THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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A Chat with our Readers.

When June comes every woman longs for a place that is fragrant with the smell of warm earth and wonderful with the promise of coming flowers.

The June number of the Western Home Monthly will contain its usual quota of stories and articles which will be quite in tune with the season when you are glad to forget the work and worry of the winter that is past.

The Editor tells you about the stories first. One naturally thinks of romance and beauty when one begins to talk of June but you are not to be permitted to put aside all serious things just because the sun is shining on fields of tender green and orchards of blossoming fruit-trees. There, don't be alarmed, your favorite magazine is not to be dull and heavy. It never has been so in the past. You have discovered that you could always read every word on every page from cover to cover, haven't you?

There comes a day when a chance word or a deferential act, an anniversary or a meeting with a long-absent acquaintance causes you to realize that you are no longer young. You have often jested about being middle-aged, and the polite denial of such an assumption has been pleasant to your ears when uttered by a friend, but now you know the truth—you are growing old! It is strange that you have not known it before; odd that you have not noticed how college girls wait at doors to let you pass through and matrons with half-grown sons offer their chairs to you when you stand in crowded drawing-rooms. Now that your attention is called to yourself, you are astonished that you have not seen the significance of the kindly attention you receive wherever you go. You thought you were more popular than you used to be, but, after all, you are merely more aged.

This moment of realization is a test of character. Inevitably it must bring pain, for, even though vanity may not suffer, there is always disappointment in the thought of what it has been impossible to accomplish—so few of the dreams have come true! Following the awakening to the grim fact that a new generation, with eyes that discern, sees gray hairs and telltale wrinkles, there must be a gradual readjustment in one's relations with the people of a busy world that is not at all like the world of yesterday when the way of life lay, long and pleasantly alluring, before you. You may be tempted to assume an arrogant attitude toward the young and to lament because things are not as they used to be, but a little stern, unflinching frankness with yourself will enable you to accept your changed status meekly at first, and then gratefully. It is time for you to step aside so that others may pass along the pleasant paths that you have trodden, but you can find sweet solace in looking on as you pause by the wayside. It is pleasant to know that the resting-time is not far off. There is no need of haste now. For a while you are free to enjoy the memories, and the memories should make you charitable toward all. How many mistakes you have made, and yet how insignificant appear experiences that once seemed tragic! After all, the new generation is wiser than yours, and you find yourself rejoicing because you have been permitted to live through years of progress. Now your point of view is safe and you may be sure your values are right. You are ready to go onward at a different speed, a slower pace, that permits you to turn often in order that you may speak a cheering word or perform a helpful act.

It is a precious privilege to grow old. Slowly the ralization comes as you learn to subdue the eager, restless spirit that was still selfish a little while ago when the importance of material things was exaggerated. The wonder of all is that the spirit within you is more and more refreshed, now that you know you are growing old; the miracle is that it is as young as it ever was, and you often smile because so few behold the miracle—because so few understand! It is this deathless youth of the spirit that gives you serene assurance of survival after the semblance of age has been put away. So peace dwells with you.

Since a prominent man expressed the wish that some day he hoped every woman might be so situated that she would not think it necessary for her to marry if she did not wish to, Canadian girls of every class have been interested in the wide discussion of our modern motives for matrimony. With increasing economic independence, are mercenary considerations vanishing?

This question has been answered by college presidents, social reformers and plain, every-day women. Naturally, opinions differ quite as much as the various points of view. One sociologist has declared that no woman in America is forced to marry in order that she may obtain food and shelter. An educator has discovered that college women "choose more wisely." Statistics show that while the number of wage-earning women has more than doubled in the last twenty-five years the percentage of marriages has slightly increased.

In one sense every right-minded woman marries for a home, since the home is the symbol of her new partnership, the sanctuary of all high, and holy hopes. It is as natural for the normal woman to long for a home as it is for her to desire the love of a good man. With the multiplication of industries and the ever-widening call for women's work, the number of mercenary alliances in the middle classes has been reduced to a minimum. The educated girl who marries so that she may be suported is either hopelessly lazy or the victim of an unwise training which has failed to fit her for life.

Time has proved, fortunately, that success in business, distinction in the professions and even fame in various artistic careers have not made woman less susceptible to the influence of the most old-fashioned of cosmic forces—romantic love, which continues to rule in this progressive world.

Even though a university degree may aid a girl to "choose more wisely" there is evidence that logic has not supplanted the peculiar power that enables a woman to behold a hero in even a commonplace man. So long as love continues to exist in the world—and that means until the human race is extinct—it is safe to say that women will be reluctant to marry for a home, and there is no doubt that economic independence has increased this reluctance. In response to the question, "Do woman marry for a home?" we should say that a few exceptions prove the rule that Canadian women do not marry to be supported.

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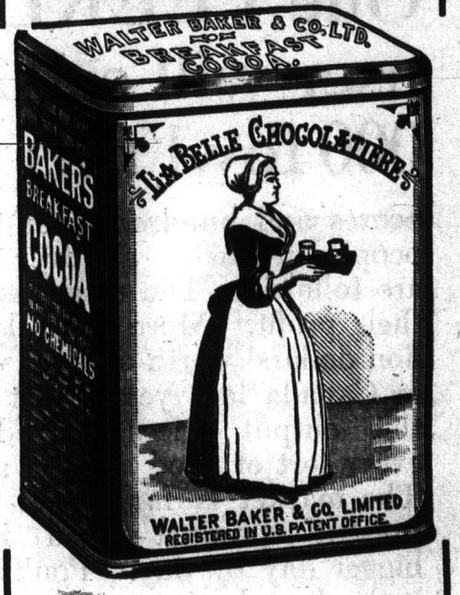

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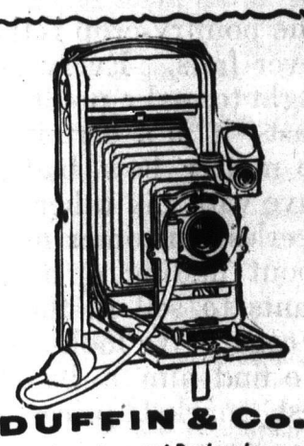

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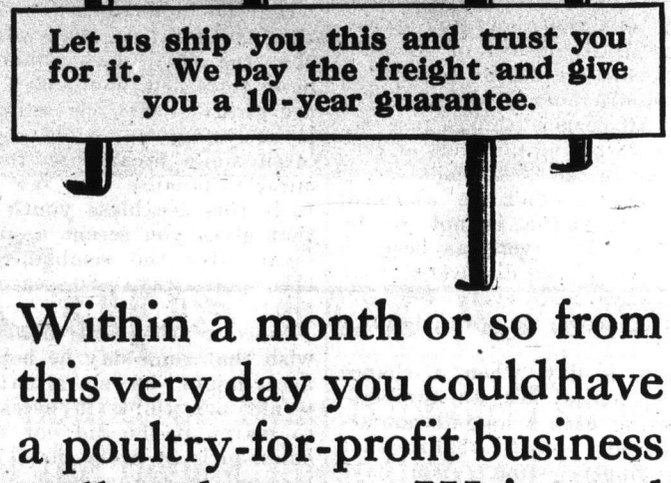

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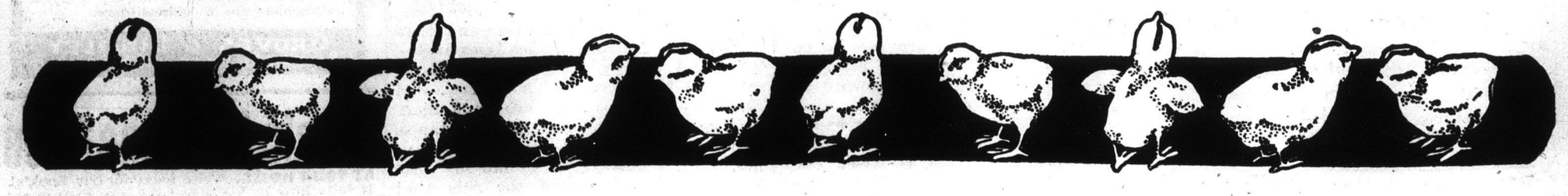

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Vol. XI. No. 5. MAY. 1910.

The Present and The Future.

By The Editor

If you have lived in the West for any considerable time you are an optimist. You cannot help it. Optimism is in the air and in the sky. It is in the grass and the flowers. Your horizon is boundless and so is your fancy. Reality has so often exceeded your fondest dreams that you are ready to believe anything possible. You boast of the climate, the soil, the natural productions, the possibilities in trade and commerce. All this and more. Yet let me warn you that unless some of you begin to mend your ways, and that right suddenly, you are going to receive a rude awakening one of these bright days. Your Land of Promise may easily prove to be a Fool's Paradise.

Noxious Weeds.

I know you have reason to boast of the soil and its marvellous fertility. Yet, did you ever hear of weeds? Do you know that in some districts land is dear as a gift because it is so overrun with Canada thistle, sow thistle, French weed or mustard? All the way from Winnipeg to Medicine Hat, on the Portage Plains as in the Mennonite reserve, there are districts so burdened with weeds that the raising of grain is practically impossible. To the carelessness of the farmer must be added the criminal negligence or incapacity of those who have administered the Departments of Agriculture. It is sometimes difficult to understand a government's policy in matters of trade and transportation, but there is no doubt of the policy on the weed question—it has been a policy of culpable inactivity and stupid incompetence. Can you not see ahead for five or ten years? If you can, you need no word from me as to your line of action in this matter.

The Fisheries.

A few years ago you were wont to tell of the wonderful fishing grounds in the lakes of Manitoba. Where are they now? You know as well as I that the lakes have been depleted. Here again it has been because of a worse than wasteful policy. The government in charge never gave attention to warnings in this matter, and now we must begin all over again. Thank goodness there are a few little white fish left, and if the man in charge of the hatchery doesn't get on a spree on a cold night and allow the eggs to chill it is possible that in ten years the fish industry may revive. Let us hope that when the lakes are again productive, pains will be taken to keep a few of the best fish in our own country. You have been complaining recently of monetary loss because of the tolls of the railroads and the shippers. That is because you felt it personally. Do you know that the loss to the country from the reckless procedure of fishermen in the lakes is not to be calculated in single dollars or hundreds, but in millions? And you need not that anybody should tell you what to do to remedy this matter. It is all very well to have a great country, but unless you do your duty, it is not going to remain a great country. Do you know what it is to get busy? Your duty does not end with looking after your own little corner lot or quarter section. There are duties every man owes to his country, for, in the long run, his country's progress measures his own

The Coal Deposits.

Did you ever take the trouble to ascertain the value of the coal deposits in the Rocky Mountains, that have been given away? There was a fortune big enough to make Western Canada one of the wealthiest of nations. How much of the known area remains in the possession of Canada? Have you ever played the old give-away game in "checkers." Those legislators can surely give you pointers on that game

The Speculators in Land.

You have travelled more than once over the long line leading from Winnipeg to Calgary. Did you ever observe how small a fraction of the land was under cultivation? Who owns it? Did it ever strike you that the railways and speculators are in control of the situation? If you find it impossible to organize schools and to support churches, to build roads and bridges and effect other public improvements, do you not know the cause? If the powers at Ottawa had sat up nights thinking how they could make it hard for the settlers here, they could not have devised better means. Again we say, it is time you got busy.

The Timber Limits.

We had considerable timber in the forests of Manitoba and not a little in Saskatchewan. You know how valuable timber is to the settlers. You know too that you have had to pay dearly to get what you wanted. While you have been groaning over the fact that somebody has been robbing you of three cents a bushel on your wheat, did you ever stop to think that your lumber costs you three dollars more per thousand than it should, and that the richest areas have practically been given away? Why do you say so much about one form of robbery and so little about another? Let me tell you why. Because you have allied yourself with one of the political parties and dare not speak out. If the fisheries, the mines, the land and the timber iniquities had not some political significance there would be such a storm as never before disturbed the serenity of the prairies. Again let me say that if you have a spark of patriotism in you, you will get busy.

The Cost of Living.

Once on a time a man could live in a city or town of the West for very little. The cost is now about twice what it was? Do you not know that among the chief causes are the enormous freight charges, the profits of the middlemen, and that worst evil of all, the protective tariff? You are right with me when I thus talk of the middleman. Why do you not wax indignant when I mention the railway rates and the tariff? Again I say, it is because you fear you might reflect upon the actions of some political party. Is it not about time that you asserted your manhood? After all why should the party whip have such terrors for you? What have you to lose by asserting your independence? Have you not everything to gain, personally and socially, by demanding that the West shall receive from parliaments and legislatures something approaching fair treatment. It has not received fair treatment and you know it.

Immigration Policy.

But all that has been said so far refers to the material prosperity of the West. Material prosperity is not the chief thing in the upbuilding of a country. The thing of first importance is to get the right class of people and to get them working intelligently and harmoniously. Did you ever for five minutes stop to think how our country is being filled up? Here a hive of Germans; here a hive of Swedes; here a colony of Poles; here a colony of Galicians; here English; here Canadian; here French. How can there be a united people, when the surest way to effect union has been ignored? Our immigration policy has been suicidal. We are now reaping the fruits of it. When is Manitoba to Canadianize the Mennonites; when will Saskatchewan Canadianize the Doukhobors?

You know perfectly well that your own success and the happiness of your children depends upon the Canadianizing of all the elements in the community. It is going to be a mighty difficult undertaking to Canadianize people who differ so widely in tastes, habits and affiliations.

Education.

Nor can you do very much through the public schools. First of all because you do not send your children to school; and secondly, because you will pay more for farm laborers than for school teachers; and hence, you have poor teachers. Nor do all the legislatures even favor compulsory education. You think you are doing well for your children when you get land for them and place money to their credit in the bank. Yet in your soul you know that what they have does not ensure their happiness, comfort and peace, but what they are. Let me ask you what are your children today? Are they of as good a type as your own father and mother? If not, why not? Are you fair to them and to your country in your attitude to their education? If you love your children nothing will be too good for them. You will get busy in this matter of education, and then something will happen that should have happened long ago.

Class Hatred.

If you think I am doing nothing but pitching into governments that is where you are wrong. You yourself are the government, if I know anything, and if there is any wrong you are to blame for it. But even apart from government, there is something in your personal lives that makes it utterly impossible for this to become a great country. Just yesterday I read a letter in a journal in which one member of a class of workers called upon all his fellow-workers to combine in order to fight against the other classes in the community. His doctrine was that there is no help for anybody unless he can fight. Country fight the town; farmer fight the grocer; shipper fight the railway; pupil fight the teacher; employer fight the employee; everybody at it—hammer and tongs! What a fine peaceable community we shall have where our success in life depends upon our ability to fight each other! What a blessed country to live in! Away with the monstrous ideal! It is unworthy of Pagandom. The law of life in Western Canada should not be "Every man for himself and devil take the hindmost," but "Each for all to the extent of his ability, and all to each according to the extent of his need." Surely we have advanced beyond the stage when our national maxim should be "Both feet in the trough."

Religion.

Sometimes when you attend church tea-meetings you are reminded that this is a Christian country. Do you think for a minute that the doctrine of class-legislation and class-warfare is in harmony with the teachings of Christ? Some of you have very little room for His teachings. Evidently you consider that He has had His day. Out in Saskatchewan in a somewhat secluded, but well-settled district an energetic young preacher—if I mistake not, a Presbyterian, and a man of fine reputation—arranged to preach one evening in a rural school-house. It was the first service in the district. Everybody for miles around was notified. The day was fine. Nothing could have been more propitious. Yet when Sunday came there were only six people out. There was time for work, for dances, for fairs and for everything else, but no time for church. Now, if you think a country can be built up without Christian teaching and Christian practice it seems to me you have made a big mistake. I tell you that it was the Christian character of our grandparents that gave this country its good name. How long will it preserve its good name if the people are not strong in the Christian virtues? If you think the case quoted is exceptional you may begin to make enquiries. Perhaps you will find cases equal to that in a rural district not far from this city where in a gathering of boys and girls, aged from eleven to fifteen, not twenty-five per cent. knew the name of the Saviour.

Public Spirit.

You say I am giving the country a bad name. The question is, are these things true? If so, how is it going to affect our country? Here we are rushing away and hustling to get money, each wrapped up in his own affairs. There is a lack of public spirit. You will fight if anybody robs you of a few cents, but you will allow the country to be robbed and say it is necessary to political life. You will grumble if you do not get the best price for your wheat, and you will spend lavishly on your cattle and horses. But what about your boys and girls? So we end as we began by saying, that unless some of you mend your ways and that right suddenly your Land of Promise may turn out to be a Fool's Paradise.

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The Man in the Chest.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE clock over the stables at Idlethorpe Hall had just struck one o'clock. The whole household might have been supposed to be asleep. But there was a light in the great hall, which the person who placed it there had not troubled to hood over.

The person was Bill Nixey, a London cracksman. He had been prospecting in the neighborhood, and, through a casual acquaintance with a pretty and frivolous housemaid, he had discovered that Idlethorpe contained a deal of desirable treasure—gold plate and silver plate, things easily broken up and dropped into the melting pot.

More, the job was made so easy to his hand that it would have been a sin to have brought anyone else into it. It was the very last crib he was going to crack. After this he was going to lead a respectable life. Of all things, a little farm was the thing he desired. He was going to marry Sarah Jane Evans, with whom he had walked out these three months back. Sarah Jane was a respectable, chapel-going girl. Perhaps it was she who had turned Bill's heart to the desire of honest living. She had no idea that Bill, who was known to her as William Jones, was anything but the locksmith's young man he represented himself to be. And to do Bill justice he had not been tempted to burgle Sarah Jane's mistress, a rich and timid old lady who left her valuables on the hall-table every night with a pathetic appeal to burglars to help themselves so long as they did not disturb the sleeping inmates of the house.

As Bill put his loot together in convenient bundles for transportation, although that was a word he would have scorned to make use of—he had discovered some beautiful hollow trees in Idlethorpe Wood where the heavy things might lie safe till the hue and cry was over—he thought with indignation of Hannah, the pretty housemaid, and the rest of the staff of servants at Idlethorpe Hall.

"Sarah Jane 'ud never ha' done it," he said to himself. "'Ere's the master and missus gone to Monty Carlo to see the last of a sick old gent wot's the master's uncle. An' 'ere's these 'ere old crusted family servants left in charge of the 'ouse an' the two little girl kids that's the apple of their parents' eye. An' 'ere's those bloomin' servants gone off to a dawnce at the Ring o' Bells, a-leavin' of an empty 'ouse to the two little girl kids. There might be chaps 'ud frighten' 'em out o' their pretty wits. It's well for you, my dears, sleepin' so sound in your pretty nighties, that Bill Nixey's known in the perfession as the Polite Burglar. Sickenin' thing human nater is when you come to think on it!"

He had thought of what a pity it was he could not tell Sarah Jane about the untrustworthiness of those servants and listen to her honest denunciations of them. He might tell it to her, of course, as something he'd read in the newspapers. Still, once Sarah Jane had made an honest man of him, he was going to keep the conversation off burglars and burglary till such time as he could trust himself not to be nervous.

He was doing his packing-up leisurely. He had inspected the ballroom and supper-room at the Ring o' Bells. The festivities there would not break up before five o'clock, at which hour he intended to board the night mail at Foulsby Junction; so there was no great hurry.

But suddenly his heart gave a jump, or perhaps it was Sarah Jane's heart which he had exchanged for his own. He had heard a sound of whispering, the pattering of slippered feet, on a distant stair.

He looked about him frantically. The first thing he did was to blow out the light. He had not much time to think of a hiding place. If he had had time, one of the suits of armour would have been excellent. But there was no time. No time either to put the bundles out of sight.

Beside his hand was an old oak chest. He had looked into it and seen that it was empty; had noticed, too, that the lock had been removed, leaving a hole about the size of a penny where it had been. Bill was a small man. He lifted the lid of the chest, got inside, and let the lid down gently upon him.

"Pretty dears," he said to himself, as he lay doubled up uncomfortably on his hands and knees; "I don't want to scare 'em. Drat 'em; why couldn't they have gone on sleepin'?"

The twin daughters and co-heiresses of Sir John Vivash, of Idlethorpe Hall, had appeared in the doorway that led from the great staircase into the hall. They stood a moment in the doorway, while their candle burnt up and threw a light on the darkness.

There was something in the position which appealed to Bill's not naturally hard heart. By twisting himself round a little bit he was able to put his eye

"He looked about him frantically."

to that hole where the lock had been.

"Pretty dears!" was his thought. "What man that was a man could go for to hurt them?"

The Misses Vivash were indeed extremely pretty. They were just sixteen years old, and had yet an alluring air of childhood about them. Their rounded cheeks and black silken curls, their beautiful blue eyes and red lips, made them look a little like very pretty French dolls. At this moment they were dressed in pink quilted-silk dressing gown and their little bare feet were thrust into pink slippers. Below the dressing-gowns their white night-attire trailed on the ground. They had the dewiness and roundness and softness of children new-waked from sleep, although at the moment they were looking disturbed.

"Where do you suppose they can be, Iris?" asked Dahlia, as they stood peering into the hall, dimly lit by the candle Iris was holding over her head.

"I don't know," answered Iris, in a determined voice. "All I know is that they have left us alone in the house and that they shall find themselves locked out when they return. They may have gone this way, the wretches."

Her spirit made Bill smile to himself in the chest.

She advanced towards the square glass enclosure beyond which was the hall-door, and had almost passed the bundles which Bill had been making up so carefully when her foot knocked up against one. She bent down to look.

"Why, Dahlia," she cried, "look here!

The gold plate, and mamma's ruby necklace, and Sir Humphrey's loving-cup. What is the meaning of it?"

She swept the candle-light down on the floor at her feet, letting it fall on the bundles and the loose valuables. Her more timid sister stood trembling beside her. Suddenly, with a little cry, Iris sprang on to the chest, dragging her sister with her.

"There's someone in the chest," she said. "Now, stay down there, whoever you are! You've got to stay till morning."

Alas! for Bill, his curiosity had been too much for him, and his bright eye advanced to the hole in the chest had revealed his presence to Miss Iris.

Now, anyone might have expected the young ladies to scream and swoon. But Vivashes had not been herioc in the history of their country, giving great soldier-men and sailor-men to its service, without transmitting something of their qualities to the two little girls who were the only hopes of the race at this moment.

Dahlia shuddered, but kept her seat on the chest. As for Iris, she gazed

"It took all her little strength to lift one."

about her over the floor, her indignation rising as she realized the full extent of the burglar's haul. Her mother's jewel-cases had been emptied of their contents and flung aside in a heap. Many of the jewels were heirlooms and priceless. Something stirred in Iris's heart that prevented her from being afraid. She was the elder daughter; she had indeed come into the world first, with Dahlia holding on to her foot, a method of arrival very signficant to their relative positions towards each other in after-life.

Bill was lying low in the chest, uttering not a sound. It was becoming uncommonly uncomfortable. The lid as it crashed down under the weight of the twins, had caught Bill on his side and pinioned him so that se could not use what strength he had. He did make one or two desperate efforts to push up the lid, but in vain. The twins might have weighed a ton for all the impression he made against them.

He was just about to cry out for mercy when he heard one of them slip off the chest; but if he thought that was going to do him any good he made a great mistake. The bundles had been conveniently placed for Miss Iris's purpose. They were immensely heavy in the aggregate. It took all her little strength to lift one. But when she had placed a few dozen gold plates on top of Bill Nixey he was far more securely weighed down than he had been by Miss Iris herself.

"Now, dear I must leave you for a little while," he heard her say.

"Where are you going to?" Dahlia asked, fearfully.

"I am going to bring help. They are still up at Margrave Court. I shall not be long gone."

"Oh, Iris, are you going to leave me alone with this dreadful thing?"

"Will you go, and let me remain? I shall have to cross the churchyard by the short cut. And think—we are saving mother's jewels for her! She thinks so much of her rubies."

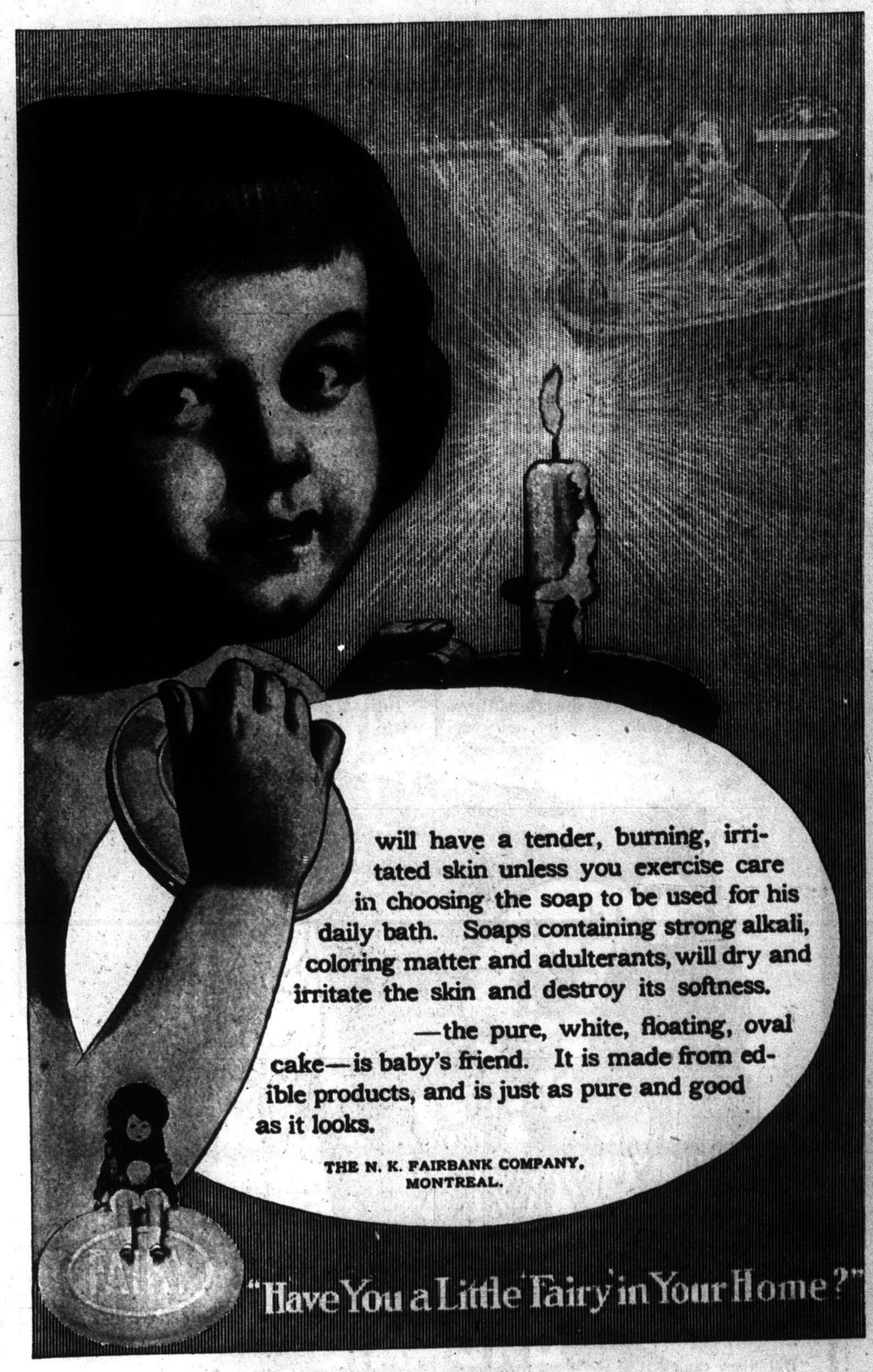
"Very well, I will stay," Dahlia answered, whimpering a little, although she tried to be brave. "You won't be long, Iris?"

"Not more than half an hour. Just stay where you are. You will be quite safe. No one can lift the chest against the weight I have placed on it."

She pulled down a plaid from where it was flung across the shoulders of a man in armour, and, with a last adjuration to Dahlia not to stir, she was gone.

When the heavy door had clanged behind her the more timid sister sat shivering on the chest, at the farthest possible point from the eye. Was ever anyone in so horrible a position? she asked herself, and could have wept for sheer terror and self-pity. If she only knew what was attached to the eye, she thought, it wouldn't be so bad. But to be sitting there, aware only of that live eye, had something ghastly about it to poor Dahlia's mind.

She almost wished she had choosen the church-yard. The clock chimed half-past one, and an owl hooted suddenly outside the window. By this time Iris would be crossing the churchyard. Oh, how could she do it? It was so lonely, so dark, and there was the new mound outside the consecrated ground



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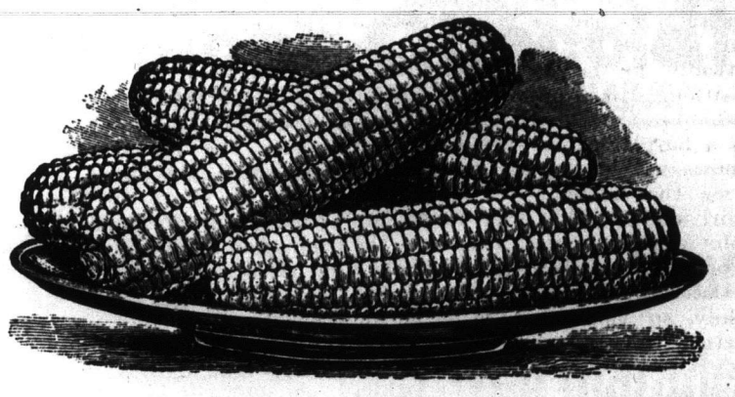

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where Mr. Scatcherd, the carpenter, who had hung himself in his own wood-shed last week, had just been buried.

Panic was fast taking hold on Dahlia—oh, if only she had a spirit like that of Iris!—when suddenly a voice squeaked under her, making her almost jump from the chest.

"Young lady," it said "couldn't you ease a bit? My shoulder's nigh well broke with the lid of the chest. It can't be that a beautiful young lady like you would want to 'urt a pore fellow that never meant you no 'arm."

It was really better than the eye. For an instant Dahlia did not answer. Then she spoke in trembling tones.

"Who are you?" she asked, "and why are you in the chest? You know you came to steal our things."

"If I did it's no reason for killing me. I'll be a dead man before your sister comes back. I wouldn't have 'urt a 'air o' your 'eads. Don't you know that if I wasn't soft-'earted it 'ud ha' been the easiest thing in the world to settle two little kids—I mean young ladies like you and your sister? My soft-'eartedness is like to prove my undoin'. An' I wouldn't mind for myself, no, I wouldn't only for my pore girl. It'll fair break 'er 'eart, so it will."

Dahlia was silent, her heart thumping against her side. Why, it was true that if he was any sort of a burglar at all he could have made short work of her and Iris. And what was it he had said about a girl?

"You ought to have thought of your poor girl," she said, with some indignation, "before you began to burgle. I daresay she's as bad as yourself."

"That she isn't," answered Bill, as energetically as he could, considering his position. His voice by this time whistled like the wind in a keyhole. "I was a burglar afore ever I saw 'er. She knows nothin' on it, or she'd ha' given me the mitten. A downright good girl she is. This was to be my last job. Oh, lor', miss, think o' the 'appy 'ome you're destroyin'! My pore Sarah Jane! You're a cruel-'earted little lady, so you are. I'm endoorin' the tortures of the exquisition, so I am."

He groaned horribly, and poor Dahlia turned pale.

"Y'ou'll be a murderer all your days if you don' let me out," he went on. "My backbone is pushin' through my ribs. I'll be a dead man before that other 'ard-'earted little lady comes back. I'd ha' never believed it o' you an' 'er. Such pretty little ladies you looked! Oh, my pore girl!"

Dahlia got hasitly off the chest; herself again.

"How do I know that you won't kill me," she asked, "if I let you out?"

There was something like a hoarse cackle inside the chest.

"Much good that 'ud do me! I only want to get out o' this before your sister comes back with the toffs. Let me out, miss, for the love o' 'eaven. I'll never crack another crib—I mean burgle a 'ouse. I'll repent an' live 'appy with Sarah Jane ever after. I didn't think a young lady like you would be a torturer. Oh, lor'! oh, lor'!"

The voice at the aperture ended in a squeak of suffering. Dahlia got off the chest again hastily and began dragging at a bundle.

"You won't want to take any of mother's jewels?" she asked, pausing, and addressing the aperture.

"Me! Jewels!" Again the ghastly merriment as from a toy gramaphone. "I'll tell you what, lady; I believe you'll find my pistol on a chair. It's loaded. Don't touch it or it'll go off. Still, you can 'old it over me, turned away from me, you understand, till I'm gone. That's wot the little gels in the story-books des. Once out o' this I swear to you I'll lead an honest life ever after."

Off came another bundle of the gold plates. Dahlia, pale as a sheet, but very determined-looking dragged at bundle after bundle. At last she lifted the lid of the chest.

"I dare say you'll kill me," she said; but I couldn't leave you in suffering. Come, get out!"

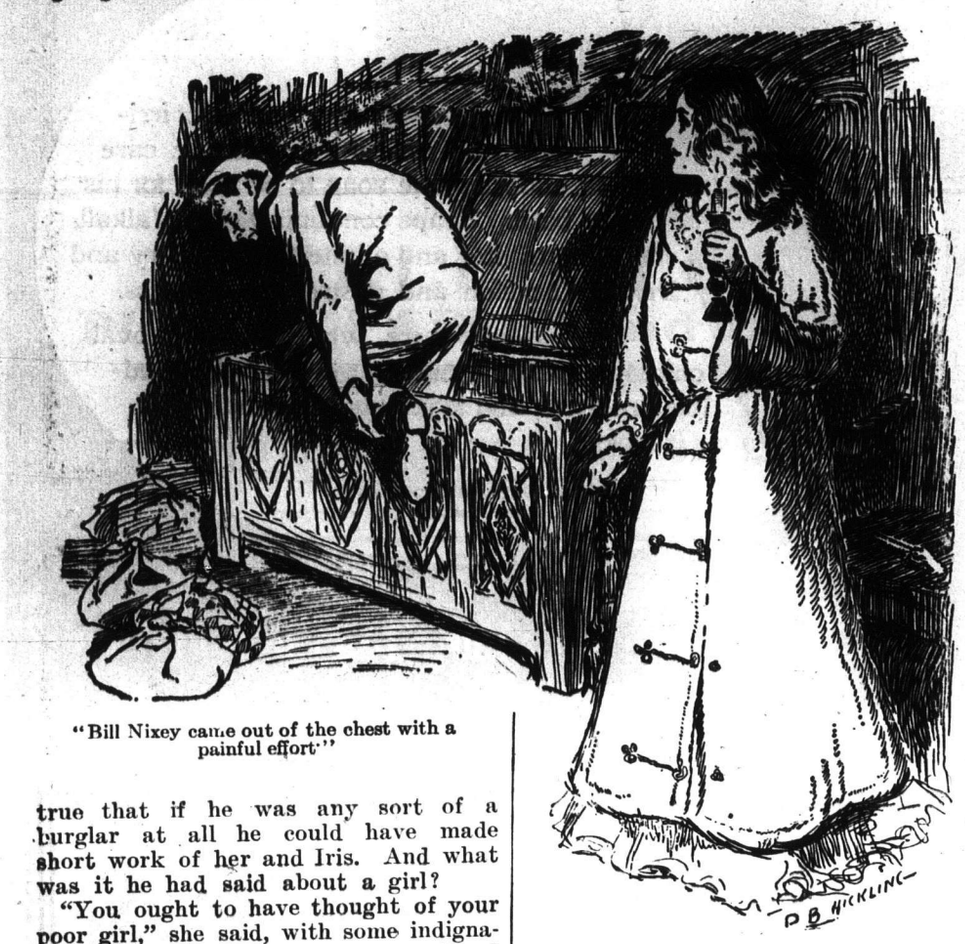
Bill Nixey came out of the chest with a painful effort, but making all the haste he could. He groaned very much as he stepped over the edge on to the floor. Then he turned and looked at Dahlia. She was wearing an expression as though her last hour had come. She was standing by the chair on which the pistol lay, but she had made no effort to take it up. The candle light flickered on the pale determination of her little face.

"That's right," he groaned. "Don't touch it or it might go aff and kill someone."

"I wouldn't kill you for worlds," she said; "and I think it much more likely you will kill me. But I shall have to fire at you if you want to take any of these things with you. We think a great deal of them. The gold plate was given by the City of London to Admiral Sir Hercules Vivash in 1682

Her hand was on the pistol now.

"Don't touch it," cried Bill Nixey again. "It might go off itself." He was stretching himself with evident pain and discomfort, leaning his hands on the edge of the chest. "P'raps if I'd known the family 'istory I wouldn't 'ave come after that there plate. There's a hussy by the name o' 'Annah. I'll tell you what, missy: get your par and mar to give 'em the sack, every man an' maid o' 'em. Bless ye, they don't deserve nobody's trust!"



"Bill Nixey came out of the chest with a painful effort"

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"I certainy shall," said Dahlia, with dignity; but aren't you going?"

"I may as well stay," Bill Nixey said, with unhappy jocularity; I've a twist in my back, I think. The young toffs 'ud 'ave me before I'd gone half a mile."

"You've hurt yourself," said Dahlia, forgetting he was a burglar. "I'm so sorry!"

"You've 'urt me, you an' your sister 'ave," Bill said, resignedly. "Not that I blames you. What did I go playin' the giddy goat for, gettin' into that ther chest. This'll break Sarah Jane's 'eart."

Dahlia looked on with many emotions chasing each other over her candid face. By this time she had ceased to be afraid of Bill Nixey. His round, rosy-cheeked countenance was indeed reassuring. It had been an asset to Bill in his professional career; and it explained how it was that a person as naturally shrewd as Sarah Jane had believed in him, even to his being the Sunday school teacher with which he had embellished his first legend about his being a locksmith's young man. To be sure, few people knew more about locks than he did.

"Is Sarah Jane the young woman who gave you the mitten?" she asked, sympathetically.

"I didn't say she gave it to me. I said she would ha' given it to me if she'd known. Pore girl, I can't bear to deceive 'er; only if I could ha' married 'er it 'ud ha' been the savin' o' me. I never got no chance in my youth, or I'd ha' lived honest. Say, miss, do you think the toffs'll be long? The sooner I'm in 'orspital under the doctor the better."

By this time he had succeeded in straightening out his back and was looking the paler for the process.

"Oh, you musn't be taken; you must cheer up," said Dahlia, impulsively. "I know a place where I can hide you for a bit, till they've given up searching for you. I'll bring you food myself. You can get away when everything is quiet. And I hope you will marry Sarah Jane and be a good man, even if she didn't give you the mitten. Do you think you can move now?"

Bill Nixey turned on her a gaze in which amusement and gratitude were oddly blent.

"I'm hanged,' he said," if you aren't the best little kid I ever met. An' I'll marry Sarah Jane my dear, I 'ope, an' I'll be a good man for your sake as well as 'ers, so 'elp me I will!"

He dragged himself painfully after the younger Miss Vivash, down the back stairs, and through what seemed to him unending passages and stone-flagged kitchens, till they reached a door which the servants had left open so that they might return by it. They were now nearly at their journey's end. There was a short ascent by a ladder in the stable-yard which tried all Bill's nerve to accomplish it, while Miss Dahlia stood at the foot of the ladder and held the candle, shaded by one little pink hand, to guide him.

