of the modern pansy are indeed a triumph of floriculture. And the size! Why, it was not considered possible years ago to produce such large pansies. A good way to arrange a garden bed of pansies is to plant seed of one color, for instance, a deep blue or yellow. Bouquets of such blossoms also look well when arranged in an appropriate vase. I will improve this opportunity to say that amateur florists should show greater discrimination in the use of vases. One kind of vase is not adapted for al kinds of flowers. Have a number of vases and then select the one that will give the best effect.

White Diarrhea.

What shall I do for my little chickens. When they are about two or three days old they have diarrhea and droops around and die.—Mrs. I. B. Menlo, Ia.

Diarrhea in very small chicks causes more losses than perhaps any other cause. Simple diarrhea will usually require no more treatment than removing the original cause, which in most cases is improper feeding, causing a derangement of some part of the digestive organs or alimentary canal. This gives rise to a fermentation of the food in the intestines, which if allowed to remain will become chronic and develop into a serious case of dysentry or enteritis that may produce fatal results. Removing this fermentation material with Epsom salts often corrects the trouble. In very young chicks—those from 1 to 3 weeks old—the digestive organs are so very delicate that even a slight disturbance makes a serious handicap to the growth and life of the chick. No harsh medicines can be of much avail, but the corrections must be made in the feeding and care. This form of diarrhea in very young chicks is often called "white" diarrhea," and appears to be an infectious disease caused by different bacterial organisms according to its nature and extent. There are several alleged causes that might be mentioned: Debilitated or weakened breeding stocks; improper incubation or improper brooding; overheating; chilling; poor ventilation; overcrowding; poor or improper food and filth as well as the specific bacteria or other parasitic organisms we have referred to. These latter, some claim can be transmitted through the egg. Investigations have been carried on by the state and national institutions with a view of finding the cause and applying a complete and effective remedy. The

HARVESTING IN SASKATCHEWAN.

Pansies from Seed.

I knew a certain little girl who boasts of having pansies all through the winter. She attends the high school and every morning you may see her wear a small coursage bouquet of the beautiful blossoms that is the envy of all her companions. And yet, if they but knew it, they could wear pansies as well as she, and procure them with but little trouble. Pansies are quite as easily raised from seed as many annuals. The little girl referred to gets a number of cigar boxes, bores holes in the bottom thereof, fills them with sandy loam, and plants the seed in early summer, putting each seed in a place of its own. By October the plants are large enough to be transplanted, and before Christmas they begin to blossom and continue in bloom throughout the cold months. They do not require any special attention, only the ordinary treatment house plants receive.

Pansy blossoms may be used to beautify the house. Many complain that their short stems render them useless for home decoration, but these probably do not know that ornamental dishes may be purchased at any first-class crockery store that are intended especially for pansies, and when filled with the beautiful blossoms form an admirable centrepiece for any dinner table. These dishes are covered and the slightly convex cover contains numerous perforations for the insertion of the separate blosoms, the bottom of the dish

treatment of this trouble depends entirely on the cause. If it is due to improper feeding or brooding, then the cause must be removed. Unabsorbed yolk or feeding the chicks too soon after they are hatched may cause the trouble. A small dose of a good purgative, such as Epsom salts will probably help in bringing the chicks into better condition by removing the fermented material from the intestines. Scalded sweet milk with a little grated nutmeg four times a day is good. Give boiled rice as food or rice water to drink or both. They should have green food every day and, if green food is not available, then raw vegetables should be substituted. It is well to use a good antiseptic in the drinking water—potassium permanganate being perhaps the best. Dissolve this in water and add just enough of this solution to make the drinking water a rather deep wine color. Incubators and brooders should always be very thoroughly disinfected. The above recommendations for treatment apply to white diarrhoea whatever its cause.

How to Make Hens Lay.

To have early laying pullets there must be careful attention to breeding and selection with this object in view. The characteristic may be fixed by persistent selection, as in cows for great milk and butter production. Certain varieties of chicken, like Leghorns, mature early, and lay young, sometimes under four months, but on most farms a larger breed is wanted. Now by selecting hens which lay earlier (which will be of the earliest developing and most active type of the breed) and mating with the most vigorous, active males, the flock will show continual improvement in early laying. We have bred White Wyandottes for ten years and this year we have a lot of pullets laying 20 cent eggs now, in October. The first laid at five months old.

Early hatching is, of course, essential to early fall laying. March and April are the best months for hatching. A good ration must be fed and plenty of it. We feed cracked corn and wheat and cut oatmeal to little chicks; to older ones, corn, wheat and oats kept before them all the time in a hopper. If they are confined they must have some meat food; we find beef scraps, a packing house product, very good.

Separate the males and females. Sell or yard the cockerels. A lot of males in the flock after breeding season are a nuisance; hens will lay better and eggs will keep good without them. Give the chicks good, roomy, airy quarters to roost in, not trees, but good coops that are vermin and storm proof. Get them into winter quarters before winter. This should be a house facing south with the north side and ends wind tight. On the south should be a continuous opening, which should be left open a good part of the time for ventilation. It should be wide (16 feet or over) and low for warmth. Ours, built one year ago, is 16 feet wide, 5 feet high at the sides, 7½ feet in the centre. In the front opening we have fitted sash glass and frames covered with muslin, alternately, so that in bad weather it is half glass and half cloth, is light and airy without draught, and in good weather can be all open.

When the fowls must stay indoors give them plenty of litter on the floor and make them work for their living by scratching out their feed. Give feed little and often. Give corn on the ear at night. They will eat off all they want and get warmed up at it. We usually feed a mash once a day in winter made of cooked vegetables, bran, a little beef scrap and occasionally a little oilmeal. Keep fresh water before them aways in summer. In winter we water three times daily. They must have grit, sand and shells.

To sum up: Select early layers for breeding; get size too if you can. Feed for growth; a stunted chicken is never profitable. House comfortably; separate sexes except when eggs are needed for hatching. Give fresh air, clean houses, exercise

Turkey Ailments.

What is the matter with our turkeys and what can we do for them? We have lost seven or eight full grown. They go around dumpish for about a week, their heads get dark, they droop their wings and then die.—A.H., Portage county.

Your turkeys have a bad case of indigestion which has developed or will develop into "black head" if allowed to progress. This is caused by over-feeding and feeding them improper food, too much of fat producing food and too little animal food and green stuff. This indigestion has developed into liver trouble and undoubtedly if you examine the liver you will find it either enlarged or spotted with white blotches the size of a pin head or larger. The best remedy, of course, is to remove the cause and that is to give them proper diet. Feed them light, bulky food with plenty of green stuff. Give them a dose of Epsom salts once a week. The best remedy is to feed them properly, disinfect all the runs and keep plenty of sharp grit before them at all times.

Flavors in Milk

Prof. B. F. Kaupp, of the Colorado Agricultural College, in a statement recently issued, says in regard to the flavors found in milk:

The abnormal or injurious flavors in milk are of two kinds; first, those due to feed eaten by the cow; second, those due to contamination.

The first kind is scientifically spoken of as feed flavors and is due to the cow eating large quantities of turnips, onions, ensilage, beets, ragweed, etc.

This ill flavor is due to volotile oils contained in the strongly flavored feeds. Such flavors leave the animal through the different secretions and excretions of the body.

When feeding is done immediately after milking, these feed flavors largely pass off through other channels, or secretions, than the milk and are not noticeable. It is also maintained that if some rough forage be fed along with such feeds that produce ill tastes in milk, it assists in obviating such flavor.

It is within the power of the dairyman to obviate the second flavor of contamination. This class of ill flavor is largely due to contaminating bacteria. Of these there are many, each giving its peculiar flavor. Another contaminating flavor is due to the absorption of certain strong odors.

The cause of the contamination of milk is largely due to lack of perfect cleanliness with the milking utensils, surroundings, method of delivery and personal cleanliness.

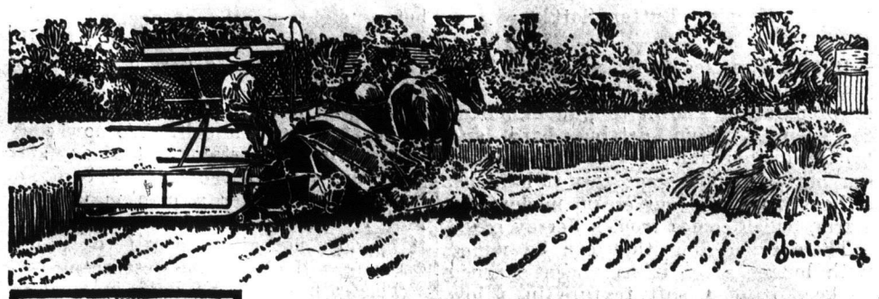
Handling Poor and Sweet Cream.

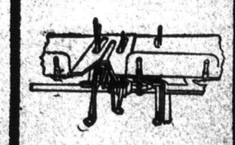
When patrons' milk is sweet and well cared for, it is possible to make butter of very high quality. Butter makers and creamery men today are enjoying the benefits of active co-operation because of the improvement of milk delivered at the station. All of the milk is of higher and better quality, and I have not seen fit to discriminate in the price or rate. The next best thing is to pay according to quality, thereby giving the insanitary farmer a dose of his own medicine.

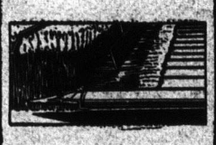
The creamery and butter maker should be a splendid example of cleanliness because patrons meet there every morning. It is natural for men to be influenced by their surroundings. The butter scoring contests of Minnesota have been very helpful to me. They emphasize the skillful parts of butter making and little details necessary but often overlooked by the general creameryman. There is now a range of 7 to 10 cents in the price between the finest and poorest butter.

Keep Spoiled Cream from Sweet.

When poor cream is delivered it is more satisfactory to handle it separately; that is, keep it to itself, churn it into butter and sell the product as of inferior quality. The difference in price will be sufficient to show the necessity of taking good care of the raw material. Sour cream or spoiled cream is often caused by not delivering often enough to the creamery.







Let Your Next Binder Be A Deering

THE Deering name has always stood for progress. The Deerings bought the patents of the first knotter.

A Deering tag was on the first single strand fibre twine and the first company to grow dissatisfied with the steel it purchased and build its own roller mills was the Deering. It was this spirit of leadership which led them to make the Deering New Ideal binder to meet the demands of farmers in the Western Canadian provinces.

These machines are made in Hamilton, Ontario, by Canadian workmen for Canadian harvest work. Ask the Deering agent to show you these points on Deering binders: The main frame made of high carbon steel bars, hot-riveted together, forming a unit which the hardest usage cannot twist out of shape; ball and roller bearings to make the machine light running; equipment for the use of either a smooth section or serrated knife; and, last but not least, the venerable Deering knotter, simple, accurate, unfailing.

The Deering line is complete and of the same quality, whether binders, twine, mowers, rakes, tedders, or hay loaders. See the I H C local agent and make an inspection yourself, or, write the nearest branch house for a catalogue.

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I H C Service Bureau

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U S A

The "Bissell" Double Action Disk

Work your ground twice with one operation with the BISSELL Double Action Disk Harrow. One harrow is *In Throw*, the other *Out Throw*, which enables you to give two cuts full width, 8 feet, in one half the time. Is handled nicely with six horses.

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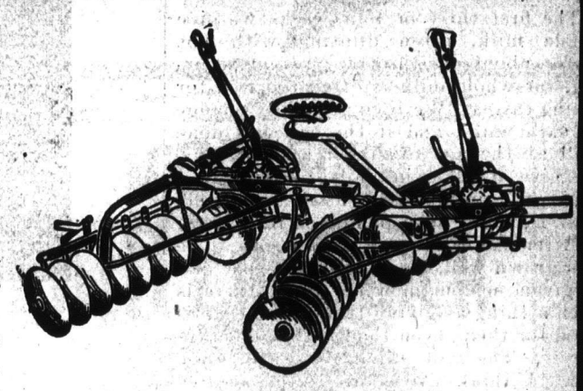

suitable for horse or engine power. By grouping four, six or more harrows together you can do double action work on a large scale. Write Dept. T. for further information-

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Write to any of JOHN DEERE PLOW CO.'S Branch Houses

CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer. Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

Keeping Butter Soft.

P.B., Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "Could you please tell me if there is some oil or preparation known to put in butter to keep it from getting hard and brittle at this time of year? We churn our butter, but in some way it hardens, although we keep our cream moderately warm, which comes from a Jersey cow."

There is nothing that can be mixed with butter after it has been churned to keep it of a soft texture in a low temperature. Crumbly butter is due either to not working the butter sufficiently, having the wash water too cold, or to improper feeding which is often the case. A cow fed on hay or fodder alone will not produce butter of as good a texture as when fed grain in connection with roughage. Bran, shorts, oil-meal and roots, other than potatoes, tend to give a summer texture to butter. Cottonseed meal and oats tend to harden butter. Potatoes produce a crumbly texture. Churning at a temperature of 60 deg. F., and having the wash water at the same temperature, puts the butter in condition for thorough working and a softer texture.

Breeding and Caring for the Calf.

Paper read by M. L. Welles, Rosendale, at the 39th annual meeting of the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association.

Much has been said in the agricultural press in the past in regard to the feed and care of the dairy cow, but comparatively little in regard to the feed and care of the calf.

Now, if the statement made a few years ago by a professor of animal husbandry in Wisconsin is correct, that any dairy bred heifer calf, properly fed and cared for would make a good dairy cow, then this subject must be of vital importance to us as dairymen. I believe there is a good deal of truth in the statement made by the professor.