At last he was at the top, in the loft, and was wondering whether he was safe in trusting the kid, when she called out to him to wait a minute. She ran off and came back carrying a bottle of wine, a loaf, a piece of cold beef, and a knife.

"Here, take these," she said unburdening herself of them one after another. Her candle had blown out, and he could only feel what the benefactions were, but he blessed her aloud as he received them.

With a last injunction to draw up the ladder and bolt the door of the loft she was gone; and being no heroine, but only a little girl wound up to heroic deeds for the moment, she found the passage back through the almost empty house almost as great a strain on her nerves as had been her experience with the burglar.

She had hardly returned to the hall when there came a hammering at the door, and she heard her sister's voice.

"Have you got him?" cried Iris, coming in with half-a-dozen gentlemen, and feeling for Dahlia in the darkness. "Is your candle gone out? I hope you aren't dreadfully frightened Dahlia, dear."

Someone struck a match and revealed Iris in the midst of half-a-dozen gentlemen in evening dress. She had, apparently come in a carraige, and the

"'Please, he is not to be followed,' she said."

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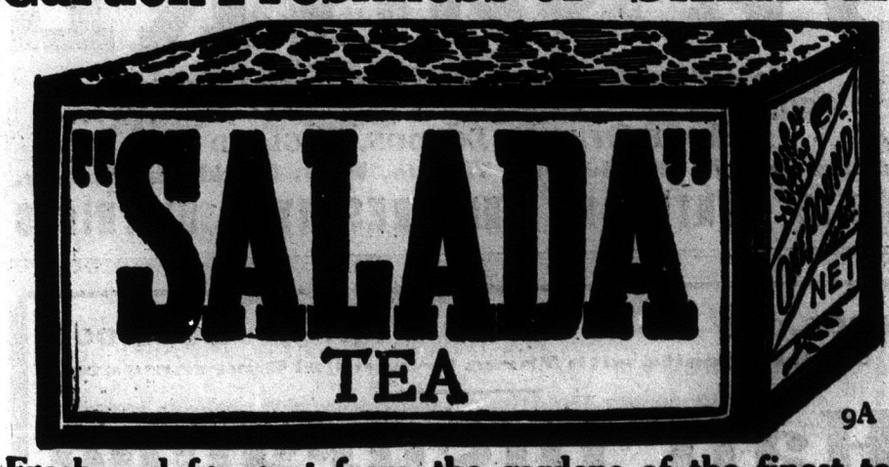

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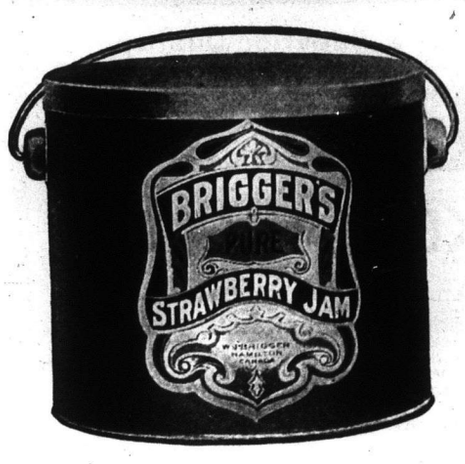

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gentlemen were all looking eager and excited.

"Where is the scoundrel?" cried young Lord St. Iwerne, who had only recently come to live at Margrave Court. "I hope you are not frightened out of your life, Miss Vivash. Those rascally servants——"

He was looking at Dahlia in a fascinated way. Nothing could be sweeter than her little pale face, uplifted as it is now was with an air of spirit and pride. The gentleman who had struck the match had gone on to light the candles that were on the walls between the men in armour.

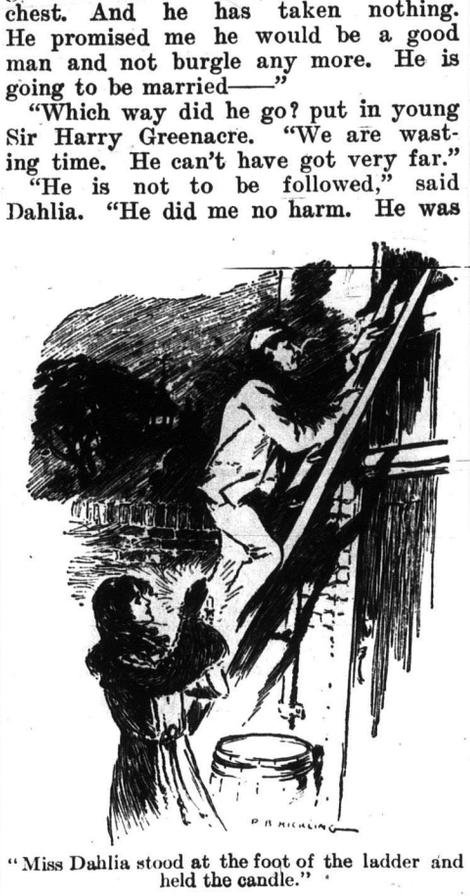
"Why, he is gone!" cried Iris. "Oh, Dahlia, weren't you able to keep him in the chest. You poor little thing!"

All the fine young gentlemen stared at the empty chest; then at Dahlia, standing in the midst of them.

"He is gone," she said; "I let him go. He was dreadfully cramped in the chest. And he has taken nothing. He promised me he would be a good man and not burgle any more. He is going to be married——"

"Which way did he go? put in young Sir Harry Greenacre. "We are wasting time. He can't have got very far."

"He is not to be followed," said Dahlia. "He did me no harm. He was



"Miss Dahlia stood at the foot of the ladder and held the candle."

quite nice, and I felt sorry for him. He has taken nothing."

"But, Miss Vivash——"

There was a chorous of remonstrating voices, in which Iris joined. Dahlia looked from one face to another. Then she put her hand on Lord St. Iwerne's arm. He had a kind, strong, gentle young face.

"Please, he is not to be followed," she said, pleadingly.

The young fellow flushed and a look of resolve came into his face. "Very well, then," he said, "he shall not be followed. And now, hadn't you young ladies better go back to bed? Some of the servants from Margrave are coming over to keep the house going till your parents return. You shall not again be left to those faithless wretches. We will stay here on guard, so you will know that everything is safe. Ah! the valuables. Will you show me where the strong-room is? Then we can lock these things up."

He directed everything as though he were a son of the house.

"Remember, we shall be on guard," he said, as the twins turned to go up the stairs. For a second he and Dahlia were isolated.

"Thank you so much for letting him go," she said. "Only for you—I could see they wanted to hunt him. He had a sweetheart."

He looked into her eyes.

"I would do anything in the world for you, Miss Dahlia," he said, and then stood watching her until she was out of sight.

"Her dear little feet were bare," he said to himself, with tender concern. "They were like roses. I hope she will not take cold."

The next day both he and Dahlia were rather sad, for Dahlia's burglar was flown, and with him was gone a pearl necklace of great value, an heirloom which Lady Vivash had prized greatly. It was a shock to Dahlia's faith in human nature, and Lord St. Iwerne, to whom she had confided everything, while anathematizing the burglar, felt impelled to comfort her.

"He looked so simple and good-natured," poor Dahlia said, pathetically. "And he said he was going to be good for the sake of the young woman who had given him mittens, or something of that kind. Even yet I hardly believe I was so deceived in him."

The disappearance of the necklace was to be hushed up, as Sir John Vivash did not wish all the world to know how his daughter had connived at the burglar's escape. But within the week Dahlia's faith in her burglar was strikingly vindicated.

For one day a registered parcel arrived addressed to Miss Dahlia Vivash, and when it was opened within it lay the necklace, carefully packed in a little wooden box. Enclosed with it was a rather grubby scrap of paper, on which was written the following letter:—

"Honoured Miss,—I didn't know as how I 'ad the neckliss till I'd got rite away. You saved my life, you did, an' made an honest man an' good sitizen of me. I'm goin' to marry Sarah Jane. My first deception shall be my last, pore girl. I'll run strait an' be a good 'usbin' to her. Lord 'elp me, wot would I ha' done if she'd found out an' had given me the mitten? That back o' mine took a deal o' straightenen' out. You should ha' heard my grones that night after I'd took leg-bail. I could never ha' got away only for the thought o' Sarah Jane. You're a plucky little lady, miss, an' the Lord reward you.—From yours respeckful,

"The Burglar."

When Miss Dahlia Vivash became Lady St. Iwerne she wore the identical pearl necklace. Lady Vivash declared that Dahlia had the best right to it, and herself clasped it about her daughter's milky throat on her wedding morning.

"I have found the best rule in business, as in private life, to be, to do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Jacob H. Schiff.

"Prerequisites to preeminent success are Care in the selection of a congenial and honorable vocation; courageous persistency, combined with intelligence and honesty in its prosecution. With these general rules there are no limits to the possibilities of a man's achievements except the limitations of human capacity and endurance." John F. Dryden.

"These four qualities will always be present in successful careers: Honesty, which every man understands; Fairness, by which I mean considering the other man's side of the matter, getting his point of view, putting yourself in his place, and then acting accordingly; Indutry—and industry is related to success in the same way as breathing is to life, it is something in which there can be no let-up; Hope—a man must be an optimist to succeed; no man can be big who is shriveled by pessimism. Big men—big in brains, in morals, in perseverance, in hope—make big successes." Theodore P. Shonts.

The invalid lay upon his bed of pain, and the invaild's friend sat down beside the glass of water, half-peeled orange, and collection of spanishes, acid-drops, and jube-jubes.

"Bill," said the friend, in a deep, soft bass voice, "I've come ter see if I carn't cheer yer up a bit. I've brought yer a few flahers, Bill. I tought if I was too late the'y come in 'andy for a wreaf, yer know.

"Don't get down-'earted, Bill. Lummy, don't yere look ghastly! But, there, keep up yer spirits, ole sport! I've come ter see an' cheer yer up a bit.

"Nice little room yer 'ave 'ere; but as I sez ter meself when I was a-comin' up, wot a orkard stairway to get a coffin dahn!"

Boreas, Peace-Maker.

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

MRS. Franklin Jarvis started for California equipped with a small trunk, a large satchel, a hand-bag, and a baby. Her husband saw her off. Mrs. Colter Jarvis, by a coincidence, took the same train, her equipment consisting of twelve trunks, five servants, a baby, and a private car. Her husband also saw her off. The two men came face to face on the platform afterward and nodded curtly, with a show af preoccupied indifference. Mr. Colter Jarvis stepped into his brougham and shut the door sharply.

"Confounded prig," he muttered to himself.

Mr. Franklin Jarvis swung upon a trolley-car that was piercing the congested traffic in clumsy jerks and stood in the huddle on the platform, jostled and trodden; but his frown was not from physical discomfort.

"Poor old Colt!" he murmured. "I wish——"

Mrs Franklin Jarvis took out a stuffed elephant for little Franklin, who fell on it with a rapture that endeared him to the entire car, found a novel and a bottle of lavender salts for herself, tucked her feet up on the opposite seat and wondered if her husband had reached his office yet. Practically the same thing happened in the private car just behind, except that Mrs. Colter Jarvis's book and bottle were French, and that little Carlotta took the proffered doll with a bored stare, presently letting it slip head down to the floor.

Neither woman left the car that day, so they did not discover each other. The next morning Mrs. Franklin, bags and baby, was transferred across Chicago in a Parmelee 'bus, with some kindly assistance from fellow-travellers, while Mrs. Colter's car was switched and shunted about till it joined the same out-going train.

Late in the afternoon a half-hour's stop made Mrs. Franklin glance wistfully from the sleeping baby on the opposite seat to the platform where her fellow-passengers were securing exercise. Three of Franklin's new slaves instantly volunteered to "keep an eye" on him, so presently Mrs. Franklin stepped into the fresh air, walked briskly toward the engine, then back the length of the train. As she turned at the end, Mrs. Colter opened the rear door of her private car and came to the brass railing of her private platform. The eyes of the two met and, after the shock of surprise, hardened to the double bitterness of women who have taken up their husbands' quarrel. Mrs. Colter's gaze shifted coldly to the dull-gray sky-line, and Mrs. Franklin walked quickly on, to finish her exercise in the other direction. Years of intimate friendship cannot be shrugged down lightly. Mrs Franklin Jarvis knew—passionately—that her husband had been in the right in that whole miserable affair, and Mrs. Colter quite as passionately justified her husband, and so the friendship had had to go. But the year of estrangement had not brought indifference. Mrs. Franklin came back to the car with fixed, grave lips.

Meanwhile little Franklin had awakened, to find a smiling, white-bearded stranger on guard. As the baby showed puckering symptoms of anxiety about his mother, the stranger held out a wrinkled forefinger and suggested that they "go find her," an invitation that was eagerly accepted. Franklin led the way down the aisle, the forefinger held in a hot grasp, and paused inquiringly at the open door in the rear. At the same instant a little girl with one cheek flushed, as though she had been sleeping on it,—appeared in the opposite doorway. The two stared at each other with rapt interest, and Franklin loved her on the spot. Dropping the forefinger, he lurched bravely across the intervening platforms, put his arms about and kissed her moistly on the mouth. Carlotta looked surprised but not at all displeased. The two sat down side by side on a porter's stool. Franklin giggled and Carlotta imitated him. He made a face and she followed suit. "Booom!" said Franklin. "Boo-o-om!" said Carlotta. The affair was progressing famously. But just then Mrs. Colter Jarvis, turning back into the car, saw Carlotta's nest empty and Suzzane deep in conversation with a brakeman outside. She passed hurriedly through her domain, then came out on the forward platform with a sigh of relief. At the same moment Mrs. Franklin Jarvis appeared on her side. At first neither recognized the other's baby, and so they were smiling at the picture when their eyes met. The smiles froze.

"Come, Carlotta," said Mrs. Colter, holding out her hand; and "Come, Franklin," said Mrs Franklin from her side. The boy would have gone, but the young woman felt that she had claims. She clung tightly to his neck and protested.

It was an undignified situation, even a ridiculous one. The two women flushed. Then Mrs. Colter firmly disentangled Carlotta and bore her off, wailing, while Franklin, disdaining forefingers, led the way back with something of a swagger.

The next day the gray sky turned to lead, the wind took on an icy coldness, and the rumors of heavy snows ahead seemed only too probable. Soon the flakes were whirling against the windows. With a vague foreboding, Mrs Franklin took the baby and the elephant into the dining-car at noon and allowed little Franklin unwonted indulgences in the matter of quantity, eating an unusually hearty luncheon herself. The diner was dropped off shortly after, as they were to pick up another toward dinner-time.

The storm seemed to increase with magic rapidity, as they plunged nearer its centre. There began to be long delays, followed by short advances. With darkness came the rumor that the dining-car had been stalled somewhere and would not be reached until late in the night. Mrs. Franklin stayed herself and the untroubled Franklin with graham wafers from her bag, and on that they went to bed. Mrs. Colter, just behind, sat down to the usual five exquisitely cooked courses, sighing at the mischance that had forced her to cross without company. "Travelling is a frightful bore," she mused, discontentedly, though she would not admit the cause of her restlessness. Mrs Franklin was nothing to her! After dinner she drew a lounging-chair up to the low light in her little sitting-room and read inattentively until ten, when she went to her wide, luxurious bed.

Morning found the train lying motionless in a sea of white. The officials kept out of the way of questions as much as possible. Train-hands had set out for the nearest station to get provisions, and might be back any moment. They were doing all they could. Mrs. Franklin fed her son on the five remaining graham wafers, prolonging them with sips of water, and deftly diverting his generous impulses to share with the elephant.

Mrs. Colter's chef sent in profuse apologies for serving condensed milk with the coffee: the morning supply of cream was still ahead of them somewhere in the storm. Then the conductor begged a word with her, and entered bowed with apology. The passengers were in great discomfort for lack of food; his foraging party had not returned; would she, very generously—the company would, of course, fully—"

"Nothing to eat since yesterday—how dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Colter, and gave liberal orders. Presently the conductor paused in each car and made a little speech about the generosity of

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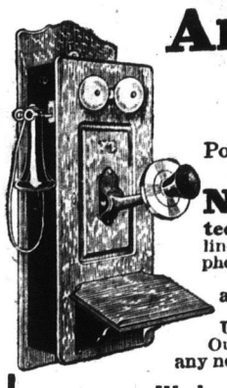

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Mrs. Colter Jarvis. He was followed by porters with trays, and the fragrance of coffee. The passengers cheered.

Mrs. Franklin Jarvis paled and flushed as the tray neared her seat. Her mouth set in firm lines. She accepted for little Franklin and fed him in silence. She could have cried in her longing for that coffee; but she did not relent, even when the baby pushed a piece of fresh, sweet-smelling bread against her lips. She could not take from Mrs. Colter Jarvis.

Mrs. Colter was pacing her little sitting-room in growing discontent. If the other passengers had gone without food, it stood to reason that Mrs. Franklin Jarvis had also gone without. Of course it was no longer anything to her, but—Ruth hungry!—She could not get away from the thought. She questioned a returning porter, and was assured that everyone had had an abundance—oh, except one lady in the next car, who said she didn't want anything; she had fed the baby, however. Mrs. Colter understood, and for the next half-hour was angry enough not to care. Then the distress came back tenfold. Ruth hungry!

And then she noticed that a chill had fallen on the car. Her breath showed frosty. She felt Carlotta's little cold hands.

"How careless of you, Suzanne!" she exclaimed. "Go and see why the heat is turned off.' 'Tinkering and pounding followed Suzanne's inquiries. Still the chill deepened.— Carlotta's nose looked blue.

"Wrap her up and take her into the next car," Mrs Colter ordered. Then she put on a fur coat and waited impatiently. Keen blades of wind seemed to slit their way in to her wherever she sat. Her hands began to ache and her feet grew numb. A train-hand, passing with a wrench, counselled her to go into the forward car. But Mrs. Colter could not face a starving Mrs. Franklin.

"Oh, I am not very cold," she asserted through chattering teeth.

Carlotta, preceding Suzanne along the aisle, found herself face to face with her lost love of yesterday, and stood entranced at the miracle.

"Boom!" cried Franklin in joyous welcome.

"Boo-o-om!" echoed Carlotta rapturously. The two set up housekeeping in a vacant seat, while Suzanne dropped down opposite them. Mrs. Franklin across the aisle lifted heavy lids, but did not interfere. Soon everyone in the neighborhood knew of the terrible cold that had fallen on the rear car; Suzanne told it dramatically with shivers and huddled shoulders. Mrs. Franklin tried not to listen, but could not put down a rising uneasiness. How foolish of Emily to stay there!

Everyone within range was smiling at the young idyl opposite Suzanne. The two babies sat beaming at each other like little goblins. Franklin patted Carlotta's cheek, and she glanced sidewise at him under her dark lashes, then pretended to look out of the window. He tipped over on the seat and rolled fascinatingly with waving legs, and Carlotta immediately tried to do the same, but was discouraged by Suzanne, who had conventional ideas, and straightened both children out, thrusting their toys upon them. Franklin gathered the doll into his arms and loved it without shame, while Carlotta sat contentedly trying to gouge out the elephant's black-button eyes, and there was an atmosphere of domestic peace for three minutes, during which Mrs. Colter Jarvis's maid joined Suzanne with more tales of the frightful cold in the car behind. Madame was mad to stay there; she would inevitably be taken ill. Mrs. Franklin Jarvis closed her eyes and shivered slightly. If Emily wanted to freeze herself to death, of course it was no one's business. Only her colds were always so serious. Oh, why——

A sharp smack startled her back to the present. Franklin wanted his elephant, and alas! he had taken the primitive method of getting it. Carlotta wailed and struck back, and the idyl was ended. Mrs Franklin took her enraged son home, and when he was

in a state to listen gave him grave wisdom.

"And it was so foolish to quarrel, darling; you were having a nice time together, and now you have to stay all alone, and—" She broke off suddenly, the color rising slowly to her forehead. Her words hit home startingly; it was foolish to quarrel! The passionate sense of justification—that her husband was in the right—rose for a moment, then for the first time failed her. After all, Franklin had felt in the right when he demanded his elephant! And Emily was freezing in there, because——

Franklin, spent with emotion, allowed himself to be laid down, and drifted off into sleep. His mother stood hesitating for a moment, then she walked swiftly toward the rear car.

Mrs. Colter Jarvis, muffled in furs, was standing in her tiny kitchen superintending a tray on which her chef was arranging various tempting dishes. She looked up at the sound of steps, and found herself face to face with Mrs. Franklin. Mrs Colter flushed with a guilty glance at the tray.

"I—I couldn't help it, Ruth; I couldn't stand the thought of your being hungry another minute," she faltered. "I was going to beg you to——"

Mrs. Franklin interrupted with a little shaken laugh.

"And I was going to drag you out of this cold by main force," she said, "Oh, Emily!"

The next east-bound train, which they passed a few hours later in the wake of a snow-plough, carried letters from both Mrs. Jarvises to their husbands. "After all, he is your brother," was the keynote of each.

Mr. Franklin Jarvis read his gravely, his thoughts flying to an office not two blocks away that he had not entered for more than a year. Finally he went down to the street and turned slowly in that direction. At the end of the first block he encountered Mr. Colter Jarvis, also walking thoughtfully, a letter in his hand. The two hesitated then smiled shamefully.

"Hello, Frank!"

"Hello, Colt!"

They shook hands and spoke of the weather.

Lucy Alden's Capture.

By Rhoda S. Regent

ONE calm autumn evening, while the sun was burning red in the cloudless Western sky, Lucy Alden sat on the threshold of her ranch home in deep thought.

To find this simple homestead one must travel far beyond the end of the railroad, across the flat stretching to the south, ford the clear creek where the pecans hang over and the air is musical with call of mocking bird and canary, up and down arroyos, dry from the drought of the long, hot summer, till on the smooth prairie, just beyond the patch of mesquite, we can see the little dwelling of two rooms, the rough boards beginning to gray with the sun and wind of six months.

And it was this that Lucy Alden was thinking. Not of the rough shanty, 'tis true, but of the great stretch of nothing, as it seemed, to the front and far behind—to this side and to that. And of the mother whose frail health, after the removal to this Western life, had succumbed in a few months. Remembrance brought tears with the picture of the silent little band carrying this loved one to the undulation beyond the corral, where in its warm bosom was laid earth to earth.

Since then Lucy had given way to despondency. She took ittle interest in the house, passing much of her time on the bed moping or crying, or at the doorstep desolate and melancholy, though the wind petted her with its freshness, the air was so filled with joyous life, and the ever-moving flocks of sheep suggested peace. The men coming to meals unexpectedly worried and fretted her, a fact she always let her father see; though the path to the spring was shady and no water so cool, she saw only the stones, and while she hated the house because it was rough, bare and hot, she persisted in hanging about it and living over and over again the sad last days of her mother's life. Her father and little brother Robert did in their masculine way all in their power to brighten her, but despondency brings selfishness, and as she saw no happiness in living she made life unhappy also for others.

"Cheer up, pet," her father would say, as he left in the mornings. "Thank God, the three of us are yet left together."

Lucy's good angel was near her in the soft air and sweetness of this evening, and conscience suggested that grieving and despair might be ingratitude to her God, her people and herself, and by the time the sun was sinking like a great ball into the vast prairie ocean, and the bluejay's harsh call had died away, and the twitter of the red bird and mocker subdued, she had resolved to make those bare walls inclose a home, to take a mother's place to the growing boy, and by resolution and self-dependence aid her father in his hard fight with a new country. Many recollection of omitted duties came trooping by in the hush of the short twilight, bringing the consciousness that, after all, hers had been the mission to uplift and to strengthen them.

Far across the prairie came the cheerful song of her Father, "Home, home, sweet, sweet home!" then the chunk-chunk of the saddles, and a few minutes brought him and Robert, a boy of ten, to the wire inclosing the houseyard.

"Well, daughter, lonely for father? Come, give me a kiss, and then get me a snack. We've found the sheep to-day in bad condition from scab, and we must finish rounding them up tonight into the corral, ready for a drive to the dipping pen. Don't feel bad over it, Lucy," as the pout came into her face. "Robert will stay with you, and in two hours I'll be home again."

Lucy had run to him bright and eager with her new resolutions, which were now put to the test. A lump in the throat has to be swallowed and the voice steadied before she could bring herself to say, "Why, that's all right, father." Robert uncinched his horse and turned him loose in the inclosure, while Lucy hurried to place supper. They then sat down to the table as she put on it the simple meal of pork and frijoles, of which she had given them a great sufficiency of late. True, there was little else to be had, but, maybe——

"Mat Barnes was killed to-day by a Mexicon herder, sis," reported Robert.

"What? How? What for?" rapidly cried Lucy, with terrified face.

Mat Barnes had been overseer at a ranch close by, and being of a lively nature, had easily gained the affections of the young folks for miles around. Lucy, in particular, had been drawn to him, and he was the only one of the many that came and passed she made any efforts to entertain.

"Knifed, of course, and killed instantly." Robert liked Mat, too, and was not of a brutal nature, but he enjoyed telling the news and Lucy's terror.

"Mat was put out about the way one of the men was treating the sheep, Lucy," explained her father, "and without a moment's warning Giacomo turned on him and stabbed him."

"That thieving old greaser!" cried Robert. "You remember old Giacomo, sis—the same one that escaped from Sherwood jail? He ought to have been hung long ago, if only for the way he'd cut into the flesh while he was shearing sheep."

"Yes," assented Lucy, in a hushed voice. "What did they do to him."

"Do? They haven't caught him! It'll take a greaser to catch a greaser. Like as not he's prowling around our place."

"Come, come, Robert, you are frightening sister unnecessarily. Well, daughter,

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that was a good supper. Only beans and coffee for a bill of fare, but plenty of love and content to flavor it. Don't sit up for me if you are tired, and, Robert, tell sister of our trip over to Hog Back."

Lucy's father kissed her affectionately, and calling the collie, threw himself on to his horse and was off.

As they washed the dishes the children talked little of the day's trip to the divide, and a great deal of the murder, such subjects holding an uncanny fascination over the young mind.

After the work was done Robert started a little blaze in the fireplace of the other room—a bedroom—the wind having risen, and from a northerly direction. Lucy closed the outer door, not without a frightened look into the dark beyond, and felt a momentary wish that the door had a lock to it—something not often seen in the new Southwest, where animals are more to be feared than men. She drew up to the fire and was soon lost in thought, as usual, Robert busying himself in braiding a new quirt, the intricacies of which kept him, too, silent. The wind took on a tone of lamentation, the beams gave out little cracks and creaks, while from far off came the hoarse

"The last hillock was mounted and the gate of the corral, lighted by a big camp fire, came into sudden view.

cry of the herders and now and then the bark of the coyote. Lucy rose at length and lighted the lamp, for the quiet was painful, and shadows flitted unpleasantly across the one window of the room. She threw another stick on the fire, and the air was alive with sparks and light.

"Whew, but I'm tired!" exclaimed Robert, stretching himself on the boards.

"Oh, don't go to sleep, Robert—don't!" pleaded Lucy.

"I—ain't—sleepy," he yawned; "I'm—just—tired," and out he stretched again and off he went to sleep.

The clock ticked distressingly loud at first, and the wind continued its sighing; but the busy thoughts soon drew Lucy away again to a fairyland of hopes and plans for an ideal future. She was rudely roused by a knock—a rather hesitating one, it seemed. She had hardly time to rise before the door opened and a Mexican woman poked her head in.

"Buenas tardes, senora!" and her body followed. Such appearances were not uncommon in this scattered community, where Mexican women did the washing for the ranches, though nightfall usually found them in their own 'dobe or that of a dark-skinned friend. The woman's face looked familiar, though, like all her class, little of it was to be seen because of the mufflings of a dirty woolen shawl or rebozo. So with a nod Lucy pushed a chair toward her and said, "Well?"

"Poco frio," said the woman, and shuffling into a corner of the fireplace, squatted down and wound her arms into her shawl with a shiver.

"Poor thing!" thought Lucy, "she looks cold. Father will be home soon, and he'll know what to do with her." So, after venturing a few remarks, and finding that the woman could understand little and answer less, she attempted to resume her musing. But a covert glance from the stranger set her on the alert, and she felt that she was being watched. She arose, arranged a few things in the room, shook out some goods that were lying on the machine and folded them up, more and more conscious that every action was noted. Why was it? Before five minutes had passed she discovered that the woman's foot was in a boot and spurred! That the peculiar appearance about the Mexican's face was caused by the shaving off of a bristling mustache, and that the features were those of old Giacomo!

No need to tell Lucy that this was the murderer fleeing from the armed men and hounds scouring the country for him—like as not ready with his stiletto to be used on Robert and herself at a moment's warning.

Something must be done, and done quickly. Plans flew like lightning through her heated, beating brain. Her father's entrance at any minute might precipitate matters; the sleeping boy was unconscious of any danger; all rested with her. Two things must be done: she must arouse no suspicion, which would make either herself or her brother the victim; and she must capture Giacomo—the soul of her dead friend seemed to appeal for that.

A few minutes elapsed before she could overcome the rapid beating of her heart, and begin to hum a tune. She went out into the lean-to shed.

"Not a drop of water, as usual, when one wants a drink," she muttered, noiselessly pouring out a half-bucketful upon the ground. "I never saw such a bucket for being always empty," as she came into the room. "Rob, Rob! you sleepy head! Go to the spring for some water." She playfully waked him, alternately scolding and laughing while he fussed and complained.

"Oh, lemme alone!" Rob was awake at last at the sight of the stranger. "Hello! how did that old witch come? On a broomstick?"

"Here, Rob, I'll go for the water. But get out the dominoes and we'll have a game. Want to play, senora?"

"Si, si!" The Mexican's eyes twinkled, his native gambling instinct overcoming all prudence, and Lucy with

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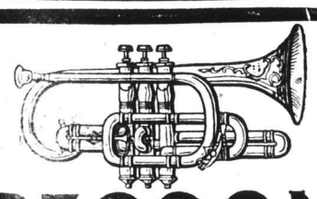

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¶ The following is one of the interesting and encouraging appreciations that can any day be found in the Western Home Monthly mail bag:

Ft. Pelly, Sask.,
April 4th, 1910.

Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs:—A a meeting of the Fort Pelly Grain Growers' Association, held on April 2nd, 1910, the following resolution was passed: "That the secretary be instructed to write the Editor of the Western Home Monthly thanking him for the article 'Legalized Piracy,' which appeared in the March number, and hopes that in future readers will be favored with articles of like nature." Carried unanimously. It is such articles as this that will bring to the mind of the farmer the True Cause of the enormous increase in the cost of living and the grave necessity of co-operation. Throughout this district your paper is read through and through, and thoroughly appreciated for its many interesting features.

Yours truly,

E. CHALLEN CLARK,
Sec. Ft. Pelly G.G. Association.

relief saw them employed in not only arranging the dominoes, but actually commencing a game before she left.

The spring was half way down the decline of the arroyo, close to the house, and an absence of ten minutes would appear reasonable, and neither Robert nor the Mexican notice it. It was her purpose, instead of going to the spring at the left of the house, to slip off to the right, and run the quarter of a mile up the road to the rock corral where her father was to be. The fate of the three the whole of that precious household which her father daily thanked God for keeping together, lay in her discretion, her courage, her action. Slipping round the corner of the house, she crept under the yellow shaft of light streaming from the end window, and—but her heart seemed to stop and the blood to flow back in a warm flood all over her, as the old adobe ruins grew out of the dark toward her. These remains of an earlier homestead had been peopled with many ghosts and other apparitions since Lucy's residence here, caused by shadows and twilight legends. The old walls and chimney had resisted time and weather, and now came as a bugaboo to daunt her. Could she pass that place? Yes, she was strong in her responsibility, and shutting her eyes, she ran past, when upon the clear night air came from its recesses a light neigh that was responded to by Robert's horse at the house. No need now to call on duty, on courage, on God! Away, away like a flash, across the smooth turf, into the scrubby mesquite, whose thorns scratched her face and hands with a sharp sting, sometimes falling over treacherous dead trunks, up again and again, and ever on, the ringing in her ears and the throbbing of heart and head being her only sensations.

The last little hillock was mounted and the gate of the corral, lighted by the big camp fire, came into sudden view. She leaped forward as her father's voice again came to her across the wild, "My old Kentucky home, good night!"—the strain they had so often sung together.

She presses forward, the collie sees the oncoming figure, and with a sharp bark over he goes for an enemy, and finding his friend, knocks her trembling feet from under her in his joy. Before she can rise her father is there, too.

"Papa—Giacomo—Robert—there!" is all she can articulate, as she points back to the house, but the great eyes strike consternation to the father's heart. His boy is dying or dead! No time to ask questions. Back to the fire to mount, and a word to the others to join him.

"Papa, papa, take me, too," pleaded Lucy, as he drew rein by her.

"No, no. little daughter, there may be shots. You are best here."

"Papa, dear, precious papa, do not leave me! I must go, I must, indeed!" She clung to the pommel and drew herself up behind him, and they were off to regain the others. As they drew near the house the mellow beams from the window flowed as calmly as ever. A glance in the window showed the room to be bare and no signs of life about. The same dread thought that had passed through Mr. Alden's brain now came to torture Lucy—Robert was either murdered or kidnapped. An instant was taken to devise plans when the remembrance of that ghostly neigh caused Lucy to whisper:

"The old adobe, papa. Quick, quick!"

Just in time, for the clatter of hoofs as they turned in that direction told of the Mexican's mount and escape.

After him go the pursuers, every man leaning forward in his saddle and shaking loose reins over the wild beasts they ride. Hi-ji! like a pack of hounds in full cry, but the broncho ahead is of a wild nature, too. The mesquite scatters the band, as they force a passage way through, trying to pull them from their saddles. Out again to the open, and the Mexican still in view, for sight is sharpened by the excitement and a strange clearness comes from the star-lit sky. For a good half-mile the chase is direct, when he heads for the arroyo, which in this place is steep and stony.

"He's a goner!" shouted a herder, as over the brink they see him pass. For a second's length they rein in, only to see the tough little pony's form coming into shape on the opposite bank. Down go the whole band then, like a house of blocks tumbling against one another in the pitchy darkness of the hollow, among stones and boulders. Only two men and Mr. Alden, through more care and better management, are able to keep up on the other side, but the latter's horse, with his double load, is longer reaching the level, and the two herders are already in pursuit. One gains head rapidly, then is lost sight of in the shadow of a hill, then the forms of pursued and pursuer are sharply outlined against the starry horizon, they see the herder gather his rope, rise in his stirrup, his body bends forward—once—twice—three times goes the lariat about his head—whiz-p-z—the trained horse comes to a standstill, throws his weight on his haunches, and over tumbles Giacomo, skirts and all, with a thud, having saved his worthless neck from another rope by throwing up his arm as the lariat went over him.

Sputtering Spanish curses and calling upon all the saints of his calendar for revenge, he was securely tied and fastened on his wearied horse, which was soon caught. The party then retraced their way to the house to seek for Robert, as they could get no information from the Mexican, who had relapsed into a sudden silence. Lucy was crying and her father's lips tightened as they reached home again, just as Rob came around the house with a bucket of water in his hand.

"Well, missy, where did you fly off to? I thought you'd joined old senora on her broomstick. I guess you weren't as thirsty as you made out."

But didn't his eyes open at news of the capture, and wasn't his sister Lucy a heroine? Yes, for not only at home, but throughout the section, long after Giacomo had met his just deserts, was that plucky girl of Alden's extolled.

A pony, a saddle, a beautifully ornamented quirt and many rare flowers were some of the presents bestowed upon her by her admirers, and Lucy began to find out how much of life's pleasant side she had been missing.

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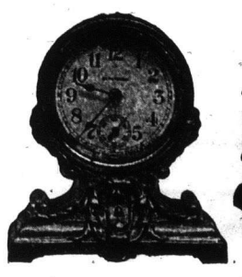

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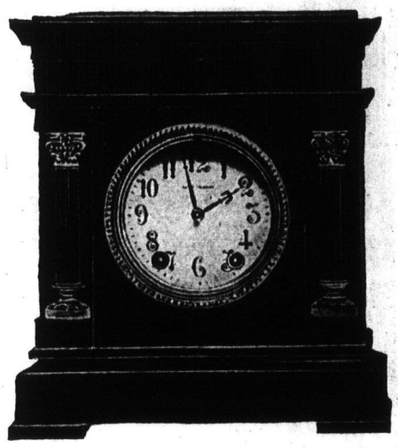

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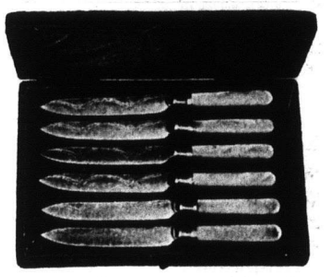

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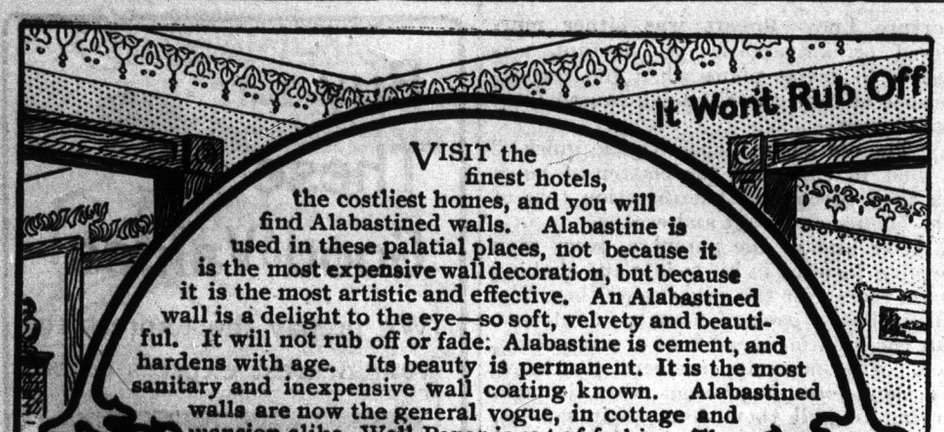

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The Consolation Prize.

By E. M. Dell

"SO YOU don't want to marry me?" said Earl Wyverton.

He said it by no means bitterly. There was even the suggestion of a smile on his clean-shaven face. He looked down at the girl who stood before him, with eyes that were faintly quizzical. She was bending at the moment to cut a tall Madonna lily from a sheaf that grew close to the path. At his quiet words she started and the flower fell.

He stopped and picked it up, considered it for a moment, then slipped it into the basket that was slung on her arm.

"Don't be agitated," he said, gently. "You needn't take me seriously—unless you wish."

She turned a face of piteous entreaty towards him. She was trembling uncontrollably. "Oh, please, Lord Wyverton," she said, earnestly, "please, don't ask me! Don't ask me! I—I felt so sure you wouldn't."

"Did you?" he said. "Why?"

He looked at her with grave interest. He was a straight, well-made man; but his kindest friend could not have called him anything but ugly, and there were a good many who thought him formidable also. Nevertheless there was that about him—an honesty and a strength—which made up to a very large extent for his lack of other attractions.

"Tell me why," he said.

"Oh, because you are so far above me," the girl said, with an effort. "You must remember that. You can't help it. I have always known that you were not in earnest."

"Have you?" said Lord Wyverton, smiling a little. "Have you? You seem to have rather a high opinion of me, Miss Neville."

She turned back to her flowers. "There are certain things," she said, in a low voice, "that one can't help knowing."

"And one of them is that Lord Wyverton is too fond of larking to be considered seriously at any time?" he questioned.

She did not answer. He stood and watched her speculatively.

"And so you won't have anything to say to me?" he said at last. "In fact, you don't like me?"

She glanced at him with grey eyes that seemed to plead for mercy. "Yes, I like you," she said, slowly. "But——"

"Never mind the 'but'" said Wyverton, quietly. "Will you marry me?"

She turned fully round again and faced him. He saw that she was very pale.

"Do you mean it?" she said. "Do you?"

He frowned at her, though his eyes remained quizzical and kindly. "Don't be frightened," he said. "Yes; I am actually in earnest. I want you."

She stiffened at the words and grew paler still; but she said nothing.

It was Wyverton who broke the silence. There was something about her that made him uneasy.

"You can send me away at once," he said, "if you don't want me. You needn't mind my feelings, you know."

"Send you away!" she said. "I!"

He gave her a sudden, keen look, and held out his hand to her. "Never mind the rest of the world, Phyllis," he said, very gravely. "Let them say what they like, dear. If we want each other, there is no power on earth that can divide us."

She drew in her breath sharply as she laid her hand in his.

"And now," he said, "give me your answer. Will you marry me?"

He felt her hand move convulsively in his own. She was trembling still.

He bent towards her, gently drawing her. "It is 'Yes,' Phyllis," he whispered. "It must be 'Yes.'"

And after a moment, faltering, through white lips, she answered him.

"It is—'Yes.'"

"And you accepted him! Oh, Phyllis!"

The younger sister looked at her with eyes of wide astonishment, almost of reproach. They were two of a family of ten; a country clergyman's family that had for its support something under three hundred pounds a year. Phyllis, the eldest girl, worked for her living as a private secretary, and had only lately returned home for a brief holiday.

Lord Wyverton, who had seen her once or twice in town, had actually followed her thither to pursue his courtship. She had not believed herself to be the attraction. She had persistently refused to believe him to be in earnest until that afternoon, when the unbelievable thing had actually happened and he had definitely asked her to be his wife. Even then, sitting alone with her sister in the bedroom, they shared, she could scarcely bring herself to realize what had happened to her.

"Yes," she said; "I accepted him of course—of course. My dear Molly, how could I refuse?"

"'And so you won't have anything to say to me?' he said at last. 'In fact you don't like me?'"

Molly made no reply, but her silence was somewhat tragic.

"Think of mother," the elder girl went on, "and the children. How could I possibly refuse—even if I wanted?"

"Yes," said Molly; "I see. But I quite thought you were in love with Jim Freeman."

In the silence that followed this blunt speech she turned to look searchingly at her sister. Molly was just twenty, and she did the entire work of the household with sturdy goodwill. She possessed beauty and was unusual. They were a good-looking family, and she was the fairest of them all. Her eyes were dark and very shrewd, under their straight black brows; her face was delicate in coloring and outline; her hair was red-gold and abundant. Moreover, she was clever in a strictly practical sense. She enjoyed life in spite of straitened circumstances. And she possessed a serenity of temperament that no amount of adversity ever seemed to ruffle.

Having obtained the desired glimpse of her sister's face, she returned without comment to the very worn stocking that she was repairing.

"I had a talk with Jim Freeman the other day," she said "He was driving the old doctor's dog-cart and going to see a patient. He offered me a lift."

"Oh!" Phylli's tone was carefully devoid of interest. She took up a

stocking from the pile at her sister's elbow and began to work.

"I asked him how he was getting on," Molly continued. "He said that Dr. Finsbury was awfully good to him, and treated him almost like a son . He asked very particularly after you; and when I told him you were coming home he said that he should try and manage to come over and see you. But he is evidently beginning to be rather important and he can't get away very easily. He asked a good many questions about you, and wanted to know if I thought you were happy and well."

"I see." Again the absence of interest in Phyllis's tone was so marked as to be almost unnatural

Molly dismissed the subject with a far better executed air of indifference.

"Are you really going to marry Earl Wyverton," she said. "How nice, Phyl! Did he make love to you?"

"He didn't!" ejaculated Molly.

"I didn't encourage him to," Phyllis confessed. "He went away directly after. He said he should come tomorrow and see dad."

"I suppose he's frightfully rich?" said Molly, reflectively.

"Enormously, I believe," A deep red flush rose in Phyllis's face. She begun to tremble again in spite of herself.

"'Oh, poor darling!' Molly said. 'Poor, poor darling!'"

Molly suddenly dropped her work and leaned forward.

"Phyl, Phyl," she said softly; "shall I tell you what Jim Freeman said to me that day? He said that very soon he should be able to support a wife—and I knew quite well what he meant. I told him I was glad—so glad. Oh, Phyl, darling, when he comes and asks you to go to him what shall you say?"

Phyllis looked up with quick protest on her lips. She wrung her hands together with despairing gesture.

"Molly, Molly," she gasped, "don't torture me! How can I help it? How can I help it? I shall have to send him away."

"Oh, poor darling!" Molly said. "Poor, poor darling!"

And she gathered her sister into her arms, pressing her close to her heart with a passionate fondness of which only a few knew her to be capable. There was only a year between them, and Molly had always been the leading spirit, protector and comforter by turns.

Even as she soothed and hushed Phyllis into calmness her quick brain was at work upon the situation. There must be a way of escape somewhere. Of that she was convinced. There always was a way of escape. But for the time at least it baffled her. Her own acquaintance with Wyverton was very slight. She wished ardently that she knew what manner of man he was at heart.

Upon one point at least she was firmly determined. This monstrous sacrifice must not take place, even were it to insure the whole family welfare. The life they lived was desperately difficult, but Phyllis must not be allowed to ruin her own happiness and another's also to ease the burden.

But what a pity it seemed! What a pity! Why in wonder was Fate so perverse? Molly thought. Such a brilliant chance offered to herself would have turned the whole world into a gilded dreamland. For she was wholly heart free.

The idea was a fascinating one. It held her fancy strongly. She began to wonder if he cared very deeply for her sister, of if mere looks had attracted him.

She had good looks too, she reflected. And she was quick to learn, adaptable. The thought rushed through her mind like a meteor through space. He might be willing. He might be kind. He had a look about his eyes—a quizzical look—that certainly suggested possibilities. But dare she put it to a test? Dare she actually interfere in the matter?

For the first time in all her vigorous young life Molly found her courage at so low an ebb that she was by no means sure that she could rely upon it to carry her through.

She spent the rest of that day in trying to screw herself up to what she privately termed "the necessary pitch of impudence."

At nine o'clock on the following morning Lord Wyverton, sitting at breakfast alone in the little coffee-room of the Red Lion, heard a voice he recognized speak his name in the passage outside.

"Lord Wyverton," it said, "is he down?"

Lord Wyverton rose and went to the door. He met the landlady just entering with a basket of eggs in her hand. She dropped him a curtsy.

"It's Miss Molly from the Vicarage, my lord," she said.

Molly herself stood in the back-

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ground. Behind the landlady's broad back she also executed a village bob.

"I had to come with the eggs. We supply Mrs. Richards with eggs. And it seemed unneighborly to go away without seeing your lordship," she said.

She looked at him with wonderful eyes that met his own with unreserved directness. He told himself as he shook hands that this girl was a great beauty, and would be a magnificent woman some day.

"I am pleased to see you," he said, with quiet courtesy. "It was kind of you to look me up. Will you come into the garden?"

"I havn't much time to spare," said Molly. "It's my cake morning. You are coming round to the Vicarage, aren't you? Can't we walk together?"

"Certainly," he replied at once. "if you think I shall not be too early a visitor."

Molly's lips parted in a little smile. "We begin our day at six," she said.

"What energy!" he commented. "I am only energetic when on a holiday."

"You're on business now, then?" queried Molly.

He looked at her keenly as they passed out upon the sunlit road. "I think you know what my business is," he said.

She did not respond. I'll take you through the fields," she said. "It's a short cut. Don't you want to smoke?"

There was something in her manner that struck him as not altogether natural. He pondered over it as he lighted a cigarette.

"They are cutting the grass in the church fields," said Molly. "Don't you hear?"

Through the slumberous summer air came the whir of the machine. It was June.

"It's the laziest sound on earth," said Wyverton.

Molly turned off the road to a stile. "You ought to take a holiday," she said, as she mounted it.

He vaulted the railing beside it and gave her his hand. "I'm not altogether a drone, Miss Neville," he said.

Molly seated herself on the top bar and surveyed him. "Of course not," she said. "You are here on business, aren't you?"

Wyverton's extended hand fell to his side. Now what is it you want to say to me?" he asked her, quietly.

Molly's hands were clasped in her lap. They did not tremble, but they gripped one another rather tightly.

"I want to say a good many things," she said, after a moment.

Lord Wyverton smiled suddenly. He had meeting brows, but his smile was reassuring.

"Yes?" he said. "About your sister?"

"Partly," said Molly. She put up an impatient hand and removed her hat. Her hair shone gloriously in the sunlight that fell chequered through the overarching trees.

"I want to talk to you seriously, Lord Wyverton," she said.

"I am quite serious," he assured her.

There followed a brief silence. Molly's eyes travelled beyond him and rested upon the plodding horses in the hayfield.

"I have heard," she said at length, "that men and women in your position don't always marry for love."

Wyverton's eyes grew together into a single, hard, uncompromising line. "I suppose there are such people to be found in every class," he said.

Molly's eyes returned from the hayfield and met his look steadily. "I like you best when you don't frown," she said. "I am not trying to insult you."

His brows relaxed but he did not smile. "I am sure of that," he said, courteously. "Please continue."

Molly leaned slightly forward. "I think one should be honest at all times," she said, "at whatever cost. Lord Wyverton, Phyllis isn't in love with you at all. She cares for Jim Freeman, the doctor's assistant—an awfully nice boy; and he cares for her. But, you see, you are rich, and we are so frightfully poor; and mother is often ill, chiefly because there isn't enough to provide her with what she needs. And so Phyllis felt it would be almost wicked to refuse your offer. Perhaps you won't understand, but I hope you will try. If it weren't for Jim, I would never have told you. As it is—I have been wondering——"

She broke off abruptly and suddenly covered her face with her two hands in a stillness so tense that the man beside her marvelled.

He moved close to her. He was rather pale, but by no means discomposed.

"Yes?" he said. "Go on, please. I want you to finish."

There was authority in his voice, but Molly sat in unbroken silence.

He waited for several moments, then laid a perfectly steady hand on her knee.

"You have been wondering——" he said.

She did not raise her head. As if under compulsion, she answered him with her face still hidden.

"I have dared to wonder if—perhaps—you would take me—instead. I—am not in love with anybody else, and I never would be. If you are in love with Phyllis, I won't go on. But if it is just beauty you care for, I am no worse-looking than she is. And I should do my best to please you."

The low voice sank. Molly's habitual self-possession had wholly deserted her at this critical moment. She was painfully conscious of the quiet hand on her knee. It seemed to press upon her with a weight that was almost intolerable.

The silence that followed was terrible to her. She wondered afterwards how she sat through it.

Then at last he moved and took her by the wrists. "Will you look at me?" he said.

His voice sent a quiver through her. She had never felt so desperately scared and ashamed in all her healthy young life. Yet she yielded to the insistence of his touch and tone, and met the searching scrutiny of his eyes with all her courage. He was not angry, she saw; nor was he contemptuous. More than that she could not read. She lowered her eyes and waited. Her pulses throbbed wildly, but still she kept herself from trembling.

"Is this a definite offer?" he asked at last.

"Yes," she answered. Her voice was very low, but it was steady.

He waited a second, and she felt the mastery of the eyes she could not meet.

"Forgive me," he said, then; "but are you actually in earnest?"

"Yes," she said again, and marvelled at her own daring.

His hold tightened upon her wrists. "You are a very brave girl," he said.

There was a baffling note in his tone, and she glanced up involuntarily. To her intense relief she saw the quizzical, kindly look in his eyes again.

"Will you allow me to say," he said. "that I don't think you were created for a consolation prize?"

He spoke somewhat grimly, but his tone was not without humor. Molly sat quite still in his hold. She had a feeling that she had grossly insulted him, that she had made it his right to treat her exactly as he chose.

After a moment he set her quietly free.

"I see you are serious," he said. "If you weren't—it would be intolerable. But do you actually expect me to take you at you word?"

She did not hesitate, "I wish you to," she said.

"You think you would be happy with me?" he pursued. "You know, I am called eccentric by a good many."

"You are eccentric," said Molly, "or you wouln't dream of marrying one of us. As to being happy, it isn't my nature to be miserable. I don't want to be a countess, but I do want to help my people. That in itself would make me happy."

"Thank you for telling me the truth," Wyverton said, gravely. "I believe I have suspected some of it from the first. And now listen. I asked your sister to marry me—because I wanted her. But I will spoil no woman's life. I will take nothing that does not belong to me. I shall set her free."

He paused. Molly was looking at him expectantly. His face softened a little under her eyes.

"As for you," he said, "I don't think you quite realize what you have offered me—how much of yourself. It is no little thing, Molly. It is all you have. A woman should not part with that lightly. Still, since you have offered it to me, I cannot and do not throw it aside. If you are of the same mind in six months from now, I shall take you at your word. But you ought to marry for love, child—you ought to marry for love."

He held out his hand to her abruptly, and Molly, with a burning face, gave him both her own.

"I can't think how I did it," she said, in a low voice. "But I—I am not sorry."

"Thank you," said Lord Wyverton, and he stooped with an odd little smile, and kissed first one and then the other of the hands he held.

No one, save Phyllis, knew of the contract made on that golden morning in June on the edge of the flowering meadows; and even to Phyllis only the bare outlines of the interview were vouchsafed.

That she was free, and that Lord Wyverton felt no bitterness over his disappointment, he himself assured her. He uttered no word of reproach. He did not so much as hint that she had given him cause for complaint. He was absolutely composed, even friendly.

He barely mentioned her sister's interference in the matter, and he said nothing whatsoever as to her singular method of dealing with the situation. It was Molly who briefly imparted this action of hers, and her manner of so doing did not invite criticism.

Thereafter she went back to her multitudinous duties without an apparent second thought, shouldering her burden with her usual serenity; and no one imagined for a moment what tumultuous hopes and doubts underlay her calm exterior.

Lord Wyverton left the place, and the general aspect of things returned to their usual placidity.

The announcement of the engagement of the vicar's eldest daughter to Jim Freeman, the doctor's assistant in the neighboring town, created a small stir among the gossips. It was generally felt that, good as low as young Freeman undoubtedly was, pretty Phyllis Neville might have done far better for herself. A rumor even found credence in some quarters that she had actually refused the wealthy aristocrat for Jim Freeman's sake, but there were not many who held this belief. It implied a foolishness too sublime.

Discussion died down after Phyllis's return to her work. It was understood that her marriage was to take place in the winter. Molly's hands were, in consequence, very full, and she had obviously no time to talk of her sister's choice. There was only one visitor who ever called at the Vicarage in anything approaching to state. Her visits usually occurred about twice a year, and possessed something of the nature of a Royal favor. This was Lady Caryl,

"Molly seated herself on the top bar and surveyed him."

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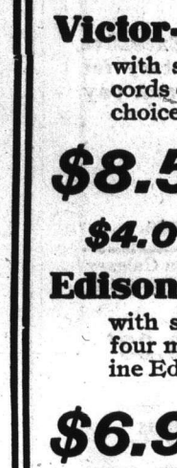

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It was on a foggy afternoon at the end of November that Lady Caryl's carriage turned in at the Vicarage gates for the second state call of the year.

Molly received the visitor alone. Her mother was upstairs with a bronchial attack.

Lady Caryl, handsome, elderly, and aristocratic, entered the shabby drawing-room with her most gracious air. She sat and talked for a while upon various casual subjects. Molly poured out the tea and responded with her usual cheery directness. Lady Caryl did not awe her. Her father was wont to remark that Molly was impudent as a robin and brave as a lion.

After a slight pause in the conversation Lady Caryl turned from parish affairs with an abruptness somewhat characteristic of her, but by no means impetuous.

"Did you ever chance to meet Earl Wyverton, my dear Mary?" she inquirer. "He spent a few days here in the summer."

"Yes," said Molly. "He came to see us several times."

The beautiful color rose slightly as she replied, but she looked straight at her questioner with a directness almost boyish.

"Ah!" said Lady Caryl. "I was away from the Manor at the time, or I should have asked him to stay there. I have always liked him."

"We liked him too," said Molly, simply.

"He is a gentleman," rejoined Lady Caryl, with emphasis. "And that makes his misfortune the more regrettable."

"Misfortune!" echoed Molly.

She started a little as she uttered the word—so little that none but a very keen observer would have noticed it.

"Ah! said Lady Caryl. "You have not heard, I see. I suppose you would not hear. But it has been the talk of the town. They say he has lost practically every penny he possessed over some gigantic American speculation, and that to keep his head above water he will have to sell or let every inch of land he owns. It is particularly regretted, as he has always taken his responsibilities seriously. Indeed, there are many who regard his principles as eccentrically fastidious. I am not of the number, my dear Mary. Like you, I have a high esteem for him, and he has my most heartfelt sympathy."

She ceased to speak, and there was a little pause.

"How dreadful!" Molly said then. "It must be far worse to lose a lot of money than to be poor from the beginning."

The flush had quite passed from her face. She even looked slightly pale.

Lady Caryl laid down her cup and rose. "That would be so, no doubt," she said. "I think I shall try to persuade him to come to us at the end of the year. And your sister is to be married in January? It will be quite an event for you all. I am sure you are very busy—even more so than usual, my dear Mary."

She made her stately adieu and swept away.

After her departure Molly bore the teacups to the kitchen and washed them with less than her usual cheery rapidity. And when the day's work was done she sat for a long while in her icy bedroom, with moonlight flooding about her, thinking, thinking deeply.

It was the eve of Phyllis's wedding day, and Molly was hard at work in the kitchen. The children were all at home, but she had resolutely turned every one out of this, her own particular domain, that she might complete her gigantic task of preparation undisturbed. The whole household were in a state of seething excitement. There were guests in the house as well, and every room but the kitchen seemed crowded to its utmost capacity. Molly was busier than she had ever been in her life, and the whirl of work had nearly swept away even her serenity. She was very tired, too, though she was scarcely conscious of it. Her hands went from one task to another with almost mechanical skill.

She was bending over the stove, stirring a delicacy that required her minute attention, when there came a knock on the kitchen door.

She did not even turn her head as she responded to it. "Go away!" she called. "I can't talk to anyone."

There was a pause—a speculative pause—during which Molly bent lower over her saucepan and concluded that the intruder had departed.

Then she became suddenly aware that the door had opened quietly and someone had entered. She could not turn her her at the moment.

"Oh, do go away!" she said. "I haven't a second to spare; and if this goes wrong I shall be hours longer."

The kitchen door closed promptly and obligingly, and Molly, with a little sigh of relief, concentrated her full attention once more upon the matter in hand.

The last critical phase of the operation arrived, and she lifted the saucepan from the fire and turned round with it to the table.

In that instant she saw that which so disturbed her equanimity that she nearly dropped saucepan and contents upon the kitchen floor.

Earl Wyverton was standing with his back against the door, watching her with eyes that shone quizzical under the meeting brows.

He came forward instantly, and actually took the sausepan out of her hands.

"Let me," he said.

Molly let him, being for the moment powerless to do otherwise.

"Now," he said, "what does one do—pour it into this glass thing? I see. Don't watch me, please; I'm nervous."

Molly uttered a curious little laugh that was not wholly steady.

"How did you come here?" she said.

He did not answer her till he had accomplished what he had undertaken. Then he set down the saucepan and looked at her.

"I am staying with Lady Caryl," he told her gravely. "I arrived this afternoon. And I have come here to present a humble offering to your sister, and to make a suggestion equally humble to you. I arrived in this room by means of a process called bribery and corruption. But if you are too busy to listen to me, I will wait."

"I can listen," Molly said.

He had not even shaken hands with her, and she felt strangely uncertain of herself. She was even conscious of a childish desire to run away.

He took her at her word at once. "Thank you," he said. Now, do you remember a certain conversation that took place between us six months ago?"

"I remember," she said.

An odd sense of powerlessness had taken possession of her, and she knew it had become visible to him, for she saw his face alter.

"I know I'm ugly," he said, abruptly; "but I'm not frowning, believe me."

She understood the illusion and laughed rather faintly. "I'm not afraid of you, Lord Wyverton," she said.

He smiled at her. "Thank you," he said. "That's kind. I'm coming to the point. There are just two questions I have to ask you, and I've done. First, have they told you that I'm a ruined man?"

Molly's face became troubled. "Yes," she said. "Lady Caryl told me. I was very sorry—for you."

She uttered the last two words with a conscious effort. He was mastering her in some subtle fashion, drawing her by some means irresistible. She felt almost as if some occult force were at work upon her. He did not thank her for her sympathy. Without comment he passed on to his second question.

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"Are you still disposed to be generous?" he asked her, with a directness that surpased her own. "Is your offer—that splendid offer of yours—still open? Or have you changed your mind? You mustn't pity me over much. I have enough to live on—enough for two"—he smiled again that pleasant, sudden smile of his—"if you will do the cooking and polish the front door-nob."

"What shall you do?" demanded Molly, with a new-found independence of tone that his light manner made possible.

"I shall clean the boots," he answered, promptly, "or swab the floors, or, it may be"—he bent slightly towards her, and she saw a new light in his eyes as he ended—"it may be, stand by my wife to lift the saucepan off the fire, or to do the other little jobs when she is tired."

Again, and more strongly, she felt that he was drawing her, and she knew that she was going—going into deep waters in which his hand alone could hold her up. She stood before him silently. Her heart was beating very fast. The surging of the deep sea was in her ears. It almost frightened her, though she had no cause to fear.

And then, suddenly, his hands were upon her shoulders and his eyes were

"Earl Wyverton was standing with his back against the door, watching her with eyes that shone quizzically under the meeting brows."

closely searching her face.

"I offer you myself, Molly," he said, and there was ringing passion in his voice, though he controlled it. "I loved you from the moment you offered to marry me. Is not that enough?"

Yes; it was enough. The mastery of it rolled in upon her in full flood-tide that no power of reasoning could withstand. She drew one long, gasping breath—and yielded. The splendor of that moment was greater than anything she had ever known. Its intensity was almost too vivid to be borne.

She stretched up her arms to him with a little sob of pure and glad surrender. There was no hiding what was in her heart. She revealed to him without words, but fully gloriously, convincingly, as she yielded her lips to his. And she forgot that she had desired to marry him for his money. She forgot that the family clothes were threadbare and the family cares almost impossible to cope with. She knew only that better thing which is greater than poverty or pain or death itself. And, knowing it, she possessed more than the whole world, and found it enough.

Late that night, when at last Molly lay down to rest with the morrow's bride by her side, there came the final revelation of that amazing day. Neither she nor Wyverton had spoken a word to any of that which was between them. It was not their hour; or, rather, the time had not arrived for others to share in it.

But as the girls clasped one another on that last night or companionship Phyllis presently spoke his name.

"I actually haven't told you what Lord Wyverton did, Moll," she said. "You would never guess. It was so unexpected, so overwhelming. You know he came to tea. You were busy and didn't see him. Jim was there, too. He came straight up to me and said the kindest things to us both. We were standing away from the rest. And he put an envelope into my hand and asked me, with his funny smile, to accept it for an old friend's sake. He disappeared mysteriously directly after. And—and—Molly, it was a cheque for a thousand pounds."

"Good gracious!" said Molly, sharply.

"Wasn't it simply amazing?" Phyllis continued. "It nearly took my breath away. And then Lady Caryl arrived and I showed it to her. And she said the story of his ruin was false, that she thought he himself had invented it for a special reason that had ceased to exist. And she said that she thought he was richer now than he had ever been before. Why, Molly, Molly—what has happened? What is it?"

Molly had suddenly sprung upright in bed. The moonlight was shining on her beautiful face, and she was smiling tremulously, while her eyes were wet with tears.

She reached out both her arms with a gesture that was full of an infinite tenderness.

"Yes," she said, "yes, I see." And her glad voice rang and quivered on that note which Love alone can strike. "It's true, darling. He is richer now than he ever was before, and I—I have found endless riches too. For I love him—I love him! And—he knows it!"

"Molly!" exclaimed her sister in amazement.

Molly did not turn. She was staring into the moonlight with eyes that saw.

"And nothing else counts in all the world," she said. "He knows that too, as we all know it—we all know it—at the bottom of our hearts."

And with that she laughed—the soft, sweet laugh of Love triumphant—and lay back again by her sister's side.

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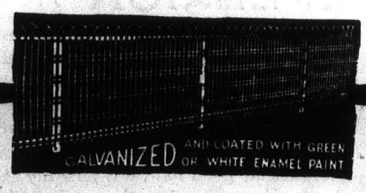

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New Year's Day in British Columbia.

THE STRANGE STOCK ON, AND IN, OUR MILLION ACRE RANCH.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

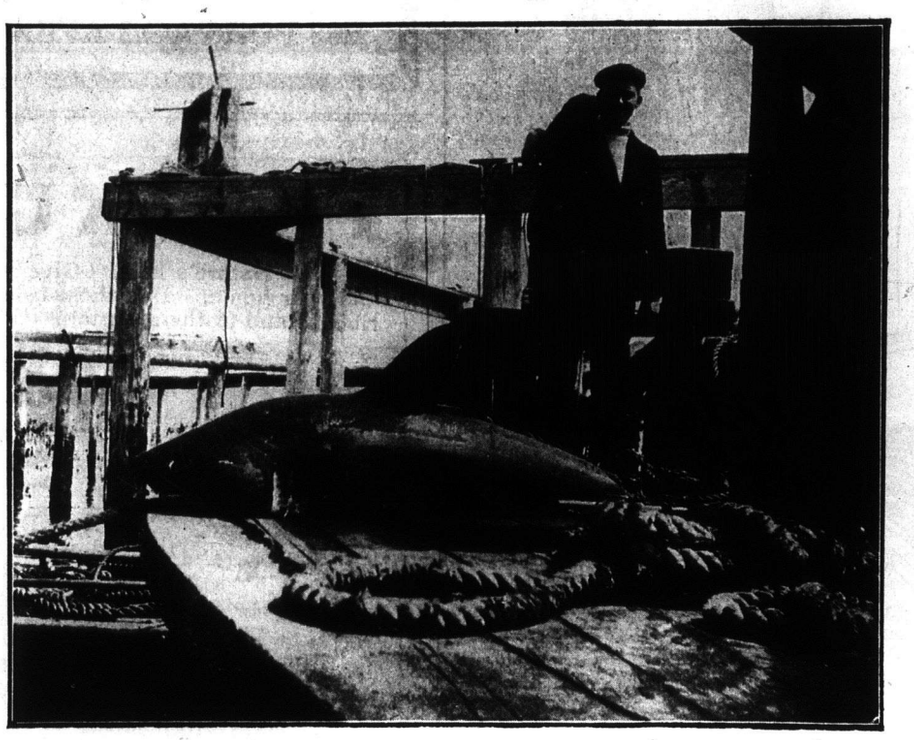
HOW would you like to have a ranch as large as this title? situated on and about an island almost three hundred miles long by eighty odd wide. Well, as we poor naturalists will never own much land in fee simple we take a bird's eye view of this wildly magnificent Vancouver Island and say; as said Robinson Crusoe of sainted memory, "I am monarch of all I survey." And truly it is a heritage of which any man might be proud—this great sea swept mass of high oiled red rocks and waving green forests, and swift rushing sparkling rivers—blue waters, green forests, red rocks all set in a frame of high mountains with snow capped tips—winter thousands of feet above—summer with its fruits and flowers all about us, even this bright New Year's Day rose leaves are bursting out of swelling green stems and a rare bud of a winter rose is blowing beside Sooke waters.

Come with the ever youthful Fritz and your humble servant this glad January day and see the animals on our ranch.

The very first we saw ourselves were three "blackfish" as they are locally called. This relative of the whale, for it's a water animal; giving birth and suckling its young amid Pacific Ocean swells, is also called the killer whale, orca,—just wait until Fritz and I paddle rapidly out of the course of the three that are swimming up the inlet; sounding and rising and feeding along their course. I do not care to personally touch and handle all the animals on our ranch. These two are some thirty feet long, with grayish black skins, with a big black fin that looks like a living lateen sail. Down they roll; out of sight goes the head, down goes the big fin, out rolls the flukes and down they go too and only the "slick" of the plunge is left upon the surface. Many a weird "newspaper" Killer has attacked and killed the great Humpback and Sulphur bottom whales that sport outside the Inlet. Fritz and I both deeply regret that we cannot add our testimony to these tales. We have interviewed every man we have met that is an eyewitness to the daily scenes of whale hunting and not one of them has even seen a Killer attack a whale. Some people call these big things "Threshers." Remember I have only been four years investigating this big ranch, but I have travelled faithfully, I use strong telescopes. I have seen innumerable whales and many Orcas but never once have we seen the latter attack—and as far as I can gather from all authorities, no man has ever seen one kill a whale. Some most ridiculous nonsense has been written by tourist journalists that visit our coast; copied no doubt from old bookish tales. We cannot present you a picture of these animals as our time in this the closest encounter we ever had with them, was spent in getting out of their road. I do not think they would have upset us but the tide channel was narrow and our Rice Lake canoe is narrower still.

Here is the next animal in the waters surrounding the big ranch. The Sea Pig, the Bay Porpoise, a mammal that grows to be about seven feet long, and is as harmless as a land pig. It is a pleasant sight to see a school of ten to thirty of these pursuing a run of very small fish. It is one leaping, splashing, whacking race. The one Fritz stands smiling beside was unfortunate in its pursuit, for the run of fish swam right into the "spiller net" of a salmon trap and the Sea Pig followed and thereafter his swimming grounds were prescribed to the forty foot scaure and deep net. We watched him for a full hour rolling backwards and forwards amid the five thousand salmon and dog fish and halibut and sturgeon and rat fish that filled the big net. Among these big fish swam hundreds of smaller fish, young salmon, oulican, smelt and herring—all food for the Sea Pig; but he knew only too well that he was entrapped and never a shining one did he eat, he only made that monotonous circle of the net, heading and pushing his way amid the silvery throng of doomed fish. Soon the fishing company's tug arrived and he was finally cornered in the net. Oh! the cruel rain of blows from picaroon and club, we turned away for a moment and the next he was lifted and deposited dead; or dying, at our feet.

What do you think of this for dainty little mouth. This is the Ground or Brown shark. A big harmless, bottom feeding shark that swims about our coast. This chap is not quite dead. We had rather a ticklish bit of work towing him behind the sixteen foot cedar canoe; for although he had been out of the water some hours before we got him, the current of water through his five great gill openings rather re-



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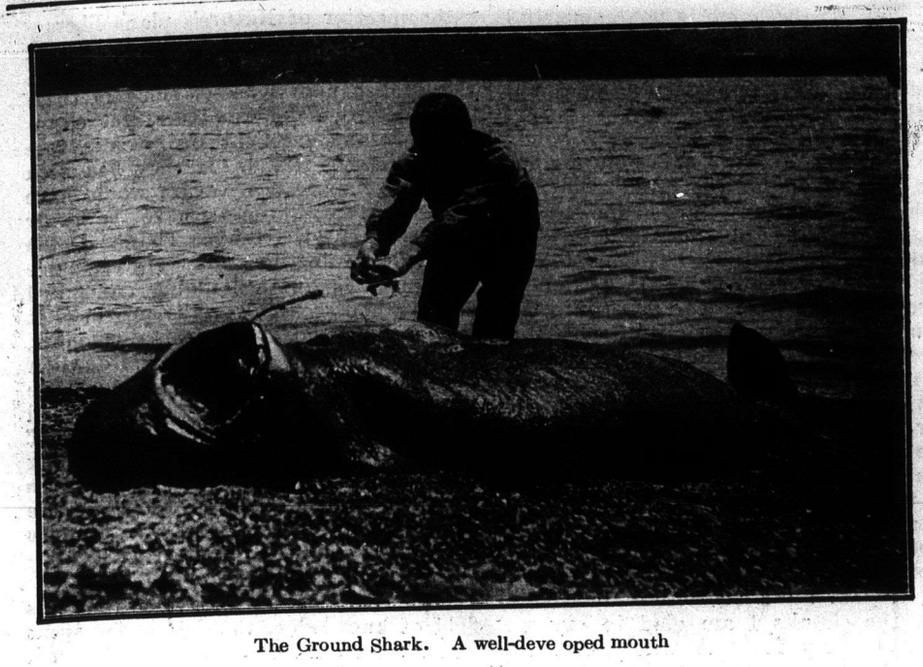


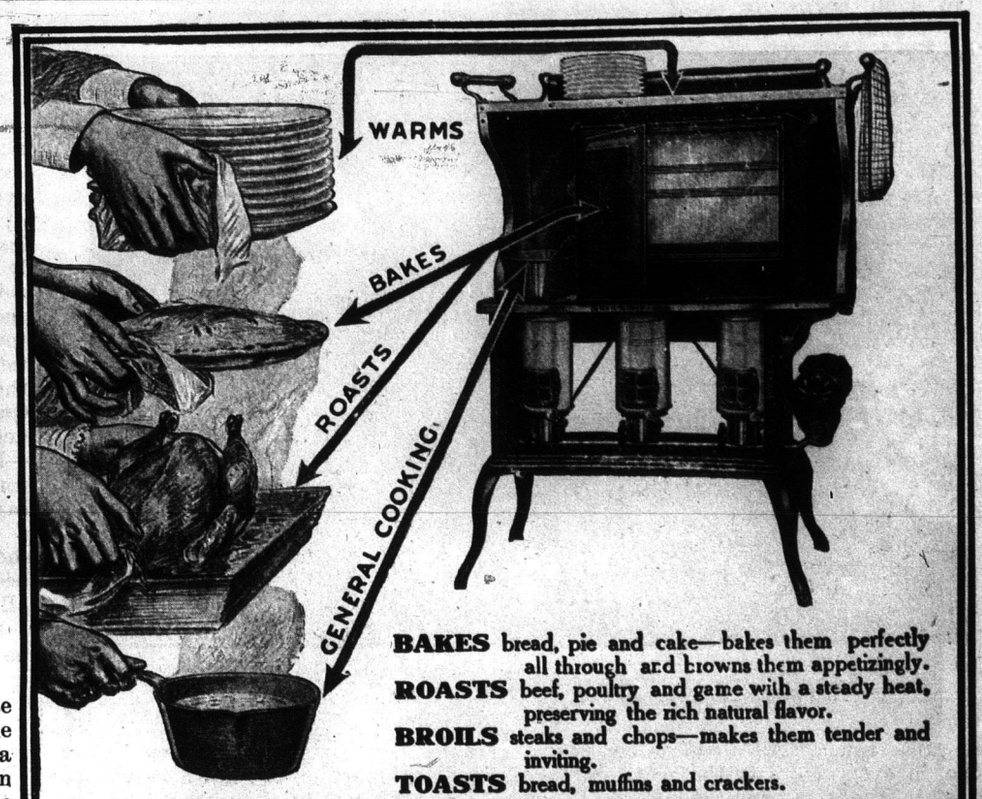
The Ground Shark. A well-deve oped mouth

vived him and he made one or two convulsive diving motions. I had a sharp knife ready on the seat beside me, ready to cut the towing rope if he sounded too deeply, but we beached him on the home beach with tired muscles and thankful hearts—and Fritz opened his mouth for me to picture. I felt like telling the lad the story of the dentist telling the patient "that is wide enough, I can just as well work outsice; you know." Once the huge, soft-bodied thing was dead I started to dissect it—pray pardon this continual first personal pronoun—I do wish those patent medicine men were here. What a chance to sell "liver remedy." Here was an animal with two livers each six feet long that weighed over a hundred pounds. These were filled with rich oil. The entire skeleton was a thing of beauty, all the bones being so short of lime as to be transparent and pliable, just heavy gristle one might say. The rows of teeth were wonderful. Three rows on each jaw that rolled over, one set after another and hooked into the object the mouth had clutched. This was the only part of this half-ton shark that we could preserve, this and bits of the sand-paper-like skin. Here was a grand study for the microscope for those that love this branch of the work.

I wish to show you some Chinese toothpicks. Look well at the head of this Otary—the Sea Lion (Eumetopias stelleri) all the long white feelers that surround its mouth are used as toothpicks by the almond-eyed. ones One day when the lad and I were far out on the Vest Coast, some one hundred and fifty miles up our ranch, we chose an inner barrier reef as the place to count and watch one of the wildest of animals we have on the entire ranch, a great mass of "hauling out" sea lions. Of all the odd things we have seen through the old familiar lens of the telescope these were the strangest. Outside us rolled the eternal surf of the Pacific, about half a mile out it first met the outside barrier reef—we often hear the bare rocks called islands—here it threw its long foaming bands aloft after battling with the reef. There was one double crown of the reef that rose some forty feet above the low tide line. This was shining yellow with a mass of sun dried, basking lions. On the upper summit, on the skyline, the "old men" of the band, great bulls that would weigh a ton, with long silky manes, reared their long necks and barked and moaned. About them, spread in a great yellow mass, sprawled their harem, the females they had chosen for their own. All about the two great rocks, on the sides, in the water about, in the wet valley between swam and basked and rolled an army of sea lions, the biggest ones slowly flapping their way up to the summit—and being instantly driven down discomforted by the lords of the harem. Now the incoming tide took a hand in the game and the yellow masses retreated up the rocks before it. Much lovemaking and a good deal of fighting ensued. On came the resistless tide; submerging the lower lions and, as it rolled back, leaving them of a dark brown. Larger and larger grew the swells, higher and higher rose the tide. Now a huge surf sweeps right over the crest of the twin summits and in its after drag roll many dark bodies over and over, down the slippery sides. The unequal assault keeps on until the water is literally alive with swimming lions. The most remarkable thing in this odd scene was when the beasts swept in on the high, roaring surf right unto the rock, one felt sure they would be killed by the impact—no, when the wave rolled back they were clinging to the rock. The reason is this, the long nails of the hind flippers are on the ends of the knuckles—we might say those of the fore flippers are on the ends of the flippers. My feet, as I write this rests on the hide of one of these big, harmless beasts. Remember, even they will fight if cornered, and when the halibut boats go out onto the beds, far off the shores, where the sea lions have been feeding for ages, can you wonder if they swiftly follow up the struggling fish on the line and snatch it off when it is almost in the fisherman's hands.

I am afraid the day will be done before we see a tithe of the animals on

The Sea Lion—A Big Female



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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

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The Hair Seal. Note the claws on the fore flipper, the bony feelers on the jaw

our great ranch. All about us, in every cove, in every bay, on the reefs, on the flats, in the tide runs, swim and leap and splash and dive the hair seals (phoca vitulina). It is at midnight, when the see is filled with the countless myriad plankton, the phosphorescent atoms that turn the inlets and bays and coves into slumbering sheets of flame, sheets that seem to be instantly ignited by the swift passage of fin or scale. Here is a sight that out-does Dore's most spectacular work. The passage of a hair seal in pursuit of a salmon, the capture amid pulsating waves of liquid fire, the tearing out of the bite, the throwing aloft of the fish, a dark object thrown out from a bed of silver, falling back therein with many a glittering living jewel of phosphorescent water upeast, the dive of the feeding seal after the sinking fish—curves, ripples, lines of intense blue light in the dark sea water—all this must be actually seen to get even then but an insufficient part of the much craved for whole. The seal in the picture had just turned on its side preparatory to diving as the focal plane curtain fell, the great nails of the fore flippers can be seen very distinctly.