We all realize that the calf of today is the coming dairy cow, and we must do all in our power to develop its dairy qualities in the best possible way. The calf should be fed with great care. We make a practice of letting it suck the cow for its first meal. Then feed milk from a pail, the amount depending on the size of the calf and its inclination to drink. We weigh it for them so we know just what they are getting and we plan to feed with regularity night and morning.

The first three or four weeks we give whole milk, often diluting with hot water, about one-third, to prevent scouring, for whole milk is often too rich for young calves. We then gradually change to skim milk, and if the calf has done well at the age of six or seven weeks, we give it all skim milk and continue feeding it until it is at least a year old, that is, if we have plenty of it.

After the calf is six months old, if he has grown well, 20 or 25 pounds per day is given, seldom more. I think there is such a thing as giving them more than is good for them, even though they do crave for it. The milk should be warm when fed. I think calves are often injured when young by feeding cold milk.

Young calves should have second crop clover hay before them as soon as they will eat it. I speak of second crop clover because that is finer and they eat it better than first crop. The mangers should be cleaned at least once a day and a fresh supply given.

They should have plenty of wheat, bran or oats before them as soon as they will eat grain. The best time to feed it is right after giving them their milk as they will learn to eat it sooner if given at that time. I like oats best, but often times you can get a calf to eat wheat bran sooner than oats. We give oats up to the time they are a year old and often longer. I have it yet to be proven to me that it pays to grind oats for young stock.

Corn silage is highly recommended for calves by many good dairymen after the calves are older. We never have tried it as we are always short of corn silage, so prefer to keep it for the cows and give the calves hay for roughage. We never turn calves to pasture now before eight months of age, as experience has proven to us that we can make them do better on dry feed up to this time.

Enough has been said in regard to the feed for the calf. We now come to a no less important part of our subject—the care of the calf. I care not how good a feeder a man may be or how regular he may be about feeding, if he does not give the calf the proper care, he will obtain the best results.

The calf should be born in a clean, dry, well bedded box stall and should be kept in clean, dry, well bedded, well ventilated, and well lighted quarters. We like to keep them in separate box stalls until about five or six weeks old. Then put them in a large stall where several may be put together and stanchioned up for fifteen or twenty minutes at time of feeding milk and grain to avoid their suckling one another's ears, which is very objectionable. Once in a while there is a calf that will insist on sucking. Such calves should be kept separate.

Calves should have daily outdoor exercise when the weather will permit.

Fresh water should be supplied them daily as soon as they are old enough to want it.

In closing I wish to say—Give the calf a good start and you will never have reason to regret it.

When Men Refuse to Work on the Farm.

Experiences of an English Farm Laborer in Ontario—Farmers do not Look to Comfort of Hired Help—Some Startling Facts—By a Hired Man's Wife.

Farmers certainly seem to be handicapped by the scarcity of a constant supply of experienced labor. But they have only themselves to blame. The farmers are certainly the most complacent class of people I ever saw. Those who assert that there is no class distinction in this country are making a grave error. The distinction is even more trying here, as it is usually the most marked, by the arrogant class, who can scarcely write a letter decently, or distinguish the use of a fork from a knife at the table. This class of people are far more numerous in the country than in the city.

In most cases the reason a man prefers town are the conditions he has to exist under, his inability to save, his work for nine months of the year is as hard as any there is, and the most looked down on, though a smart farm hand is by no means an ignoramus, and has often been well brought up.

My husband landed at G—— in November, 1907, and at once received an offer of employment from a Canadian farmer, at $180 a year and six months' board, through showing his ability in unloading a load of hay. He got on well for the first six months, boarding with the farmer. On my arrival in April, we took up our residence in the man's house, which was covered entirely with metal shingles, and consisted of two rooms, with three rooms upstairs—half storey—no verandah and no shade, the house being built on a hill. We had to carry our drinking water from the farmer's house, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. Our little girl could just walk. The soft water cistern was outside, uncovered, and no pump, no pantry. Living was found, but working from five a.m. to eight p.m. left very little time for wood cutting and gardening. On being offered the farm "on shares," my husband refused, for he told the farmer there is only one place hotter than his "hired man's house," and that is "the place we read about."

Second Venture.

Our next venture was in a frame house, away back in the fields, seven minutes' good walking from anyone. We had a cool sitting and bed room, but in summer the kitchen was awful, the door-frame was such that a screen was out of the question. You could not get a draft through. These two things made it very bad, to have to do all the work and cooking there. In the winter the bread froze in the pantry and apple sauce would come out in a block. It was useless to put socks and rubbers by the stove, for they would freeze hard by morning. On coming out of a bed room our breath would freeze on the bed clothes. Green wood was all we had to burn and get any warmth with. Firing was found, wages were $225 for the year. The cellar in spring was ankle deep in water, the windows did not allow a through draught, so this place was always musty.

The style of building was poor in the extreme; the place had never been painted; we were allowed to paint indoors after scrubbing and cleaning hard. When warm weather arrived, we had worse yet to contend with, and that was "live dirt." The hard water was good, when the pump would work.

Why They Quit Farming.

Neighbor I. gave up farm work for he found that after working hard early and late, it took all his time to keep out of debt. He was receiving $250 a year—I mean, $275 and bought his own coal for winter. He had three children. His bill for foot-wear was considerable, after the five of them had lived, paid his club, doctor's expenses, board and expense of help during sickness of wife, breakages, wear and tear of clothes, etc.; and cost of clothes for farm work; life on the farm is hard on clothes. He did not think laboring in the country was worth while.

Neighbor II. got $260. He said it was his last year laboring on the farm. They could see friends in the city and were better off. He had only one child; bought his coa oil for summer cooking and coal for winter, sufficient firing was found him for between seasons. They might have saved more if they had not lived on so much bought baking. Here again the kitchen was a vexed question, no verandah and no shade; the kitchen caught all the morning sun, and as eating and everything was done in the one room, it was hot enough without artificial heat. We know this man hardly kept out of debt.

Neighbor III. had two boys, about ten and twelve years old. His wife was so pleased in the spring, at a chance they had of hiring for a year on a farm not far from the village. I met her in the summer; but, say what a difference! She had then a very different face. Green wood, which they were expected to burn, was here one grievance, cost of clothes for working, the condition of the man when work was finished, and the fact that they could hardly pay expenses, drove them to the city.

Six months later I again met her; she was proud of their cosy little home on the outskirts of the city, and of the fact that her husband had improved his position with the firm he was working for, better chances for her boys, and

Neighbor IV. hired for a year at $325. altogether they were "doing fine." He had two small children. He was not allowed a rig, and when, after being there six months, his wife wished to visit her mother, she had to walk four miles to the station, one child in arms, another dragging her skirts, and carry her valise. Yet, the farmer was considered wealthy. Her furniture for sitting room was packed in a small bed room. The man had to carry all their shopping four miles, after his day's work was done. Needless to say, they quit farming at the end of the year. The man said he would not hire there again for any money.

Another man answered an advertisement in The Globe. He found the place four miles from church or store. He was not allowed a rig; wages were to be $250, and though the farmer was up-to-date, and had his buildings, etc., in pink of condition, the dimensions of the hired man's house were only about the size of the sitting room we are at present occupying. He did not accept, and no man will, unless, he is in a very hard way.

City life offers many advantages to a family man, if he is smart. He does not have to wait long for a "raise" in the shops. He can pay his way, and have the use of gas in a cosy home. The cost of living is higher, but he has not the appetite of a farm laborer.

Shopping can be done from one's door, no walking eight miles after eight o'clock. Many bargains can be picked up at the city stores and sales. The distance the children have to go to school is small and the sidewalks are a great consideration in wet weather. If he is starting at the bottom, and his wife wishes to supplement the income, she is always paid well for what she does in the city, either taking in board-

SAVE YOUR PROFITS

DON'T LET THE GOPHERS EAT YOUR GOLDEN GRAIN

Face this question squarely!

What are you going to do about the gophers? Will you let them steal hundreds of dollars out of your grain profits or are you going to take the *right step* now towards *killing them quick?*

This is a serious *problem*, Mr. Farmer. Every gopher on your farm means a clear loss to you of at least 10c. There are about 1,000 gophers in an ordinary 40-acre field. That means $100.00 loss every forty acres, *if you let the gophers live.* Here is a guaranteed gopher poison. It's the most *effective*, most *economical* and most *practical* way known, to *rid your fields* of every gopher, pocket gopher, squirrel, prairie dog, field mouse, coyote, rabbit, wolf and rat. It has been tried for years in every locality and *proved perfect.*

Kill Every Gopher Now

Don't wait! Gophers never lose their appetites. They are always ravenously hungry. They start eating the minute you start seeding. They eat *every* day and *all* day. They *store up* enough grain to last them *all winter.* They not only eat the *grain* but the *tender shoots* as well, and will *follow a row* from one end of the field to the other, eating just enough to *kill the plant.* In dry weather they take pleasure in eating the *juicy joints.*

I've made a mighty careful study of gophers. I know their habits and I've watched them hour after hour and day after day. It was necessary for me to know how they acted, so I could get the information that would enable us to mix a poison that would kill gophers and *kill them quick.*

Save $100.00 Every 40 Acres

When you figure it all up, gophers steal about 5 bushels of grain every acre. That means, 200 bushels every 40 acres—at 50c a bushel that makes $200.00. Can you afford to lose that much *every* 40 *acres?* Wouldn't you like to put that $100.00 or $200.00 or $300.00 or more to *your* credit in the bank instead of letting the *gophers* have it?

Remember, too, that every pair of gophers raises 20 to 36 young ones every year, and gophers are constantly throwing up *non-productive soil* which soon *ruins farms.* Something will have to be done sooner or later. Why wait? Here is the poison that thousands of farmers have used in their fields with greatest success. It has saved hundreds of thousands of dollars for farmers throughout gopher-infested sections. It will save hundreds of dollars for YOU.

Kill-Em-Quick Costs 1c Per Acre

My gopher poison is different from anything else ever placed on the market. It has a very *peculiar odor*—an odor that is decidedly *pleasing to the gophers.* Kill-Em-Quick *attracts them like a magnet*, and *they like the taste of it.* And Kill-Em-Quick is so powerful that the merest atom kills a gopher. One grain of wheat, coated with Kill-Em-Quick means *sure death.* The gopher dies on the spot. He doesn't get time to find out what he ate. He doesn't have time to suffer. He *dies quick* and that's all there is to it.

One 75c box of Kill-Em-Quick will actually kill all the gophers on 80 acres—will *actually kill* over 2,000 gophers. That means—less than 1c per acre, invested for my poison, will save you $200.00 on 80 acres. A $1.25 box of Kill-Em-Quick contains twice as much as the 75c box and will kill 4,000 gophers. Isn't it *worth while trying?* I guarantee you satisfaction absolutely. If Kill-Em-Quick fails to work, I want to know it. I'll refund *every cent of money* personally. Kill-Em-Quick is

Easy to Use

It is put up in powder form. Simply soak the grain over night—drain water off and mix with Kill-Em-Quick which *sticks to the grain.* Thus the poison forms a *coating* over the grain so it comes into immediate *contact with the stomach tissues, causing death of the gopher instantly.*

If you come in from the field some noontime after finding gophers at work, you can mix Kill-Em-Quick at once by placing the grain in hot water for a moment, draining it off and mixing with the powder and adding a little cornmeal. Place the preparation wherever there's a sign of a gopher.

There are *many other ways to use Kill-Em-Quick.* The directions are on every package. If you want any *special advice*, do not hesitate to write me personally. I will tell you just how to use Kill-Em-Quick for best results. I want you to be so satisfied with what Kill-Em-Quick does, that you'll tell your neighbors about it.

At the side and bottom of this advertisement, I give a list of some of the druggists who sell Kill-Em-Quick.

Ask Your Druggist

—even if his name isn't here. I didn't have space enough for them *all.* But nearly *every* good druggist *sells* it. If *yours* doesn't, please mail me his name with your order and I'll ship direct, express prepaid, with my guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Don't take anything except Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick. Nothing else will kill gophers so quickly, so cheaply and with so little bother. *Memorize the package shown below.* Kill-Em-Quick is put up in two sizes, at 75c and $1.25. The $1.25 package contains twice as much as the 75c package, but the 75c package holds enough to kill all the gophers in an 80-acre field.

Write Me a Postal or Letter

Tell me whether gophers, squirrels, prairie dogs, sage rats, field mice, rats, coyotes wolves, ground hogs, rabbits, badgers or pocket gophers are troubling you most. Let me know all the facts and I will write you a personal letter. I want to mail you my Free Book that tells all about Kill-Em-Quick. *Ask me questions.* I'm glad to be of service to you.

Now is the Time to Kill the Gophers and Kill-Em-Quick is the poison to do it with.

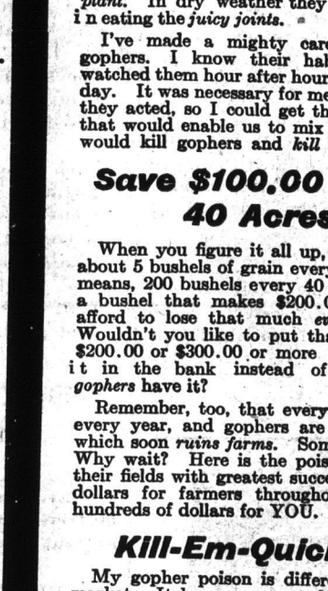
Mail me a postal or letter—in the meantime ask your druggist for Kill-Em-Quick.