All along these shores the martin and the mink run all the night long. The native "pit-lampers," those men that hunt with a headlight, spy the cruel flashing slit—the small gleam of the sharp green eye—"bang" sings the pump-gun and another of our animals has passed out. These while hunting at midnight often come across the humble coon clam digging on the shores, the big, pale blue flame of their eyes are readily distinguished. The big soft lamps of the deer shine out with much more space between, and it is between that the blinding charge of buckshot is aimed, usually a swift merciful death this. But all the game is not game, if I may use the term. I know of one man that has learned to tell a certain widely divided pair of eyes as seen at midnight in the pitlamp's glare. This nocturnal hunter, paddling silently along a lonely cove, saw a pair of huge, widely divided eyes shining out of the dark shrubbery of the shore—"Bang" cracked the smokeless, and the huge object rushed furiously off into the night. The next day this midnight paddler on those lonely shores sought his horse to drive into the town. Horses stray widely in these unfenced ranges so he failed to find him, the next day his search also was in vain. On the third day his quest led him along near where he had lost the big animal—he found it, and strange to say he found the horse at the same time. They say that he now lands at night and pulls a hair out of the animal before he shoots. You see one's stock of horses soon becomes depleted in pitlamping, especially if your stock consists of one only.

Of the skunks I am glad to say we have but very few. A wildly enthusiastic upsetter of Nature's plans liberated a couple on one of the gulf islands. Ditto the muskrats, and another---shall I say foolish man set—set some of these bank destroyers, dike-eaters, yet cleanly livers and excellent furbearers, loose upon this big island. If they had been of prime importance Nature would have included them. True we have the larger representative the beaver. Thanks to the excellent protection this very valuable fur-bearer is again building dams and making houses all over the province. It is a good animal up to a certain number, but it must always be thinned down if we want to keep our small waters free flowing and navigable. This national emblem of our's is well worthy of a life's study. The writer did not think six seasons wasted in the study of the Muskrat. There is not a thing that the Great Maker of this mighty ranch has made that cannot be studied with interest and great delight.

Well, kind fellow traveller in this field of knowledge, the day is far spent and we have not noted one in a hundred

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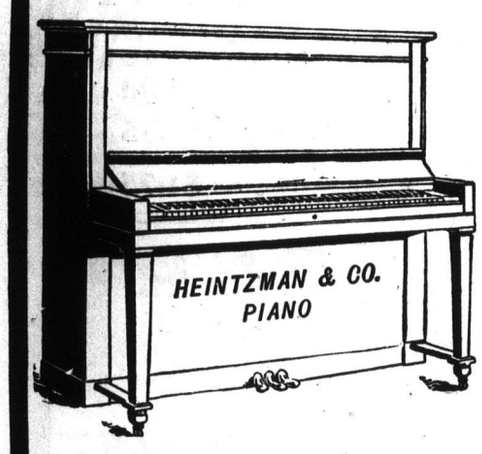

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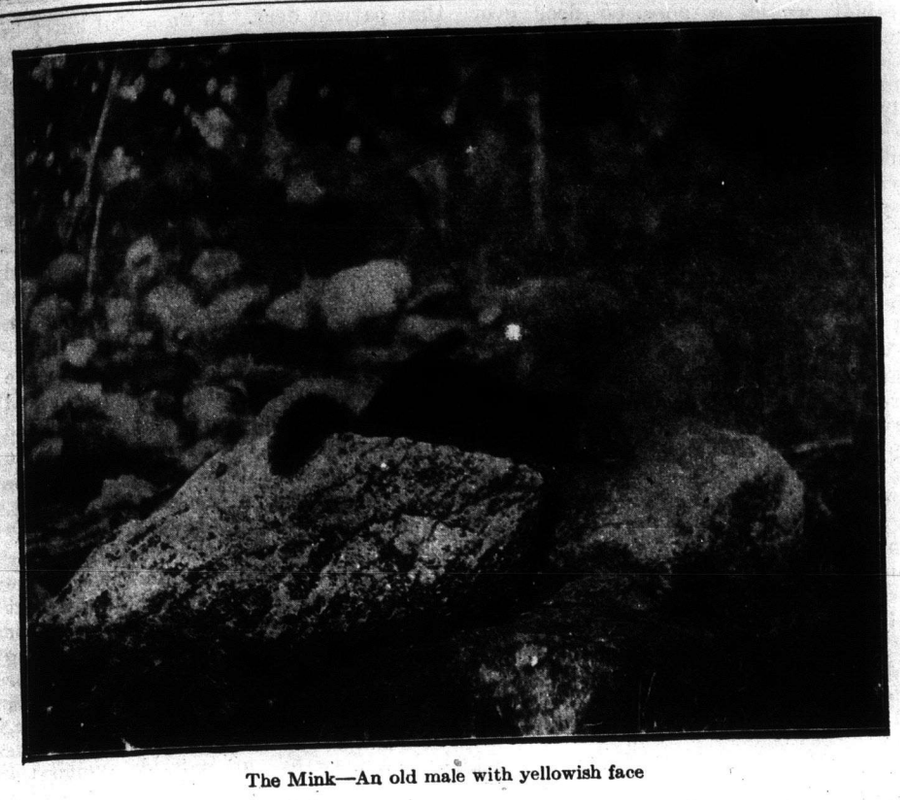

The Mink—An old male with yellowish face

of the interesting things of feather, fur and scale. In the ever hungry sea at our feet lies a study that all the naturalists of the world have yet but a smattering of. We do know more about the things that swim and fly over its surface, especially those that nest upon the land. We have a fair knowledge of the mammals that roam the field—and what has it taught us? There seems to be yet implanted in the hearts of the boys the old barbarian strain that bids them kill something. My note books are crowded, my eyes are worried, my sympathies are always on edge—all about me; wherever I go on this wide continent the slaughter continues. As I write this the air is throbbing with—listen, "Bang, bang, bang, bang——Bang, bang." Now those six shots brought down a poor surf duck—there it floats, the tide will soon carry the pitiful sight away. Bang, bang sing the guns—a crowd of men are killing today for the feathers, another crowd are shooting at every bird that comes along and are only picking up about one in six, the other five, poor murdered things, float out to sea. How long will the supply of live targets keep up. In the thirty odd years that I have been afield I have seen the gradual disappearance of all kinds of beasts, birds and fishes in each and every place that I have studied in. In the last few years I think I can truly say I have seen as many birds killed for sport as I have seen killed for the pot. Full half of these have rotted on the shores. License the guns, tag the hunter and the game, raise game for sale as we now raise poultry, forbid all sale of wild game, change the heart of man by the merciful education of our children—or game extermination is not far distant.

I must finish this New Year Day's ramble by telling you of a mighty hunter we met on our big ranch. He came from Seattle to this island to get a few elk's teeth. These are often worn by members of the Elks, more shame to them. He well knew that the hunters that went out and brought back a few teeth left a magnificent buck elk rotting in the woods for each pair of teeth. Well, we met this modern Nimrod. From the wonderful yarns he told us, the hair-breadth escapes he had had, the many mighty beasts he had slain we regretfully put Cook and Long and De Rougement far behind him. Not an animal but he had killed, not a mountain peak that he had not climbed. "He would show us the way to kill elk and our common little deers."

In this native village lived a half-breed who thought he was pretty fair at taxidermy. He had "set up" a blacktail deer, squatting on its hind legs much as

The Skunk

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a rabbit would, a pose no deer ever assumed. I saw Fritz and this would-be taxidermist in earnest conversation. Later I saw the halfbreed talking earnestly to the Seattle sportsman. When the lad returned to me he winked a wink of mystery. Soon I saw him start with the hunter up the trail. Almost at the same instant the halfbreed left the village by the opposite trail bearing the weirdly stuffed deer—but let Fritz tell it. He burst into my tent a few hours later, puffing and blowing and breathless with laughter—

"Mowich was up the hills ahead of us, right across the gorge, where it is not more than a hundred yards wide. I heard his coon's cry, the signal. Well, we stopped. Soon on the oposite skyline I saw a deer walking along behind the ridge, just its head and neck showing down to the fore shoulder. I pointed it out many times to the hunter—fudge, he cannot see anything in the woods. All at once he yelled, 'I see it. I see it,' loud enough to scare all the deer within half a mile. Up went the rifle and he fired. There stood the deer calmly watching. I sat down on a hot rock and saw him empty his magazine at that patient deer. In an awful hurry he filled the chamber again, and said 'there's another.' Sure enough Mowich had stuck up the body a wee bit further on. The man fired every last shell in the rifle and still the deer stood there; the rifle banged so fast my ears were ringing. Again the deer disappeared, again it came into sight, much closer this time. Oh! the prettiest shot you could wish. The man fired five shots and away flew one of the horns and down went the head. Say, that man never hunted before, I'll tell you why—he dropped his rifle and ran and slid and fell down the long valley and climbed the hill oposite. I'll bet he never found the body as I saw Mowich pelting up the valley for home as fast as he could cut. I guess I'll clear out for an hour or two."

"Yes sir! I hit the neck the very first shot," the mighty hunter told me when he staggered in tired and weary at sunset. "I followed the blood trail for a good three miles but it was getting late so I came back. I'll get that deer tomorrow." Oh Cook! Oh Long! Oh poor De Rougemont!—what's the use.

The Downfall of Fogerty.

By Anne O'Hagan.

I.

IT WAS in the first genial glow of their engagement that the Rev. Archbold White and Miss Viola Webster took Fogerty's case in hand. Love for each other had made them very benign towards all the race. Moreover, philanthropy was the Rev. Archibold's permanent mission in life, and Miss Webster's pastime at the moment of their meetings. Their happiness confirmed them in their generosity, and Fogerty was one of their first beneficiaries.

It is safe to assume that Fogerty had not escaped having parents, but the record of them had been lost in a devious line of aunts, asylums, cousins, and haphazard guardians, from the moment of his first chronicled appearance in the world to the time when he became a "case." It is even likely that he had sponsors in baptism, for his first name was known as Dennis. In the early days of his career he had been called Denny, but against this he had finally protested. The narrative of his protest was left in unmistakable language upon the features of a confrere who had declined to accept Fogerty's wish as final.

"Aw, don't go a-Dennyin' me!" Fogerty had growled. "Wot sort of a name is that for a man? Yes a man. Wot more can a man do than earn his own money an' spend it like he likes? No more Denny for me. Are ye on?" And he had jingled the contents of his pocket with the hand that was not tucked up under his bundle of papers.

One deep, mellow laugh had greeted this proclamation from the twelve-year-old citizen. It has come from Apple Annie had laughed. "Ye're a hop-o-me privilege it was to sell apples, bananas, and strange confections in cocoanut, peppermint, and sugar throughout the Clarion Building. And in the shadow of the Clarion Building the newsboys were wont to congregate.

"Ye're a fine man, ye are!" Apple Annie, the monopolist, whose exclusive thumb of a lad. How old would ye be, now, me great man?"

Fogerty had eyed Apple Annie with dark malevolence, but his outraged pride and desire for vengeance melted before the kindly gleam of her answering glance. Annie's eyes were very beautiful, though of course Fogerty and his companions had not recognized that. They were gray and wise and bright with the brightness that has resolutely put grief away—a brilliancy more wonderful than that of youth which has known no grief. Her round face was rosy in spite of its wrinkles. Her close black bonnet was set upon smooth, tight, scant, gray locks. Altogether, with her shawl crossed upon her ample chest, her big basket guarded with black waterproof cloth against the elements, and her kind old face wrinkled with mirth, Apple Annie was one to disarm the wrath of even an outraged Fogerty. Therefore, after a second's hesitation, he had forborne to reply bitterly to her, and had instead attacked the ill-advised mocker who had begun to call out:

"Denny, Denny, big man Denny!"

That night saw Fogerty installed in Apple Annie's Spare Room. He had been rather suspicious of her offer to take him as a boarder, following upon his victory over his derider. He feared some infringement of his liberties. The Newsboys' Home and less reputable lodging-houses had always proved sufficiently magnificent for his periods of

Fogerty attacked the ill-advised mocker.

prosperity, and the tenement hallways, the park benches, and the alley gratings had not been despised in times of financial depression. He had had no desire for a change; but the same power that had made it impossible for him to vituperate Annie for her laughter at his expense made it impossible for him to deny the business proposition which she made him.

"A bit o' breakfast each mornin', an' yer bunk, for two dollars a month. I had a boarder till las' week, but she was a poor fool of a thing, always quarrelin' wid her Joe an' wakin' me up wid her cryin' at night. I made up me mind to have no more like her, though she was good enough pay, that I'll say for her. She worked at Stacey's feather factory. Now they're married, her an' her Joe; an' I'm thinkin' ye're about the size of a man I want. Sure ye'll not be cryin' over sweethearts, annyhow!"

"Aw, calico!" sneered Fogerty.

He shifted uneasily from foot to foot. He shot distrustful glances at Annie from the corners of his eyes. He wanted to refuse, but he could no more do that with

the kind, wise face smiling at him than a frozen pool can refuse to obey the warmth of the April sun.

"All right, I'll be there," he said briefly; and forthwith took up his abode in the dark room of her rear tenement on Water Street.

The unaired closet in which his bunk was put was separated by the thinnest of partitions from the other one in which Apple Annie kept her wares. The smothering scent of bananas and apples, the close air of the tenement, and the whiffs of salt miraculously penetrating the place from the thick-masted river beyond —the blending of all these would have been fatal to nostrils and lungs more delicate than Fogerty's. Even he was driven to commend upon it.

"Say, de fodder's pretty strong, ain't it?" he said as he ate bacon and bread and drank coffee with great gusto on the first morning of his tenancy.

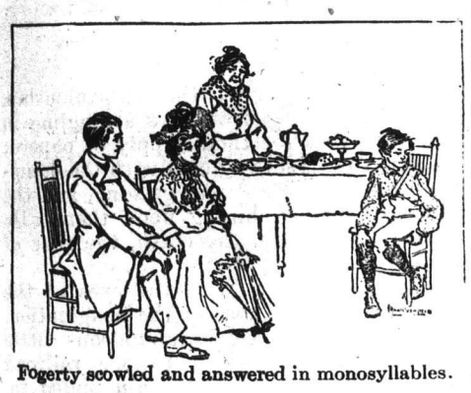
"Ye'll get used to it," answered Apple Annie placidly, from the side of the oil-clothed table nearest the shining cook-stove. From her seat of vantage she could reach the steaming coffee-pot and the spider in which the reserve supply of meat still sizzled. The room was gay with religious chromos on the walls and with the dazzling patchwork quilt upon the big bed in the corner. Fogerty surveyed his surroundings approvingly.

"I guess I will," he said. "Say, this room is all right!"

"I've no fault to find wid it," said its owner comfortably.

"Well, if ye'll give me me key, I'll be goin'," announced the boarder; and equipped with that tie to his new home, he left.

The queer alliance thus begun lasted several months—until the appearance on the scene of the zealous Mr. White and the ardent Miss Webster, already chronicled. Mr. White's mission church was in the neighborhood. He stumbled upon



Fogerty scowled and answered in monosyllables.

Apple Annie's apartment when he was looking for that of one of his own parishioners. Apple Annie had made him welcome with the easy tolerance she showed to almost all comers. She dusted a chair for him to sit upon while she went forth to inquire throughout the tenement if the Baxters had left any address when they moved. She was full of kindly regrets when she came back to announce that they had not taken the precaution to leave a clew to their present whereabouts. She was quite willing to talk with the young man about the neighborhood and the weather and the needs of the city. By and by it was borne in upon her that he was waiting for some other purpose than mere conversation with her.

"The truth is," he said awkwardly, when her questioning gaze made some explanation of his prolonged call necessary, "that one of—one of—a district visitor of our church—a young lady—was to meet me at Mrs. Baxter's. We were to arrange for sending that little cripple boy of hers to a hospital," he added in a businesslike manner. "And I don't wish to go before she—the young lady—comes. I could wait in the hall, though, and——"

"Not at all! Not at all!" declared Apple Annie hospitably. "Sure, I'll open the door into the hall there, an' we can see the young lady when she comes in. It would be a pretty how-d'ye-do if you was to have to wait in the hall. An' a cup o' tea'll do her no harm after climbin' the stairs an' all. I'll have the kettle boilin' in a jiffy."

When Viola, blushing, breathless from haste and mounting unfamiliar stairs, finally arrived at the Baxters' deserted threshold, she was greeted by a rosy, smiling old woman who bore her into a gay kitchen and poured bitter tea for her. She and Archbold looked at each other across the rims of the flowered gift cups in which the beverage had been served. Their eyes said:

"Isn't she dear and quaint? Isn't this a lovely adventure? What can we do to maintain the friendship thus inaugurated?"

What they decided to do was to come back some time when they could see Fogerty, about whose sullen braggadocio Apple Annie had told them with much tender humor.

A faint misgiving stirred Apple Annie's heart when they had departed. She hoped that they would have no scheme for parting her from Fogerty. Since, one by one, her own had gone from her, she had unconsciously expended upon the world in general the affection which had once been given to them; but for none of those who had come within the circle of her warm-hearted kindness had she had quite the feeling which she reserved for Fogerty.

"Not that he's like anny of me own," she said to herself, when she reflected upon the emotion with which the stunted little gutter urchin inspired her. "Thank God, they was different—not wid their hands always clenched to hit an' their eyes always cocked for trouble. But—maybe it's that he's a lonely poor thing, an' when all's said an' done I'm a lonely poor thing meself. Annyway, it'd go hard wid me now if he was to leave me. But I don't think he will. I don't think he will. An' I don't think the young minister or the young lady'd be wantin' it. Sure they've no call at all to interfere with my affairs. 'Twould be poor thanks for the cup of tea I give them!"

Fogerty had fallen into the habit of occasionally appearing at the tenement shortly after supper-time. He averred that trade was dull between the time of the homeward-surging workers and that of the emptying theatres. He allowed himself to be persuaded to sit at the table and have a bite or two of whatever Apple Annie had had for supper. Then, fearful lest she should think the visit planned merely for the sake of free food, he offered to reimburse her for all meals not included in their original contract.

"Go on wid ye!" said Apple Annie, laughing. "Sure, it's the queer little piece of impidence ye are! Drop in to supper when ye like. I'll have no extra thing for ye, so what would I be takin' yer money for? An' for the matter of that, I'm glad of yer company." Then Fogerty, still unable to comprehend giving for the sake of mere kindness, solved the problem by bringing home tidbits to supplement the meal. Now it was a frankfurter, and now doughnuts; or again an ear of hot corn would be borne triumphantly in from the corner merchant. And sometimes a dripping, paper-wrapped block of ice cream.

As he discovered this method of return Apple Annie's hospitality, the proud and independent Fogerty availed himself more often of her invitation to drop in as soon after tea-time as possible. And as Apple Annie discovered this tendency on his part, she gradually put the hour of the evening meal forward, in order to meet her lodger's habits.

They were dallying over a late supper of this composite sort on the evening when the Rev. Mr. White and Miss Webster returned for their call on Fogerty. Fogerty had been discoursing, with an open-heartedness new to him, of affairs in general, and especially those in his own business, when the callers arrived. Their appearance was the signal for him to fall into the old silent, suspicious attitude. His chin sank into his collarless shirt, his eyes met no one's except furtively. He scowled and answered in monosyllables the questions addressed to him.

Poor Annie was quite distressed by the impressions he was sure he made upon the visitors. When they had made their voluble, over-friendly way out she rebuked Fogerty for his sullenness.

"Aw," said Fogerty, "g'wan! Wot d'ye take me for? They wants somethin'; they ain't comin' to see ye because it's wot they'd rather do—ye can put that in yer pipe an' smoke it. It's some con game, that's wot it is. So long. I'm goin' out."

Out in the street Viola was saying to her lover: "Oh, how dreadful, how dreadful, for children to be brought up like that! Poor little chap, he wouldn't be

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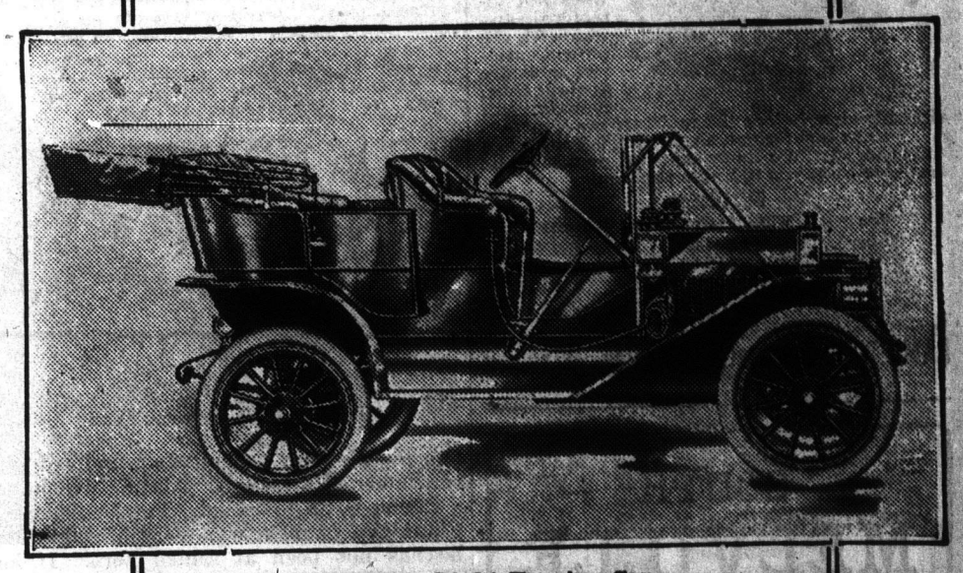

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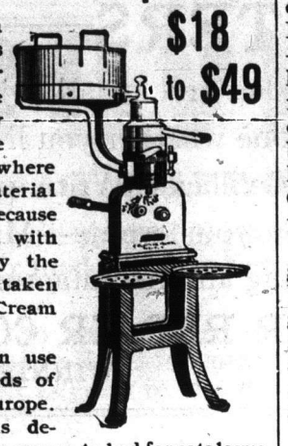

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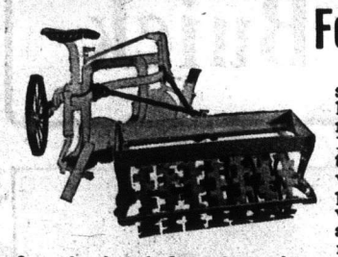

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bad-looking if it weren't for his stunted look and that hangdog defiance in his eyes. Couldn't we do something for him? He must be a burden on that poor woman—she's awfully good, isn't she? But that little black hole where he sleeps, that fruit in the next closet—Archbold, if you ever eat a thing out of an apple-woman's basket after this, you'll deserve all the hideous illnesses you'll be sure to have! Oh, can't we do something—send him to the country or something?"

"That's the salvation of the street gamins," said Archbold seriously. "It's both physical regeneration and moral regeneration for them. I wish we could do something for the boy. Perhaps—I'll see about it. I thought there was something appealing about him for all his surliness, as you say."

II.

In the days of her loneliness Apple Annie used to solace herself with the memory of Miss Webster's promises.

"Think of what it will mean to him," the young lady had besought her when her eyes had dripped with slow, painful tears at the thought of Fogerty's departure. "He will have a good home—big and roomy. He will learn such useful

Fogerty on the Sherman Farm

things—plowing and reaping, and I don't remember all of them. And he will have a chance to go to school. You know, Mrs. Flannigan, it has been very wrong that he has not been at school here. If he stayed here, we should have to change all that. The truancy laws are not strictly enough enforced, I am sorry to say. But out there he will go to school six whole months each year, and he will always be learning something useful and helpful—not all the vileness of the streets, and horrid games of craps and things. Come, come, my dear woman! He isn't your own, after all, you know."

"I don't want to stand in no one's light," said Apple Annie simply. "But—I've seen a great deal, Miss Webster, more than you. I've seen that it was generally them that had someone to love them that turned out well, an' not—oh, well, you know best. An' I've no claim to him, as ye say."

So Fogerty, little pawn on the philanthropic chess-board, had been moved from the influence of the first love that had ever sheltered him, and Apple Annie had lost the latest companionship that had brightened her days. When some of Fogerty's confreres offered to hire his room from her, she had curtly refused. She would take no more boarders, she declared. She could not have told how she missed the queer, impish little figure, the keen, old eyes set under the child-like brows, the street cynicism of talk that issued so fluently from the boyish lips. She was very lonely, and only the constant repetition to herself of Miss Webster's prophecy of goodness and grandeur for Fogerty kept her from being despairingly miserable as well.

Fogerty had gone West with a queer mixture of rebellion and anticipation in his heart. He had been bitterly defiant in the beginning, but gradually curiosity had crept upon him, and after that the rest was easy as far as he was concerned. He had grown a little gray about the mouth and a little shaky in the knees when he said good-by to Apple Annie, but his language had been tinged with no undue anguish.

"So long," he had said. "Wish ye could write. Miss Webster, she'll send me word, though, how ye are. So long. Don't—now don't turn on the waterworks."

But the last words had been almost quavered.

Now it was July, and Fogerty's curiosity was thoroughly appeased. He knew the country. The country was a region where, while yet the night was gray, one was aroused by a harsh voice, to stumble down a dark ladder from the attic, and to make a sleepily staggering way to a wood-pile. One brought wood into a lean-to kitchen used for summer cooking. One built a fire in the stove, put water to boil, and then made one's way to the barn. One fed horses; one looked for eggs; one obeyed a harsh call to the breakfast table. There had been mornings when the call was omitted until the greater part of the breakfast was consumed. One ate, not airing views and exchanging gossip, as had been the custom in that roseately-remembered tenement. One ate keeping a watchful eye upon the mistress of the house. She was a thrifty soul and tart of speech. Sometimes Fogerty used to wonder why he was so fearful of her eyes. He always dropped his own before them, and apologetically pretended not to have been looking in her direction at all.

After breakfast one carried the slops to the pigs—and woe unto him if he lingered to study their voracious ways! One learned to hitch horses to plows, and to guide them across fields. One chopped more wood, gathered vegetables for dinner, cleaned them on the kitchen porch. One carried water to men working on a distant, springless portion of the farm; one walked three dreary miles across the flat country to the village, on errands for the mistress. One was a chore boy, an apprentice at farming, a somewhat disliked wheel in a big and dreary machine.

Unfamiliar food had at first sickened Fogerty. The absence of companionship had fretted him beyond belief. He who was afraid of nothing in the teeming city started at shadows, trembled at the falling of night over the wide country, shivered at the stillness, quaked at the strange noises of the trees and grasses. It had happened to him, as it happens once in a while, to be assigned to a family utterly unsympathetic, desiring him merely for the work he could be trained to do in return for his board and lodging; a family, hard-working, taciturn, cold-hearted, prosperous, and entirely worthy, so far as superficial investigation could reveal, to care for a waif from the city.

The hard, hot summer wore away; the autumn came. If Fogerty was conscious of the changing glories of the foliage, he made no mention of it to any one. His old habit of secrecy had returned upon him with redoubled power. He wrote no

An encounter with a fellow scholar.

letters. To whom should he write? Apple Annie could not read the painful scrawl he could succeed in making. And Miss Webster and Mr. White he now viewed as forces antagonistic to happiness. Therefore why would one write to enemies.

The time of the red leaf passed and the time of the bare boughs came. The attic grew cold. The dawns were darker. The countryside—region of desolate distant purples and barren browns, region of chilling winds, of scurrying, wide clouds—grew terrible. It was as unfriendly as everything else in the topsy-turvy world.

Fogerty did not go to school with that regularity which Miss Webster had prophesied. His first day at the seat of learning—a little drab barn of a place at the crossroads—had been signalized by an encounter with a fellow scholar who had taunted him with being "that charity boy of the Shermans." But the joy of combat had soon passed. In the first place, he had been beaten; in the second place, he had been reprimanded; and in the third place, he had overheard her explaining to the other pupils that he was a poor fellow to whom they must be very kind. Fogerty hated her more than he had ever hated any one before in his life. He concurred easily in the opinion of his household that it didn't make much difference whether or not he went to school at all.

One day, when Mrs. Sherman had sent him to the village, two things happened which impressed him with a great homesickness. A wagon looded with apples crawled along the road, and their aroma saluted his nostrils. He breathed deep, gathering the pungent fragrance into his lungs.

"Gee," he said, "that smells like home!"

His memory, with the scent of apples for a whip, recalled the tenement. There was the stifling smell of bananas—"like flannel," reflected Fogerty. There was the shining kitchen, with the glitter of oilcloth and of polished stove, of red and blue Holy Families, and of variegated patchwork. There was something sizzling and sputtering on the stove, and above all there was the kindly, laughing eyes of Apple Annie.

Endless miles away it all was—th

"You never gave me enuff to ete nohow."

warmth, the comfort, the companionship. He saw the crowd of boys struggling in the alleyway for their supply of papers; he saw the streets agleam with the dampness of a rainy autumn evening, and the reflected lights shining upon them. He heard the shouts, the crash, the roar of trains and cars.

Then, beholding with the eyes of the body instead of those of the imagination, he beheld the flat, bare, hideous little town stretching away to the railroad station at its edge. A train puffed in. He watched the steam belch forth as it puffed out again. As he looked at it, his yes grew suddenly brilliant. When he went home from his errand there was something almost feverish about his color.

The next morning he did not respond to the harsh call from the foot of the ladder. Mrs. Sherman advanced, scolding his heavy-headedness. She looked over the lower edge of the door. Fogerty's trundle-bed was smooth.

She hurried down-stairs. On the kitchen stove lay a communication. It was a sad scrawl, reflecting no credit upon the institutions where Fogerty had acquired his education.

i have took the egg money you Put in the braun teapot an a loaf of bread, the money will get cent to you when i get Home the Bread you never gave Me enuff to ete nohow.

D. Fogerty.

They did not find Fogerty. That astute son of the sidewalk had not walked guilelessly to the nearest station and there embarked for as great a distance of the road to New York as the small amount of money he had stolen would carry him. Instead, he had gone across country. He had hidden in hayricks, he had begged at farmhouse doors, until he was on the line of another road, miles distant. Then he had hidden in a freight-car, to endure tortures of loneliness and black horror when it moved. He had fallen out when the car was unloaded after he knew not how long a time. A railroad hand caught him.

He was shaken and unnerved, no longer the daring Fogerty of Newsboys' Alley. He whimpered and staggered in the man's grasp. His eyes were wild and rolling.

"Don't send me back," he wailed. "Don't send me back. But don't put me

in a car like that again. Oh, oh, it's like a coffin; it's like a coffin!"

They fed him, and finally reduced him to something approaching quietude. He learned that he was in Cleveland—still in the State to which he had been sent by the society. Then his anxiety to escape, even in the cavernous gloom of a freight-car, was as great as his fear of the torture had been.

They were a good-natured lot around the station. And Fogerty, frightened and appealing instead of self-sufficient and brazen, had much whereby to win them. They made him up a little purse, and put him on the first tourist car that passed eastward.

III.

It was in the gray of the evening that Fogerty reached New York. His heart was beating tumultuously; joy and fear rocked it. He was back again in the midst of the hubbub, the crash, the glorious crowding. That could not be taken from him. But—after all, Apple Annie was no relative of his. She might have another boarder; his room, dark, close, with the odor of apples and bananas and strange whiffs of salt—another might be there.

He made his way to the Water Street tenement swiftly. He slid through the passageway to the yard, and crossed it to the rear tenement, where Apple Annie abode. There was no light in her window; his heart misgave him. The bravery he had felt on finding himself among his own familiar things again—the bravery that had so utterly deserted him while he was cast among things unfamiliar—began to weaken. Suppose—suppose she were dead! Fogerty turned sick at the thought. He leaned against the stairway wall. Then he breathed deep and mounted.

No light beneath her closed door. He gathered his courage for a knock. He rapped. Ah—a great gasp of relief burst from him. The listless "Come in." was

"Don't let them send me away again!"

in Apple Annie's voice. His fingers shook on the knob. Some one inside, impatient of the fumbling delay, pulled the door sharply back.

Apple Annie stood there. The rocking-chair before the fire still moved in testimony of her recent occupancy. She looked down for a mere fraction of a second.

"Denny, Denny, my boy, my boy!" she cried.

For the first time within his memory, Fogerty was gathered up in a great embrace and kissed. Then Annie put him down suddenly. She remembered his peculiarities.

"It's Fogerty I should be sayin," she said.

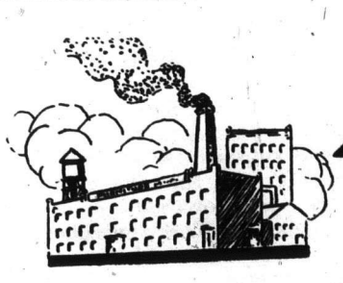
Fogerty cleared his throat.

"Any one got my room?" he asked with an attempt at jauntiness. Then suddenly he began to cry, his face on her arm.

"I—I'm—a blubberin' f-fool!" he sobbed. "But—don't let them send me away again!"

"I'll adopt ye in the mornin'," announced Apple Annie, jubilant in the evidence of the boy's affection. "An' then we'll see if they can send you here an' there, Denny, me boy—if ye ain't insistin' upon the Fogerty now?"

"I'd rather ye called me Denny," said Fogerty shamefacedly. Then he made one clutch after the manliness that was slipping so wretchedly from him. "But I'll break the first feller's face that does!" he said.



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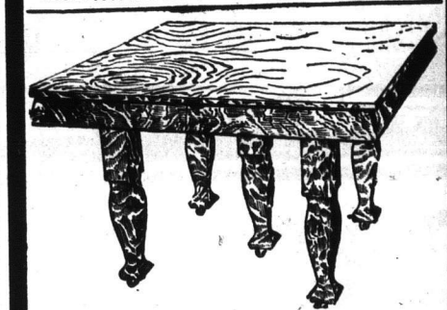

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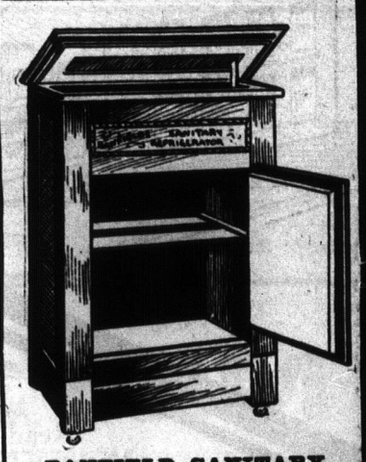

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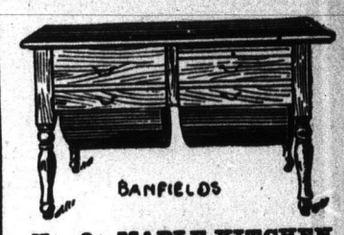

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Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary and Translator of New Testament in "Braid Scots," etc.

Oh, little did my mother think
The day she cradled me,
O' the lands I was to travel in,
O' the death I was to dee!
Last night there were four Maries,
This night will be but three;
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael and me!

Scottish Poets. I have sometimes seen the assertion that "where England has one poet among her peasantry, Scotland has a hundred." And it is measurably true. Think of James Hogg, or James Hislop, herding their sheep, with an ink-bottle dangling from a button-hole! Ready to write their inspiration, as well as to "read" for inspiration! Pencils ("keelie-vines") were poor things then—scarce, and dear, and brittle—and a "gray-goose-quill" could always be picked up! And there is another item in the count. Every Scotsman who writes, wants people to read his writings. And there are, at this present moment, somewhere near one thousand living Scotsmen who have published volumes of verse.

It comes about in this way: A young fellow develops a faculty of stringing up things in rhyme—a faculty which increases with practice—and he is recognized in the neighborhood as a "poet." Soon he has a hundred representative pieces on hand, and consults a local "publisher." "Well," says the cautious man of business, "it will cost £40 to get out the book, and I suppose you have not £40 on hand. But you can do this: get me a bona fide list of 400 subscribers, at two shillings each, and I will run the risk of the publication—600 or 800 copies; good paper-boards." The neighbors and townsmen subscribe and the rhymster becomes a poet.

I have read scores and scores of these ephemeral volumes, and often there is "nothing in them," with occasionally a notable exception.

In 1880 or 1881, Mr. D. H. Edwards, of Brechin—in the Aberdeen country—got out a three-and-six pence volume, which he called "The Modern Poets of Scotland." His idea was to present (in a short sketch of each, and two or three representative poems) "one hundred living Scottish poets." This he did, but before he had the first volume out he had enough material on hand for a second. He gives me a few pages in his "second." And so he went on till the series reached fifteen volumes. I have nearly all of them—some I could not get. I have just pulled one out of my library shelves and find it has 86 names. So that there are something like 1,200 poets thus brought forward. No other country could produce such a list.

O mountain-crested Scotland!
I marvel not thou art
Dear as a gracious mother
Unto they children's heart!
I marvel not they love thee,
Thou land of rock and glen—
Of lake, and strath, and mountain—
And more, of gifted men!
Land of the social virtues!
Where the tiller of the sod
Saith to his lowly household,
"Come, let us worship God."
Where the humble shepherd readeth
His book within the glen—
And the meanest dwellers of the hills
Respect themselves as men!

—Mary Howitt.

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We assure you, that you do not exaggerate the quality of your goods; and Brantford Roofing, has been to us, all you claimed for it.

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"What's Intill't?" One of the best jokes of the present generation is "What's intill't?" It has a firm place in Scottish literature, and will remain there. It cannot certainly be said where or how it originated, but the most persistent claim for it is in connection with the name of Prince Albert, the present King's father. Now Prince Albert died in 1861, so the joke has had time to well establish itself. This version is, that on some occasion the Prince got chatting with the Scotch cook on a steamer, and asked him what were the ingredients of the stew he was making. "Weel!" said the cook—all unconscious of the personality of his questioner, and flourishing his ladle—"there's mutton intill't, and there's tatties intill't, and there's ingins intill't, and there's carrots intill't"— "Yes, yes," said the Prince, interrupting him, "I understand about the other things; but what's "intill't?" And so the cook went over the list again, perhaps further mystifying the Prince by saying "syboes" instead of "ingins" (onions). And again the Prince protested, "Yes, yes, that is all right, but what is "intill't?" The cook, by this time, was as hot as his own "galley," and was flourishing his ladle in dangerous proximity to the Prince's face, when some of his suite came along and explained to the "Southron" that "intill't" simply meant "into it," and did not mean any of the ingredients in the pot!

Hiring Fairs. In many places the old "Hiring Fairs" are still kept up, where farmers go to hire for "the term," that is, six months, their farm laborers and kitchen girls. On one such occasion a number of girls were standing together, and a farmer comes along, who wanted a lass for his kitchen. He spoke to a girl, and, finding she wanted a place, asked her, "Can you cook?"

"Hear till him!" she exclaimed, appealing to the giggling group of girls around. "Just hear till him! Whae div ye think made my faither's parritch a' last winter?"

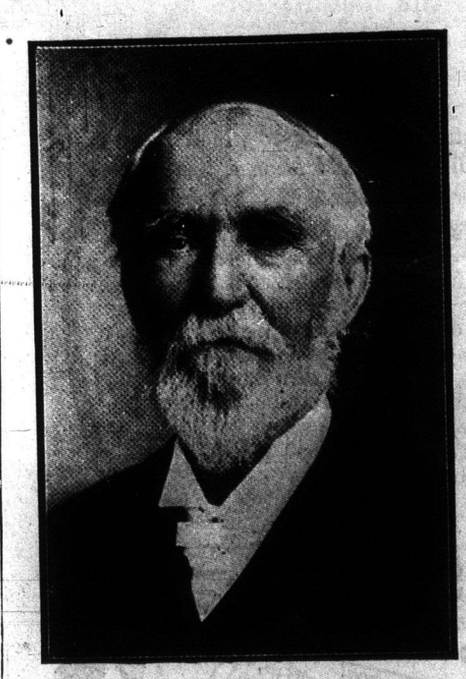
Always Teaching. The genial Charles Lamb said he had tried, all his life, "to like the Scotch!" And then he added a story, to show that what made it difficult for him to "like them" was the fact that they were all the time trying to teach him!

He said: "The other night I was at a party, and it was whispered round that a son of the poet Burns was expected. I said, 'I wish it were the father rather than the son.' And up jumped six Scotchmen and told me, 'That is impossible, sir. Burns is dead.' Just as if I did not know Burns was dead!"

The Twenty-Third Psalm in Scotch.

The Lord is my Shepherd; my wants
are a' kent,
The pasture I lie in is growthie and
green.
I follow by watirs o' peace and content,
And when weary and wae He restores
me again.
He airts me, for sake o' His name and
His law,
In paths o' His holiness, fearless and
free—
And e'en mid the howe whaur the
deid-shadows fa',
His rod and His cruick my reliance
shall be.
My buird is well-graced i' the sicht o'
my faes,
My heid is anointit wi' heavenlie
oyle,
My cup, ye hae filled a' the length o'
my days,
Is a' rinnin' ower at the end o' my
toil.
Sae gudeness and grace, ilka day that
I leeve,
Shall follow and bless, on my hame-
gaun way;
And at the lang-last, and wi' a' that
believe,
I'se bide in God's palace, for evir
and aye. —William Wye Smith.

Three Names. A friend of mine, a physician, was over in Scotland some years ago. On his return, among other things, he said: "There was one thing I learned when I was in Scotland, and that was that there are three names you must not criticize in any degree or say anything about them, except to praise." And after letting me wonder for a mement—as he supposed—he added, very emphatically, "And these were: Wallace, John Knox and Robert Burns."



Rev. W. Wye Smith.

A Surgical Operation. Scotsmen have been a little sore for a hundred years at the saying of the witty Sydney Smith (who lived some years in Edinburgh when he was young) that "you could not get a joke into a Scotchman's head by any process short of a surgical operation."

About 1830, the well known litterateur, William Chambers, was in London for a time, and made the acquaintance of (the now older) Sydney Smith. One day, speaking about humor, Chambers said, "You must have found a deal of humor in these old characters in Edinburgh thirty years ago."

"Oh, yes," said Sydney, "you Scotch are a very funny people, but it is very hard to get the fun out, and I never found anything so good for that purpose as a corkscrew."

Potatoes. Although a very considerable part of the food of the people of Scotland—and still more in Ireland—they are comparatively a new thing. My mother (who was born on the immediate "border" in 1799) told me how the old people related to her when she was a little girl about their first planting of potatoes, and how some of them thought they would be more liberal-minded and planted their seed whole, and had not nearly so good a crop as those who cut their seed-potatoes. Now this would be about 1760, these telling my mother about 50 years after.

White, of Selborne, the delightful gossipping old Nationalist, corroborates this guess of mine. He says, under date of 1778, that people in his part of England could not think of doing without potatoes then, "who could not have been induced to look at them twenty years before."

They were blest beyond compare
When they held their trystings there—
Amang the greenest hills shone on
by the sun.
And there they wan a rest,
The lownest and the blest,
In Traquair kirkyard when a' was
dune.
Now the Birks to dust may rot—
Nanes o' lovers be forgot—
And lad and lassie there may never
mair convene;
But the blythe life o' that air,
"The bush aboon Traquair,"
Keeps the love that ance was there
aye fresh and green.—Prof. Shairp.

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Automobile News.

Club Notes.

The organization of The Stonewall Automobile Club, the county branch of the Winnipeg Automobile Club, was completed during last month. The officers of the club are:—R. McLeod, president; F. E. H. Luke, vice-president; W. E. Wright, secretary-treasurer. Directors: W. C. Power, N. Breen, S. P. Belcher.

A vsit of inspection to the club headquarters was made on Sunday, April 10, several cars making the trip in good style. Amongst those taking part in the run were: R. M. McLeod, F. E. H. Luke, W. E. Wright, Mr. Collins, Toronto; W. C. Power, H. Power, Toronto; C. H. Newton, N. Breen, W. Kilgour, A. C. Emmett, S. P. Belcher, Miss McNaughton, Miss Belcher, W. & T. Sweatman, Mrs. Sweatman, Miss Newton.

A number of cars made the run to Stonewall during the past month, a regrettable accident to Mr. Jean Houghton's car being recorded. The car turned over sideways, owing to sliding off the narrow grade, and the passengers received a severe shaking. Mrs. Houghton was unfortunately the worst sufferer, receiving severe injuries to the face and head.

Touring preparations for the season are now in full swing and it is anticipated that the summer tour of the club will be the biggest and most elaborate event ever carried out in Western Canada. No definite route has yet been chosen, but strong pressure is being brought to bear from many points in Southern Manitoba to induce the club to take the same route as covered durthe 1908 tour.

Trade Notes.

The volume of business being done in the West is so far in excess of the most optimistic forecasts made by local dealers when sending in their requisitions to the factories that there is every possibility of a shortage in cars resulting. On many of the higher priced models, dealers are already unable to accept any further orders for delivery this season and arrangements are being made for the placing of orders ahead for 1911.

One of the greatest factors in the condition of affairs is the heavy demand from country points throughout the three provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Small towns with a population of less than 500 are placing orders for from five to ten cars, amongst them being Dundurn, Elgin, Dauphin, Humboldt, Antler, Reston, Macoun, Boissevain, Shoal Lake and Deloraine whilst towns such as Portage la Prairie, Virden, Souris, Carman, Neepawa, Carberry, etc., are finding the number of orders phenomenal.

The McLaughlin Carriage Co. have been delivering three and four car loads from the Winnipeg branch daily for the past month, and even at this rate finds it difficult to meet the demand.

Many new concerns will shortly open branches in Winnipeg and make preparations for a vigorous campaign for the 1911 season. Principal amongst the newcomers will be the Dominion Motor Co., The Chalmers, Detroit, and the Brush Co., of Detroit, whilst at least two accessory supply houses will join the ranks of those interested in the automobile trade of Western Canada.

Notes of the Trails.

Representations have been made to the Winnipeg Street Commissioner's department regarding the neglected condition of the grade immediately adjoining the C.P.R. crossing at the west end of the yards, where the trail to Stonewall joins in. This spot is full of pitch holes, some nearly a foot deep and to cross from the grade to the Stonewall trail necessitates the negotiation of a bad ditch unprotected by even the most humble apology for a culvert. From the point where the Rockwood Municipality has charge of affairs, conditions are somewhat better, but considerable improvement could be made on the narrow stretches of new grade by the use of a drag over its surface for a couple of trips. Beyond Stonewall, along the Balmoral route, lots of new stone is being placed on the grades and should make this stretch in very good condition at an early date.

The Commercial Side.

One of the best features of the increased activity in the automobile trade, is the number of cars being supplied to commercial men for business uses. Amongst those who have adopted the car for covering their country routes are, Mr. Fraser, representing Tees & Persee and Mr. Mackley, of the G. Stephens Co., both of whom took their cars out on the initial trops during the latter part of April. Delivery vans in the city itself are getting numerous; the A. McDonald Co., using a big "Rapid" truck for city deliveries; Charrest & Bartram, a light delivery van for covering delivery routes; Robinson's Departmental Store, a light van, now under test to show whether automobile delivery will offer any advantages over the old style and the J. H. Ashdown Co., who have a truck coming forward for the same purpose. Many new styles will be offered in the near future in this class of car, the McLaughlin Carriage Co. having one to hand for demonstration purposes, showing one style of body fitted to the chassis of their well known two cylinder, 24 horse power model, and which may be varied to meet customers' requirements.

Light motor tricycles for small parcel delivery have also been secured by Winnipeg concerns, so that the intending buyers have the opportunity of watching the various styles in daily service, and getting valuable information as to costs, etc., before deciding on the one most suitable for their own needs.

Exhibition Meeting.

An interesting programme of events has been arranged by the Motor Trades Association, to take place during the course of the 1910 Exhibition. Commencing on July 13 a matinee race programme will head the bill, consisting of five events, three for the smaller class of cars, being five miles each, and two for the big cars at ten miles. A special race for motor cycles will also be arranged over a ten mile course. On the succeeding days, a series of contests, covering reliability, accessibility, economy, etc., will be competed for and can be watched by the public. These latter events should prove very interesting to the out-of-town visitors who may be thinking of buying a car, as it will give him a good line on the respective merits of the various makes in meeting the conditions to be found in different districts.

His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, head of the Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain, and suite, have signified their intention of attending the Eucharistic Congress that will be held in Montreal next September. It is probable that his grace will be accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk, the leading lay head of the Catholic Church in England. While in Canada this distinguished party will visit Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls and other important places. His grace has accepted the invitation extended by President Chas. M. Hays for himself and suite to be the guests of the Grand Trunk on their Canadian tour.

Rub it in for Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain comes out and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.

The Party System.

By Hilaire Belloc, M.P., in the "English Review," London.

The machinery of Goverment in this country has stopped working. It has got clogged, and the wheels won't go round. The cause of this breakdown is the introduction into a machine, the scheme and construction of which is now of one sort, a number of parts and a method of action of a totally different sort. The two cannot agree and the whole thing has stuck.

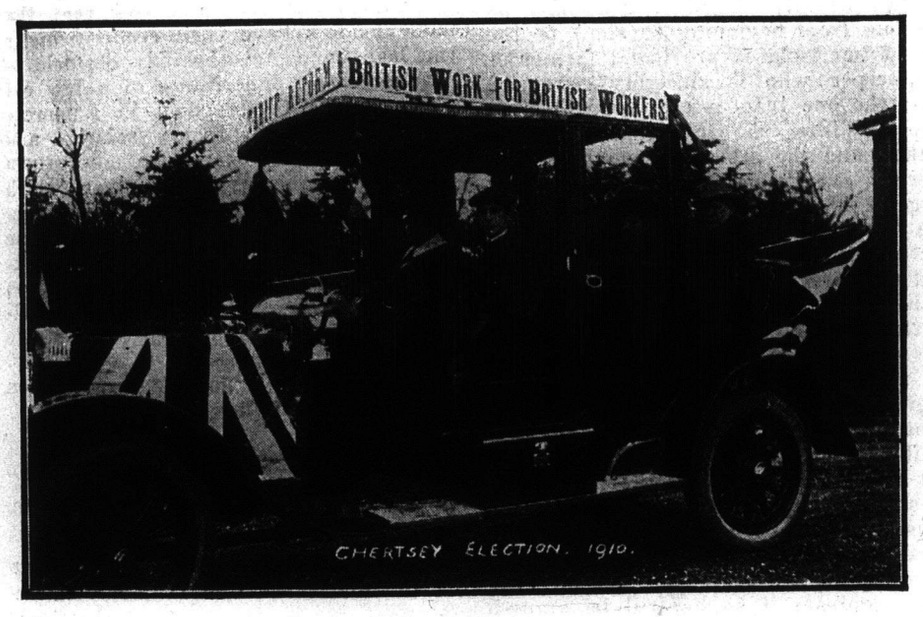
The machinery of Government is today defin' ly based upon the theory of representation. For three generations that theory has been more and more widely spread, more and more insisted upon in the public mind, and more and more accepted as the essential character of the machine; today it is universal. Side by side with the wider and wider acceptance of that idea, a practice in the running of that machine, at first divergent from and now completely contradictory of the idea of representation, has prevailed. The two could not coexist and we have come to a deadlock.

The theory of representative Government may be easily stated: The nation is asked to choose a small body of men each of whom shall present in a national council the opinion of the section of the nation which sent him there. The traditional and existing method of representation in the United Kingdom is the choice usually of one, sometimes of two, almost self-evident that a State in which this principle was forgotten would be a State diseased, and one in which it was not recovered would be a State doomed to death. We are possessed of a machine every one of whose functions is based upon, and co-ordinated by, the theory of representative government, but the practice of working it is so much the negation of that theory that the machine has broken down. To see in what way this has happened it will be well to set down here the method on which it still attempted to conduct the business of the nation. That method is called the Party System, and it works thus:

Two sets of men (the number who really count on either side is less than a dozen) oppose each other as two such sets might oppose each other in any fair and equally balanced game. These two teams form the permanent nucleus of the System. The medium in which they work—the House of Commons—is in a constant state of flux: but the two teams form the staff and their action alone is continuous.

It is the custom of each of these bodies to choose some legislative policy. Sometimes the initiative lies with one, sometimes with the other. On certain occasions (the election of 1906 was one of them) no definite policy is chosen by either side, and the appeal becomes largely a personal one. But, as a rule, elections are held throughout the country upon two contrasted policies. Every precaution is taken that the electors shall have no opportunity of hearing arguments concerning any other points than the two points chosen by the players. The candidates for election are concerned for the major part of their interest and speeches with the programme laid down by the two Front Benches, and on this the counting of the votes takes place. Sometimes the electorate gets a little out of hand (as, for instance, in 1909, on the subject of Chinese labor), and it is part of the game to study such rare spontaneous movements closely, but in general an election turns upon the issues decided by the chief players.

It must be here remarked that at first the policy proposed may or may not be serious. Sometimes one of the teams believes it possible to carry into law a proposal upon which an appeal is made. Sometimes one, sometimes the other, and occasionally both, have no intention of carrying their programme into law; but this matter of sincerity is not regarded as germane to the business, which is to obtain for the one or the other programme to which either team is 'pledged' (as the phrase goes) a majority of seats in the House of



ELECTIONEERING IN ENGLAND
Mr. Donald Macmaster, the well konwn Canadian K. C., who scored the notable Unionist Victory in Chertsey Division of Surrey.

candidates by a majority of votes cast within a particular geographical area. But whatever the method of choice, it has for its object the result just defined, the formation of a national council which shall reflect the national mind and whose decisions (to be arrived at in case of conflict by the decision of the majority) shall be as nearly as possible the expression of the national will.

This theory may be right or wrong. Those who accept it, and still more those who believe in, a representative system defend it by pointing out that, as local isolation has disappeared and the systems of local self-government which are everywhere native to man in the village and the tribe are today impossible; such a central elected body, however imperfect, must be the supreme authority in the State if the citizens are to maintain any control of their own destinies.

A representative assembly so formed needs an Executive and that Executive must be small, for while many can decide it is impossible in human affairs that a great number should actually govern. The great Latin formula which Tacitus puts into the Constitution of his Ideal Primitive Community represents a permanent and necessary condition of healthy politics. 'All are consulted upon major matters, but in minor matters the rulers decide.' It is

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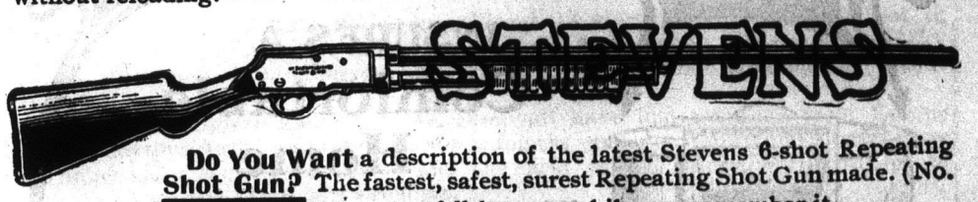
Two Models: The **first** takes fifteen .22 short cartridges only. The **second** takes any one of three cartridges—.22 Short, .22 Long and .22 Long Rifle, but the greatest accuracy is obtained in this model by using only .22 Long Rifle cartridges.
You **see** the cartridge go into the chamber—you **know** when the rifle is loaded. You don't have to **think** whether you have another shot or not. Each cartridge as it comes out of the magazine **shows plainly before it passes along into the chamber.**
We guarantee this Rifle to be the most accurate .22 calibre Repeater in the world, Rifled in the Stevens Factory of Precision—which is celebrated for turning out the most accurate rifles in the world—the Visible Repeater is one of the very best of the celebrated Stevens family.

This Visible No. 70 is a man's gun for man's work, but it is light enough for your boy to use and is a splendid rifle to practice with. With this wonderfully exact gun you absolutely **know** that the bullet will go **just where** it is aimed. It isn't every gun that will shoot straight. The Visible will do **its** share of hitting—it's up to you to do the **aiming.**

After the first shot remember that you have fourteen more lightning shots without reloading.



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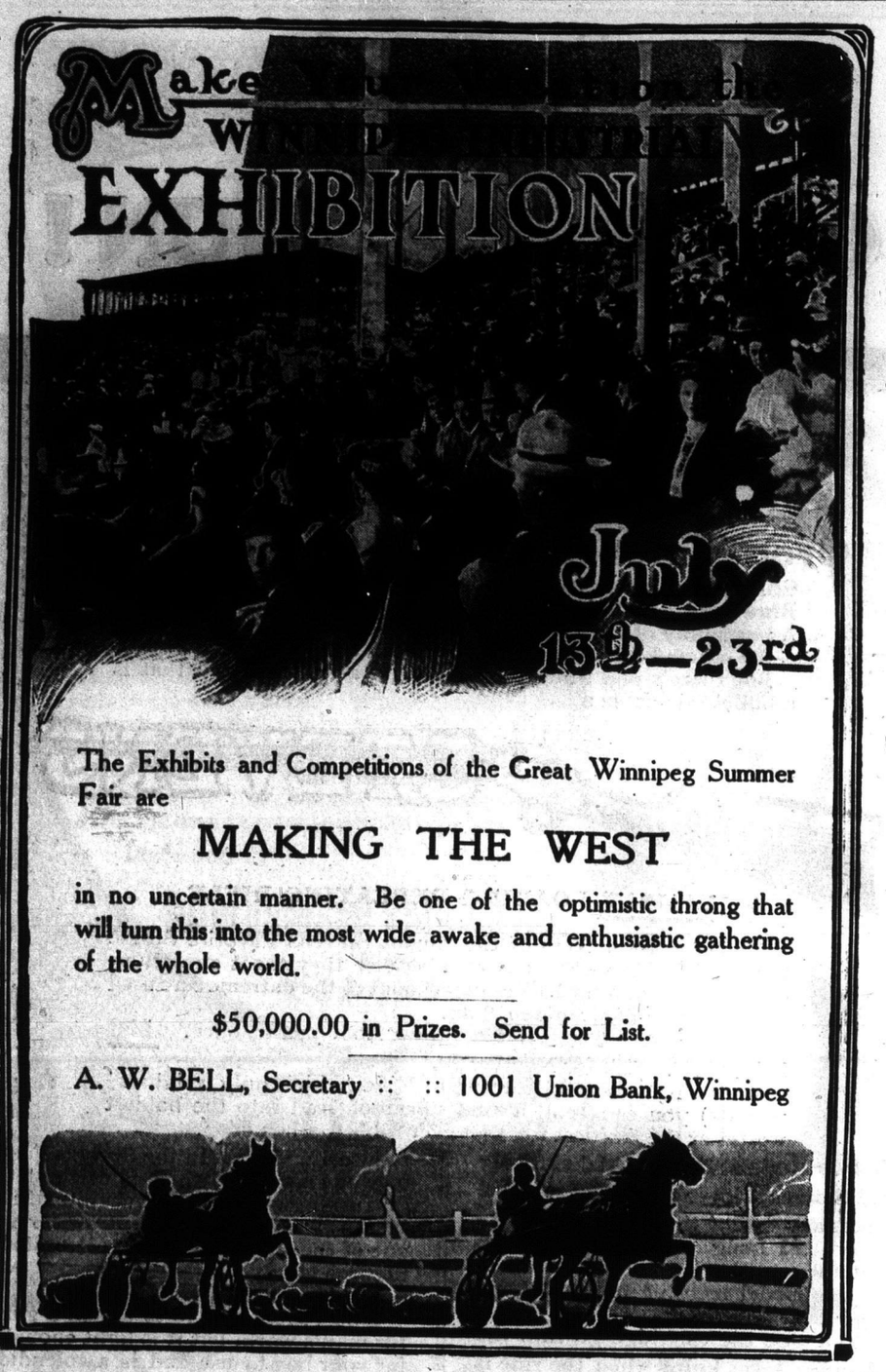

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Commons. The election over, the members returned to the House divide themselves into two bodies. The one body votes invariably and mechanically in favor of whatever the team which has obtained its majority may propose, no matter whether the proposals put before them be wholly novel and hitherto unheard of, no matter whether these proposals be to the common knowledge of every member grossly distasteful to the mass of the people of England. Conversely, members returned in support of the other team vote against the successful team.

The outstanding feature of the Party System, from the point of view of the representative theory, is that it is a direct negation of that theory. It has many other features, pleasant and unpleasant; it is comic, it is charlatan, it is corrupt, and sometimes, though not often, it is dangerous to the State: but so far as a Democrat who really believes in representation is concerned, its chief feature is that it destroys representation. It is common enough to hear some old gentleman pleading plaintively in the House of Commons to be allowed to vote as his conscience dictates. He begs the Government to 'take off the Whips' on that particular division, but by the very method of this pleading he admits that it will be his first business to obey the orders of his half of the Front Benches and not the known desires of his constituents.

That is the Party System.

The electorate of England runs through a whole range of degrees, from the ordinary professional man in London (who knows all about the Party System and regards it with a complete, though usually tolerant, contempt as humbug from beginning to end,) to the honest but isolated provincial farmer or shopkeeper who is sincerely convinced that the one team is composed of good men fulfilling the intentions of their Maker, and the other of Demons. Nay, there is even a proportion (though how large it is difficult to say) who regard the one team and the other as standing for certain fixed and definable principles, and as representing two adverse philosophies. This illusion is chiefly produced in the very young, and is discoverable in the youth even of the wealthiest classes of the community. Now, though the degrees of this illusion are various, and though an increasing number of men smile at or despise the Party System, yet it must be conceded that the effect of any play upon its audience is always considerable. Perhaps some who read these lines will, like the writer of them, have recently passed through an electoral contest; if so he will be amused to remember how interested he got in the party cries and the party nonsense. It was like watching a good game of poker; one could not help taking sides to some extent even though one heard one man describing the Lords as a mass of blood-thirsty ruffians and another solemnly assuring great gatherings that his own first cousin or his brother-in law was a man of the vilest turpitude. I say this force, the force which makes a man vote 'Tory' or 'Liberal' without much caring for the spurious policies put forward, is, though the vaguest, the strongest force of all the forces that support the Party System.

It may here be asked with some justice (and the greater part of educated Englishmen do so ask themselves), 'After all, what is the harm of it? The Government of the country continues, and it is efficiently carried on: the little clique which separates itself into the two teams is composed for the most part of very distinguished and very able men; they have behind them (when the fortunes of the game have given one or the other of them office) a large number of highly trained, experienced and carefully chosen permanent officials. They are patriotic men, as are almost invariably the members of an oligarchy, and they will not allow their pastime, lucrative and absorbing as it is, very gravely to interfere with the prime necessities of the nation.' Why then should one complain?

There are three immediate and direct ways in which the party system can be proved dangerous. It promotes useless legislation, it permits bad legislation, and it renders impossible good legislation upon which all men are at heart agreed.

It promotes bad legislation because it is in the essence of the Party System to invent a cry. And that cry must of its nature not touch and very serious or very real issue; for if it did the pack of cards would come tumbling down. You must have a cry and it must be a cry upon which people are to get excited and it must be continually renewed. The result is a mass of legislation most of it quite empty and hollow and useless, diverting and corrupting the political conscience of the people.

It permits bad legislation: for when a proposed piece of legislation has not been made a party business, it passes as automatically and as much of necessity as the most wanton caprice of the most absolute despot. A little measure is introduced which brings in some tyrannical abomination into the lives of the poor, to inspect this or that or to torture them in this or that more drastic fashion if they offend the rich. Such a measure has but to get the support of a crank in one of the teams, to be allowed its little discussion by the other team (as a thing beneath notice), and nothing on earth can prevent its becoming law. Finally, the Party System prevents good legislation. Thus all men are not agreed whether Ireland should be governed by an efficient foreign bureaucracy or by a native Government. But there is not one man of experience who is not thoroughly sickened by the complete breakdown of decent government in that country. There is not one thoughtful man who does not wish to see things changed, and now that the moneylenders have their security under the last Land Act the only obstacle to change is this inheritance of a few old party cries. Seeds sown in a merely party interest to secure salaries and places for certain men are now grown up in a very stubborn harvest, which bars the way of the very honest reformer towards his goal in this prime department of our public life. It is exactly the same with the little education difficulty and with the big drink difficulty. It is the same with every single point of real importance in our policy. The Party System has made real action and real reform impossible.

New Train on Grand Trunk Pacific.

General Passenger Agent Hintin issued the statement today that commencing with the month of April the Grand Trunk Pacific would operate a train out of Winnipeg twice a month, on Thursdays, during April and May, the dates being: Thursday, April 7th and 21st; Thursday, May 5th and 19th.

This new train will leave Winnipeg at 2.00 p.m. and will run through to Wainwright on the same schedule as the regular train now running out of Winnipeg on Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays at that hour. The train is put on chiefly to serve the large number of homeseekers who arrive in Winnipeg on Thursday mornings, due to reduced fares to points in Western Canada given on the first and third Tuesdays of each month from many points in the United States. If the business between Wainwright and Edmonton will warrant, this train will be run through to Edmonton. It is also possible that the traffic will make it necessary to operate this train on June 9th and 23rd, but the general passenger office state that a definite announcement on this point will not be made until later.

While this train is being operated to give close train connections to homeseekers arriving from the United States and Eastern Canada on Thursdays, it will doubtless also be appreciated by the travelling public of Western Canada. In discussing the necessity for additional train service it was stated that a very heavy rush of land seekers was expected as the number of inquiries with respect to the rich new land opened up by the Grand Trunk Pacific had been very large during the winter.

Manitoba Tag Day.

The erection of a hospital for advanced cases of consumption in Manitoba has been determined on under thorough organization; Tag Day. when all may participate, has been instituted.

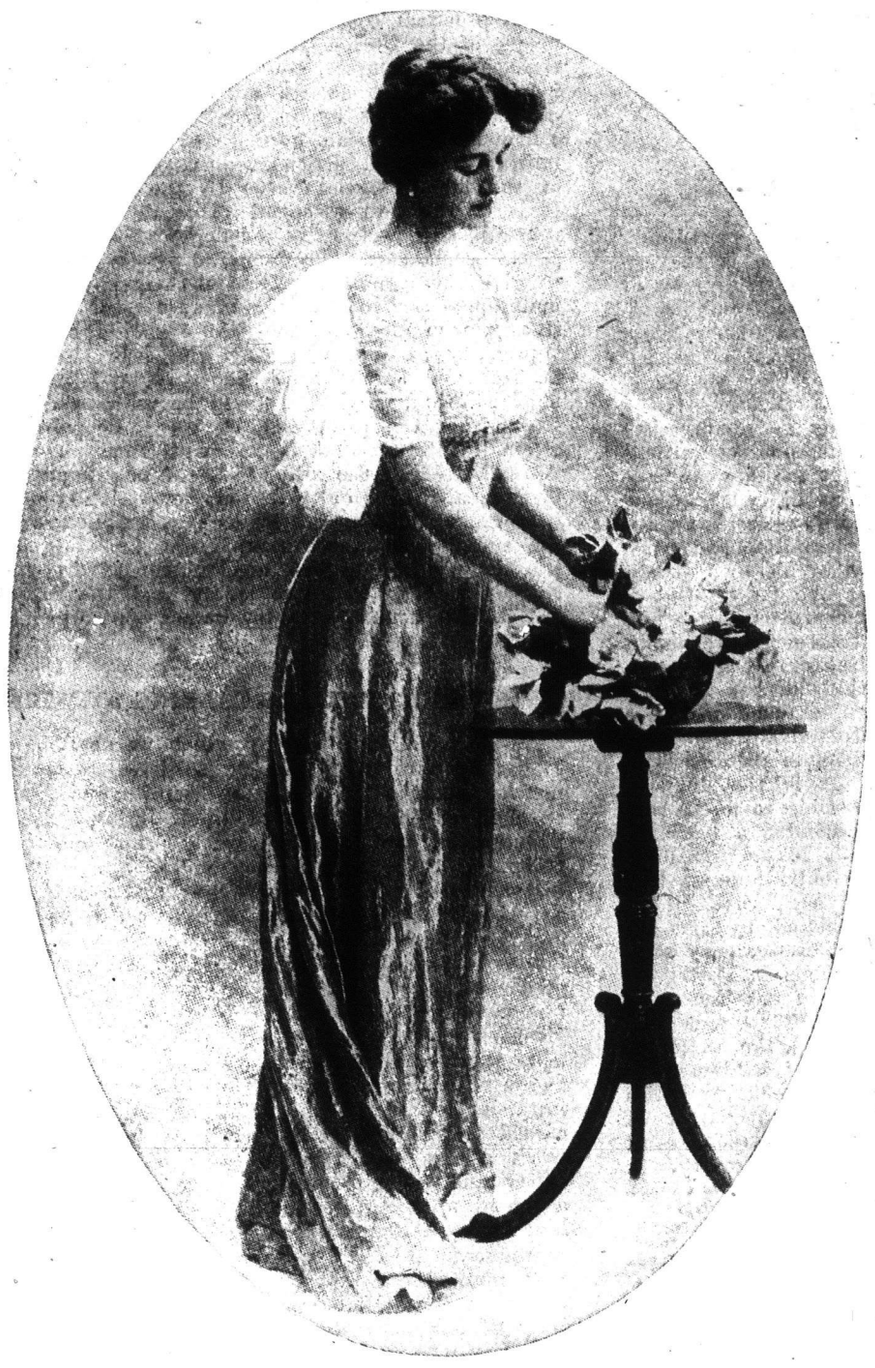
The people of Manitoba will march into line of battle in the fight of civilization against the great white plague, tuberculosis. The 19th and 21st day of May has been appointed for the first supreme effort of the banner province of the new world of the west whereon will be fired the first gun in the West against the menacing danger that threatens the health of the nation. One by one the older peoples of the earth have taken up the warfare which science and humanity say is necessary for the well being of civilization.

the care and insolation of the more advanced consumptives than those who may be described as essentially curable. All cases are in a sense curable, but those in the latter stages are unquestionably more dangerous to others. The risk of infection is admittedly more possible.

If from no higher motive than selfish interest the patients in the advanced against the menacing danger that stages of the disease should be provided for and provided for at a stage of the country's progress when the situation can be effectually mastered. The dominant note of the appeal for assistance in this direction, next to our common humanity, is that the young world of Western Canada shall be freed at its beginning from the danger of infection from a terrible curse.

To Rule Society in South Africa

A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT STUDY OF COUNTESS GLADSTONE.



COUNTESS GLADSTONE.

The beautiful wife of South Africa's Governor-General, whose elevation to the Peerage was announced a few weeks ago with the title of Viscount Gladstone.

Viscount and Countess Gladstone will go out to South Africa with the good wishes of all their fellow-countrymen.

Under no more favorable circumstances could this war be carried on than in the health giving, uncontaminated prairie land of Western Canada. Complex difficulties have to be met in the struggles against the insidious disease among the older peoples of the world. Young as Manitoba is, however, and healthful as are the natural conditions, it is astonishing the number of those within its borders who are affected with tuberculosis. Those affected are, however, in every stage of the disease. Provision has been made in Manitoba for those only in the incipient stages. Almost equally serious stages of the disease have not yet been provided for.

It is a moot point with humanitarians, if it is not of more consequence, Regulations as to health, education and hospitals for incipient cases may be proceeded with, but as long as consumptives shall be permitted to move about in the midst of the people, absorbed as they are in home making and nation building, the dreadful scourge will increase year by year, and month by month. The progress of the disease will eat into the health and happiness of the nation that is to be. The necessity of isolation and sane treatment of advanced cases of tuberculosis is evident. The time for action is the beginning—now, and with the help and support of the whole province the danger will be removed in comparatively few years, a danger which threatens the whole community,—the men, women and children within its several homes.

Manitoba should do its part in the war of civilization, in the crusade of the 20th Century, the war on more favored ground for success than any other in the world.

Mark the 19th and 21st days of May as an eventful day for Health and Happiness in Western Canada.

The entire ground floor of this magnificent 12 storey building the highest in Western Canada, situated at the corner of Main & Portage, will be occupied by D. R. Dingwall Ltd. diamond merchants jewelers and silversmiths about June 1st.

Mr. D. R. Dingwall and Mr. D. W. Dingwall have just returned from Europe where they purchased an enormous stock for the opening, the fittings of the store are imported and very handsome and the firm extend a cordial invitation to visitors to inspect their new premises.

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Your faded linen suits—they can be dyed in any of the fashionable shades and finished to look like new.

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

WHERE OUR WHEAT GOES.

According to Government statistics, in the five-year period 1905-1909 Canada grew 621,950,000 bushels of wheat, and exported 270,353,000 bushels either in its natural condition or in the form of flour. This leaves 351,000,000 bushels to be accounted for in other ways. On a basis of five bushels per head per annum, our estimated population of 7,000,000 for the five years has in that time consumed 175,000,000 bushels. This leaves 176,000,000 bushels still to be disposed of. One and a half bushels of wheat are required to seed one acre of land. Statistics show that in the five years in question about 33,000,000 acres have been seeded, and thus we have got another 50,000,000 bushels accounted for. We still have to account for 126,000,000 bushels. Some of this was fed to live stock, but surely not more than a mere fraction of it. Where the rest has gone the statistics do not show. It is a way statistics have, when you get to work and study them out.

THINKING IN MILLIONS.

Those who may be inclined to smile at the statement of James J. Hill that it will cost the railway companies of the United States $1,600,000,000 a year for the next six years to equip themselves sufficiently to be able to handle all the traffic that they will have to handle and to do it without congestion, fail to realize that the head men of our Canadian railway systems also talk of huge sums of money when they are telling of the things they are doing and the things they intend doing. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Mr. Hays and Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann make public statements about work that runs into millions of cost. During the past few years there have been several of these statements, and the work has been gone on with. Mr. Hill's figures look pretty huge, but we in Canada are getting accustomed to figures which are proportionately as huge. We are living in an era of unprecedented expansion and development, when the men at the head of the big railway systems have to think in millions.

DEVELOPING A NEW FRUIT.

Luther Burbank has his rivals at home. Hugo Lilienthal, a horticulturist at Berkeley, California, has been developing by cross-grafting an edible fruit from the climbing rose of that region. It is as yet but a berry, but it has a pineapple flavor, and is good either cooked or raw. Why not? The peach, the apple and the apricot have all been developed from the rose or the almond stock, or both together, and by buddings and graftings of which record was never made. How else have the fruits and the grains of the world been produced? The Indians of this continent, ages before the coming of the white man, grew the maize from some original grass, and there are now "corn" grasses whose fruit suggests a similar development. The wild rice, from which the rice we use as food was grown, is in our lakes and rivers, and feeds the wild geese and ducks. Mr. Burbank's wizardry, and that of his neighbor, are but a highly intelligent following of encouraging indications from Nature itself. What might be done with the little "rose apples" of the wild rose, which is so plentiful in this country, or with some of the other wild berries and buds that are the food of the prairie chickens and of other birds, remains to be found out by some patient experimenter.

A COSTLY CANOE ROUTE.

"Nearly half a century ago the Canadian Government spent close on three million dollars in locating, improving and maintaining the finest canoe route on the continent." This is the introductory sentence of an article by Mr. Rex Croasdell, of Toronto, in "The World To-day." The article deals with the old Dawson route intended to furnish continuous water communication between Lake Superior and Winnipeg, in the days when a railway from Eastern to Western Canada was only a dream of the most audacious—a dream that is now a reality, over and over again. By that old fur-traders' route came the Red River expedition under Sir Garnet Wolseley at the time of the first Riel rebellion in 1870, when Fort Garry was for a time in Riel's possession. Mr. Croasdell tells in his article of how he canoed over the whole route; his story makes the reader want to do likewise. The country through which that route passes abounds in fish and game, and is full of charm for the lover of scenery. It is to-day for the most part untouched by the march of civilization, for all that it was once intended to be the main-travelled line of communication between the East and this country.

THE "NOBLE RED MAN."

A deputation of redskins from the Six Nations reserve down in Ontario waited upon Mr. Frank Oliver, the Minister of the Interior, a couple of weeks ago, with a view to having the old autocratic method of controlling Six Nations affairs changed to representative government, such as is enjoyed by white Canadians. Nelles Montour, a deposed chief, whose first name was given him by his parents in honor of the late Rev. Dr. Nelles, and who doubtless is one of the descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Hiawatha, explained that under the present system the women choose the chiefs, eighty of whom constitute a council, which exercises supreme control of the Six Nations. Mr. Montour and those who think as he does, want a new order of things. They want politics and election campaigns and, possibly, ballot box stuffing. Mr. Oliver heard all the deputation had to say, and promised to give the matter his most serious consideration. Which is the usual thing that Ministers say to deputations. Suppose, now, that some fine day Mr. Oliver were to find his office invaded by a deputation of indignant squaws from the Six Nations reserve, protesting against any change from the present system, by which, according to the statements of the ex-Chief and his deputation, the ultimate political power is vested in them. The Minister of the Interior would then be in a position to sympathize with the British Ministers who were given such a strenuous time by the suffragettes.

THE YOUNG OFFENDER.

Government blue books usually make exceedingly dry reading. An outstanding exception is the annual report of the Dominion Parole Officer, Major Archibald. This official, to judge him from his report, has a warm heart, but he has also a clear head. His attitude toward the criminal is neither vindictive nor sentimental, but scientific. He would not have the criminal think that his offence is trivial, nor that he is a victim of wrong and oppression. He would adopt towards him a passionless, patient and impartial attitude, making it as easy as possible for him to do right and as difficult as possible to do wrong; he would always hold up before the criminal the hope of redemption, and teach him that his destiny is largely in his own hands. Major Archibald has charge of the ticket-of-leave system, by which prisoners in the penitentiaries who are judged deserving of such treatment are conditionally released before the expiration of their terms. He sets forth in his report that he has had experience with reformatory boys, and he makes a strong plea for more intelligent methods of dealing with young offenders, sending them to reformatories rather than to penitentiaries. It is the duty of the state to do all that it is possible to do to prevent the young offender from becoming a hardened criminal. Many delinquents, says Major Archibald truly, may be traced back to squalid homes. The antecedents and the character of each youthful offender should be carefully considered by the authorities. Two boys of similar character may commit some offence, not gravely serious in itself, yet bringing them under the penalties of the law. One may drift into a career of crime. The other by wise direction may be brought into the ranks of useful citizenship. A little streak of wildness, the reading of a foolish, if not worse, book, in which the crime is surrounded with a false glamor of romance, may, through lack of wise guidance, result in a course of life leading to vice and depravity.