Mickelson's
Kill-Em-Quick
The Guaranteed
GOPHER POISON

ANTON MICKELSON, President

MICKELSON KILL-EM-QUICK COMPANY

Dept. O, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada



Anton Mickelson, President

Some of the Druggists who sell Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick.

If *your* druggist's name is not here, or if he is too far away to travel there *this week*, or if he does not sell Kill-Em-Quick, any of the following druggists will be pleased to send the 75c size for 90c, or the $1.25 size for $1.50 prepaid. The extra charge is for postage only. The value of Kill-Em-Quick cannot be measured in single dollars—it *saves thousands!* Get a box *at once!*

MANITOBA

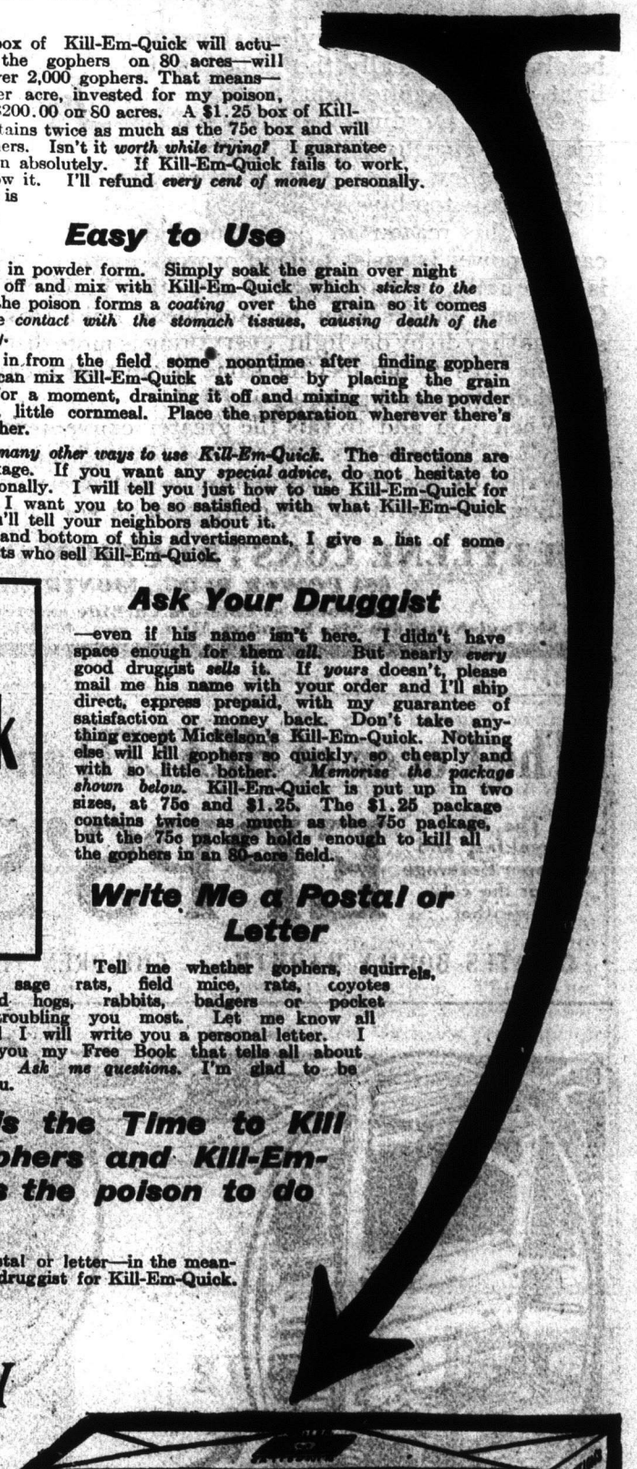
Alexander—W. S. Walker
Arden—J. A. Fulkerson
Belmont—W. F. Stephenson
Brandon—J.F. Scott
Brandon—G. E. McCullough
Brandon—W. A. Robertson
Brandon—D. E. Clement
Binscarth—A. Lanigan
Carberry—Spearin & Co., Ltd.
Carman—E. M. Saunders
Elkhorn—J. Mooney
Foxwarren—G. N. Maynes
Franklyn—W. E. R. Coad
Glenboro—N.B. Henry
Hamiota—B. R. McNaught
Hartney—E. W. Bailey
Manitou—Charles C. Parker
Melita—J. W. Hewitt
Minnedosa—R. T. Butchart
Minnedosa—Minnedosa Pharmacy
Miniota—R. K. Chalmers
Newdale—R. D. Kippen
Neepawa—W. M. Hamilton
Oak Lake—J. R. K. Graham
Oak River—S. J. Kirk
Rapid City—R. T. Hoskins
Russell—William Ledingham
Strathclair—H. A. Patterson
Shoal Lake—W. E. Arens
Souris—Morton Drug Co.
Swan Lake—R. L. Davidson
Virden—S. J. Hall
Virden—Higginbotham & Son
Wawanesa—C. C. Gorie

SASKATCHEWAN

Alameda—The Alameda Pharmacy
Abernethy—S. C. Kennedy
Aberdeen—J. M. Holmes
Brownlee—Brownlee Drug Store
Bridgeford—H. J. Greene
Broderick—James Brough
Bounty—Geo. A. Heron
Broadview—A. W. Allingham
Broadview—Craig & Archer
Bladworth—R. J. Eley
Creelman—The Creelman Drug Co., Ltd.
Carnduff—W. T. Lockhart
Craik—A. C. Robertson
Davidson—The People's Drug & Book Store
Drinkwater—Geo. Boyd
Duck Lake—R. T. Shepherd
Dubuc—T. A. B. Ferris
Delisle—F. J. Fear
Dundurn—F. E. Livingstone
Eyebrow—Eyebrow Drug Store
Estevan—D. L. Irvine
Elbow—Elbow Drug & Book Co., Ltd.
Elfros—G. N. Crawford
Earl Grey—F. C. Fowler
Esterhazy—E. L. Smith
Fillmore—R. G. Cook
Forward—S. I. Gumming
Francis—H. M. Woodhull
Fleming—W. J. Hamm
Foam Lake—W. E. Somers
Gainsboro—J. A. Stewart
Gull Lake—C. H. Morrison
Glen Ewen—Glen Ewen Pharmacy
Griffin—A. G. Robertson
Grenfell—D. F. Patterson
Govan—A. H. Roberts
Heward—H. A. McDonald
Hawarden—Thos. Nuttall
Hague—J. H. Hildebrant
Humboldt—W. N. Duff
Hanley—Red Cross Drug Hall
Hanley—The Cantelon Pharmacy
Herbert—W. P. Peters
Indian Head—A. G. Orchard
Indian Head—F. P. McCarthy
Kindersley—The Kindersley Drug & Stationery Store
Kindersley—Dr. J. W. Lord
Lang, Geo. A. McCuaig
Lumsden—N. W. Anderson
Lumsden—Lumsden Drug & Book Co., Ltd.
Lanigan—C. A. Calvert
Lemberg—H. S. Mann
Lashburn—H. A. Ellis
Lloydminster—Red Cross Pharmacy
Lloydminster—The Medical Hall Drug Co., Ltd.
Macklin—Macklin Drug Co.
Moose Jaw—F. W. Marlatt
Moose Jaw—H. A. Davidson
Moose Jaw—E. L. Colling
Moose Jaw—Moose Jaw Drug & Stationery Co., Ltd.
Macoun—Alexander Mitchell
Milestone—M. A. Elliot
Moosomin—C. B. Nicholl
Moosomin—Walter Pennington
Margo—F. J. Williams
Maymont—W. J. Mahinney
Maidstone—R. W. Barclay
Maple Creek—E. G. Hewitt
Maple Creek—F. C. B. Wilson
McTaggart—McTaggart Pharmacy
Netherhill—R. A. Scott
Nokomis—R. H. Norris
North Battleford—N.T. Brown
North Battleford—Harry W. Wright
Ogema—Ogema Drug Co.
Oxbow—J. P. Tripp
Osage—R. J. Barrett
Outlook—E. A. Hewat
Outlook—G. F. Daintry
Paynton—Paynton Drug Co., Ltd.
Perdue—A. L. Kean
Qu'Appelle—W. H. Hunter
Regina—Regina Pharmacy, Ltd.
Regina—Regina Trading Co., Ltd.
Regina—E. W. Roberts
Rouleau—W. A. Harkness
Rosetown—C. B. Mark
Rosthern—A. A. Beirnes
Rosthern—R. S. Fleury
Radisson—The Radisson Pharmacy
Saskatoon—R. T. Chown
Saskatoon—The City Drug Co. Ltd.
Saskatoon—Central Drug Co., Ltd.
Saskatoon—P. H. Coad
Saskatoon—Saskatoon Drug & Stationery Co., Ltd.
Saskatoon—S. T. Atkinson
Sedley—Sedley Drug Co., Ltd.
Stoughton—E. Hull
Sintaluta—V. J. Carson
St. Aldwyne—James Brough
Sheho—Sheho Drug Store
Strassburg—E. S. Agnew
Swift Current—J. P. Rooney
Tyvan—A. N. Hardy
Tugaske—Tugaske Drug Store
Tuxford—J. H. Storry
Unity—A. J. Tovey
Weyburn—O. S. Mitchell
Weyburn—H. S. Elwin & Co.
Wolseley—A. D. Ferguson
Wolseley—E. S. Cody
Whitewood—J. R. Bird & Co.
Wapella—Thompson's Pharmacy
Wilkie—F. A. Sitter
Young—H. W. Paddell
Yellow Grass—W. C. Sweet
Zealandia—Zealandia Drug Store

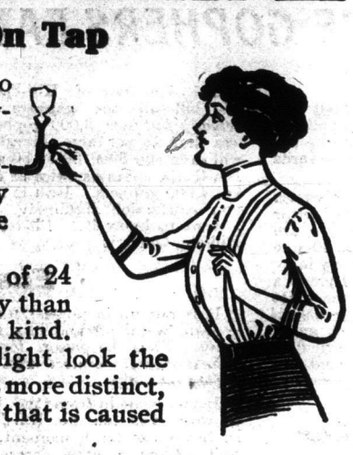
ALBERTA

Bow Island—G. B. Mills
Barons—W. E. Walliven
Bassano—J. H. Stiles
Brooks—P. W. McNab
Chauvin—T. H. Saul
Camrose—A. M. Sanders
Cardston—The Cardston Pharmacy
Cardston—Cardston Drug & Book Co., Ltd.
Champion—Champion Drug Co., Ltd.
Carmangay—Thos. Little
Calgary—James Findlay Drug Co., Ltd.
Calgary—The McDermid Drug Co., Ltd.
Calgary—MacFarlane & White
Calgary—Wendell MacLean
Claresholm—W. G. N. Johnston
Claresholm—O. L. Reineske
Carlstadt—Carlstadt Drug Store
Gleichen—Gleichen Pharmacy
Gleichen—A. R. Yates
Granum—Granum Drug Co.
Hardisty—Alberta Drug & Stationery Co., Ltd.
High River—Austin Francis
Innisfree—Innisfree Drug Store
Irma—H. B. Armstrong
Innisfail—Miss Simpson
Innisfail—William Geary
Kitscoty—D. W. Whillans
Lacombe—Lacombe Drug Co., Ltd.
Lethbridge—Red Cross Drug & Book Co., Ltd.
Lethbridge—Jackson & Cope
Lethbridge—J. D. Higenbotham & Co., Ltd.
Medicine Hat—C. S. Pingle
Medicine Hat—E. M. Cawker
Magrath—Magrath Pharmacy
Milk River—Milk River Mercantile Co., Ltd.
Macleod—Barnes & McNay
Macleod—A. Young & Co., Ltd
Nanton—Nanton Drug Co., Ltd.
Okotoks—F. R. Brown
Pincher Creek—D. L. McCrea
Pincher Creek—Mitchell Drug Co., Ltd.
Red Deer—Parker's Pharmacy
Raymond—McDuffee Bros.
Sterling—Sterling Drug Co., Ltd.
Strathmore—E. Lambert
Strathmore—A. W. Miller
Stavely—Stavely Drug Store
Taber—Alberta Drug & Stationery Co., Ltd.
Vermilion—E. J. Kibblewhite
Vegreville—Red Cross Pharmacy
Vegreville—The V. & V. Drug & Book Co.
Viking—Viking Drug Co.
Wainwright—Red Cross Pharmacy
Wainwright—Wainwright Pharmacy
Warner—S. Cope



ACETYLENE

Is Daylight On Tap



An analysis of Acetylene shows it to be almost identically the same as daylight—a pure white light.

Oil lamps, ordinary gas jets and electric lamps give light that has too many red and yellow rays. Gas mantles give light that is too blue.

For this reason an Acetylene light of 24 candle power is easier to read or work by than is an equally brilliant light of any other kind. Colors and shades seen by Acetylene light look the same as they do by daylight, everything is more distinct, and the eyes do not feel the same strain that is caused by other artificial lights.

When you add to this the greater convenience and lower cost of Acetylene, there seems little reason for sticking to the old oil lamps.

Write us for full information about Acetylene lighting. We'll gladly give it, without any obligation on your part. 10W

ACETYLENE CONSTRUCTION CO., LIMITED
604 POWER BLDG., MONTREAL.
Full Stocks of Calcium Carbide carried at
Cor. McTavish and 6th Sts., Brandon, Man. — 422 Richards St., Vancouver.