BRITISH SEA POWER AND THE UNITED STATES.

Some of the newspapers in the United States have been discussing the question of how the sympathies of the United States would go in a war between Great Britain and Germany. This is a practical question; and among the practical considerations which would determine the answer to it, one is that if Germany were to obtain a command of the seas corresponding to her present military strength in Europe, there would be grave danger of the conditions in continental Europe being extended to America. The United States has an army that, to European eyes, looks a mere handful, less than 100,000 regulars and a militia of somewhat more than 100,000. Germany has a "peace establishment" of 614,000 soldiers, and the total strength of the German mobile forces in war would be 1,760,000 men. And behind these there are 1,500,000 partially trained men. The other continental European countries are forced to keep up the same pace. A small and peaceable nation like Switzerland, with a population of only a million and a half, or not a great many more than one-sixth the population of Canada, maintains an army of 205,740 men. The people of this country and the United States have always been in a position to congratulate themselves upon freedom from conscription and militarism. Great Britain alone of the nations of Europe, by reason of her steadfast maintenance of her supremacy at sea, has been able to do without conscription. When Napoleon was terrorizing all Europe, save only Great Britain, he found it to his advantage to sell to the United States the French territory which is now one of the richest areas in the United States. By that transaction, known as the Louisiana Purchase, the United States acquired 875,000 square miles for less than $20 a square mile. In that and other ways the United States profited by the rivalries and conflicts of European countries. It was able to work out its destiny without fear of outside interference. And it was to maintain this advantage that the Monroe doctrine was promulgated. The danger to the United States that would loom up in the event of the possibility of a war between Great Britain and Germany would be the danger of the possibility of Germany acquiring supreme naval as well as military might and embarking upon a career of world-wide conquest. In looking at the matter in this way, the Philosopher is leaving out of account any consideration of the natural sympathy and friendship between the great English-speaking nations, and is taking into account only hard, practical considerations. It is true that the people of the United States, by drawing upon their tremendous resources, could resist and probably repel such a host as we are imagining; but they could do so only by loading themselves with the continental European burden of conscription and military taxation. British supremacy at sea is thus of the first essential value to the United States. It is of the first essential value to the continued peaceful and prosperous development of the whole of this continent. The Canadian people stand ready to give the utmost support in their power to the maintenance of British supremacy at sea. To those, if any, who may ask why there should be British supremacy at sea, and why the seas should not be free and safe for all, the answer is that the ideal solution, no doubt, would be to have the seas freed from the possibility of war and policed by a small international force. But until that ideal is realized—and the remoteness of any hope of its being realized is only too evident—history proves that the world cannot have as just a police force of the seven seas as the British navy, or one under whose guardianship the development of free institutions will go on more safely and the interests of civilization and humanity be more secure.

SEEING AS WELL AS TALKING BY WIRE.

An electrical invention by which we shall be able to see by wire is confidently predicted as the next marvel while, after we have been become familiar with it, as in the case of the telephone and the phonograph, we shall regard as a commonplace thing. It is declared that the day is not so very distant in the future when we shall be able not only to listen to the voice of a friend miles away, but see him. This new marvel is called "television," and follows along the line of development made possible by the original discovery of the telephone by Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, who has given the world his own account of how he chanced upon that great inventoin while making experiments with an entirely different object in view. The invention of the phonograph in like manner occurred to Thomas Alva Edison when he was at work trying to devise an improved telephone receiver and thought of experimenting with making a record upon a piece of tinfoil. This convinced him that the human voice could be recorded and reproduced. Along this same line has now come a new method for locating gold and other metals, based on the differences in the electrical conductivity of the earth due to the presence of different ore deposits. As to the "television" apparatus, which its two French inventors, Messrs Rignoux and Fournier, have named the "telephote," it is said to transmit variations of light and shadow, as the telephone transmits variations of sound. A concave mirror projects a beam from an electric lamp of 3,000 candlepower on the person, or thing, of which it is desired to transmit the image. Between the person, or thing, thus strongly illuminated, and a surface composed of cells of the metal selenium, arranged in the shape of the retina of the eye, a lens is placed. The selenium acts under the influence of the light transmitted through the lens, and each cell sends into the wire a current of intensity proportionate to the degree of its illumination. The degrees of light and shadow are thus transformed into electric variations that travel along wires to the receiving point. There they form on a screen the image of the person or thing, which it was desired to transmit. Such is the account given of the "telephote." All that remains to be devised is an electric apparatus by which, when we call up our friends by telephone and talk to them and see them, we shall be able to greet them with electric handshakes. This, too, will come in due time, without a doubt.

(Continued on Page 64)

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, WINNIPEG

Some of the Special Offers

Shown in our New Catalogue

Write for our Catalogue to-day.
It is mailed free on request.

Unequalled Quality in Tea

SPECIAL SALE OFFERS IN HIGH GRADE TEAS.

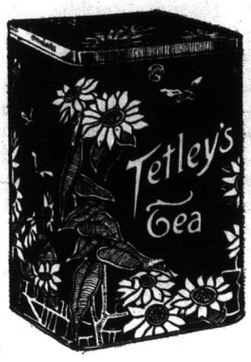
H6122—3 lbs. Tetley's Golden Tip Tea in ¼ lb. Tins..... $1.80
18 lbs. Granulated Sugar Value..... $1.00
$2.80
Special Offer of above, $2.50

H6123—3 lbs. Tetley's No. 2 Standard Blend Tea. Value..... $1.50
18 lbs. Granulated Sugar. Value..... $1.00
$2.50
Special Offer of above..... $2.30

H6124—3 lbs. Tetley's 40c Tea..... $1.20
18 lb. Bag Granulated sugar..... $1.00
$2.20
Special Offer of above..... $2.08

H6128—3 lbs. Japan Leaf Tea, Green, Tea Cosy Brand 60c..... $1.80
18 lbs. Granulated Sugar..... $1.00
$2.80
Special Offer of above..... $2.25

H6129—3 lbs. Japan Leaf Tea. Luxury Blend. Green..... $1.50
18 lbs. Granulated Sugar..... $1.00
$2.50
Special Offer of above..... $2.10



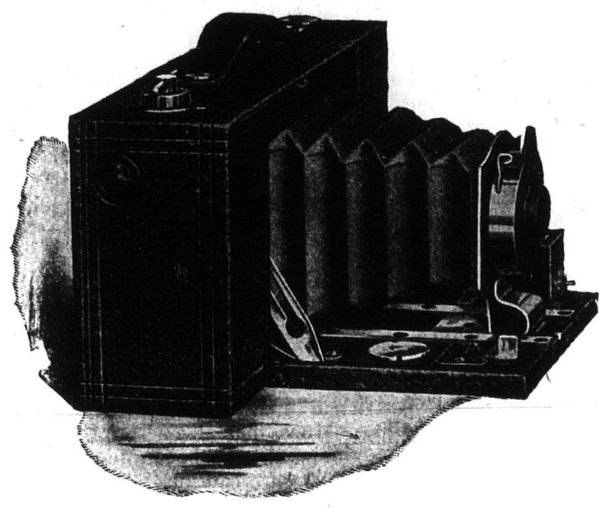
H6125—3 lbs. Tin Tetley's 40c Sunflower Blend Tea..... $1.20
18 lbs. Granulated Sugar $1.00
$2.20
Special Offer of above $2.05

H6126—3 lbs. Tin Tetley's Sunflower Blend, 50c Tea..... $1.50
18 lbs. Granulated Sugar..... $1.00
$2.50
Special Offer of above..... $2.25

H6127—3 lbs. T. Value Blend Indian Tea ... $1.00
18 lbs. Granulated Sugar..... $1.10
$2.10
Special Offer of above..... $1.75

CHEMISTS!

The Best Thing in the Camera Line



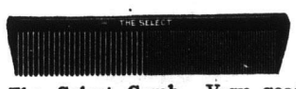
G6464—Manufactured by the Canadian Kodak Company. No. 3 A, folding Brownie. There has never been for size a camera that has so perfectly met all requirements as 3 A, size 3¼x5½, it is just right for post card size, is unusually effective for landscape compositions, and used vertically its proportions are ideal for full and three-quarter length portraits.

It is reliable, and is sure to prove widely popular. Price complete with meniasis achromatic lens, F. P. K. Automatic shutter, carrying case, one film, 10 exposures, one portrait attachment, one Flexo Tripod Complete outfit for $13.20

Special Kodak catalogue forwarded on application. Any goods not in stock at time of ordering will be procured direct in five days. It must be understood that if we are out of any line of Camera Supplies, at the time of shipping other goods, that we do not pay charges on To Follow Goods.

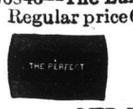
Developing and Printing Department for Amateur Photographers, we refer you to No. 55 Catalogue Page 119 for full particulars.

Photo Negative Enlargements on Art Mounts a Specialty. Refer to catalogue No. 55, page 119, for full particulars.



G6344—The Select Comb. Very good quality. All coarse or fine and coarse. Regular price 25c Special..... 9c

G6346—The Luxury Dressing Comb. Our Leader. Regular price 60c. Special price..... 25c



G6348—The Perfect Fine Comb. Guaranteed quality. Each 40c

OUR LEADER SCHOOL BAG.

G6226—The Big Leader Bag. 12 inches deep Heavy leather shoulder straps. Leather binding; waterproof canvas. Double pockets. Selling anywhere for 40c. Price..... 18c

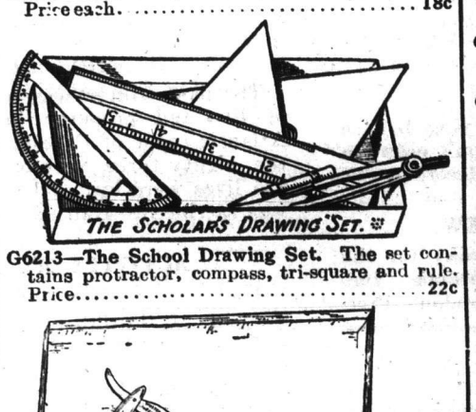
G6297 — Xylonite Powder Puff Boxes. With the Arms of Canada on each box. Price each 20c

G6296—Xylonite Soap Boxes. With the National Arms in Colors, on each, with Large cake of Vinolia Toilet Soap complete..... 10c

G6293 Xylonite Tooth Brush Tube and Tooth Brush. With Arms of Canada in colors on each box. Price each..... 25c

G6221—School Slate. Wire bound; germ proof. No. 1 quality, size 13x9½ inches. Regular 25c each. Special price..... 10c

G6217—Pencil Box. Double Decker, good lock. Price each..... 18c

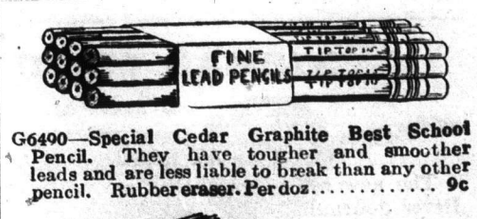


G6213—The School Drawing Set. The set contains protractor, compass, tri-square and rule. Price..... 22c

G6289—"The Crest" Gent's Toilet Outfit. This outfit contains: 1 razor, made by one of the leading Sheffield manufacturers of England, retail value, $1.50; 1 25c bottle bay rum; 1 25c tin Talcum powder; 1 25c bottle After-shaving preparation; 25c nail brush; 25c hog bristle shaving brush; 1 stick Vinolia or Williams' shaving soap in nickel base. All packed in a neat case. Price for complete set..... $1.75

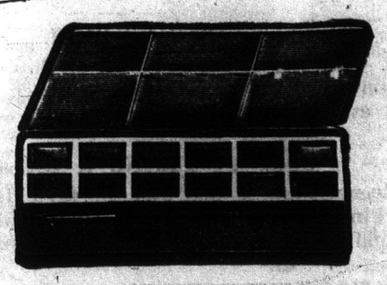
G6300—"The Luxury" Ladies' Toilet Outfit. This outfit contains: 50c bottle bay rum and quinine hair tonic; 25c tin pyro violet talcum powder; 35c bottle of Cream of Rose and almonds; 25c tube of Ribbon tooth paste; 25c tooth brush; 35c manicure file, best quality flexible steel with solid polished handle. Also folding pocket scissors value 40c. Best quality products used in every article. Packed in a neat case. Price complete $1.50

G6349 — The Beauty Fine Comb. Guaranteed quality. Each..... 50c



G6400—Special Cedar Graphite Best School Pencil. They have tougher and smoother leads and are less liable to break than any other pencil. Rubber eraser. Per doz..... 9c

G6231— Academy Drawing Books. 20 pages, interleaved. Price..... 4c



G6209—The Big Value Paint Box. 12 colors, with lettered names and brush. In strong black enamelled box. White enamel inside. Size 2½x6½ inches. Each..... 15c

G6222—The Big Box of Paints—18 colors; 2 tubes; Brush and handle in tin box. Special price 22c

HAIR BRUSHES AND COMBS.

G6337—Military Hair Brushes. Very soft bristles. Black backs. Per pair..... 35c

G6338—Ladies' Hair Brush and Comb. The brush contains 11 rows of pure bristle, bleached set in solid back of real ebony. The bristles are of medium length and stiffness. The comb is of black Xylonite (better than rubber). Regular price 40c. This complete outfit. Price..... 90c
With every purchase of the above outfit we will give free, 1 Tube Ribbon Tooth Paste.

G6339—Ladies' Hair Brush and Comb and Bottle of Rum and Quinine Hair Tonic. Brush is well made of English manufacture, also 8 inch Xylonite comb. Price, 3 articles..... 95c
1 Tin of Hudson's Bay Tooth Powder given free with each purchase of the above articles.

G6340—Ladies' Brush and Comb. Brush has 12 rows of pure bristle and 8 inch comb. 1 bottle Cream of Rose and Almonds. Complete set..... 85c

G6341—Gents' Hair Brush and Comb. 14 rows of bristles in brush. Natural Wood back; English manufacture. Barber's comb, full size Also 1 bottle Bay Rum for the hair. Price complete..... 75c

G6342—Leader Value. School Children's Hair Brush. Natural Wood, English manufacture, 10 rows of bristles. 8 inch rubber comb. 1 Tube Ribbon Tooth Paste and Tooth Brush. Complete set..... 40c

G6476—The Big Value Toilet Soap. Assortment of 6 large cakes, Perfumed and Tar Soap in Box. Price.. 25c

THE NEW LAUNDRY SOAP.

H6301—The Upman Soap. This is the newest laundry soap on the market and it is now the most popular soap in Winnipeg. Once used, always the favorite; 50 bars in each case, or about 25 lbs. when fresh made. Per box..... $1.98

SPECIAL OFFER FREE WITH ABOVE.

To any customer buying one box of Upman Laundry soap during May and June we will give free
1 Toilet Sponge..... 25c
1 Chamois Skin..... 25c
12 Cakes Regatta Toilet Soap..... 25c
75c

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, WINNIPEG

What the World is Saying.

AT LAST.

The new school organ has arrived at last.—Carrot River Journal.

MACEDONIAN CRY OF THE WEST.

The West is sending out its usual spring Macedonian cry—Send us men.—Toronto News.

THE STAR OF PROSPERITY.

The star of prosperity is rising over High River, and we trust it will never set.—High River Times.

FLYING HIGH.

A man went up in an airship at Vancouver yesterday. He was trying to reach some of their real estate figures.—Calgary News.

COST OF FIRING A BIG GUN.

Every time a big gun is fired the price of a workingman's home, $1,700, goes up in smoke with a loud noise.—Vancouver Saturday Sunset.

MAY THEY BE PLENTIFUL.

Five-dollar gold pieces will be coined in Canada. There cannot be too many of them in circulation to suit most people.—Vancouver World.

PLENTY OF ROOM.

Seventeen special trains are now carrying British immigrants to the West. Even that won't crowd a small patch on the prairie.—Brockville Recorder.

THE ONTARIO POINT OF VIEW.

A thousand Ontario people left yesterday for the West. They are going to a land of promise, but why leave a land of fulfilment?—London Free Press.

RAPIDITY OF GROWTH.

Such is the rapidity of growth in Saskatchewan that Outlook is big enough to have an $80,000 fire before most people had heard of the existence of such a place.—Toronto Star.

WHY THIS COUNTRY IS APPRECIATED.

No class of people appreciate congenial surroundings better than do the American farmers, who, flocking into the Canadian West, find a country where the law is enforced and where it is no respecter of persons.—Fort William Herald.

VALUES BOUND TO ADVANCE.

In a country that is filling up with settlers and where new industries are being constantly developed land is bound to advance in value for a long time to come.—Monetary Times.

SPREADING RAILWAY SYSTEMS.

Red Deer is getting to be some railway centre. The C. P. R. is talking of building through the Yellowhead and putting the halfway town on a line east. Now the Alberta Central is going to build west to Rocky Mountain House.—Calgary Albertan.

MAY MISTAKE IT FOR CIGAR STORE INDIAN.

The heroic statue of the noble red man which it is proposed to place at the entrance to New York harbor will have to be carefully labeled so that ignorant foreigners will not mistake it for an advertisement for the tobacco trust.—Minneapolis Journal.

THE NEW IMMIGRANT REGULATIONS.

Canada welcomes the immigrant, but at the same time she wishes them to be self-sustaining, as far as possible. The new regulations will go far to help the newcomers to help themselves.—Winnipeg Telegram.

THE COMET PROMPTS EARLY RISING.

For the first time in their lives a good many people have been awakened to the celestial beauties of Venus by rising at 3 a. m. and mistaking her for the comet.—Winnipeg Tribune.

OBJECTS TO THE CARTWHEELS.

Canada is to coin a silver dollar because British Columbia people want it. While silver dollars are preferable to none at all, they are an unwieldy form of currency at the best, and British Columbia is welcome to keep its cartwheels west of the Rockies. —Peterboro Examiner.

NONE TOO SEVERE A SENTENCE.

Four years at Kingston, with forty lashes, was none too severe a sentence for the brute whose attack on a little girl was said to have to do with the White Slave traffic. It was not too severe, but it will probably deter some others.—Toronto Telegram.

RICH ALL THE WAY THROUGH.

As development of the Grand Trunk Pacific proceeds, the richness of the country through which it runs is being brought to light. Immense beds of the best coal have been found in the Yellow Head Pass. The new "streak" of Canada opened up by the new road shows that the country is rich all the way through to the bone.—London Advertiser.

PRINCE RUPERT'S INCORPORATION DAY.

Should we not rejoice as upon the notable occasion of Mafeking and Ladysmith night? Incorporation day! Here's to it—minus the glass of dope, manufactured out of a spoonful of Scotch, a quantity of wood alcohol, a liberal quantity of muskeg water and enough boiled tobacco juice to give it the necessary coloring.—Prince Rupert Empire.

AN INFANT ARTILLERYMAN.

The two-year-old son of King Alfonso of Spain has been gazetted as an ordinary soldier in the Fourth Regiment of the Mounted Artillery. If the other members of this noble army are no older than the young prince, it must indeed be a noble band.—Prince Albert News.

TOLL OF THE SEA.

The past winter season has shown a startling loss of life and property in marine disasters on the Atlantic coast of Canada and the United States. In the eighty-three vessels which have met disaster, 225 lives were lost and a million dollars in property was sacrificed.—Halifax Chronicle.

ACTIVITY AT THE GATEWAY.

That the facilities for the handling of passengers arriving at Halifax are equal to those of any other port was clearly demonstrated on Friday, when there were 2,142 persons examined by the immigration officials, and of these, over 1,800 were sent forward by rail. Six immigrant specials, consisting altogether of sixty-six cars, were sent away.—Halifax Echo.

A COMPLAINT FROM FERNIE.

A young Englishman has advertised for a position on a farm in this immediate vicinity. He might as well ask for a job of selling aeroplanes to the angels, as all the farming lands in this vicinity are held by speculators, who are not at all interested in the agricultural possibilities of this valley.—Fernie Free Press.

WONDERS OF THE WIRELESS.

A German wireless station claims to have been in communication with another station more than 4,000 miles away. This beats all records in this part of the world, although some very excellent records have been made here. The longest message said to have been received at the Victoria station was from the S.S. Makura, when she was 2,080 miles away.—Victoria Colonist.

SILVER COINS VS. FILTHY PAPER MONEY.

A great many Canadian half-dollars have gone into circulation during the past few years, and they are very nice coins indeed. Our own view of the matter is that not nearly enough silver is used in Canada. We would like to see $1 bills done away with, so as to increase the distribution of silver. A $1 bill is a wretched, dirt-gathering thing that ought to be replaced by clean silver.—Vancouver Province.

HOMESTEADERS WAITING IN LINE.

A hundred homesteaders waiting for the land office to open in the morning will not hurt much. The homesteads have been here waiting for the homesteader for a long time, and if the homesteader has to stand in the line for a chance to file, he at least has the consolation that he is ahead of a hundred million or so of other home-builders who will come after him to this land of promise before the century wanes.—Edmonton Journal.

INFLOW OF SETTLERS AND CAPITAL.

When in one day settlers from the United States come into Canada with $1,000,000 of capital, we see conclusive effect of the strength of the magnet of the wheat fields. To grow richer by 1,000 people and $1,000,000 in one day is pretty rapid progress. Usually immigrants are less happily situated. The great majority of the people who are coming into the United States to take the place of those who are leaving, are impecunious.—Toronto Globe.

AND CANADA SMILES.

The emigration from the States into the Canadian North-West continues in greater volume than ever. The Canadian immigration bureau states that for the past 11 months 86,488 persons have passed northward over the western border, compared with 50,650 in the same time a year ago. And they are said to be well supplied with money. Canada can afford to smile down upon us.—Springfield Republican.

THE HUDSON BAY ROAD MUST BE BUILT.

The Hudson Bay road will not be built by speeches, however enthusiastic and whole-hearted they may be in tone; and not even the filing of plans and profiles by the engineers on the job will be accepted as a satisfactory substitute for the road itself. The session at Ottawa is drawing near its close; and, as yet, no supply has been taken to provide for beginning the construction of the road. There will be deep disappointment in the West and some sense of betrayal of trust if this provision is not made and work actually undertaken during the current season.—Winnipeg Free Press.

"FINE THING TO BE A CANADIAN."

"It is a mighty fine thing to be a Canadian," remarks a Detroit paper. The basis of the remark is a discovery by the paper, after a careful inquiry, that the average price of necessities at Windsor, across the river, is about 25 per cent. cheaper than in Detroit, while the rate of remuneration for work is about the same. The American newspaper blames this difference upon the high United States tariff. Whatever the cause, the fact itself is one that Canadians will view with a considerable amount of solid satisfaction.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

"CANADA CAN GRACIOUSLY ACCEPT."

Mr. W. J. White, chief inspector of Canada's American immigration agencies, spent one day recently at the St. Paul office, and in the twenty-four hours he saw pass through, en route for Canada, settlers possessing cash and goods to the value of one million dollars. If the United States can stand the loss of a million dollars every day or so, and it amounts close to that sum, Canada can certainly graciously accept the wealth, and assimilate the people to whom it belongs. And, as many of them, as Mr. White points out, were British a generation or two back, the assimilation of the vast majority presents few problems.—London Times.

A NEW YORK HERALD VIEW.

The few disgruntled Canadians who find fault because the people of the Dominion buy more from us than we buy from them should note the movement of American farmers into their territory. In eleven months nearly 90,000 Americans have migrated across the border, or at the rate of nearly 100,000 a year. At the lowest estimate these carry an average of $1,000 each, so that our neighbors in this way are getting $100,000,000 a year, to say nothing of the potential value of these intelligent and skilful immigrants in developing the resources of Canada and increasing her trade and wealth.—New York Herald.

IT SHOULD BE CRUSHED OUT.

Some people sometimes object to some of the minor objects of the Moral and Social Reform League of Canada, but the hearts of all good citizens are with it in its campaign against the white slave traffic. Much has been published on this terrible topic within the past couple of years, but almost all the facts adduced related to conditions in the United States, and it has been hard to make Canadians realize that right here in the bright Dominion the trade in girls is in full swing, with branches doing a thriving business in the ruin of thousands of the daughters and sisters of our own people every year. If Canadian men could only grasp that dreadful fact surely the movement for suppression would be as earnest and as general as a fight against some awful disease that was sweeping across the country.—Montreal Witness.

HORSES AND MOTORS.

"The Passing of the Horse" is the heading which a contemporary puts over an account of the building of a new garage. Undoubtedly a motor, when it behaves itself, can pass a horse; but undoubtedly, also, a good horse is worth just as much now as ever it was. Time was when they told us that the coming of bicycles meant the abandonment of the horse as a mode of travel. Sounds very silly now, doesn't it? In the course of a year or two we will be told that with the advent of aeroplanes as a popular conveyance will come the passing of the motor car. They told us that the coming of the telephone meant the passing of the telegraph; that railways meant the passing of canals. In fact, every new thing is alleged to mean the passing of some old thing: but man's invention of machines cannot keep pace with his invention of new wants.—Hamilton Times.

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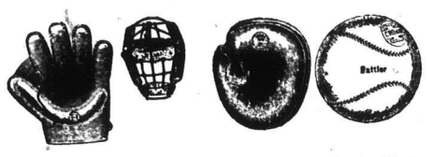

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Unruly Children and their Management.

Recently, whilst staying in the country, a young mother came down rather late to breakfast, evidently much concerned. On being asked the reason she replied that she had been compelled to punish her little boy of about two and a half for disobedience. Very varying opinions were expressed by those present, several openly stating that they considered it cruel and utterly unnecessary to smack a young child, and that at so tender an age children were always obedient if properly handled. One middle-aged Irishman was particularly emphatic in his denunciation of the poor little mother, until someone asked him the number of his children. His reply, that he had none and was a bachelor, caused amusement, and that old saying was quoted about bachelor's wives and old maids' children.

A good many inexperienced people hold similar views to the Irishman, which do more credit to their hearts than their heads. Others adopt this attitude because theirs is a nature which dreads the sight of suffering: being sub-normally constituted, and possessed of an overstrung nervous system, anything is better than pain to themselves. They do not think of the future of the child; in fact, their action is a mixture of selfishness and ignorance. Another type of person is he who opposes all forms of punishment because he thinks people will consider him more capable than his opponent; he is to be despised.

One has yet to meet the man or woman of wide experience in the successful management of all sorts and conditions of children who will state that corporal punishment is never necessary. And then, these champions must be judged, not only by the children's conduct when under their charge, but by their usefulness and character in after life—as this kind of person often obtains false obedience by bribes or presents, or by similar injurious methods, which foster a most objectionable nature in a child.

Most parents and teachers of experience, who have been successful in the training of children, and who have seen them develop into useful and good citizens, admit that, occasionally, there are times with some children—even with mere babies—when it is a question of who is going to be master, and that the earlier children of this nature learn their lesson of obedience the better will it be for them.

We must remember that the reasoning faculties are not developed, as a rule, to any extent until children are ten or twelve years of age, and that certainly when babies they are only guided by their instincts and desires. They want to have or do something, or go somewhere, and are utterly unable to grasp any reason—however kindly and logically they may be explained—which are opposed to their wishes. The only way to deal with them, when very young, is to tell them to do, or not to do, certain things; to have or not to have others; and to insist upon being obeyed without argument or dispute. It hurts to do this sometimes, but we must consider their welfare, and not our feelings.

You must not imagine from the above that I am an advocate of indiscriminate whipping. Kindness, united with firmness, and encouragement to do good, and praise for even the smallest effort at reform are, in my opinion, the golden keys which unlock and nurture the best and noblest traits, not only with children, but also with ourselves. These should be the first methods adopted in the management of children; but, if they fail, resort must be had to the other, as there are some natures to whom kindness does not appeal at first. Their wills must be conquered, then they appreciate and respond to kind treatment, and frequently develop into very fine characters.

One must be very careful never to scold or punish a child when in a temper; avoid doing so, also, when feeling tired or irritable, as under these circumstances even the wisest and most experienced say and do things which they afterwards regret. Wait until you feel calm, and then talk to him quietly about his wrong-doing. Handled like this, nine out of ten children not only acknowledge their faults, but express genuine sorrow, and promise not to offend again.

Then neither threaten nor shout; people who do so lose all control over children. Speak slowly and quietly; it is infinitely more impressive and dignified.

Lastly, do not say you will "tell father." A moment's reflection shows that it is not only lowering to our own dignity to do so, but hardly fair to father to hold him up to the child as an avenging monster.

A bloodless person needs blood-making foods, not drugs.

A red nose is usually the result of indigestion and imperfect capillary circulation.

Wrinkles may be removed by proper massaging; if caused by worry, proper thinking and will power.

Face steaming is not recommended. It weakens the muscles and causes the skin to become baggy. Like hot water, it is too relaxing.

Your headaches undoubtedly come from the intestinal trouble of which you speak. Massage the bowels daily, and occasionally take internal baths.

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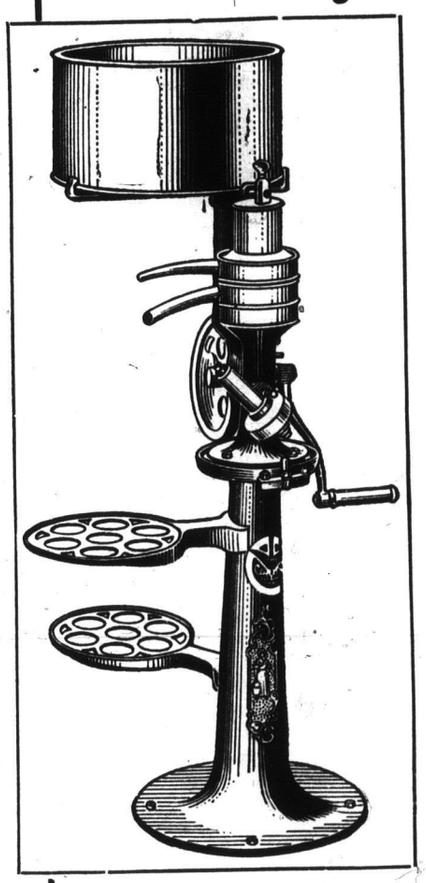

AS soon as you have read this advertisement, sit down and write a post card for the Capital book—the book that not only tells the story of the easy-running, cream saving separator, but tells you how you can put the Capital in your own dairy practically without costing you a cent.

The book also tells all about the wonderful Capital gears, about their perfect meshing and non-wearing qualities—how they run in oil—how an automatic clutch stops them running the minute you let go of the handle—and about how they give the light, three-and-a-half pound bowl 7,000 rovolutions a minute.

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The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

ELOQUENCE.

No man can be eloquent without an audience; and one man in an audience can discount the effect of a discourse. The man who sleeps, the man who thumbs a hymn book, the man who yawns, the man who turns restlessly in his seat, the man who looks at his watch, the man who clears his throat, (oh, that throat!)—The speaker before an audience of five thousand is at the mercy of one man or woman!—From the columns of the Evangelist we quote:—"The Optimist remembers so well how, right in the midst of one of the greatest sermons Phillips Brooks ever preached, a flush of annoyance passed over his face as some shallow woman right before him began to turn the leaves of a hymnal over. There was a very decided break for a moment in the torrential flow of passion and eloquence. But this is one of the thorns in the flesh every speaker has given him to keep him humble. But if the audience knew how much they were losing by it, in its crippling for a while the flow of the speaker's thought, they would eject any member who broke the spell."

AN INTRODUCTION.

Get an introduction to—yourself. Know yourself. Be yourself—your real genuine self, without "style," "agony" or mannerism. Don't act. Don't pose. Don't imitate. Do nothing for "effect." Don't try and impress people. Don't ask humanity to credit you with more knowledge, skill or ability than you really possess. Be natural. Be yourself. Senator Beveridge says:—

"Every great man I have met has been as simple as a child. They all blurt things right out. They apparently have no secrets—none of this mysterious frowning, evasive replies, and words intended to puzzle you and becloud the issue. I have met some of the greatest men in Europe, Asia, and the United States during the past decade, and I was struck by the same characteristic in all—absolute simplicity."

THIS ONE THING.

Great preachers are poor pastors. Great pastors are poor preachers. A man is not constructed so that he can be in his study and on the street at the same time. The man who designs to preach two good sermons fifty-two Sundays in the year, must be a student first, last and always. Great preachers preach—everything else is of minor importance. Zion's Herald says concerning Phillip Brooks:—

"He never thought he could get on without work. Prodigious mental activity was always transmuting ideas into power. Some kind of note-book was his inseparable companion, that he might record the thoughts that constantly flashed upon his mind. He gave himself to preaching with an undivided aim. The message to be delivered, and the form it should take in order to be most effective, was the one exclusive object that occupied him, that for which he lived. 'From morning till night, in every hour of leisure or apparent relaxation, on his journeys, in vacations, in social assemblies, he was thinking of subjects for sermons, turning over new aspects of old truths, thrilled inwardly with the possibility of giving better form than had yet been given to old familiar doctrine.' He never trusted to the moment to bring him inspiration."

GOD OR THE DEVIL.

There are many churches but only one religion. It is as natural for a man to pray as it is for a bird to fly. No explorer has ever found a country without an altar or a race without religion. The instinct for good is natural, divine and universal. No sane man will ever be ashamed of his Bible, church, creed or religion.

G. Campbell Morgan says: "My father came into my house soon after I was married, and looked around. We showed him into every room, and then in his rough way he said to me: 'Yes, it is very nice,' but nobody will know, walking through here, whether you belong to God or the devil.' I went through and looked at the rooms again, and I thought: 'He is quite right.'"

AWAY FROM HOME.

To know a man's true value watch him when he is away from home. The first day in a strange community will reveal his true character. He will do something, upward or downward, by which you may classify him. Alone, unnoticed and unrecognized he will give expression to the dominant thought and desire of his heart. Watch a man when he thinks he is not being watched—and there's your man. A religious review remarks:—

"Two young men went to New York to spend a few days, and when they returned one of them told of having heard low songs in low theatres, Bowery slang, and the noise of the elevated trains, while the other had heard Paderewski, Jacob Riis, Dr. Chapman and other distinguished men and elevating things. These two young men, turned loose in the great metropolis where a babel of voices smote their curious ears, heard what they desired to hear. The difference was in the boys."

"THEN JOE'S DEAD."

Character is the only thing you can be sure of. A man's character if true to high ideals is of more value than gold, diamonds or radium. A father who can be trusted, a husband who can be believed, a son who can be relied upon, a daughter who can be depended upon, these are the jewels of home. In the last analysis we lean on those we are sure of. A father's faith in his son is one of the crowning compliments of life:—

"When Commodore Joseph Smith saw by the first despatch that reached Washington from Fortress Monroe that the Congress, on which his son was commander, had shown the white flag, he said, 'Then Joe's dead!' It was so."

ROOM FOR RAPHAEL.

We are living in a crowded world. We are being crushed by the crowd. The professions are crowded. The streets are crowded. The cars are crowded. Humanity is treading upon the heels of humanity. "Crowded to the wall"—"crowded out of the line"—"crowded into a corner"—these are the sad comments which we hear on every side. But there are some things which can not be crowded. You cannot crowd genius. You cannot crowd ability. You cannot crowd true talent. Small men may be crowded. But there is always room for a large man.

"When Raphael's great picture the 'Sistine Madonna' was first brought to Dresden it was displayed in the castle in the presence of the king. It was brought into the throne room, but the most favorable spot in the room was occupied by the throne itself. The king, taking in the situation, pushed the throne to one side, saying: 'Make room for the immortal Raphael.'"

TELL THE TRUTH.

Mark Twain has said, "When you are in doubt—tell the truth." It is safe to tell the truth. Truth will take care of itself. It needs no watching or matching. The whole universe is so constructed that it fits well into the truth but forever and always contradicts a lie. David Starr Jordon has a message for the young men of this generation:—

"There is not a single virtue that does not bring money to a man's business," he said. "And there is not a single vice that is not charged up against him in wages and salary. If a young man is courteous, God-fearing, truthful, his word is as good as his bond, and if he excels in any one of the virtues told about in the Sunday-school books you will find business men holding him in higher esteem, and on that account pay him higher salary."

GETTING THE CREDIT.

Thank God for every true compliment which comes to you but do not worry about applause. Make no bid for honor. Make no sacrifice to gain glory. Make no attempt to achieve fame. Nay, rather, deal carelessly with fame, honor, glory and applause. These things, as a rule, go to the people who do not think too much about them. The Chicago Advance remarks:—

"After the great battle of Gettysburg, in which the union arms were victorious, President Lincoln thought General Meade should by all means follow up his advantage by giving prompt pursuit and if possible destroy Lee's army. Meade was over-cautious, and his delay greatly annoyed Lincoln. Thereupon the President sent him a pre-emptory order to attack Lee at once. The order was accompanied by a personal note which, if preserved today, would be one of our most treasured relics of the war. It was in substance as follows: 'The accompanying order is not on record. If you are successful you may destroy it, together with this note. If you fail, you may publish the order, and I will take the consequences.'"

A GOOD FIGHT.

We are not referring to the coming international contest between—blank and blank. We are quoting the words of a great apostle, who said, "I have fought the good fight"—the good fight (not a good fight). He had fought the only fight worth fighting. A big man will not be engaged in a little fight. When you fight, fight about something worth fighting about. In small things let your enemy have his own way. Spend your time on great issues. The New York Observer observes:—

"Such is the malignant influence of bearing ill-will against another, as was recently shown by Leo Tolstoi, in a story of his. In it he describes the prosperity of two prominent peasants residing in an obscure Russian village. For years they lived together in peace, delighting in each other, and seeking each other's happiness. But in the course of time the sons came to the head of the families and the old order changed. A bitter feud arose, full of malice, hate and bitterness, involving abuse and murder, and ended at last in the burning of half the village. It was caused by a trifle—the laying of an egg on the wrong side of the line-fence!"

SPLENDID FAILURES.

"A splendid failure!"—is such a thing possible? Yes!—a failure may have a value only secondary in importance to a genuine success. A defeat, well thought out, may give you the secret of a great victory. A mistake well understood and interpreted may be your shield in the hour of a supreme crisis. They say concerning Theodore Roosevelt that he has made many mistakes but that he has never made the same mistake twice. The following paragraph is from the Youth's Companion:—

"Mr. Edison, in taking a visitor through his laboratories, casually called his attention to nine thousand unsuccessful experiments that had been made in the attempt to perfect the storage-battery. 'Then all those experiments have been wasted!' exclaimed the visitor. 'Oh, no,' said Mr. Edison, calmly. 'I now know of nine thousand things not to do.'"

TRY IT.

I have infinite faith in you. You can do what I can do—and that is not saying much. You can do what your neighbors can do—and that is saying more. You can do what others can do and what others have done. The best man is not more than humanity at its best. You can speak! You can write! You can sing! You can lead! You can manage! When the door of opportunity opens enter that door. Margaret Sangster says:—

"There never was a day in my girlhood that I hesitated to undertake anything that offered itself to me as a thing worth attempting, and though I often failed, on the whole, I forged ahead rather faster than I could have done with a greater caution."

MOMENT BY MOMENT.

A visitor paid me a great compliment today. He took out his watch and looking at it inquired, "Can you give me five minutes, ten minutes or an hour?" Since he knew the value of time I said, "I will give you an hour." At the close of the hour he arose deliberately and retired. He knew the value of time. I read everything by "J. B." in the British Weekly and here quote the following:—

"Diderot has this note on a passage of Seneca. The Stoic writer says: 'Pass in review your days and years; take account of them. Say how often you have allowed them to be stolen by a creditor, a mistress, a patron, a client! How many people have been allowed to pillage your life, while you were not even aware that you were being robbed!' Diderot says: 'I have never read this chapter without blushing; it is my history.'"

THEODORE PARKER.

Theodore Parker broke down in his prime. He wore himself out trying to change the opinion of the world. He fed his mind and starved his body. He ignored the relationship of the brain to the brawn. He forgot that man is a divine mixture of matter and spirit and that a perfect balance between the two ought to be the aim of every sensible man.

"Not long before his death, he wrote from Rome, 'Oh, that I had known the art of life, or found some book or some man to tell me how to live, to study, to take exercise, etc. But I found none, and so here I am.'"

GEORGE IV.

The greatest fool is the man who deceives himself. He is not a hypocrite. No, a hypocrite never deceives himself—he deceives others and takes pleasure in his methods of deceit and deception. But the man who deceives himself—who acts a part until it becomes second nature, who tells a lie until he himself believes it, who imagines a thing until fancy becomes fact—this man is not a hypocrite—he is a fool. Dr. J. M. Buckeley says:—

"George IV was a liar from his youth up, and both dissipated and inordinately vain. He was in the habit of saying, in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, that he had been at the battle of Waterloo and of appealing to the Duke for corroboration; but invariably the answer was, 'So I have heard your Majesty say.' It is not an uncommon thing for a person who has been in the habit of lying about his exploits in early life, and who continues to do so, to come to believe that his inventions were facts. After that time he may be called 'deluded,' but the delusion was simply caused by failure of memory."

A Talk on Farm Power.

Every hour counts big with the modern farmer. He could not possibly get along with old fashioned methods. For there are so very many more things to be done each day than formerly—and certainly the days have not lengthened. So farmers are crowding the hours. Their are buying time-saving machinery of every kind. And thousands of farmers have solved many of their problems with a gasoline engine. The practical time-saving, work-saving and money-saving advantage of a good gasoline engine has been proved to them and by them. It seems strange that every farm is not equipped with such power and the main reason for this condition seems to be that many farmers are not fully convinced or do not fully realize the real value of a good gasoline engine.

No matter how small or how large your farm may be—a month's use of the right kind of a gasoline engine will make you wonder how you ever got along without one before. When you think of the work it does—the time and money it saves—you will bless the day you decided to purchase one. For in running the cream separator, wood saw, feed cutter, churn, grindstone, fanning mill, corn sheller, thresher, and the many other farm machines—and for the many special jobs on every farm—a good gasoline engine is the most wonderful helper of the day. It means steady, economical power at a minute's notice—wherever you want it.

The good gasoline engines are remarkably simple in construction, remarkably economical in cost or running and remarkably strong and durable, so they last for years. We say "good" gasoline engines because those are the only kind that are paying big dividends to thousands upon thousands of farmers every day. To choose a good one means close investigation on your part. You know you cannot afford to make a mistake. So our advice is to first select a reliable line, like the I. H. C., for example, then find out just what style and size of engine meets your needs best. You know just what work you will have for such an engine. You know the conditions surrounding your farm. You may need a 25-horse power, horizontal, water cooled engine or you may need a 2-horse power vertical, air cooled engine. You may want a portable, stationary or semi-portable outfit. To give you an idea how completely some manufacturers cover the possible needs of farmers—here are the styles and sizes in which the I. H. C. engines are made. I. H. C. vertical engines are made in 2, 3 and 25-horse power; horizontal engines (portable and stationary) are made in 4, 6, 8, 10, 15, 20 and 25-horse power; famous air-cooled engines are made in 1 2 and 3-horse power and the I. H. C. hopper-cooled engines are made in 2, 2½, 3, 4, 6 and 8-horse power sizes. And the prize-winning International tractors are made in 12, 15 and 20-horse power. There are also special sawing, spraying and pumping outfits in the I. H. C. line.

While on the subject of I. H. C. engines, their many features come to mind. The thousands now in use everywhere are certainly giving wonderful satisfaction and it is due to careful, extensive experimenting, the selection of the right principle first—then the selection of right materials and the most expert workmanship. These points are bound to lead to extreme simplicity, absolute reliability, wonderful economy, utmost durability and abundance of power and strength for whatever work you may have for them. For a clearer understanding of how a good gasoline engine is made, let us go over some of the points of the I. H. C. Victor Horizontal gasoline engines. They are especially designed for general farm work. They can be used anywhere. They are equipped with electric ignition, so that it is never necessary to have an open flame near the engine, which would prevent its being used in insured buildings. This engine is regularly equipped for using gasoline, but with slight alterations, natural gas, alcohol or kerosene may be used as fuel. The cylinder and jacket walls are cast in one piece so that it is easy to clean the jacket walls when necessary. The cylinder is especially designed to insure close compression of the explosive charge—which gives these I. H. C. Victor engines their remarkable efficiency. The hit-and-miss type of governor is used, reducing the fuel consumption to a minimum. The ignitor is positive in action, and the ignition points are made of a special material that withstands the heat of the spark as well as the effects of corrosion and oxidation. The plunger type of pump, made mainly of brass, and the value of right materials shows off in the work that I. H. C. engines are doing.

All the I. H. C. engines are just as carefully made. Which ever one meets your needs will serve you well. You should read the I. H. C. book because it tells you much about engines that you ought to know. It's a veritable mine of information on good gasoline engines. We urge you to get the I. H. C. catalog from your local International dealer at once. Let him tell you about the I. H. C. that will do your work best. If you prefer, write directly to the International Harvester Company of America, Chicago, U. S. A., and they will be pleased to advise you. But see your local International dealer if you possilby can and have a power talk with him. Take the I. H. C. catalog home with you and study it. Your time will be well invested, because the purchase of an I. H. C. engine will mean more to you than you now think. You must have one to fully appreciate its value.

His Argument Won.

"But I don't want a man over thirty."

"How old are you, sir, may I ask."

"Fifty-two."

"Ain't you as good a business man as you ever were?"

"I am."

"So am I," declared the applicant, and got the job.

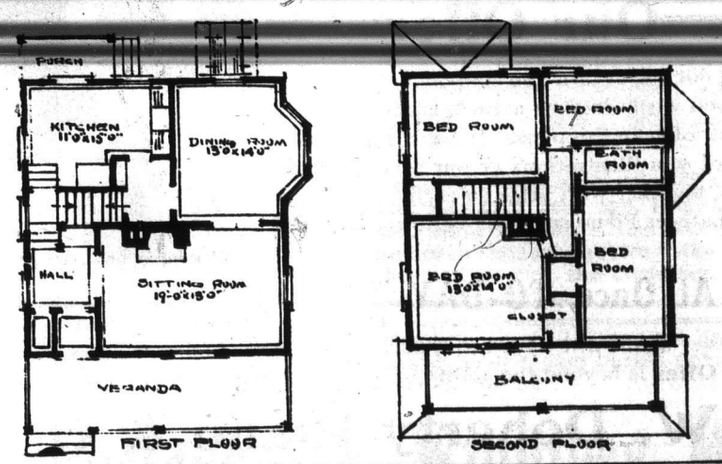
His Politeness

"Jimmie, your face is dirty again this morning," exclaimed the teacher. "What would you say if I came to school every day with a dirty face?"

"I'd be too perlite," grunted Jimmie, "to say anything."

Original Plans.

Prepared especially for the Western Home Monthly, by V. W. Horwood Architect. Winnipeg.



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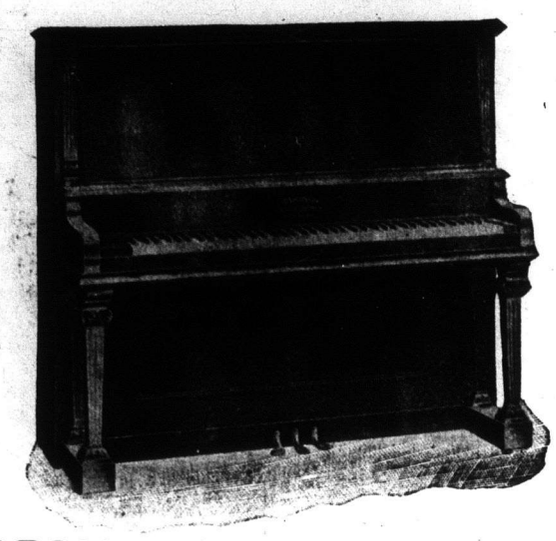
The policy of this Company has always been "Satisfaction or your money back." We are now ready to announce the **greatest** and **most liberal offer** ever made by any responsible house in this Dominion, an offer which **brings our factory right to your door** and enables you to examine and test the piano in your own home, and then, if satisfied that the Doherty is the **one piano for you,** pay the **Wholesale Factory price** of the instrument and it is yours. We will allow liberal terms of payment and before we ask for one cent of your money, we place the piano in your home without expense to you.



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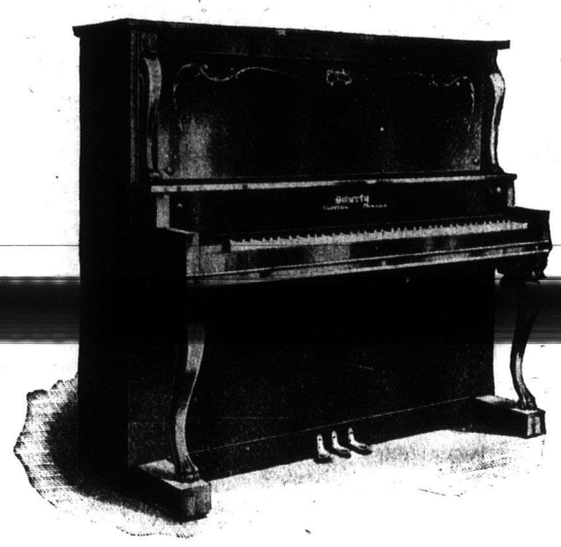

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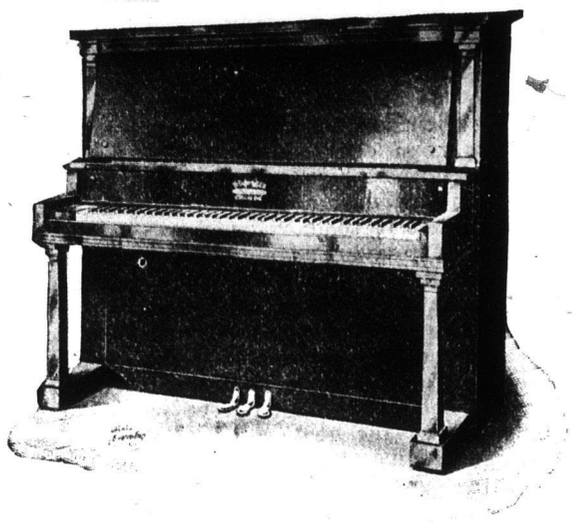

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Fill out and return the coupon to us at once, or if you wish, drop us a card, stating that you saw our offer in this paper. We will immediately forward you illustrations of our several instruments, together with price on each. You pick out whatever Piano suits you best, notify us and we will forward it to you, freight prepaid, allowing you **thirty days** free examination and trial. If you don't want it return to us at **our expense** and you are nothing out. If you do want it our prices are based on actual cost to produce, with no commissions for jobber and middleman.

Act At Once, TO-DAY You may not see this offer again. Send for our complete information anyway. It's free and may mean dollars to you. One thing is certain you never again will have an opportunity to get so famous an instrument at Wholesale Price, and our **Free Trial Offer** is beyond the ability of any other manufacturer to handle.

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W. Doherty Piano & Organ Co. Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man.

GENTLEMEN,—Please forward at once illustrations of your pianos together with prices and full particulars of your **free trial offer** explaining how I may obtain one of your pianos for **thirty days' free trial** without expense to me.

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Western Branch : 280 HARGRAVE ST., WINNIPEG, MAN. Long Distance Phone, Main 9166

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By PEARL RICHMOND HAMILTON.

Last year a class of young women who earn good salaries asked me these questions:

"Should a girl who is earning a good salary marry a young man whose salary is very little more? Would she be satisfied and contented in the kind of home he would provide for her?"

To the young woman who is considering this problem I would ask: "What is your real vision of an ideal home?"

Is it not pathetic for a young woman to dream of a home that is not a holy ideal?

Do you imagine yourself living in a palace, surrounded by luxuries, waited on by a troop of servants, with little or nothing to do except to enjoy yourself, called to bear no hardship; free to do nothing?

Is such a dream ennobling? No; let your dream be of a home where love is—love that comes "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and to give its life for others.

The woman who truly loves her husband is eager to make his home a place in which he will love to be. The home must be built from within and our great new country will be strong and heroic and prosperous in proportion as home affections are cherished and its households are the abodes of love, purity, contentment and peace.

Good homes have their effect on men's character in that they are unwilling to leave them. Men prize the feminine gold that will pass through the furnace of difficulties. The cottage may have its trials, but so has the mansion. Misery is the absence of love.

I mention this because of the present tendency of young women to desire houses of luxury and their tendency to marry for the home instead of the character of the man.

Swift said: "The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets and not in making cages. Once the girl is married she takes very little trouble to keep her husband in love with her. It is a sad mistake."

On the disposition of the inmates more than on outward conditions does the happiness of home depend. A rich woman in her splendidly furnished mansion may inhabit a luxurious hell, while the poor woman in her modest home may enjoy a heaven below, because she exercises herself in loving ministries and breathes continual thankfulness for the common blessings.

Public character takes its formation from the gentle forces operating in the domestic circle.

What home shall be is largely dependent on the woman. We need wives who move about their homes like sunbeams, shedding gladness around them, not only by their smiles and their kind cheerfulness of speech but by the very fact of their presence. In the affection that burns in their hearts and in the influence they may exert we have the remedy for many of the ills of the social and civic state.

Another girl writes me thus: "I observe that the girls who are most anxious to stick to their business and high salaries and not marry a man of the same salary, are the most discontented ones. They are too self-centred and selfish and are not willing to be a helpmate to assist a man to rise. Do they expect to sit down and fold their hands and demand wealth and courtesy? What are they giving in return to merit the same? What sort of sons would these women give to the world? Would they be brave, noble, true, honorable and courteous men, or shirks of work, poor managers and cowards? Are we living for ourselves or for our fellow beings and posterity? Is it not better to live on a little less? We see all around us that riches do not attain happiness and that seems to be our goal. I am not courting poverty, neither am I running down the girls for their views, for I love many of those selfsame girls, and perhaps in a way am one of them myself. But I think we are all a little bit selfish.

An Unmarried Working-girl."

You can scarcely measure the power that might change the present conditions today if girls would expect the men to be noble. There is today a powerful domestic pressure since many women do not care how men earn their money so long as they get the money. Women add to the [illegible] of men's temptations when they are merely ambitious to see men get offices and high positions and money and magnificent houses without caring what moral price they sacrifice.

The Unmarried Woman.

We often idealize motherhood at the sacrifice of some of our noblest women. There are thousands of women on this continent who are real mothers, in a spiritual sense, to neglected children and to suffering humanity; they are teachers, nurses, servants, women in homes and women in the business world. On the other hand, there are thousands of mothers, in the physical sense, who have children but who neglect them. While I believe that a mother who is also a spiritual mother is an ideal woman, I furthermore believe that we eulogize too much mothers in general at the sacrifice of those unmarried women who spend their lives in helping humanity.

Many single women are altogether motherly for they possess that element of grace, refinement and charm which the word "motherhood" involves. These women do much of the important work in the world and we need to hear more about the nobleness of the nurses and the teachers who have charge of our children for three-fourths of the day.

Business women, nurses, teachers and charitable women do a work that the average woman cannot manage, and the world could not get along without them.

I know a woman teacher who has influenced helpfully the careers of hundreds of young men. They "rise up and call her blessed." They were under her training during that period of youth when it is most impressionable. I am sure she has been a mother to many who never had any other motherly influence.

Miss Adeline Libby, of Fruitvale, California, visits every battleship that comes to San Francisco Bay, and lectures to the men on board, giving them counsel and trying to elevate them morally and socially. She visits the marine hospitals and gives out good cheer to the sick. She says: "I shall devote my life to uplifting sailors. What the secret of my influence over so many sailors is I do not know, but I love the work and I know I shall be able to do good."

Times come when the strongest men require, as truly as if they were children, the touch of a motherly presence and sympathy. At all times, for all men, there is health, renewal and inspiration in the woman whose influence is ennobling. The memory of a good teacher keeps many a man from [illegible]

The personal atmosphere of these unmarried wo-

The Stanwood Hat: The Last Word in Millinery

412. A New Turban. Hand made and trimmed with roses and foliage; all colors. Price $5.25

402. The New "Two-Corn." Trimmed with thistles. One of the season's best, all colors. Price 4.20.

407. A beautiful tailored Hat trimmed with ribbon and imported wings. One of the best hats in our line. All colors. Price $6.20.

422. One of the season's large shapes. A very swell hat. Trimmed with wide satin ribbon and flowers; all colors. Jap straw $4.95; Milan straw $9.25; Panama $11.50.

THE volume of our **Mail Order Business** for April was so great that many orders were not despatched so promptly as we would like. We have added several Millinery experts to our staff, and are thoroughly prepared for all comers. Bear in mind that **Stanwood Hats** are famous for their correctness.

The practical experience of many years is at your service, and you incur no risk in buying by mail.

Our Mail Order Department has grown each season till it is now a very important part of our business. Look over these offers. Should you wish advice concerning your Spring Hat, our best efforts are yours for the asking.

401. A new shape in fine straw braid. New York is showing this hat extensively. All colors. Feather trimmed (like cut) $4.35; flower trimmed (very elaborate), $7.00.

416. The latest thing in the "Continental." This hat is one of our biggest sellers. Trimmed with velvet ribbon and pom-pom; all colors. Price, Jap straw $3.95; Milan straw $7.20; Panama $13.25.

IN ordering, please state color of hat desired; also give your age, height, weight and color of hair. The secret of our success lies in the fact that we make all Hats to order and to suit the customer. Allow three days for making.

Remember these things; we guarantee satisfaction, your money back if not satisfied. Could we do more?

STANWOOD'S MILLINERY, 410-412 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Long Distance Phone, Main: 7530

men in their fine feelings, their delicate thoughtfulness, their lofty idealism, their devotion and their tenderness appeals to the chivalrous nature of all who know them. Who does not know of an unmarried woman, sometimes poor and crippled she may be, who by her dignity, her idealism and her love has changed and ennobled a whole neighborhood? Sophia Wright, a weak, crippled woman, is called New Orleans' best citizen because she has promoted more than any one else the most helpful system for the uplift of working humanity in that city.

It matters not where these women labor. They may be teachers, servants, stenographers, clerks or women in any other honest work but they have a sure hand in the making of great nations. It is said that at the sight of Apollo the body erects itself and assumes a more dignified attitude; in the same way one feels himself raised and ennobled in the presence of a good woman.

The Plain Young Woman.

There are as many different kinds of girls as there are different kinds of flowers. God never made two flowers just alike, neither are there ever two girls exactly alike. The family of violets look very much alike yet there is a difference among them. Flowers have an important mission in the affairs of this world—that is the reason I think of girls when I see a garden of flowers. I see the unassuming mignonette that merely serves as a border for a bed of gayer flowers and I think of the gentle sister in a home of brighter sisters and brothers.

The unassuming sister has an influence that moulds and creates the character of the family. Nearly every home of a good sized family has a sister of this kind. To the outsiders she seems a very unnecessary member; yet her influence is the border that brings out the beauty and character of the family.

The world is full of men of power who trace their greatness to this kind of sister or friend. Some one has written a book entitled, "Sisters of Great Men." They are men of power because they lived in homes where the sister created character.

There is a difference between power and influence. Power will force and control and determine action. Influence moulds and creates character. Men have more power than women, but women have more influence than men. Napoleon said of Josephine, "I win the battles, Josephine wins me the hearts." By the web of influence a woman weaves around a man she raises him to her ideal or drags him down to her level. Men rise in the scale of civilization where women are virtuous. Where woman is degraded, man is low. The unassuming girl—the plain girl—has important influence over the temper and character of her brothers. When youth broadens into manhood the character of the girl he loves is largely determined by the life of this influential sister. Tennyson says:

"I know of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the manly love for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man
But teach high thoughts and amiable words
And courtliness and the desire of fame
And love of truth and all that makes a man."

Hereditary influences.

Young women often ask me this question: "Is it possible to overcome hereditary influence?"

I think Ella Wheeler Wilcox gives a very clear solution of this problem in her poem entitled, "Freedom," which I will give you:

"I care not who were vicious back of me,
No shadow of their sins on me is shed,
My will is greater than heredity,
I am no worm to feed upon the dead.

My face, my form, my gestures and my voice
May be reflections from a race that was,
But this I know, and knowing it, rejoice,
I am myself a part of the Great Cause.

I am a spirit! Spirit would suffice
If rightly used, to set a chained world free.
Am I not stronger than a mortal vice
That crawls the length of some ancestral tree?"

Personal Questions.

It is an injustice to ask personal questions. Have any of you ever been asked questions that you did not care to answer? You felt mean after you had answered them. You either had to answer them or tell an untruth. It is a most embarrassing position to experience.

The personal question is an injustice because it is a first cousin to gossip; it is used to furnish material for gossip. Another error that hinders in the scales of justice is uncontrolled frankness. The chronic boast of the ill-bred is: "I am very frank and out-spoken and direct in my speech," as many a wounded acquaintance knows to her regret. Uncontrolled frankness leaves a trace of lacerated feelings behind. Young women are often subjected to personal questions and uncontrolled frankness till they are wounded beyond all fairness.

The Motherless Girl.

The girl without a mother travels through girlhood unprotected unless we who are well armed throw the sympathetic arm around her and protect her from the immoral beasts of prey that lurk all about her. The peace of society depends on justice. Do not deceive the girl who places her trust in you for she relies upon your honor. We can help humanity by lifting up and protecting womankind. The motherless girl needs friends more than the girl who has a mother. The lack of friends is the cause of many a girl's downfall. At some dark turning of the lane she needed a friend. The instant there enters into the life of a girl the inspiring influence of another life, she awakens to her own possibilities.

**"Take time to speak a loving word
Where loving words are seldom heard;
And it will linger on the mind,
And gather others of its kind,
Till loving words will echo where
Erstwhile the heart was poor and bare;
And somewhere on thy heavenward track
Their music will come echoing back."**

Be generous with the motherless girl.

A Correction.

The little word "not" means a great deal sometimes. Last month a typographical error was made on this page in which the word "not" was omitted. I would not have my readers believe the statement as it appeared in print so I give it here, corrected:

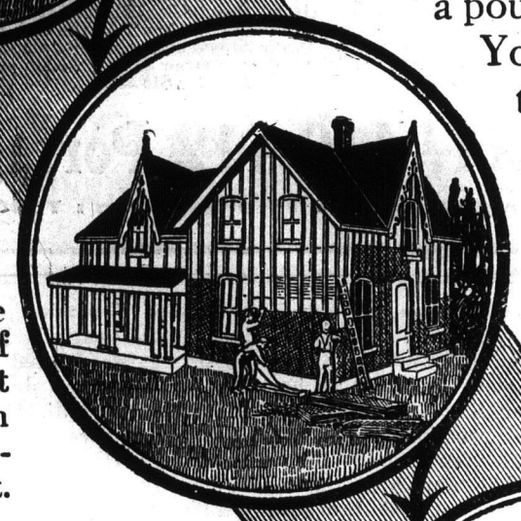
"A girl who enters the business world must not lower her womanly dignity."

For nothing I will tell you all about Cement

You may have my expert advice without charge. I can save you considerable money.

I charge nothing.

These pictures show you plainly how simple a matter it is to change a decrepit frame house into one of cement-stone.



YOU pay nothing for what I tell you.

And the reason I offer you my services for nothing is simply that the companies that employ me want the farming community awakened to the value that cement—of the right kind—has for every farmer. Even if they never sell you any cement, they want you and your neighbors to be informed on the uses of cement—and the ease and simplicity with which you can cheaply use it.

No High-Priced Labor Necessary

I can soon show you that it does not require an expensive mechanic to use cement-concrete instead of lumber for ANY purpose. I make the whole subject so plain and simple that you yourself could easily renovate your frame house, barn, hen house, wagon shed. I will tell you how to make a hundred farm-utilities from cement quickly and cheaply—more cheaply than you could with lumber. And bear in mind the fact that you are charged nothing for this "Education in Cement-Using." You will not be bothered to buy anything, either. There are no "strings" to this talk of mine—not one. Just write me and ask questions.

Cement Endures—Lumber Decays

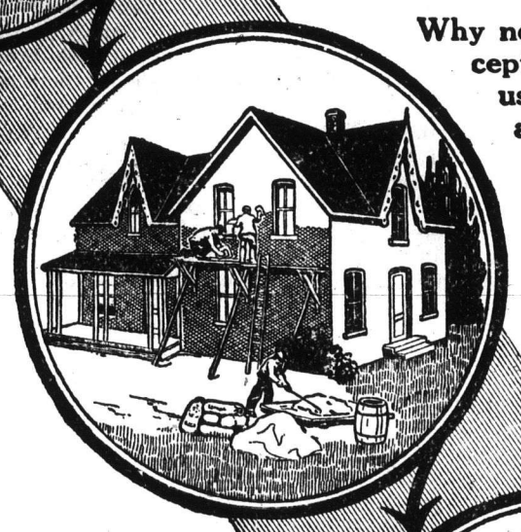
That alone is the biggest reason why you should overcoat your house and barn with cement, as I will tell you precisely how to do. Cement is almost indestructible. Buildings exist in Great Britain and elsewhere that were built of cement by the Romans two thousand years ago. For cement rightly used—as I will show you how to use it—makes structures fire-proof; wet-proof; decay-proof; warmer in winter; cooler in summer. And it is ECONOMICAL—much more so than lumber, for ninety-nine uses out of a hundred.

For the asking, you are welcome to use my knowledge. You can inform yourself fully on the whole big question of the use of cement for practically every use you are probably putting lumber to now. I will instruct you fully, in plain language, in the use of cement for making anything from a fence-post to a dairy-barn. And I can show you how to save money by using cement for any building purpose instead of using wood. Simply tell me your name and address and mention what sort of a structure you think of building or repairing—whether a residence, a poultry house, or even a drinking-trough.

You have nothing at all to pay for the advice and instruction I will promptly send you. Write to me before you buy another bill of lumber for any purpose. Be sure to.

Alfred Rogers
THE CEMENT MAN

Why not write me to-day? Accept my free services, make use of my knowledge to any extent; and you will not be under the least obligation or expense if you do. We want you to KNOW cement; and I will do all I can to help you KNOW it.



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Box Stalls
Driveways
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Well Curbs
Feed Yards
Barn Floors
Cellar Walls
Root Cellars
Horse Blocks
Chimney Caps
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Windmill Foundations
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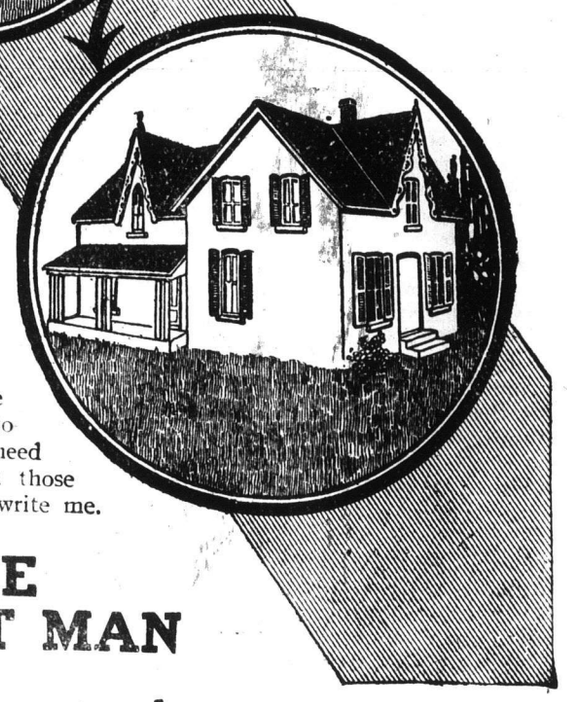

Read This List of a Mere Few of the Uses Cement has on the Farm

Then write to me for particulars of how to build these things from cement—doing the work yourself, if you like, in spare time. Don't wait to write because you are not just ready to make any improvement to your buildings. Talk it over with me if you only need a few fence-posts or a watering-trough. Even on those small items I can save you considerable. Just write me.

ALFRED ROGERS THE CEMENT MAN

319 Stair Building, Toronto

Answers to Correspondents.

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

Problem in Behaviour.

Mr. Astor is a pronounced Liberal. His friend James Larmont approaches him about a month previous to election and solicits his vote which is unhesitatingly promised, as Mr. Larmont has always been a good Liberal, and a close personal friend with good reputation. However, two days later the party leaders select Arthur Pigott, also a good friend of Mr. Astor and a gentleman of good repute. Now, Mr. Astor has particular reasons for standing in with his party and if he remains loyal to Mr. Larmont he will be in the bad graces of the Liberal leaders. How should he act under the circumstances?

The March Problem.

The March problem was as follows: The answers were in this case very much alike, but the critic has awarded the prize to Mr. Herbert Cope, Carberry.

Mr. Moore is engaged to Miss Lester. He has escorted her to an evening party. During the evening a lady cousin of Mr. Moore's is much annoyed by the attentions of a certain gentleman present. She had not the courage for a direct snub to her unuwelcome admirer, therefore she appeals to Mr. Moore to see her safely to her home at the close of the festivities. Mr. Moore is expected to, and naturally wishes, to escort his betrothed Under the circumstances, what is the poor perplexed gentleman to do?

Mr. Cope's Answer.

This should not be very difficult where ladies and a gentleman are concerned.

Mr. Moore should tell Miss Lester quietly the position of affairs, and Miss Lester should suggest to Mr. Moore's lady cousin that the three of them might walk homeward together, thus calmly ignoring the bore. To add a little spicy flavor Mr. Moore when they leave, might hum the German hunting song

"The boar is down"!

Legalised Piracy.

Editor Western Home Monthly:—

In your issue for March on the editorial page I noticed an article entitled "Legalized Piracy—A Simple Story for the People." Now I believe that it is certainly the duty of newspapers and periodicals to educate public opinion along right lines, to try to better their condition in every legitimate way, and if they are being taken advantage of by any class or combine, to arouse them to assert themselves, but I also am sure that in their zeal for the welfare of their readers, they should at least be careful that they present facts only and to try to be fair to those interests which they attack.

In the article referred to you apparently have very little regard for either facts or fairness.

To quote your article, you say:—"There is a factory down in Eastern Canada where they make boots. Things are so perfectly managed that the exact cost of any pair of boots can be ascertained in a few minutes. Now a certain pair cost for production one dollar and eighty-three cents. These boots were sold to a wholesale dealer for $2.78 and sent by that firm to their Winnipeg branch, the cost of shipment being 11c.

"The wholesale house sold to a country merchant for $3.29. The country merchant, after paying all costs, marks the boots at $4.50 as a special bargain.

"On the same day a farmer comes into the store with 30 doz. of eggs, which the merchant purchased for 15c. per doz., giving in exchange the pair of boots. These eggs he shipped to Winnipeg to a wholesale provision house at 18c. per doz. the express being 2c. per doz. The wholesale house disposed of them to a retail dealer at 24c. per doz. and in a few hours the customers had bought up the lot at 30c.

"Now apart from the figures this is the picture of an actual transaction. Nor are the figures so wide of the mark. Let any one who is curious make an actual examination and discover the facts for himself."

As regards the first part of this transaction, namely, the cost of the boots to the manufacturer, I know nothing whatever and shall therefore leave that part entirely alone, but the part that has connection with the retail merchant I know from A to Z, not by what I have heard from some one else but by an actual experience of 16 years in business and I am sure that my experience is practically the same as the large majority of merchants.

In the last paragraph you say, "Now apart from figures this is the picture of an actual transaction." What do you mean by that? If you admit that the figures are not to be relied on, but were simply creations of your imagination, what was the object of this tirade? If it was not your intention to make your readers believe that this was the picture of an actual transaction and to warn them against this state of affairs, then I fail to see why you should take up your valuable space with a fairy tale of this kind.

We again repeat that we do not know the cost to the manufacturer of any particular line of boots, but our boots are bought from the firm who we believe has the best values, and fully 90% of them come direct from the maker, and absolutely the only cost between the factory and our store is the freight. Then again a pair of boots that costs us $2.78 at the factory or $2.88 landed in our store would be sold at a very much less price than $4.50 without any "Special Bargain." But the part of your story and that is truly ridiculous, and the facts of which can be easily obtained by anyone desirous of arriving at the truth, is that part which deals with the eggs. Eggs that cost the country merchant 15c. per doz. do not sell to the wholesaler at 18c., eggs that sell to the wholesaler at 18c. do not sell to the city stores at 24c. and eggs that cost the country merchant 15c. do not retail in the city for 30c. per doz. but would be retailed in Winnipeg at from 20c. to 22c.

As regards your statement that the country merchant makes a profit on the eggs that he handles I might say that, not only does he not make any profit, but he actually loses money on practically every dollar's worth of produce that he buys.

In order to more clearly show that your statement in this regard is entirely at variance with the facts it is only neecessary for me to say that I am prepared to enter into a yearly contract with any firm or individual and will agree to sell all the produce that we handle at a discount of 10% less than the price we pay for it and I am sure that there are hundreds of merchants in the country that would be glad to get rid of their produce on the same terms.

As regards your statement that the wholesale merchant makes 6c. per doz. profit on eggs which he handles, you are certainly paying a poor tribute to the intelligence of your readers if you expect them to believe anything so ridiculous. You must also have a very poor opinion of the business ability of the retailers of Winnipeg if they would submit to being charged a profit of 6c. per doz. by the wholesaler, when a few post cards sent to the country merchants would bring them thousands of dozens without any cost to them whatever between the country store and their own except the freight charges.

We ship a large quantity of our produce direct to the consumers in the city, we ship considerable to the city retail trade, but the wholesale merchants who do handle eggs sell them on commission at from ¾ to 1 cent per doz. This can easily be proven to your own satisfaction if you will only ask any wholesale produce dealer in Winnipeg.

There is just one other thing in your letter which deserves notice and that is the reference made to an article published in a Winnipeg newspaper showing that on every beef steer sold by the farmer, the abattoir men made a profit of $15.40 and the retail butcher $15.80, because as you state "There is a combination among the dealers in meat." Now this would very naturally lead those who did not know the facts, to conclude that "the combination" was between the abattoir men and the retail butcher, whereas in those articles in the Winnipeg Telegram it was absolutely proven that the retail butcher, no only had no part in the combination, but that his profits, (considering the amount of work and risk in handling the beef and delivering it to all parts of the city), was very reasonable indeed.

G. W. Stockton.

Carlyle, Sask., April 13th, 1910.

[Editor's note:—We have to thank Mr. Stockton for this letter, and we are not altogether surprised that looking at the matter from his own viewpoint he should have failed, in a measure, to get the moral of the whole article. As a matter of fact on the day the article was written the editor received from the country a case of eggs which cost 25 cents a dozen—although the cost in the retail stores of the city was 40 cents a dozen. This is just the difference given in the Monthly. We do not care to apportion the profits among the various middlemen. If there were no wholesaler in the business the retailer made it all; if the wholesaler made a large profit the retailer made so much less. The point of our article was that the difference between the first cost and the final selling price is too great. It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Stockton can prove his innocence. Yet there is an Ethiopian somewhere and this is why we ask our readers to institute inquiries, or to urge for the appointment of a proper commission to inquire honestly and fully into this whole question. To-day my neighbor received the best of table-butter from a farmer at 25 cents. The retail store is selling the same article at 35 cents. Our editorial of March simply named all the possible middlemen by way of illustration but was careful not to be exact as to figures outside of original cost and cost to the consumer.]

Alfred Austin: To whatever language one turns one finds that its oldest monuments were song.

Get out of the rut

Give your buildings the benefit of progress—same as you give the farm itself. Cover every building on the farm with Genasco Ready Roofing—the economical roofing that protects and lasts.

Genasco Ready Roofing

is made of Trinidad Lake asphalt—Nature's everlasting waterproofer. It prevents cracks, breaks, and leaks, and does away with damage and repairs. Easily applied without experienced help.

The Kant-leak Kleet does away entirely with cement and large-headed nails. Keeps seams absolutely watertight. Saves time in laying. Makes a beautiful finish. Ask for Genasco rolls with the Kleet packed in them.

Ask your dealer for Genasco. Mineral or smooth surface. Be sure you see the hemisphere trade mark. A written guaran[illegible] if you want it. Gold medal (highest award) Seattle, 1909. Write for samples and th[illegible]d Roof Guide Book.

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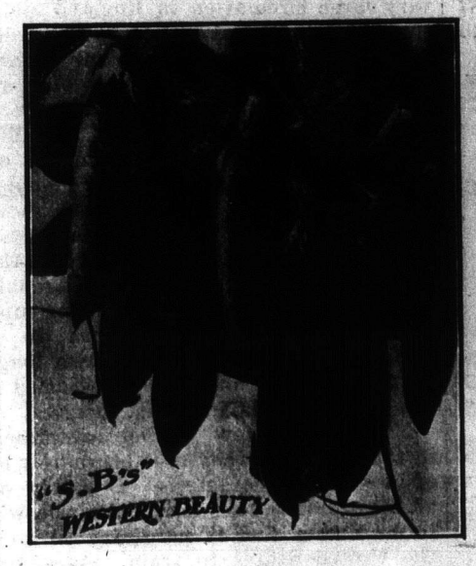

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Women's Quiet Hour.

A Summer on the Canadian Prairie.

I did not expect the May issue to contain anything about Miss Georginia Binnie-Clark, but during April I not only received her book, the title of which appears at the head of this paragraph, but I had a visit from Miss Clark on her way westward to her farm at South Qu'Appelle. She was accompanied by two of the farm pupils about whom I spoke last month and four others will join her in May, and the future will tell whether or not this is a wise experiment. I am not going to say anything further along that line, but I do wish to say something about her book. It is a plain, every-day story of life on the prairie by Old Country people who have not the faintest idea of the proper way to do things. The two Englishmen are drawn from life, as many thousands of Canadians will be prepared to swear when they read the book, and I think that we owe Miss Clark a debt of gratitude in that she has dared to describe truly and faithfully the inefficient Englishman in all his inefficiency. The book is having a very large circulation in England and it should serve to make plain to the people of England why a certain class of Englishmen has been, especially in the past, so extremely unpopular in the West. The same description by a Canadian would have been an offence, but by one of their own country-women it should be accepted without question and should do good.

Another advantage in the book is that it points out very clearly the hardships which inexperienced people bring upon themselves when they refuse to be quided by those who have been longer in the country and are accustomed to the best methods in doing things.

There are a few glaring inaccuracies in the book, but they are fortunately not of a serious character. Probably one of the worst is that Canadians who wish to be nurses find it necessary to go to the United States to train. As a matter of fact, in all the large hospitals of the Western States there are to be found Canadian trained nurses occupying the most important positions.