The Cocoa of HEALTH and VIGOUR

The ideal Breakfast and Supper Beverage for the cold weather.

EPPS'S

Agrees with everybody, forming one of the most digestible and nourishing articles of diet known.

CREATES BODILY WARMTH. CHILDREN THRIVE ON EPPS'S.

Which is his

THERE'S no mistaking the expression of a man whose farm is well "improved." He *looks* as prosperous as he *feels*.

It isn't the size of a place that counts most, nor its actual dollars-and-cents value. It's rather that "well-kept," thrifty appearance; the appearance that makes you think of fat stock, and well-filled barns, and comfortable, contented living.

Neat, permanent improvements go further in giving a farm this appearance than any other feature.

Concrete Is The Ideal Material

for such improvements. It is neat, harmonizing with its surroundings in the country. Everlasting, it cannot be injured by fire, frost, wind or lightning. Age—instead of causing it to decay—actually makes it stronger.

Concrete never needs repair—first cost is last cost. New improvements can be added year after year with less expense than would be required to keep wooden structures in repair.

Concrete walks, feeding floors, dairy-barns, ice-houses, root-cellars, well-curbing, fence posts, silos—which of these does your farm need most? Whatever you want to build, it's best to build it of concrete.

Do you want to know more about this subject of permanent farm improvements? Then write for your copy of

"What The Farmer Can Do With Concrete."

It's a book of 160 pages, telling how other farmers have used the "handy material" to good advantage. Published to sell at 50c. a copy, it is now being offered free to all farmers who write for it. Address

Canada Cement Co., Ltd., 32 National Bank Building, Montreal.

CANADA CEMENT COMPANY LIMITED PORTLAND CANADA CEMENT MONTREAL

SEND ME YOUR BOOK.

ers, letting rooms, or by a day's housework. The lads can get Saturday work, while the man, getting home just after six, is not too tired for a little gardening or poultry. He has Sundays to himself.

Educational advantages are superior in the city. Many men buy their own homes, which is a good way of getting a start, and altogether he lives in far better comfort than the hired man in the country.

We have lived in both ways, and I have taken keen interest in those around me, both in the city and country. My husband was brought up in the country, and though we both prefer country life, he is not, and neither would he go back to farm laboring.

Don't give the fowls moldy hay to scratch in or moldy grain to eat, for the mold is likely to cause canker in the fowls.

It will not hurt the fowls to run out on the bare ground a little while in the middle of the day when the sun shines.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that plenty of milk will furnish sufficient drink for the fowls. Milk is excellent, but water should be given also.

When the weather is wet and cold more corn and more cornmeal can be fed to the fowls, and a certain amount is needed to keep up the warmth of the body.

In every poultry house there should be a platform under the roosts to catch the droppings. This platform should be two feet above the floor so that the fowls can use all of the space in the house for exercising.

Present and Past.

The sombre shades are falling,
The silent night draws nigh;
The crimson glory of the sun
Is fading in the sky.
But I am still a-lingering,
In this my own domain,
Now silent and forsaken,
A Selkirk queen I reign.

For all is mute and listless;
The lessons have been said;
The scholars have departed
With light and happy tread.
And while I muse and ponder,
My thoughts and fancies stray,
In memory's hazy channels
They freely drift away.

But now the mist is risen,
(How swift the years have flown!)
Here are our former favorites
Appearing one by one.
Most heartily we welcome
These cousins of the past,
And wonder how they fared abroad,
Since we have seen them last.

Their aspect is more serious
Than in the days gone by;
And gazing at each thoughtful face,
The secret we descry.
Sir Time is now their teacher,
The spacious world their school,
Their notebook is experience
Filled with life's stringent rule.

Each has a settled purpose
To pilot him through life,
Success is briefly beckoning
Beyond the fields of strife.
While He rules the vast unknown,
And marks each sparrow's flight
Will bless their earnest efforts,
And guide their steps aright.

—Marietta.

Random Reading.

Why is it that tall men fare best in matters matrimonial?—Because of their evident connection with Hymen.

Boarder, warmly: "Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade! Do you think I have lived in boarding-houses twenty years for nothing?" Landlady, frigidly: "I shouldn't be at all surprised!"

Two old Scottish worthies were having a heated argument, when at length one of them exclaimed—"Well, I'm no gaun tae be too positive, but ane o' us is wrang, and I'm very weel shair it's no' me!"

Visitor: "What are you crying about, my little man?" Little Willie: "All my brothers have holidays and I have none." Visitor: "Why, that's too bad! How is it?" Willie, between sobs: "I don't go to school yet!"

"By the way, talking about the Budget reminds me that there is still some talk about the price of matches going up, although they haven't been taxed. I wonder how it is?" "I shouldn't wonder if it is because there are so many strikes!"

The youthful author pocketed his rejected verses, but he resented the editor's criticism. "Sir," said he, not without dignity, "a poet is born, not made!" "Young man," returned the editor blandly, "it won't help your case a bit to try to shift the blame on to your parents."

Counsel: "Are you sure that occurrence was on the seventeenth of the month?" Witness: "Yes, it was the seventeenth." Counsel: "Now remember, you are on your oath! How do you know it was the seventeenth?" Witness: "'Cause the day before that——" Counsel: "Be careful what you say now! Go on!" Witness: "Was the sixteenth, and the day after it was the eighteenth!"

One of the commonest complaints of infants is worms, and the most effective application for them is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

A WEAK ACHING BACK

Caused Her Much Misery.

Mrs. W. R. Hodge, Fielding, Sask., writes:—"A few lines highly recommending Doan's Kidney Pills. For this last year I have been troubled very much with nasty sick headaches, and a weak aching back, which caused me much misery, for I could not work, and had no ambition for anything. My kidneys were very badly out of order, and kept me from sleeping at nights. I tried many kinds of pills and medicines, but it seemed almost in vain. I began to give up in despair of ever being well and strong again, when a kind neighbor advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, which I did, and am thankful for the relief I obtained from them, for now I am never troubled with a sore back or sick headaches.

"I will always say Doan's Kidney Pills for mine and can highly recommend them to any sufferer."

Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

$3.50 Recipe Free For Weak Kidneys.

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels: swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatura lshort breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe, contains only pure harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

LADIES

A safe, reliable and effectual Monthly medicine. A special favorite with married ladies. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of $1,00 Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO hemists, Simcoe, Ont.

WANTED

Reliable parties to do **Machine Knitting** for us at home. $7 to $10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address:

The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co.
Orillia, Ont.

CANCER

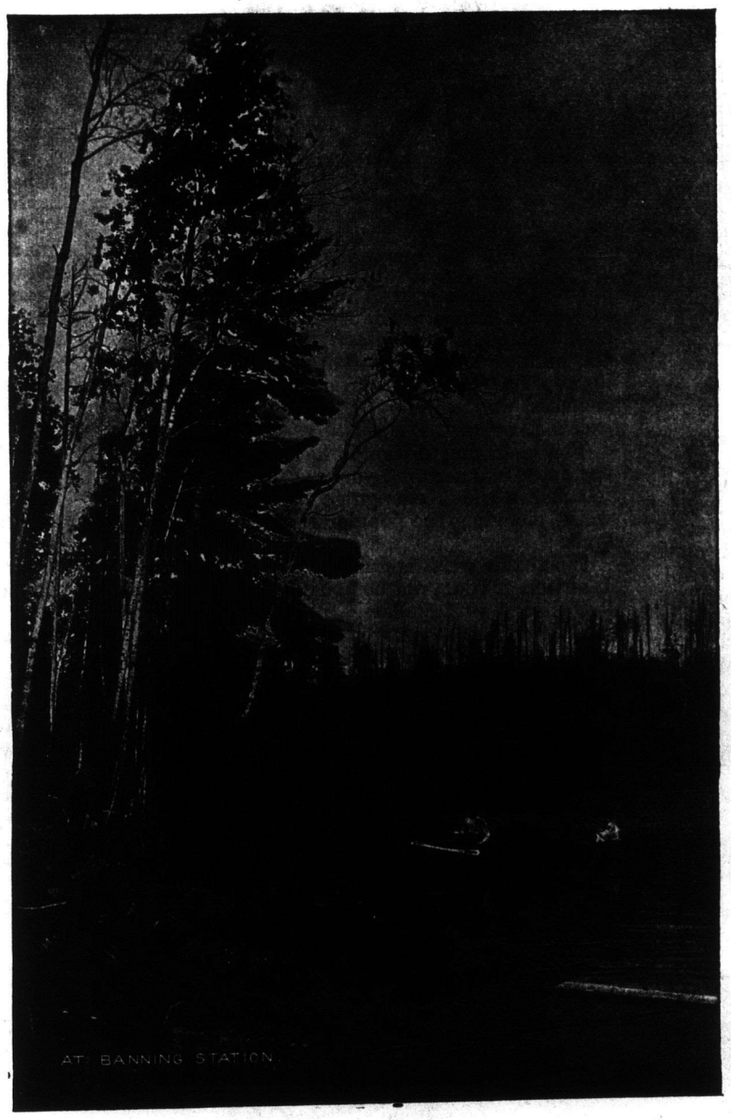
Old Sores, Lumps in Breast, Growths removed and healed by a simple **Home Treatment**

No pain. Describe the trouble, we will send book and tesimonials free.

THE CANADA CANCER INSTITUTE, Limited
10 Churchill Ave., Toronto

Correspondence.

We invite our subscribers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all the interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print. We would point out that we cannot send names and addresses of our contributors to these columns, but anyone wishing to communicate with any of the letter writers should send us a letter in a stamped envelope, which we will address and send to the party named. We receive a great many letters, both for publication and to be forwarded from persons who are not subscribers, and we wish to say that so great is the work incurred that we really cannot promise to publish or forward any letters from non-subscribers. We think this only fair to our large number of subscribers, as they should be given the prior use of this column.



Would as Soon Give up Smoking.

Wilbert, Sask., March 18, 1912.

Dear Sir, — Your valuable paper has been coming to me now for several years and I would as soon give up smoking as miss one issue. I am a Western bachelor and consequently take quite an interest in the correspondence columns, which, to my idea, is a very pleasant means of making an acquaintance. Should any of your fair correspondents care to write to me I would be only too pleased to answer them, and my address will be with the editor. Kindly forward enclosed letter and oblige. Yours truly Ex Guardsman.

Try to Minimise.

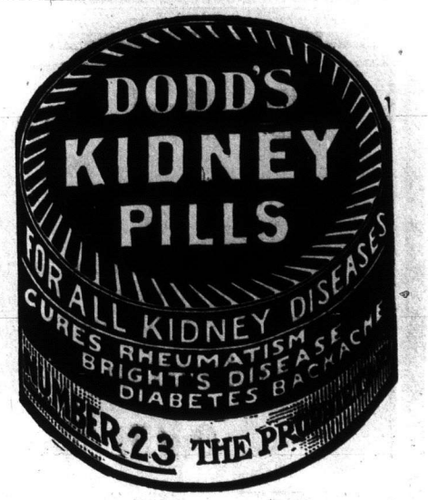
Dear Sir,—After making several unsuccessful attempts, I endeavor to try again, hoping this time to see my letter in print in your widely circulated magazine. After interviewing the correspondence columns, I would like to suggest a few things, though not of such severe criticism and disagreeable remarks as is given The Farmer and The Doctor. In my opinion, we should try to practise eternal attention, cheerfulness, and not making enemies, as some do. How shall we succeed if we do not practise. I presume by reading, some letters are severe criticism, or mighty near it, instead of trying to minimise their expressions. I would like to receive letters on this point, from Christians especially. Probably it is considered popular to describe myself. I am a mechanic, just past 22, 5 feet 10 inches. I have a half section in a good country. I do not smoke, chew, drink, or indulge in any bad habits or card playing I simply or rather earnestly consider them absolutely unnecessary. Now I must close. Still hoping to see this in print, and wishing all a most sincere communication.

Joy and Peace.

From East to West.

Saskatchewan, March, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Have you room for another bachelor from the East who has come to the West to make his fortune raising wheat. I have only lately become a reader of your great paper and must say that I am only beginning to realize the pleasure I have missed. I am very much interested in the correspondence columns. Josephus seems to have made quite a commotion with his criticism of dancing. Now, personally, I am not very much of a dancer, but always enjoy a good quadrille, and I think that Josephus was just a little too strong in his criticism. Everybody has a right to his or her own opinion, and should not try to force that opinion down the throat of everybody that they come in contact with. If Josephus and others do not believe in dancing, they should not condemn those who do; no man or woman has the right to say, I am holier than thou. I agree with Cheerful Cynic that there is too much of a sameness in the letters, and too much space taken up with a personal description of writers. While it is all very well to let us know who and what they are, I think the writers would do well to cut so much of the personal description. If they get into



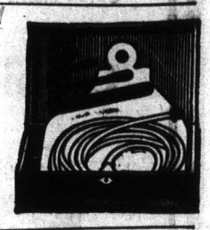
Dangers of Fat

HOW FAT AFFECTS THE HEART

Fatty Degeneration of the Heart may well be a bugbear to all fat people. An excess of fat around the heart not only impedes its movements, but gradually changes the substance of the organ. The pulse becomes weaker; excitement or extra exertion causes throbbing in throat and temples; the breath is short and gaspy. When these symptoms come to the man or woman who is too fat, steps should be taken to remove the excess fat, not only from the suffocated heart, but from other parts of the body where it makes its unwelcome appearance. Many so-called fat reducers are dangerous to the fatty heart, placing upon it an added burden by stimulating its action. There is but one sure, harmless fat reducer known, the now famous Marmola prescription of a Detroit physician, and its more convenient form, Marmola Prescription Tablets. By means of these harmless little tablets, thousands of overfat people have surely and safely reduced their weight at the rate of 10 to 16 oz. a day without exercise or dieting.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists, or the Marmola, Company, 1412 Farmer Building, Detroit, Mich., at 75c for a large case.

If it's made of
RUBBER
We Have It.
Write us and mention your wants.
INDIA RUBBER SPECIALTY CO
Box 2704. Montreal.



This Ring given FREE

for selling Assorted PICTURE POST CARDS. In one hour you can earn this handsomely Chased Signet Ring, engraved with any initial desired Free. The design is an exact duplicate of a solid 18K Gold pattern. Given for selling only 18 pkgs. of our Multi-color Picture Post Cards at 10c. a pkge. Each pkge. consists of 6 cards done up in a Valuable Coupon Envelope, which makes your friends buy them on sight. Don't wait a minute. We prepay postage on both Cards and Ring. Big Catalog of all our Premiums sent with each order.

COLONIAL ART CO., Desk 31, TORONTO

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.,

are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F. 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Useful and Valuable Premiums Given Away Free to Our Readers

By special arrangement with a leading manufacturer we have been enabled to get unusually low rates on a number of hand-embroidered and fancy work goods. As we feel sure that many of our readers would be glad to be the possessers of such attractive articles, we are offering them on terms which are extremely generous.

Combination Fancy Work Outfit No. 13

This beautiful outfit is the best bargain ever offered to those interested in Embroidery. It contains:

1 Corset Cover stamped on Nainsook.

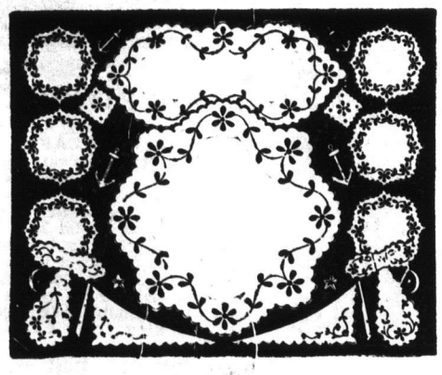
One 18-inch Centrepiece stamped on fine imported White Linen.

Perforating outfit (all new designs) including: Ladies' Entire Suit, Belt, Collars, Jabot, Cuffs, Handkerchief, Calendar, Sprays, Baby Cap, Dress, Kimona, one complete Alphabet, and many other designs not shown in illustration: in all, 33 up-to-date patterns perforated on Bond Paper, enabling them to be used over and over again. We also include in each outfit a cake of Superior Stamping Preparation, a Distributor, and full and explicit directions.

If you bought each of the above separately, they would cost you several dollars.

We will send you for a short time only, the entire outfit free, prepaid, for only two subscriptions for the Western Home Monthly at $1.00 each.

Combination Linen Outfit No. 15



This remarkable outfit is the biggest bargain ever offered to those interested in embroidery. It consists of:

1 Centrepiece, size 16x16 inches.
1 Tray to match, size 7¼x17¼ inches.
6 Doilies to match, size 5½ x 5½ inches.
2 Small Doilies for Salt and Pepper Shakers.
2 Ties and 2 Jabots.
2 Revers for Linen Coats.
4 Anchors, 2 Stars, and 2 Half-Moons for Children's Coats; in all, 24 beautiful articles stamped on fine white Imported Linen.

If you bought each of the above separately they would cost you several dollars. We will send you for a short time only, this beautiful entire outfit, free, postpaid, for only two subscriptions for The Western Home Monthly, at $1.00 each

Beautiful Hand-Embroidered Waist Front No. 14

Hand-Embroidered Waists are the delight of all dressy women. The short-sleeved one illustrated above is sure of a warm welcome during the summer months; perhaps it would be more appropriate to say a "cool welcome," as for coolness and comfort this waist cannot be excelled.

The charming design is hand-embroidered in the finest manner on 2 yards of fine white Lawn (40 inches wide), enough to make any style of waist, including the popular Peasant or Kimona style.

When this waist is finished with Valenciennes Insertion, it could not be bought in the stores for less than 4 or 5 dollars. We do not give the insertion.

Our supply of these waists is limited, so send us $3.00 for three subscriptions to the Western Home Monthly, at once and we will send you one of these waists, prepaid, absolutely free.

Corset Cover No. 17

In these days of scant petticoat, the corset cover is more generally used than the fuller garments. The corset cover illustrated above buttons on the shoulders and is very convenient, because with a low-neck frock, the shoulder strap may be separated and turned under. This style of corset cover is much prettier with blouses than the style opening in front. There is so much better opportunity for embroidery on these, and embroidery is the most attractive decoration one can put upon the corset covers, and is very durable.

We will send this dainty corset cover design stamped on a very good quality of nainsook, free, prepaid, for only one subscription for The Western Home Monthly, at $1.00.

Latest Stamping Outfit No. 16

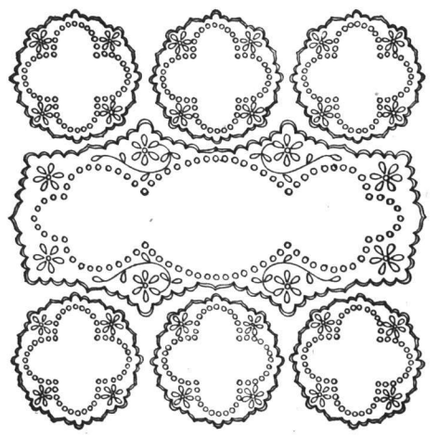
This artistic Stamping Outfit was made especially for us by one of the largest manufacturers. It consists of:

1 Shirt Waist Set. 1 Skirt Panel and Hat to match. 1 Combination Suit (Corset Cover and Drawers), 1 Table Cover, size 32 inches square, (can also be used for Scarf), one 18-inch Centrepiece, 1 Turnover Collar, Cuff and Jabot to match. 1 Belt. 2 Dutch Collars. 1 Towel or Pillow Case End. 1 Handkerchief. 1 Baby Kimona, Cap and Bib to match. 1 Panel for Baby Dress. 1 Tie. 1 Whisk Broom Holder. 1 Picture Frame. 4 Borders. 1 Stocking Design. 1 Complete Old English Alphabet, two inches high. 1 Complete Script Alphabet, one inch high, and many additional designs not illustrated, making a grand total of 76 up-to-date designs and 2 complete alphabets. All these designs are perforated on Linen Bond Paper, enabling them to be used an unlimited number of times. Enclosed in each outfit is a cake of Superior Stamping Preparation, a Distributor and all necessary directions for transferring Perforated Patterns.

With the aid of this complete outfit you can do your own stamping or make money by doing stamping for others.

We will send you this up-to-date outfit absolutely free, prepaid, for only two subscriptions for The Western Home Monthly, at $1.00 each.

Linen Set No. 18



The most beautiful of all trays and doilies are those which display a great deal of Eyelet Work: there is nothing more attractive on the dining room table than white linens embroidered in open work through which the polished wood may show.

The pretty set illustrated above shows a dainty pattern that should be carried out wholly in Eyelets both oval and round. This set was made especially for us and consists of:

1 Large Tray, size 8 x 17 inches, 6 Doilies to match, size 5½ x 5½ inches, all stamped on fine white Imported Linen.

We will send you this set for a short time only, free, prepaid, for one subscription for The Western Home Monthly, at $1.00 .

Address all orders: Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

WAS TROUBLED WITH HEART DISEASE AND NERVOUSNESS

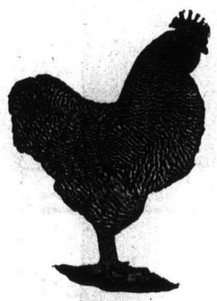
SEVERAL DOCTORS COULD DO HER NO GOOD. THREE BOXES OF MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS COMPLETELY CURED HER.

Miss Mary Lebeau, Edison, Sask., writes:—"I was troubled with heart disease and nervousness for over two years, and was so bad at times I had to sit up at night being unable to breathe, and every little noise would make me shake and shiver. I tried several doctors, but they were unable to do me any good. A neighbor then advised me to try a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. As soon as I began to take them I began to feel much better, and by the time I had used the third box I was completely cured. I would advise anybody suffering from heart disease and nervousness to try these pills. They will save quite a bill in doctor's fees."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all heart and nerve troubles by their restorative influence on every organ and tissue of the body.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

OAK GROVE POULTRY YARDS



Eggs for hatchinff from pure bred Bug and White Orpingtons, Rhode Island Reds, White Leghorns, White, Rocks, Barred Rocks, White Wyandottes, Golden Wyandottes, Black Orpingtons, Black Langshans, White crested Black Polish, Mammoth Bronze Turkeys, and Imperial Pekin Ducks. Write for catalogue. Address G. C. MALLORY, Box 1482, Winnipeg, Man.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets**, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

"Upon my word as a minister of the gospel I could not have lived had it not been for your Tablets. I had heart trouble severely for fifteen years and many doctors had failed. I could scarcely walk fifty steps, could not lie on my left side, had fluttering and pains most excruciating. I am now well."—W. H. Thompson, Adams, Ky.

One thousand other recent genuine endorsements will be mailed you with the free treatment.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 867, Augusta, Maine**, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

WANTED

Live men and women to take orders for our Life Size Pastel Portraits. Exclusive territory. $5.00 or more a day easily made. Neat and valuable sample cases furnished. For further information write to

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Would you like to learn How? You can do so without obligation by writing to - -

WESTERN BUYERS' UNION, Brandon, Man.

MAGIC POCKET TRICK FREE

Catalogue included, send 5 cents stamps.
MAGIC, Dept .12, 270 W. 39th. St. New York.

a correspondence with some of their fellows, they can exchange photos, which will give a better idea of their looks than their description can do. Now, I am, as I said before, a bachelor, between the twenties and thirties, about halfway, and would be glad to correspond with some of the fair sex. As this is Leap Year, I think they should write first. I will leave my address with the editor. Hoping this may escape the waste basket. I will sign Bye-Bye.

Always Looking Forward.

Bryceton, Sask., March 13, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Having been a lover of your most interesting paper ever since I scanned the first pages some two years ago, I always look forward to its arrival and am mighty sore if it does not come on time. I am not a subscriber, which is not my fault, as my cousin, whom I am staying with, got her sub. in first; so I thought it would only be wasting money to subscribe for two of the same paper in the one house, and money does not grow on trees here by any means. I am learning the art of farming, which is no easy task for a town-bred man. I would like to hear from some of the fairer sex, who would like to brighten the life of a lonely lad. Hoping this will not find the w.p.b. empty. I remain, yours with best wishes for success.

Lonesome Peter.

Quite Distinguished.

Manitoba, March 11, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Hello! here I am, an interested subscriber to that distinguished paper called The Western Home Monthly; and, to say the least, would not think of doing without it. I always read the correspondence pages first of all, and I think that it is one of the best pages a paper could have, for there we see thoughts questioned and answered from many people in different parts and with different ideas. Well, I suppose, you would like to know who it is that is writing this. Well, it is just one of those old bachelors; well, not so very old either. I never heard anybody say I was pretty. I am a farmer in one of the fertile districts of southern Manitoba, and like the profession, although it is lonesome in the winter time, living alone. I like reading and spend most of the winter evenings with my chair drawn up to the stove and a book in my hand. Well, as it is getting late, I will close. Hoping to see this in print, and if any young ladies or gents. care to write to me, I will try to answer all letters. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success. I will sign myself, Weary Willie.

Boys! Here's a Chance for You.

Lena, Man., Mar. 11, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Please crowd over and admit another lonely little girl from Manitoba into your circle. I am an interested reader of your great magazine and always read it from cover to cover. But where I find the most amusement is in the correspondence column, of which I read every letter. I see "Country Life versus City Life" seems to be much discussed. Well, as I am only a kid, I won't preach a sermon on it. However, I will say I like town life best in winter and country life in summer. In the cold weather it is too cold to drive five or more miles to go to town. I am a lover of nature. I love to watch the flowers, grain, etc., grow. I am also fond of sports of all kinds. Some of my favorite pastimes are shooting, skating, horseback riding, and best, but not least, dancing. I am crazy over a "hop," as I call it. I am passionately fond of music; can play the piano and organ, and am endeavoring to play on the violin. But a violin is quite difficult I think. I am a farmer's daughter who lives in southern Manitoba, just half a mile from the International Boundry between Canada and the States. I am just sixteen (quite a kid I hear someone whisper). Yes, I am a kid in years; but, listen: I am 5 feet 5½ inches. I think Single and Not Contented wrote a good, sensible letter. Would like to see more letters like his. Now, if any young men between the ages of 18 and 22 years care to write to a "candy kid," who does not mind card playing, smoking or dancing, but ab-

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KING
GEORGE'S
NAVY PLUG
For Sale Everywhere
THE ROCK CITY TOBACCO CO. LTD.
QUEBEC

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 866 WINDSOR, Ont.

OUR PRICES INCLUDE ALL CHARGES, BOTH DUTY AND POSTAGE.

Best quality Hair only used.

All Goods securely and *Privately Packed*, and sent Duty & Post paid direct to your Home.

THE UNIVERSAL HAIR Co

TRANSFORMATIONS Guaranteed only finest quality pure European Human Hair used

ANY STYLE $9.50, or extra full of Hair $13.00.

Only measurement required is circumference of Head.

Send *Sample of Hair*, and also remittance, either by Express or Postal order, or Registered letter.

For Light, Grey, Pale, or Auburn Shades, an extra charge is made.

SWITCHES of PURE HUMAN HAIR.

16 inch	$1.10
18 „	$1.35
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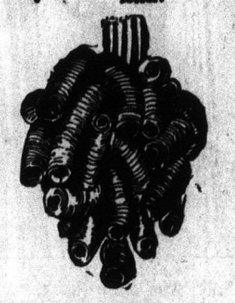
Any length to order.



Our Extra Full Cluster of Curls mounted on Comb $3.00.

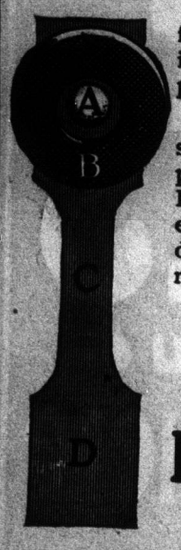
Send for New Illustrated Catalogue No 21 to CLOUGHER SYNDICATE, 449 Spadina Avenue, TORONTO.

OUR NEW WAVED CHIGNON, very light in weight, most easily adapted, only $6.50.
SWATHE OF PURE LONG HAIR, to complete this effective Dressing, from $5.00.

Address all ORDERS Manageress

84 FOXBERRY ROAD, BROCKLEY, LONDON, S.E. ENGLAND.

That Corn Will Go for Good



It will be ended forever in 48 hours, if you use a Blue-jay plaster.

The pain ends instantly when you apply it. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days it comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort. Nothing else known does what Blue-jay does.

That's why millions use it. You will never let corns disturb you when you find this out.

Nor will you ever pare them. Paring takes off just the top of the corn. And a slip of the blade means infection — sometimes a dangerous one.

The right way—the easy way—is to end them completely with this famous Blue-jay plaster. Prove it today.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (152)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

BE SLENDER

Your Face and Figure Can Be Restored to Their Youthful Lines.

No woman can look her best while she is too fat. You need not stay fat. Your former grace and beauty can be brought back safely and surely. Because of my striking success in reducing even the fattest people to normal weight, I am going, for a limited time to place my Treatment within the reach of all. Therefore, if you apply quickly you may have a **Free Trial** of my Treatment for Obesity, without a cent to pay. However fat you are, wherever your excess fat is located, I can reduce you to normal weight without starving, or any interference with your usual habits.

FREE

You Can Reduce Five Pounds a Week With Perfect Safety

Think what a difference it will make both to your health and comfort to have your burden of fat taken off. You can be reduced safely, pleasantly and surely by my Treatment.

I guarantee results to be satisfactory so you run no risk of being disappointed. Just read what some of my cured patients say:—

E. A. Richards, Ex-Mayor of Holly Hill, Fla., says: Your Treatment cured me of obesity permanently, as it is three years since I stopped taking it and have not regained a pound.

Rev. Mary Kimball, 112 So. Jackson St., Janesville, Wis., says: Since taking your Treatment my waist is reduced six inches and my hips eight inches. My garments now are so large they seem made for another woman.

Mrs. John Bye, Minneapolis, Kansas, says: "My husband says it is worth $1000 to him and the children since I took your Treatment. It reduced me from 203 pounds to 145, and also wonderfully improved my general health."

Hundreds of testimonials on my files prove that my Treatment **takes off fat at the rate of 5 to 7 pounds a week,** and what is more, that **the fat does not return** when normal weight is reached and the treatment stopped. **Asthma, Rheumatism** and **Heart and Kidney Troubles** leave as the fat comes off.

No need to take my word for it; I will prove these statements at my own expense. Fill in the Free Treatment Coupon printed below TODAY and mail it to me, and you will be taking the first step towards being slender and shapely instead of corpulent and unsightly. **Do it now.**

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Dr. J. Spillenger, 72 Madison Ave., Dept. **603F** New York.

Please send me Free Trial of your Treatment for Obesity, and your Illustrated book on Obesity. It is understood these are to be sent me absolutely free of any charge whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

hors chewing tobacco and the "rag," would care to write, they will find my address with our editor. Would Handsome Kid, Sask., please write. Well, I must "ring off," as my letter is already far too long. I will sign myself,

Flora Dora.

Curly Billy—Here's One for You.

Now, Curly Billie,
Don't think me silly,
Because these lines I write,
As I, like you,
Am lonely, too,
Our lives we might unite.

And as I hear
This is Leap Year,
When girls may have a chance,
Without alarms,
Display their charms,
And some kind heart enhance.

And I can bake,
And fry beefsteak,
Can knit, and mend, and sew;
All inside work
I do not shirk,
But outside, man must do.

Tobacco sure,
I can't endure,
Liquor or talk profane,
But hearty laughs,
O'er cards or drafts,
Amuse and entertain.

And music sweet,
I term a treat,
Piano I can play,
A two-step, too
I gladly woo,
To wile an hour away.

I'm rather tall,
And somewhat dark,
And not inclined to spat;
I'm eighteen, too,
O'er young for you,
But, oh! what matter's that;

If hearts are free,
And tastes agree,
And money ample in view.
We might decide
To stem life's tide,
And paddle tandem canoe.

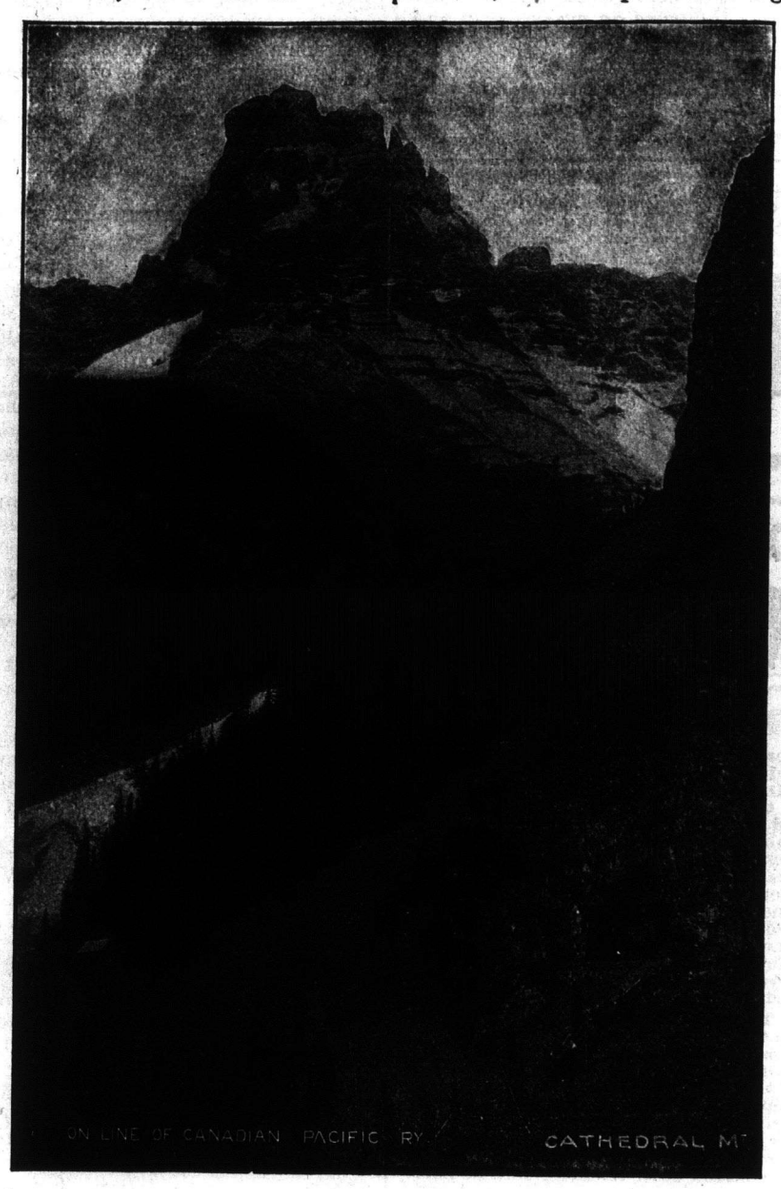
If this you see,
Then write to me,
And I will do the same,
Then we may say,
Thro' all our day,
Long live the W. H. M.

Tidy Tilly.

Where's the Dictionary?

Huronville, Sask., March 11, 1912.

Dear Sir,—Once again I emerge from the narrow confines of the sublime philosophical supercarnivorous existence of the stoically tacit bachelor into the cold, seething (something diadadic that), unsympathetic world of Western Home Monthly correspondents. What mighty muster, what rushing, roaring, terrific turmoil have we here! Now, in the ever increasing throng, I perceive Archibald with a tri-colored flag, waving it frantically, "Down with the Suffragettes! Down with petticoat tyranny!" Here, again, is Josephus, struggling to maintain the honor of his already sadly torn anti-dance pennon against the overwhelming numbers. Now, in the clamoring, swaying hubbub, I perceive the Heavenly Twins. Here, ah—Oh, You Kid floats past me in a sudden haze. How my attention is attracted to a young flaunting, yet hard, determined-looking young man. His appearance bespeaks him a son of the soil. With a youthful impetuosity, he elbows right and left, and an expression of righteous rage on his countenance slowly settles. Whither away, Young Farmer, with such terrific haste. Now the crowd sways slightly and — hello, old timer. There stands The Doctor. Now, I know where the galvanised Young Farmer is so strenuously striving to approach. He will annihilate the poor Doctor, he will. Now, my coat is off and I am into the fray. Young Farmer I pursue with relentless and unabating ferocity. Now I turn to Josephus, and, gathering speed, I follow the anti-dance knight with a swiftness equal to that of an impoverished hydrophobian after a Jew pedlar. Poor Josephus! His letter in that fateful column! I suppose, though, that it was too fantastically absurd to excite anything but commiseration and pity. Why, Josephus, it is not an embrace. It is perfectly natural that a man should so support his lady partner. And then he says "with their breasts literally throbbing against each other." My dear Josephus, allow me to assure you that this is not the proper attitude in dancing. The lady is rather to one side, is she not? She is not directly in front of her partner. Then, remember, Josephus, that nobody thinks of the attitude while dancing. If you ever danced you would know this.



ALL COME FROM THE SAME CAUSE

WHY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED MME. DUFAULT'S ILLS.

She had Diabetes, Sciatica, Backache and Headache, but Found Speedy Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

St. Boniface, Man.—(Special).—After suffering for three ye from a complication of diseases, Madame Oct. Dufault, of 84 Victoria Street, this city, is once more in perfect health and Dodd's Kidney Pills are credited with another splendid cure. Speaking of her cure, Madame Dufault says:

"Yes, I am again a well woman, and I thank Dodd's Kidney Pills for it. I suffered for three years and I may say I had pains all over my body. I had sciatica, neuralgia and diabetes. My back ached, and I had pains in my head. I was nervous and tired all the time; there were dark circles around my eyes which were also puffed and swollen, and heart fluttering added to my troubles.

"But when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I soon began to get better. I took thirteen boxes in all, and I think they are a grand medicine."

Every one of Madame Dufault's ailments is a direct result of diseased kidneys: That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills so quickly cured them all

Eyesight Restored

Eyeglasses May be Abandoned

A Wonderful Discovery That Corrects Afflictions of the Eye Without Cutting or Drugging.

There is no need of cutting, drugging or probing the eye for the relief of most forms of disease, as a new method — the Actina treatment — has been discovered, which eliminates the necessity of former torturous methods. There is no risk or necessity of experiment, as many people report having been cured of failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other afflictions of the eye, after being pronounced incurable.

F. W. Brooks, Bauchene, P.Q., Canada, writes: "Owing to having severely strained my eyes writing and checking at night, my eyes became very painful, and I could not bear the light. After using 'Actina' less than four months I can read and write as well as ever."

Amanda G. Dumphy, Narhwaak Village, N.B., Canada, writes: "I have used 'Actina' as directed and I can truly say it has done more for my eyes than I expected. I wore glasses for five years and suffered much pain. Since using 'Actina' I can sew or read without glasses and my eyes do not pain me."

Mr. Harry E. Hendryx, Whitneyville, Conn., writes; "One of the leading eye professors told my wife that she would never see with her left eye again. But Actina has restored the sight, and it is now as good as the right one."

Hundreds of other testimonials will be sent on application. "Actina" is purely a home treatment, and is easily used. It will be sent on trial, post paid. If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84B, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive, absolutely free, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

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TO ANYONE who sells 15 packages BEAUTIFUL ART POSTCARDS at 10c. a package, and when sold send us the money, **$1.50.** It costs nothing to try. We trust you. Write to-day for cardsto

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BOYS and GIRLS, get prizes of useful articles free. Very easy way. Send post card for particulars.

Manitoba Novelty Co.,

648 Jessie Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

But there, everybody to his own opinion. As for town life versus country existence, I have little to say. Of course, it is obvious that the town has by far the most pleasure opportunities. In the country you are cold in winter and roasted in summer. You sit on a plough all day in the hot, blistering ardour of the sun. Then, at last, when your long fifteen hour day's work is done, you are at liberty to sit out under a tree or on the verandah, and enjoy the cool fragrant air and incidentally sustain a few hundred thousand mosquito stings during the delightful tete-a-tete with your own gloomy reminiscences. This is coming down hard on the country, but it's true. In the city a long evening — minus the mosquitoes—presents itself with various different lines of amusement in which you are at liberty to indulge. Now, be it city or country, metropolitan or hayseed, life as we know is not all sweet. I'm wise; I've lived in both. Well, I must close. So, thanking you for publication of my last, and thanking you in anticipation regarding this one, I am still Debutante.

Patience Rewarded.

Manitoba, March 25, 1912.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to The Western Home Monthly, but my first letter was not printed, so I thought I would try again. I am a new reader of your magazine, and I think it's a fine paper. There is some good reading in it. I enjoy the "Young Man's" and "Young Woman's Problem," and the correspondence pages. I think they are all good. I see some discussion on town and country life. Well, I have lived in the country all my life and I think it's all right. I know lo of town people who would like to live in the country. I would like to correspond with Mona if she will write first, this being Leap Year. I'm just 27 and not too bad looking, and I live in Manitoba. Well, dear editor, thank you very much for this space in your fine paper. I'll sign myself Teamster.

Reply to Cheerful Cynic.

Golden, B.C., March 22, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Having been a reader of your magazine for some years and looking upon it as the best of the many I subscribe for, I venture to reply to your correspondent, Cheerful Cynic, in the correspondence department. In the first place, one can plainly see that Cheerful Cynic has passed a good portion of his "mileposts" and has forgotten entirely the days of his youth, when all to him was "just one girl" for to call his own. Otherwise, I do not understand how he can voice his veins in the manner he has done. What young person will degrade himself or herself in any light, regardless of a correspondence page? Is it not natural for us to think the best of ourselves, even though we do not possess the best of features; and furthermore your correspondent seems to think that some of the descriptions would make good advertisements for a slave sale. Let that be as it may, let me inform Cheerful Cynic that there are thousands of homes that have been made happy by the influence of his "slave advertisements," homes where happiness never reigned, until one of the fair sex entered them. Men were so situated in those homes that they would not see one of the fair sex for six months at a stretch. To try to be happy was in vain. What recourse had they? The correspondence pages is their only salvation. Let Cheerful Cynic imagine if he can that he is on a homestead 50 miles from civilisation, cooking his "bannocks and hardtack" three times a day for a number of years, and I am positive that he would be very grateful to have an opportunity to be released from such. And, furthermore, let me inform him also that although such correspondence may appear monotonous to him, there are thousands who read the correspondence before they read any other part of the magazine; and that simple fact is no indication of monotony in the columns. And, as to "that truck of pretty teeth, rosy lips, etc.," allow me also to inform him that in Canada to-day there are some of the most beautiful women that

DON'T NEGLECT CATARRH

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.

Take it in hand at once! Drive it out of your system before it ruins your health—your happiness—your very life's welfare itself!

Don't be blind to its dangers, because it works so quietly. Catarrh wrecks more lives than we realize.

Are you making that common, dangerous mistake of thinking Catarrh a trifling ailment? Are you fooling yourself with the idea it's only a stubborn, obstinate head-cold that in time will "cure itself"?

Don't deceive yourself any longer! Catarrh can't cure itself. While you heedlessly neglect it you're fast becoming a hawking, spitting, foul-breathed nuisance—an object of disgust to everyone you meet. Worse still—Catarrh may get down to your lungs.

Once Catarrh settles on the lungs it's no longer Catarrh—it's consumption. Consumption comes from neglected Catarrh, and over two million people die every year from Consumption.

CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW—don't let it run on another day. Write to me at once and let me give you the most helpful and valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

on Catarrh. It shall not cost you a cent and it's bound to be of wonderful aid to you.

For twenty-five years I've been studying and curing Catarrh. Now I offer you, without any expense whatever, free consultation and advice on curing your trouble—the benefit of my wide knowledge and experience.

Don't let this chance go by—accept my assistance today! It's promised in genuine sincerity and friendliness. People all over North America, who've already received my advice, gladly testify to what it has done for them. I'll cheerfully send you names and addresses of those who have sought my aid. Now they are cured of Catarrh, as they willingly bear witness.

Write to me and see if you can be freed from Catarrh.

Simply answer my questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the free medical advice coupon and mail it to me without delay. Address

Catarrh Specialist Sproule,
117 Trade Building, Boston. *Don't waste any time—delays are dangerous. Do it NOW.*

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in the nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from your nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

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ADDRESS .....
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It entirely removes and prevents all **ROUGHNESS REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION,** &c. Prevents all feeling of discomfort from **FROST, KEEN WINDS, HARDWATER** and keeps the **SKIN DELICATELY SOFT AND VELVETY** during the coldest weather. Men will find it delightfully soothing if applied after shaving.

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Simply for selling two cent assorted Picture Postcards of famous Actresses, Latest Cinematograph Events, Screamingly Funny Comics, Hand-painted Views, Glazed and Gold Mounted Cards, &c., &c. Worth four and five cents, all at two cents each. **We give you a Handsome Present FREE. All you need do is to send your name and address** and we send you at once an assortment of Cards and our latest catalogue containing over 500 beautiful Free Prizes, including **Watches, Russian Fur Sets, Phonographs, Gramophones, Melodeons, Musical Instruments, Roller Skates, Rifles, Dolls, Toys, Cinematographs, Genuine Auto-Harps, &c., &c. We trust you for 28 days** with cards. Sell or use what you can at two cents each and we will reward you according to our catalogue. If you do not sell a single card we will remember you just the same.

IT NEED NOT COST YOU ONE CENT OF YOUR OWN MONEY. WRITE AT ONCE—NOW TO

ACTE & CO., Ld. (Dept. 99) 85 Fleet St. London, Eng.

"SOME HA'E MEAT, AND CANNA EAT"

So Bobby Burns tersely describes the rich, but still poor, dyspeptics. But their case is not now so desperate as when Burns wrote. For the man who has the food now can eat without suffering for it, if he just follows the meal with a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet.

These remarkable tablets banish the troubles of the chronic dyspeptic—the man who is bilious—the sufferer from heartburn, gas on the stomach or occasional indigestion. You can eat hearty meals of wholesome food—and digest them, too—if you take Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets.

Compounded by expert chemists, after probably the best formula known to medical science, they are quick and certain in their action, giving prompt relief from all forms of stomach trouble, toning up and strengthening the digestive organs and bringing about permanent cures.

A man is no stronger than his stomach. Fit yourself for your best work by taking Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets. 50c. at your druggist's. National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 146

THERE IS NO REASON WHY WOMEN SHOULD DREAD CHILDBIRTH NOW. 19

Mothers' Cordial or Herbal Tonic makes childbirth easy and insures safe and rapid recovery. The Cordial is a compound of certain Indian herbs, blended in their proper proportions, and contains no drugs or harmful stimulants.

Mothers' Cordial or Herbal Tonic besides being a blessing to expectant mothers is also a potent remedy for all women in a rundown condition. In addition to its tonic properties it is an excellent blood purifier, and serves to clear the complexion as well as improve general health and good spirits.

Davidson, Feb. 21st, 1912.

Dear Mrs. Currah.

I am writing you for another box of Orange Lily and a box of the Herbal Tonic, inclosing an order for Two Dollars for same. Please forward same to me.

I find an occasional use of the Orange Lily helps me and the Tonic is a good spring builder.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. J. W. A.

A package of Mothers' Cordial or Herbal Tonic lasts a month. At your Druggist's, or by mail, $1.00 a package, postpaid, or 6 packages for $5.00. Write for interesting particulars—FREE. 19

Dr. Coonley Medical Co., Windsor, Ont.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties.—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 772, Augusta, Me.

can be found on this earth. Hoping that I have not occupied too much of your valuable time, dear editor, and that if you see fit you will print this in defence of many young readers who will be greatly disappointed with your correspondent's views. I will sign myself

Defenso.

Likes Western Life.

Bawlf, Alta., March 6, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of your wonderful Western Home Monthly for some time and will subscribe for it for another year, for time rolls by with your good paper to read. I have lived in Canada 11 years now and like it very much. Out here we have a good country for farming and ranching, and we do a little of each. I think this is the place for a young man to get a good start and make a happy little home if he is willing to stick to it. I enjoy reading the correspondence columns of The Western Home Monthly and also the nice letters. I am 22 years of age, and like music and all other sports; do not smoke, chew, drink or play pool. I would very much like to correspond with A California Pullet and A Rosebud if they would write first. Hoping to see this in print and wishing the editor success. My address is with the editor. I remain,

A Bronco Buster.

Where Bachelors are Plentiful.

Beaverlodge, Grande Prairie,
Feb. 18, 1912.

Sir,—Here comes a breeze from the North Pole. Being a subscriber to your valuable paper and in the far north, I would like to join your correspondence columns. I am very interested in your paper and look for it regular each month. I am a homesteader and like this country fine, having been out here for two years or more. I am a Canadian, born in Ontario, and would like to correspond with either sex between 18 and 25 years of age, I do not drink or chew, but I smoke a little. You talk about your bachelors, they are as thick as bees out here. I will answer all letters. I will sign myself Slim Jim.

A Splendid Idea.

Owen Sound, Ont., Feb. 20, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading some of the letters in the correspondence columns and have been quite taken with the extremely western tone of the letters. I do not belong to the "secret society," but would be much pleased to hear from some of the correspondents. We had a friend send us your valuable paper as a Christmas box and I think it the nicest Christmas present we ever got. I will never be without it again. I am a farmer's daughter and a great lover of horses. Can drive any kind of a horse. Would like to hear from Smoker, Sask., and Kid, Sask. I believe Kid said he was a "candy kid." Well, so am I. You wouldn't believe how fast candy disappears when I am around the house. I am taking up an awful lot of your time, so will close with best wishes for yourself and every success to The Western Home Monthly. I will sign myself Kanada Kid.

Back to the Country.

Alberta, March 1, 1912.

Dear Sir,—As an interested reader of your paper, I ask your kind permission to venture a few remarks on a topic now under discussion in the correspondence columns, viz., "Town life versus country life from a pleasure standpoint." In a recent letter by Single but Not Contented, the writer says that there is nothing to discuss. Apparently the gentleman is not in the habit of thinking. The balance of his letter only serves to strengthen this impression. Any man who calls himself a farmer and sells eggs at 15 cents per dozen when they retail at 40 cents, is certainly not in a position to ridicule anyone like Young Farmer, who apparently has been successful. Perhaps he would do well if he took his own advice and put his hired man in charge of the business part of his farm. Looking at the matter from the city man's point of view, I absolutely fail to see why The Doctor should have any reason to smile at the farmer when he pays 40 cents for the eggs that the farmer disposed of for 15 cents in trade. The grocer is the only one who has occasion to smile and he usually does—at both. While it is true that there are more sources of amusement open to the people of the city, it is also true that the majority are the bought and paid for kind, and exist only for the financial benefit of someone who has been wise enough to forsee the needs of the people. Now, someone will say, "We have public parks, we have public buildings." Of course you have. Nice, beautiful parks with green lawns and gravelled walks, nicely painted signs, "Keep off the grass," at every corner, and a blue-coated policeman to see that you keep your hands off the flowers. In the public buildings you are welcome, only so long as you comply with the rules and regulations. Oh, for the freedom of the city and the pleasures! Where the children play in their little 2 by 4 back yard, the mother goes visiting, secure in the knowledge that they will not wander away and get lost. Living in confinement, growing up in the narrow groove of social custom, crammed with knowledge; in time they are sent out into the world with one idea of success, the accumulation of money. Possession of it constitutes their pleasure; spending it constitutes their recreation. The dollar becomes the keynote of happiness. At last, worn out through mental exertion, they seek the rest and quiet to be found only in the country. "Back to Nature" becomes the cry, and back they come, hundreds of them. Away from the jangling, discordant noises of the city, back to the restful country, where prevail health, happiness and harmony. Wishing The Western Home Monthly continued success, and with due respect to Single but Contented, I will sign as

Young One.

A Lonely One.

Saskatchewan, March 19, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I am a subscriber to your valuable magazine and take some interest in reading the letters in the correspondence pages. I am a lonely bachelor, 5 ft. 9 in., and am 21 years of age. I would like if some of the girls would write to me. I would be sure to answer all the letters. Am fond of dancing and all sports, and am musical. As this year is leap year, the girls should write to the boys first and get acquainted. I saw that letter written by Josephus, and I think he doesn't know what dancing is. I quite agree with Phil in the March issue that we fellows that dance don't try and hug the ladies in dancing, for they would not permit it. Well, I will close. Wishing your magazine good luck and hoping that the girls between 18 and 22 will write me, I remain, Buck.

Another Applicant.

Portage la Prairie, Man., April, 1912.

Dear Editor, — I have been a silent reader of The Western Home Monthly for a number of years, and I must say a word of praise on its behalf. I have taken a great number of farm papers, but none gives me as much pleasure as The Western Home Monthly. I am not a subscriber, for the one reason that I have been lucky enough to be working where it comes to the household. However, I will be a subscriber some day, I hope, and will never regret it. I like to read the correspondence column, which I think is one of the great features of your monthly; it is with regret when I find I have read it all. I don't skip any pages, but all the same, I am always looking out for the next number. Well, I would like to see this letter in the happy circle columns, as I hope to get some correspondents from some of your readers, especially the fair sex. I agree with your correspondent who signs himself in the February number as Single and Not Contented. He is the first man to come to the fore and air his views on the hired man. I am one myself, so I know what he is talking about when he hits your correspondent, Young Farmer. It certainly is the hired man who does the business part of the farm work. Well, I don't want

BRONCHITIS

Was So Choked Up She Could Hardly Breathe.

Bronchitis is an acute inflammation of the mucus membrane lining the air tubes of the lungs, and should never be neglected, for if it is very often the disease becomes chronic, and then it is only a short step to consumption.

On the first sign of bronchitis Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should be taken, and thus prevent it becoming chronic.

Mr. John D. MacDonald, College Grant, N.S., writes:—"My little girl, seven years old, caught a bad cold which developed into bronchitis. She was so choked up she could hardly breathe. Reading about your wonderful medicine, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I decided to try a bottle, and with such good results that I got another which completely cured her. I cannot say too much in its praise, and would not be without it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price, 25 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

LODGE TALKS

The book that helps you to speak at all kinds of meetings. Only 10c.

Manitoba Novelty Co.,
648 Jessie Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Tells How She Keeps Her Health—Happiness For Those Who Take Her Advice.

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house.

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has helped her.

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to your wonderful medicine." —Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R F D. 3.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for woman's ills known.

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We will teach you, by mail, the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance business and appoint you our

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We are the oldest and largest co-operative real estate company in

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Representatives are making $2,000 to $10,000 a year without capital.

One student, upon completing his course, and without capital, made a profit of $2,714 in his first month's work.

Be Your Own Master

Good judgment and ordinary education and ambition with our course of instruction, will quickly win for you an independent life.

Free legal advice to each representative.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

to take up too much of your valuable space or else this will get the w.p.b. I hope to be on a homestead next fall myself and that is the reason why I am getting in the happy circle. I am 23 years of age. I would like to correspond with nice young girls between the ages of 20 to 30, if th y will write first, as I am rather bashful. My address is with the editor. Now I will close. Wishing your magazine continued success and thanking you, Mr. Editor, for space. I will sign myself,

Manitoba Giant.

Travels Many Miles.

Regina, Sask., March 4, 1912.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to your interesting magazine and must say that no other paper gives me the same pleasure as The Western Mome Monthly. I especially enjoy reading the correspondence columns and am sure that my brother bachelors do as well, for I have know a single copy to travel three and four hundred miles amongst the homesteaders. I would like to write to some of the fairer sex, especially Ontario farmers' daughters, as I am or was an Ontario boy myself. I think writing a good thing for anyone, as you may get a great deal of practice and instruction from it. I am nineteen years of age, and have a homestead and pre-emption, but have not put in any duties on it yet. I intend living in the city this summer. Hoping these few lines will meet with favor in the eyes of some of your fair readers. I will sign myself,

Jep.

From the Emerald Isle.

Saskatoon, Sask., March, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I am a subscriber to your interesting magazine, The Western Home Mnothly, and would like to join your happy circle. I think it a suitable paper for old and young. I look forward to the correspondence columns every month. I am Irish, and came across the ocean five years ago. Am located on a good half section of land. I find it pretty lonesome at times and would like to correspond with some of the fair sex for pastime, if they will write first. I am 21 years of age.

Towser.

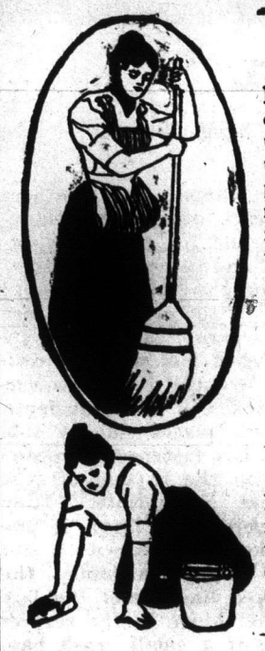
Hurry Up Girls!

Orrwold, Man., Mar. 22, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I am not a subscriber to your valuable paper, but it comes to my home and is considered as the best monthly magazine ever printed for the old as well as the young. It affords great amusement for the young in the correspondence column. The Doctor is certainly getting his share of criticism since he wrote a letter on the dance and card playing. I am not a very good dancer, but like to indulge in a quiet dance at home, but as to dancing in a public hall, I dont think there is anything more degrading. I quite agree with Curly Bill in his defence of dancing; he certainly hit the nail on the head. I don't believe Josephus really means all he says, but he said some good things and also said some things which I cannot agree with. Dancing is liable to abuse as well as any other amusement, but if it is used in the proper way it is one of the best ways to wile away the long winter evenings. The majority of the writers think the W.M.H. is a good place to describe their beautiful features, but not for mine. Now, girls, I am not what you would call beautiful, for I am too tall for one thing, only 6 feet 1 inch, my hair is a fluffy auburn, but as for my general appearance, I will leave that for someone else to tell. I am a lover of skating, and like dancing sometimes and card playing as long as it is played with a jolly crowd. I came west on March 25th, 1911, and am in love with the west; farming is my hobby, and this is a great country for work. Now, girls, this is leap year, and it is up to you to make good I suppose, so my address is with the editor. Hoping this will be in print and not in the W.P.B., I remain,

Foxy Kid.

P.S.—I said I am not a subscriber, but if the W.H.M. did not come into my home, I would pay twice the price for it.



Housework Drudgery

Housework is drudgery for the weak woman. She brushes, dusts and scrubs, or is on her feet all day attending to the many details of the household, her back aching, her temples throbbing, nerves quivering under the stress of pain, possibly dizzy feelings. Sometimes rest in bed is not refreshing, because the poor tired nerves do not permit of refreshing sleep. The real need of weak, nervous women is satisfied by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It Makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

This "Prescription" removes the cause of women's weaknesses, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures those weaknesses so peculiar to women. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces restful sleep.

Dr. Pierce is perfectly willing to let every one know what his "Favorite Prescription" contains, a complete list of ingredients on the bottle-wrapper. Do not let any unscrupulous druggist persuade you that his substitute of unknown composition is "*just as good*" in order that he may make a bigger profit. Just smile and shake your head!

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The Boy's Room.

As Suggested by the Room of Bright Boy. By Agnes Warren.

In furnishing boys' rooms a totally different treatment from that which would delight their sisters is imperative. They neither want nor need the delicate color schemes, filmy draperies and shining mysteries of glass and silver that are dear to feminine hearts. The simplicity that in days to come must characterize all their belongings should be in evidence; but this need not withdraw consideration for the individual taste of each particular boy.

In the matter of wall decorations, for instance, a boy has usually very decided opinions of his own, and his taste may incline to the barbaric; and his mother and sisters regard with something akin to dismay the colored pictures, posters and calendars upon which his affections are set. But it is well when selecting the wall paper to provide also for these pictures. If the other furnishings are in harmony, rather startling combinations of color will, if they have a suitable background, not greatly interfere with the looks of the room, and the lack of his pictures may interfere with the pleasures of the boy, which is a matter of vastly more importance. One room I know has its walls covered with dull red paper with set patterns of cream and deeper red, without a border, but with a band of heavy manilla paper, three feet wide, inclosed between bands of narrow gilt moldings, carried around the room five feet above the baseboard. This paper comes in rolls, so is conveniently applied (also replaced when necessary), and its pale, yellowish-brown forms at once mat and background for a variety of pictures, and harmonizes with all. If one has a number of framed pictures suitable for a boy's room, a plain, dull blue paper is excellent. A width of green and gray matting may be carried around the room, and just above the matting sheets of the gray paper used for covering library books, between bands of split bamboo, furnish room for the pictures a boy likes to arrange and tack to the walls himself, and which will not interfere with the framed pictures hung above them.

A table is an article of necessity in a boy's room. He may have shelves, or a desk, or a cabinet, or all three, and yet none will take the place of a table; and the more drawers a table has, the better. It may be of polished wood, or, like the wardrobe for which the poet sighed, "of painted pine," in color to harmonize with the woodwork of the room, but it should be ample in size, bare of cover, and provided with a good student lamp. A foot-stool under the table will be in order: either a square box, covered with burlaps studded with gilt-headed nails which form a simple pattern, or a large floor cushion filled with excelsior and covered with denim.

If a hard wood floor is not obtainable, Indian red is one of the best colors for a painted floor, especially if the woodwork is of pine or cedar simply oiled, not varnished. With buff or cream-colored woodwork, dull yellow is excellent for the floor. The rugs should be few in number, subdued in color, and of deeper tone than the other furnishings. Few boys wish for window draperies; plain roller shades of cream or natural linen color, and sash curtains in contrast or harmony with the walls, are all that are necessary. For a sunny room, one of the small flowered chintzes is good, and yellow silk or silkaline lights up a shady place. If, however, long curtains are thought desirable, straight widths of a well-designed denim, hung by rings on slender poles, and reaching only to the bottom of the window, are the most suitable. Similar denim may be used for the bureau cover, or a plain denim embroidered in a conventional design with white flax thread, or heavy linen crash with an outlined border in rope silk of the prevailing color of the room. The less there is on the bureau, the better: combs and stiff, straight-backed brushes, a small china dish for scarf pins, another for collar buttons, and a metal or china match box are the only necessities. Many devices have been planned, and mothers have vied with each other in providing boxes for collars and for cuffs, receptacles for neckties, and cases for handkerchiefs, to put in the top drawers of bureaus; and boys there doubtless are who put each separate article in its place and cover each box with its own cover. For the average boy, however, long pasteboard boxes, of sufficient depth and without covers, placed side by side within—and each box fastened by means of thumb tacks to the bottom of—the drawer, are more appropriate. They may first be covered and lined, if one wishes, the handkerchief box with a silk handkerchief or a gay bandanna, the others with colored linen; and the boy may then put his things in the respective places; also if a small crash bag, suitably lettered, is hung close by, he may put the soiled collars and cuffs in the bag instead of among the clean ones. There are subjects which it is safer to treat in the potential mood.

A tall, straight mirror, framed in polished wood, should hang above the bureau, with the necessary sandpaper for matches at one side. No boy would object to the latter being mounted on white cardboard, with a yellow sun shining behind a caravan silhouette in black above the stretch of sand.

In the bed covering, it is well to carry out the color scheme of the room, and cottons and linens are now woven in such variety that this is not difficult. Where blue can be used, nothing is so good as blue denim, the old familiar blue which grows softer and duller with repeated washings. With a plain center and wide border outlined in cream cotton, or with the entire surface covered with fleur-de-lys, outlined in white or deeper blue flax thread, it is always satisfactory.

In the matter of couches and cushions, more license is permitted than in other belongings of boys' rooms, but even here caution is necessary. The covering of the couch will to a certain extent control the cushions. If the former be of a neutral tint, there may be greater variety in the latter, while if the covering be of differing colors, the fact should be duly recognized. Canvas, the heavier linens, cloth and denim are all good materials for the cushions, and their enrichment should be in keeping with the materials. Good effects can be obtained without elaborate embroidery. Leaf forms cut from chamois leather make suitable decorations for cloth—appliqued with black silk on an orange ground, for example, or, if orange is not in accord with the couch cover, deep red may be used and the leaf forms buttonholed with brown. Loosely woven black cloth, with the design outlined in yellow silk and the background covered with darning of the same color, giving the effect of an overlay of black upon dull yellow, makes a good cushion. So does a bronze dragon upon a circular golden background, in the old-fashioned cross-stitch, on ecru canvas. Linen and denim should have only the simplest conventional designs outlined either with twisted embroidery silk or flax thread.

The chairs, few in number and as plain as wood can be fashioned, should have straight backs and, preferably, oiled or varnished surfaces, although they may be painted to correspond either with the walls or the furnishings. Book shelves there will be of course, and portraits of favorite authors may hang above them; books should be the chief and best ornament of the room.

The mantel should be finished to suit the tastes of the boy. If he has "collections," he will like the little cupboards above and below the shelf; vanity will receive no encouragement from the deep set mirror between the two upper cupboards. He may prefer a length of plain or embroidered fabric above the shelf to form a background for a series of photographs: or a favorite rod above pictures of quiet mountain pools or rock and fern-bordered brooks may be all that he desires. If he likes birds, he may like their "pictured semblances" ever ready to meet his eyes, and among them nests that have outlived the falling leaves may find place. The nests of vireos and orioles are especially attractive for such a purpose; no bird is defrauded by such harmless collecting, and if anything could add to a boy's interest in nature, it would be the contemplation of such marvels of her work.

In conclusion—with consideration for their pleasures and interests, differing in kind only, not in degree, and, above all, for their future aims in life, should boys have rooms set apart for themselves and these rooms should receive most careful attention.

Wholesale and Retail.

In arithmetic Captain Hank is not especially strong. In business, however, he has "cut his eye-teeth." He knows the difference between wholesale and retail, although he sometimes gets the two styles of trading mixed.

"Captain Hank," said a summer boarder, in the early days of the season, "how much will you charge to rent me a rowboat?"

"How long do ye want it?"

"Five days; perhaps a week."

"Well, now, I'll tell you," said Hank, deliberately. "I have two kinds of rates, hullsale and retail. One's for a week or more, and the other's for a week or less. If ye take it a week or more, that'll cost you at the rate of fifty cents a day, three dollars and a half a week. But for less than a week I don't feel as if I ought to charge quite so high. It gives more folks a chance to rent boats when you don't have them out so long. So for less than a week I charge at the rate of three dollars a week, and for five days — well, that won't cost you more'n a dollar and seventy-five cents."

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