An objection which I took to the book on first reading was the implication that Canadians, as Canadians, were always lying in wait to take advantage of green English people. I discussed this point with Miss Clark while she was in Winnipeg, and she was quite surprised at having created such an impression. She said it had been entirely unintentional, and I was quite convinced that her statement is correct. Unfortunately this does not do away with the undertone in the book, which I am afraid will suggest to many English readers that Canadians look upon English immigrants as their lawful prey. I would not for a moment deny that some Canadians have taken undue advantage of some inexperienced English people, but that it is a general practice I would be prepared to deny very stoutly.

Miss Clark has another book already in the press, which gives in detail her three years' experience of living on and actually working her own farm, and if it gives as generally a correct picture as the one just published, it should make both interesting and profitable reading. No one can meet Miss Clark without being impressed with the sincerity of her intentions, though she has made mistakes in the past and will no doubt make others in the course of attempting to make practical farmers out of some of her country-women. One thing, however, must be cited in her favor and that is, she most certainly does not attempt to give an unduly rosy picture of life on the prairies, while at the same time she makes it abundantly clear that the woman who comes out willing to work at hard and disagreeable work for a time will certainly have opportunities of getting on which would never come to her in her native land.

Misrepresentation.

The importance of having Canada truthfully represented to intending women immigrants cannot be over estimated, and in the past sufficient care has not been taken in this direction. No later than the middle of April a girl came out to Canada wholly on the recommendation of an article which she had seen in "The Lady," which was written by Mrs. George Crann, who made a trip through the Canadian West under the auspices of the Canadian Government with a view to her enquiring into and describing the opportunities for Old Country women in the Canadian West. This girl was young, pretty and wholly inexperienced, and while her ticket read through to Vancouver she landed in Halifax with just fifteen shillings in her pocket, and only the very haziest idea of the length of time required to get to Vancouver and the expenses of meals, etc., en route. Very fortunately for her, her case was brought to the attention of the daughter of a prominent B. C. official, who had crossed in the same vessel, and she took a kindly interest in the girl and probably she will arrive at her destination all right and safe, but I cannot suppress a shiver to think of what might have become of her had not this woman so kindly come to her assistance. It is appalling to think of young and inexperienced girls being tempted to venture alone and without money into a new country where they know nothing of the customs and conditions, and it is the more appalling when we realize that they have been tempted to this course by an article written by women who should know better. Mrs. Crann is also responsible for a number of maternity nurses coming to this country with the idea that there is a keen demand for their services in country districts. That there is a need for nurses in country districts no one will deny, but there is no organization at the present time which would be in a position to guarantee such nurses at least a living wage, and it is not possible for them to make a living wage in a country district unless they have some such backing. At the present time there are no less than six nurses from the Old Country in the city of Winnipeg, who, coming out under the mistaken idea that they were badly needed, have tried nursing in the country, found it an utter failure and have been obliged to come into Winnipeg where they find it extremely difficult to get work because they are maternity nurses pure and simple and cannot take general cases, and as a rule the certificates which they hold are not highly valued out here.

May 24th Carnival.

To the women in Manitoba and the less remote parts of Saskatchewan, I would like to say something about the carnival that will be held on May 24th to raise funds for the building of a Convalescent Home. The railways are going to run cheap excursions to Winnipeg, which will be good from the 23rd of May to the 26th or 27th, and to the woman who has been tied at home all winter this should be a good opportunity to get into the city to do some shopping and have a little fun. The carnival is to be something quite novel. There will be first of all a grand street parade with floats representing the various industries of Winnipeg; the old and new methods of transport; and many other interesting features. There will be bands, military escorts, and all kinds of bright doings. This parade will wind up at the exhibition ground somewhere about noon and then there will be horse races, automobile races, musical rides, a polo match, high tea and other attractions for the afternoon. In the evening there will be a masked ball followed by fireworks, and one of the events of the day will be the crowning of the Queen of the Carnival. This queen will be chosen by popular vote, every one wishing to vote paying the sum of ten cents for the privilege, which ten cents will go to swell the building fund of the Convalescent Home. The getting up of this carnival is in the hands of the ladies of the Convalescent Home Board, and like true Canadians, they are utilizing this opportunity to raise money for this much needed home, and at the same time to present a pageant which will be patriotic and in keeping with the spirit of the day, which, as Canadians, we hold in reverence as the birthday of Victoria the Good. It seems to me that a day spent at a pageant of this kind would be both a relief and an inspiration, and I hope that this announcement will reach at least some of my readers soon enough for them to make arrangements to come in. If they do, I can promise them a day of real enjoyment.

Poultry Prizes.

I have some good news for the boys and girls in Manitoba especially. The Board of the Winnipeg Poultry Association has decided that in future they will give prizes for the exhibits of poultry made by the boys and girls. The plans are somewhat indefinite at present and there will be more to say about it later on, but I thought an early mention might induce some of the boys and girls to start for themselves in poultry in a small way this spring. I think the age limit is to be under fifteen, and I know of at least three handsome prizes that have been promised towards this scheme. Mrs. Cooper, of Treesbank, who is so well known as a breeder of Barred Rocks, is taking a keen interest in the working out of the scheme. At the Manitoba Poultry Show at Brandon there were prizes for classes of poultry shown by youths under eighteen years of age, but Winnipeg is going to do better than that—make the age limit lower and include the girls as well as the boys. I think this should be a very interesting competition and one well worth entering for. I shall endeavor to keep the boys and girls posted from time to time as the plans are more matured.

Correspondence.

I have not had so many letters this month as last, but I have had one or two kind letters and several additional poems sent in, and I am giving two of them this month, following the order in which they were recived. I think readers will find them both helpful, and I am sincerely obliged to the women who have taken the trouble to copy them so neatly and send them in. By the way, I have had one or two requests to have my picture run in the page so that my readers may see what I look like. I am sorry I cannot oblige them in this particular, but I have a perfect horror of seeing myself in a photograph without going the length of putting that photograph in a magazine. I can truthfully assure my readers that they are not missing much by not seeing my picture, and by way of compensation I shall endeavor in the next few months to run the pictures of one or two of the successful women writers, whose books have been mentioned from time to time on this page.

I am glad to have a letter from McCreary, Man., in which the writer not only encloses a poem, but speaks in the following manner about farmers' clubs. I entirely agree with her that the hours kept by the Grain Growers' Association would never do for women with little children.

McCreary, Man., April 1, 1910.

I was much interested in your talk on farmers' clubs and wish more of them could be formed, but I am afraid that only a few women would take part in them in many parts of the country. Most of them seem to think such things only waste time; and it seems so hard for a farmer's wife to get the time from her work, especially where one woman

has it all to do. However, I think if we could only get really interested we could make the time once in a while.

The Grain Growers' here have invited the women to join them but they hold their meetings at such an unearthly hour, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m., and such an hour cannot suit women who have small children, however important the discussion.—R. R.

FAVORITE POEMS.

How Did You Do It?

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
O, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it.
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only—how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face,
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce,
Be proud of your blackened eye,
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,
It's how did you fight—and why?

And tho' you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only—how did you die?

"Thy Will be Done."

I cannot always see the way that leads
To heights above;
I sometimes quite forget that He leads on
With hands of love;
But yet I know the path must lead me to
Immanuel's land.
And when I reach life's summit I shall know
And understand.

I cannot always trace the onward course
My ship must take,
But looking backward, I behold afar
It's shining wake
Illumined with God's light of love; and so
I onward go,
In perfect trust, that He who holds the helm
The course must know.

I cannot always see the plan on which
He builds my life;
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on blow,
The nose of strife,
Confuse me till I quite forget He knows
And oversees,
And that in all details with His good plan
My life agrees.

I cannot always know and understand
The Master's rule;
I cannot always do the tasks He gives
In life's hard school;
But I am learning, with His help, to solve
Them one by one,
And when I cannot understand, to say
"Thy will be done."

Scotland Yet!

Gae, bring my gude auld harp ance mair,
Gae, bring it free and fast;
For I maun sing anither sang
Ere a' my glee be past!
And trow ye, as I sing, my lads,
The burden o't shall be
Aud Scotland's homes, and Scotland's knowes,
And Scotland's hills for me!
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi a' the honors three!"

—Henry Scott Riddell.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Rev. Dr. Shearer: Many a man has become a criminal because, as a little child, he lived in hunger and destitution.

Police Magistrate Daly: Street corner loafers must have more substantial means of support than brick walls if they are to be countenanced in Winnipeg.

Elbert Hubbard: The savings-bank habit means sound sleep, good digestion, cool judgment, and manly independence.

William Waldorf Astor: Canada has adopted a policy of welcoming only those immigrants who are to engage in farming. The United States seems to give preference to organ grinders and banana peddlers.

Sir Ernest Shackleton: Before a sailor is forty he has sailed in every sea in the world, but he has no home comforts, no representation in parliament, no vote.

Lord Kitchener: The old Greeks did not want silver cups or medals as athletic prizes, but were content with a simple laurel leaf. To win it picked men had to be temperate and self-sacrificing.

Lord Grey: There are three things necessary for a speech. The first is to stand up, the second to speak up, and the third (and perhaps the most important of all) is to be able to shut up.

His Majesty, King Edward: The concord of Christendom is unbroken, and rarely in history has the idea of war seemed more repulsive, or the desire for peace been more widely cherished throughout my Empire.

Jane Addams: A few more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint in temper, may make all the difference between happiness and half-happiness to those we live with.

Ex-Governor Glenn, of North Carolina: I drink up a dollar and there goes a good cotton hat, doesn't it? I drink up 75 cents and there goes my shirt; $2, and there go my shoes, and I drink up $3 and away goes my breeches—and I ain't going any further.

James J. Hill: Even in this generation and this age, said to be enlightened, there is immense credulity. In spite of printers' ink and universal education men and women troop in droves to consult clairvoyants, seventh sons and stock brokers.

William Rockefeller: Education is common, but brains are as highly quoted as ever. The manager of a New York street car line said he could man all the cars with masters of arts in 24 hours, while the man who would manage the system would probably be a brainy, capable fellow innocent of college ways.

Andrew Carnegie: On the field of carnage men lose all human instincts in the struggle to protect themselves. The true heroism inspired by courage prompts firemen, policemen, sailors, miners and others to volunteer to risk their lives to save the lives of their fellow men.

Rev. Dr. H. T. Hunter: The greatest difficulty with all foreigners is the difference of language, and it is hard for us to understand how cruel a barrier it is. The greatest hindrance to the acquirement of English by foreigners is our awful method of spelling. There are thousands of the older immigrants in this country who would already have a good knowledge of English, if they had not been prevented by this unfortunate obstacle.

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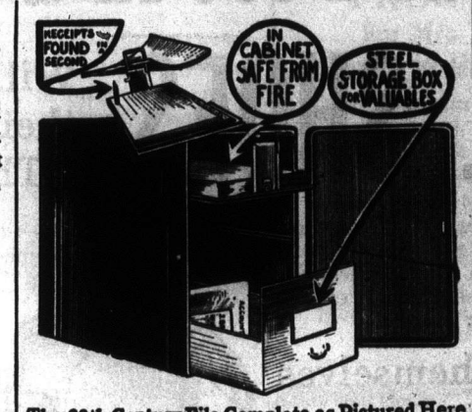

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What to Wear and When to Wear it.

Spring has been so early this year, the last storm excepted, that it is surprising how advanced the season seems in the matter of the materials being offered. Linen suits and cotton goods of all kinds have been very much in evidence during the past month and dressmakers say they can hardly draw breath, so busy are they in making up genuinely summer gowns. Embroidered linens will have a great run, and in addition to those which come to us from Ireland and which hitherto have been the leaders, we are now having shown beautiful hand-embroidered linen dresses which are the work of the women in Mexican convents and some of the South Sea islands. The price at which many of these linen gowns are offered is so low as to make one almost ashamed to buy and wear them.

Things in General.

Very many people had the idea, early in the season, that because the waist was to be sharply outlined that therefore the one-piece gown was going out. This is altogether a mistake, and in wash fabrics particularly the one-piece gown is more popular than ever. One of the most popular models for these dresses has the panel effect in front and back with the tight waist band at the side and the kilted or gathered flounce. The kilted flounce is usually seen in the heavier materials, such as the linens, cotton drills and heavy chambrays, while the gathered flounce is used for the lawns, crepes and dimities. Many of these gowns are decorated with hand embroidery in geometrical designs. A very pretty one of silver grey cotton crepe had a band of embroidery of masonic emblems in white rope silk on the grey and on either side of this band, which extended from the shoulder to the feet, there were bands of torchon insertion. The embroidery and insertion was used also on the sleeves and neck band, and the whole effect was extremely smart.

Wash Gowns.

One of the loveliest gowns that I have seen in a long day was made of silver grey Japan silk; not such a silk however, as we have been accustomed to associate with that name. It was a heavy and extremely lustrous fabric, somewhat resembling in weight the old Irish poplins that were the pride and delight of our great-great-grandmothers. This silk has quite a little history. It is made by hand by blind girls in Japan in a school which has been established for them by the missionaries of the Anglican Church, and the product of their looms is sold to help support the schools. The woof of this silk was pure white and the warp was black, the combination giving it the genuine silver color. The extreme lustre of the goods, however, is a secret of the school.

Japanese Silks.

The costume referred to was made with a plain gored skirt over which there was a princess tunic with a point in front falling to within ten inches of the bottom of the skirt. The yoke was of genuine silver net and was edged round with a single fold of turquoise blue silk, herringboned with grey to match the dress. At the corners of the yoke in front and closing the dress down the back were the most dainty flower rosettes o fthe grey silk studded with French knots. The three-quarter sleeves had cuffs of the net finished with the band of blue. To complete the costume there was an absolutely plain tailored coat of the silk, three quarters in length with the shawl collar, and the only decoration was three large wrought silver buttons with centres of sparkling cut jet. One of the special charms of this particular weave of silk is that it washes like a cotton rag, sheds dust and will stand the very roughest wear.

R. R. writes me from McCreary, Man., as to the price of cotton crepes. These fabrics vary somewhat in quality and may be bought from fifteen to thirty-five cents a yard and may be had this year in all shades. In the neutral colors perhaps the prettiest is the silver grey. In positive colors the navy blue, new French blue and paddy green are good, while in the pastel shades are to be found the loveliest mauves, pinks, blues and greens. Some of these crepes are mercerized, which heightens their beauty and is not lost in the washing. One advantage of this particular make of cotton goods is that it is extremely easy to launder.

Cotton Crepes.

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The Popularity of Beauty Culture.

By Abby Beatrice Knowles.

Within the past few years, the attention of the feminine world has been particularly drawn to scientific beauty culture, and many of our leading magazines and women's journals have devoted much space to a discussion of the varied methods of preserving and beautifying the face and figure. The opinions of famous beauties as to the most proficient methods of developing and maintaining that personal charm everywhere recognized as woman's most desirable attribute, has been eagerly read by thousands of women and girls who

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naturally take a deep interest in that which has to do with improving their personal appearance.

The woman or girl who has acquired a thorough scientific knowledge of the art of beauty culture now has a decided advantage over those who follow the various callings usually allotted to women. Indeed, it seems to be an ideal occupation, and the fact that it offers rare money-making opportunities to the woman who must earn her own livelihood, acounts for the popularity of, and great interest shown in, scientific beauty culture.

Earning a living has never been considered an easy task for the mother, wife or daughter. The woman of daintiness and refinement quite naturally dreaded even the thought of the drudgery of disagreeable work midst uncongenial surroundings. Her natural womanly sense of delicacy and exclusion did not equip her to withstand the suffering incident to indiscriminate contact. Evolution, however, has come to the rescue and provided a place in the business world for the proud, dignified woman or girl who desires to succeed. How has this come about?

The generations have come to realize that beauty's mission is an exalted one and its dominating influence a power to be reckoned with. Ever since Mother Eve opened her wondering eyes upon the new-born earth has woman's influence, her physical and mental charm been acknowledged as a potent factor in the destiny of the world. Down through the ages has this remarkable, mysterious, fascinating attraction, the compelling influence of woman's beauty, been felt. When history has noted that the radiant charms of fair Helen of Troy bewildered the Athenians and plunged the Trojans into a terrible war; that Cleopatra's winsome wiles caused Mark Anthony to consider the whole world well lost, and other famous beauties of mediaeval times brought the rulers of great empires to do their bidding, is it any wonder that those women of the world who read and think have been profoundly impressed by the fact that beauty is a power and to cultivate it an advantage? They see girls of humble station attain positions of great prominence through beauty and rare personal charm. They have come to recognize that beauty's path is one of royal progress and that the world willingly pays homage. They become possessed with the desire to make the most of themselves so as to win favor and to hold it, and realize that one of the prime essentials is physical beauty and so seek to enhance that which God has given them.

It is quite natural that they should turn for assistance to the trained beauty culturist who, as one of her own sex, does not under-estimate the importance of its highest culture as a means of happiness and advancement. The expert manicurist, hair dresser and masseuse thus finds abundant demand for the employment of her skill and seems to take great pleasure in the select calling which assists women to daily grow more beautiful and attractive.

Are Men Better Cooks than Women ?

The kitchen department seems to be so entirely a woman's sphere that one would probably scoff at "men-cooks" if it were not so obvious that men-folk excel in culinary work.

In all places where good cooking is a necessity it is the general rule that the head of affairs should be a man. A chef presides over the King's kitchen, and men-cooks are the all-important geniuses who prepare the menus of the best and most exclusive hotels and college kitchens.

Upon the surface it appears an anomaly that men should excel in women's work, but the reason of their success is not far to seek.

A man regards the work of cooking as an art, while a woman looks upon it as one of the many duties that fall to her share to perform. A man gives his whole attention to his work, while a woman will cook a dinner and do several other things as well. She may look upon this as a saving of time, but it is doubtful if it is real economy. While she runs upstairs to perform a small duty the joint may burn, so that, if not absolutely ruined, its delicate flavor is lost, as well as its nutritive juices.

It will come to the table dry and unappetizing; and this is true in the case of sweets and sauces.

A woman does not appreciate the value of detail in cooking. Gravy is a fluid that can be "knocked up" in a few moments, and sauces are a glorified form of starch-making.

A man realizes that the subtle blending of various ingredients produces a result that women will enjoy with a sense of wonderment. They will eagerly beg for the recipe, and cannot believe that anything so delicious can be produced from such ingredients.

Most women regard the stock-pot as a "nasty, messy thing," but a man-cook will declare that he owes the delicate flavor of his soups and sauces to the despised utensil, and he will add that the slow, steady process of simmering produces a much more fragrant and satisfactory result, than the most expensive flavorings and essences added at the last moment.

In fact, a man looks upon the art of cooking as a profession. He learns every branch of detail as thoroughly as if he were preparing for the career of a doctor, and the result justifies the care and thought he has expended in study. A good man-cook is always appreciated. He can command a situation, for, however much other trades may languish, there is always a good, steady demand for well-cooked food. A man-cook, too, is well paid. His employers recognize his value, and his wages are liberal. Indeed, the princely salaries of some chefs are proverbial, and the head cooks of the college kitchens at Oxford and Cambridge frequently find their work far more lucrative than the learned professors who enjoy the excellent viands they provide.

But there is just as much scope for women in the art of cooking as men. It is work that should appeal to the female instinct, for there is always a tangible result to show for labor.

The hands of women are naturally delicate and light, and they are much more suited to the dainty art of pastry-making than those of a man. The work of cooking, too, is interesting, and it gives scope for a woman's inventive and ingenious faculty.

But women will never succeed as cooks unless they recognize the dignity of their work. They will spend hours over a monotonous and depressing piece of typewriting, because they consider the occupation "ladylike," while they would dub the art of cooking "menial work."

But there is much more skill required in the preparation of appetizing dishes than in deciphering indifferent writing; and women need to realize that a good economical cook is a priceless treasure to her husband and household.

In the olden days great ladies appreciated the value of cooking. They learned it thoroughly, and were renowned for their wonderful concoctions; and in these days of rush and stress it must surely be an advantage for a girl to know the details of a profession that will never fail her.

Men realize the remunerative results of the art of cooking. Why should women, who now assume to be the equal of mankind, allow them to excel in a branch of labor that should be entirely feminine?

Women are naturally good cooks. Why should they not adhere to Nature and become adepts in a profession for which they are eminently suited?

Sir George Reid: When I come to an obstacle I try to knock it down. If I don't succeed, I try to climb over it, and if I can't manage that I attempt to creep under it. Sometimes that, too, is impossible; so next I try to go round it. Finally, I lie down and sleep in its shade. When I awake, the obstacle has generally disappeared altogether, but if it is still there the sleep has done me so much good I can generally clear it somehow.

How Women and Girls Earn Money

Thousands Are Deserting the Old Vocations of Dress-making, Stenography and Housework for New Profession.

"Western Home Monthly" Free Coupon for Mrs. Knowles' Book "Lessons by Mail---Beauty Culture."

Abby Beatrice Knowles, the woman who has been instrumental in establishing thousands of women and girls in the profession of Beauty Culture throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain, has recently arranged for the free distribution of literature, designed especially for women and girls who would take up Beauty Culture as a profession.

Included with the free literature which is now being sent to all applicants is a beautifully illustrated book, containing nearly one hundred life-like illustrations and photographic reproductions showing the wonderful opportunities for the Manicurist, the Hair Dresser and the Masseuse; it describes a wonderfully simple and practical way to learn to become an expert in the various branches of Beauty Culture and shows how a Beauty Parlor can be started at home at very little expense, or how a visiting practice (calling at the homes of select patrons) can be conducted.

Mrs. Knowles declares that there is not another profession for women that offers the opportunities for travel, seeing the world, for making money, for placing women and girls on an independent basis and in refined and pleasant surroundings, as does the profession of Beauty Culture.

During a recent tour of the United States and Canada she interviewed many women and girls who held positions as clerks, stenographers, dressmakers and domestic servants, as well as many unemployed; and the intelligence, ambition and desire for advancement shown by these women clearly proved their fitness for this new, dignified and profitable profession.

Arrangements have been made to send the literature and book, to all women and girl readers of the Western Home Monthly and Mrs. Knowles requests that the fathers, mothers and brothers of young ladies assist in drawing attention to this announcement. Only 50,000 copies of the book have been printed. Those who wish a copy should cut out the coupon below at once and mail it to: Abby Beatrice Knowles, 2236 Eighth Avenue, New York.

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For Mrs. Knowles' Book
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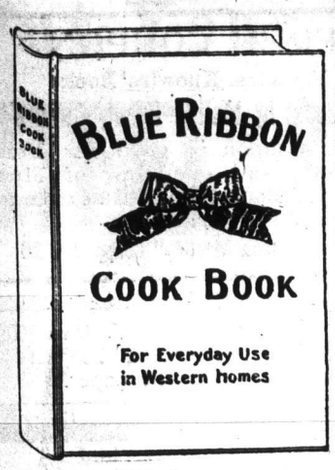

AFTER you use it awhile, you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Everything is so simple and clear and practical it's just like having some wise old cook at your elbow. And with so many dishes to choose from, both old and new, there's no need of cooking the same old things time after time.

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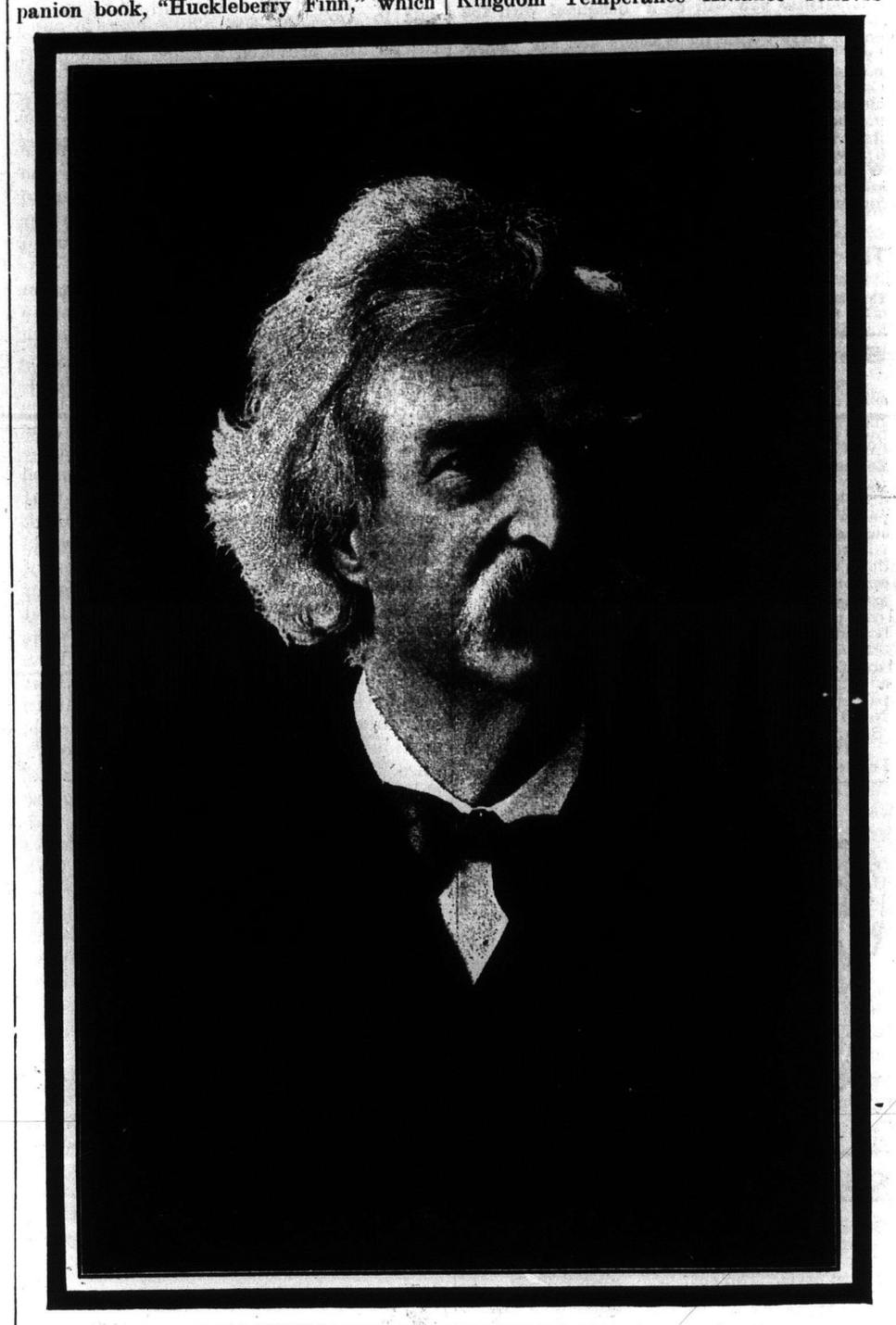
The Philosopher.

(Continued from Page 34.)

A GREAT MAN GONE.

The most notable death of the past month has been that of Samuel Langhorn Clemens, who the world—no longer able to smile at his celebrated jest that the report of his death were "greatly exaggerated"—knew as Mark Twain. He wrote many books, in many styles. That he could write with terrible earnestness he proved more than once, notably when he published his attack on King Leopold for his connection with the cruelties in the Congo. His earlier books were not without some coarseness in their humor, but "Tom Sawyer," published in 1876, placed him in the front rank of American writers. It ranks with anything of the kind ever written by any one. It and its companion book, "Huckleberry Finn," which



Samuel Langhorn Clemens (Mark Twain

appeared nine years later, are his best monument; of all his books, those two are the most likely ti live long. What more lifelike transcript from life, what truer self-revealment of boy nature, could there be than is contained in these two books? He was much more than a humorist, though he was a humorist to the last; as he advanced in years his sense of humor, as he might have said, took on a more serious phase, and he used it valiantly as a weapon against corruption, hyprocrisy and cant. He was already an old man when, like Sir Walter Scott, he faced the undertaking of paying off a very large indebtedness, due to the failure of a publishing firm in which he was a partner; he found himself morally responsible, and by the proceeds of his globe-encircling lecture tour, he cleared off that responsibility. He was a great man, a good man and a gifted man.

GREAT BRITAIN'S LIQUOR BILL.

An official statement has just been published, showing the comparison between the state of the liquor traffic in Great Britain last year and the year before. The total expenditure of the United Kingdom on alcoholic liquors during 1909 is given as $775,812,425, as compared with $805,802.410 in 1908, showing a reduction of $29,989,985. On spirits the decrease was $24,000,000, with a decrease in consumption of 7,022,775 gallons. On beer the decrease was $5,930,000, with a decrease in consumption of 645.396 barrels. On wines, on the other hand, there was an increase of $465,000, with an increase in consumption of 103,744 gallons. If there had been no increase in prices, as the result of the Lloyd George budget, the actual decrease in the quantity consumed would have meant a reduction of $55,739,985. The secretary of the United Kingdom Temperance Alliance believes that the increased price of spirits is "the chief factor in causing the enormous reduction of over 7,000,000 gallons in the quantity of spirits consumed." This opinion is not shared by the London Times, which believes there was "another and more permanent cause," namely, a steady advance in the habits of the people in the direction of abstemiousness. Very possibly both causes have been operative. A conclusion that can be drawn from these statistics, if we accept the view taken by the secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, is that they do not serve to support the theory of Henry George that the best way to fight intemperance is to alobish licenses and all taxes on whiskey and all restrictions upon its manufacture, thus making it so cheap and common that, everybody being able to have as much of it as he wants, few would want any of it.

Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—Riddle.

I am borne on the gale in the stillness of night,
A sentinel's signal that all is not right.
I am not a swallow, yet skim o'er the wave;
I am not a doctor, yet patients I save;
When the sapling has grown to a flourishing tree,
It finds a protector henceforward in me.

No. 2.—Concealed Word Square.

One word is hidden in each sentence.

1. You certainly did risk your life.
2. Will you bring the iron with you?
3. This bench is so low I can easily touch the ground.
4. Do you want Frank now?

No. 3.—A Saint in Bloom.

Place the names required in their order, and read in the initials the name of a river. It is also the name of a saint in a sacred legend.

1. The flower of the Bonapartes.
2. A shrub of old walls and stone heaps. The stalk is popular with little boys with a taste for manufactures.
3. The flower that Aspasia is said to have laid against her neck to cure the one blemish in her beauty.
4. A common plant in Eastern fields and Western prairies, with pretty flowers in various colors. It is always distinguished by the acid of its leaves.
5. A lovely spring flower, a favorite with the poets.
6. A flower of the garden; also of the swamp. It is related by name to the rainbow.
7. The flower for which Europe is indebted to the Empress Josephine.
8. A handsome native of the swamps; named for a nymph of Diana who was changed into this flower.

No. 4.—The Puzzle of the Hot Cross Buns.

"Hot-cross buns, hot-cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns.
If your daughters don't like them
Give them to your sons!

"Two a penny, three a penny,
Hot-cross buns.
I had as many daughters as I had sons,
So I gave them seven pennies
To buy their hot-cross buns."

The puzzle is to tell how many children there were and how many buns each received. The inference is clear that there are three sizes of buns—one for a penny, two for a penny and three for a penny. There were just as many boys as girls, and they were given seven pennies so as to treat each one alike.

No. 5.—Letter Enigma..

In "Mother," and "Home," those sweetest of names,
In "Pleasures" and "Festivals," "Pastimes," and "Games,"
In "Forests" and "Orchards," and "Flowers" so bright,
In "Morning" and "Evening," and in the dark "Night."
In "Oceans" and "Rivers," and in the "Deep Sea,"
In "Mountain" and "Valley," and "Meadow" and "Lea,"
In "Gardens" and "Garlands," and "Festoons" so fine,
In "Turkey" and "Austria," yet not on the Rhine.
In "Ohio" and "Iowa," and in "Illinois," too,
In the "Spring Time" so beautiful, in skies that are blue.
In the "Autumn" so lovely, in the "Corn" that's like gold,
In the "Winter" so chilly, in the "Ice" that's so cold.
In the "Thunder," the "Tempest," as you will agree,
At the end of the "Forest," at the top of the "Tree,"
In "Mechanics" and "Carpenters," and others quite skilled,
And now find a Queen who was cruelly killed.

No. 6.—Proverb Puzzle

Uncle Abner is not only very "weather-wise," but he is also very fond of proverbs, and quite as mysterious as well; so the last time he called we asked him what he thought we should have for weather, and he said, "I am going to give you some proverbs, and I want you to write them down, select one word from each to make another proverb, which will be the answer to your question; and if you will think it over, you can generally tell as well as I can the weather we are to have, for it is a sign that was never known to fail."

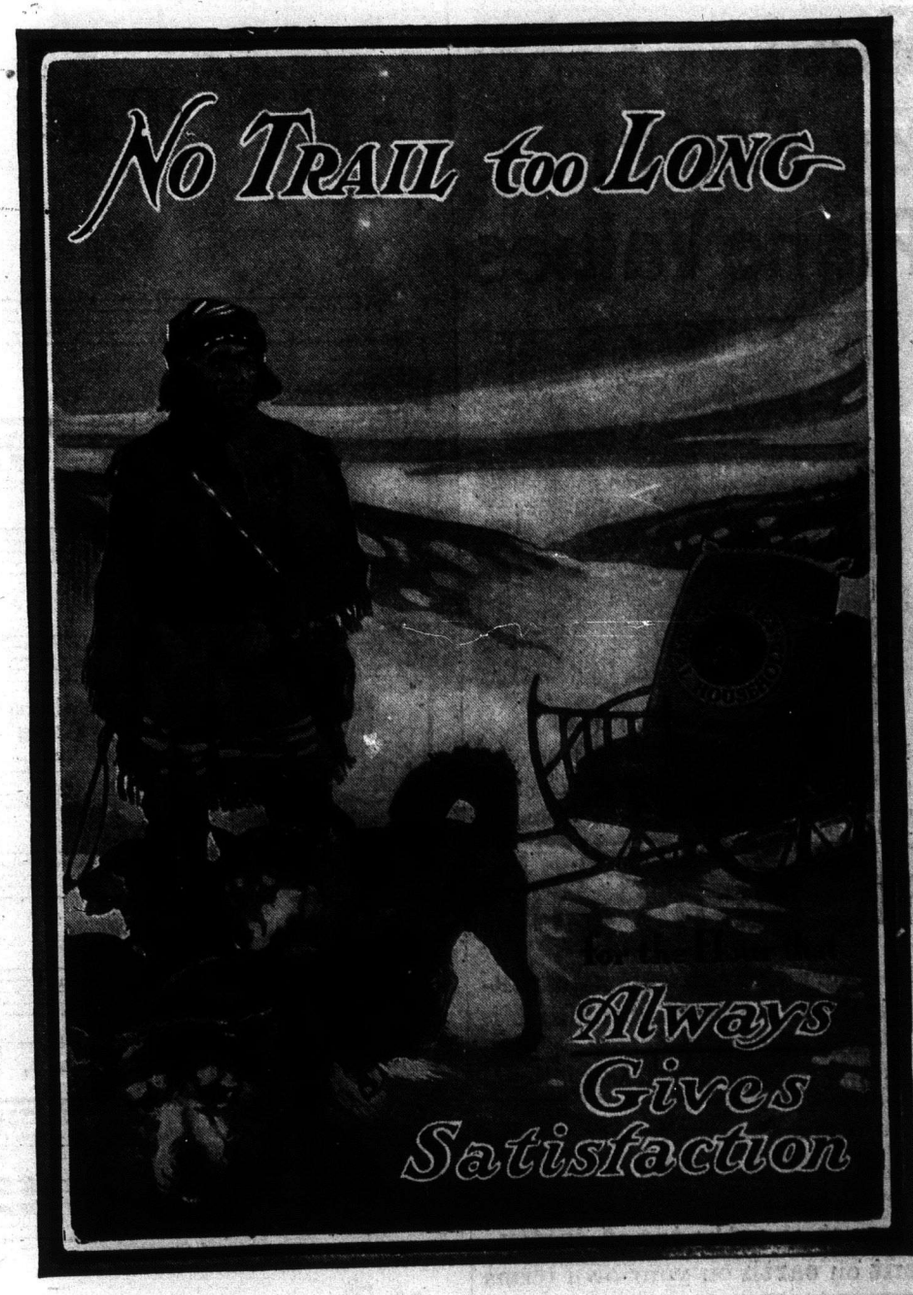
We wrote down the proverbs, and here they are:

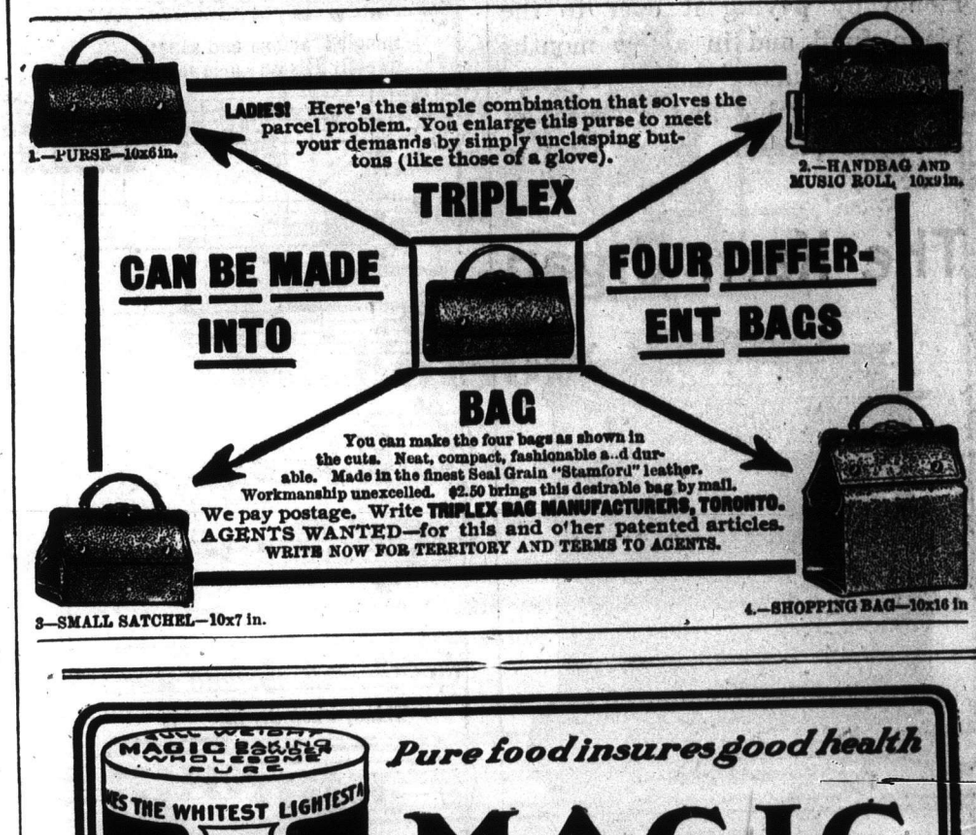
1. April showers bring forth May flowers.
2. A long harvest and little corn.
3. A hot May, a fat churchyard.
4. Medicines are not meant to live on.

We did as he requested, and easily found what he meant. Can you do so?

No. 7.—Riddle.

I am an interjection,
I am round and deep;
I am just and right,
In good health I keep.





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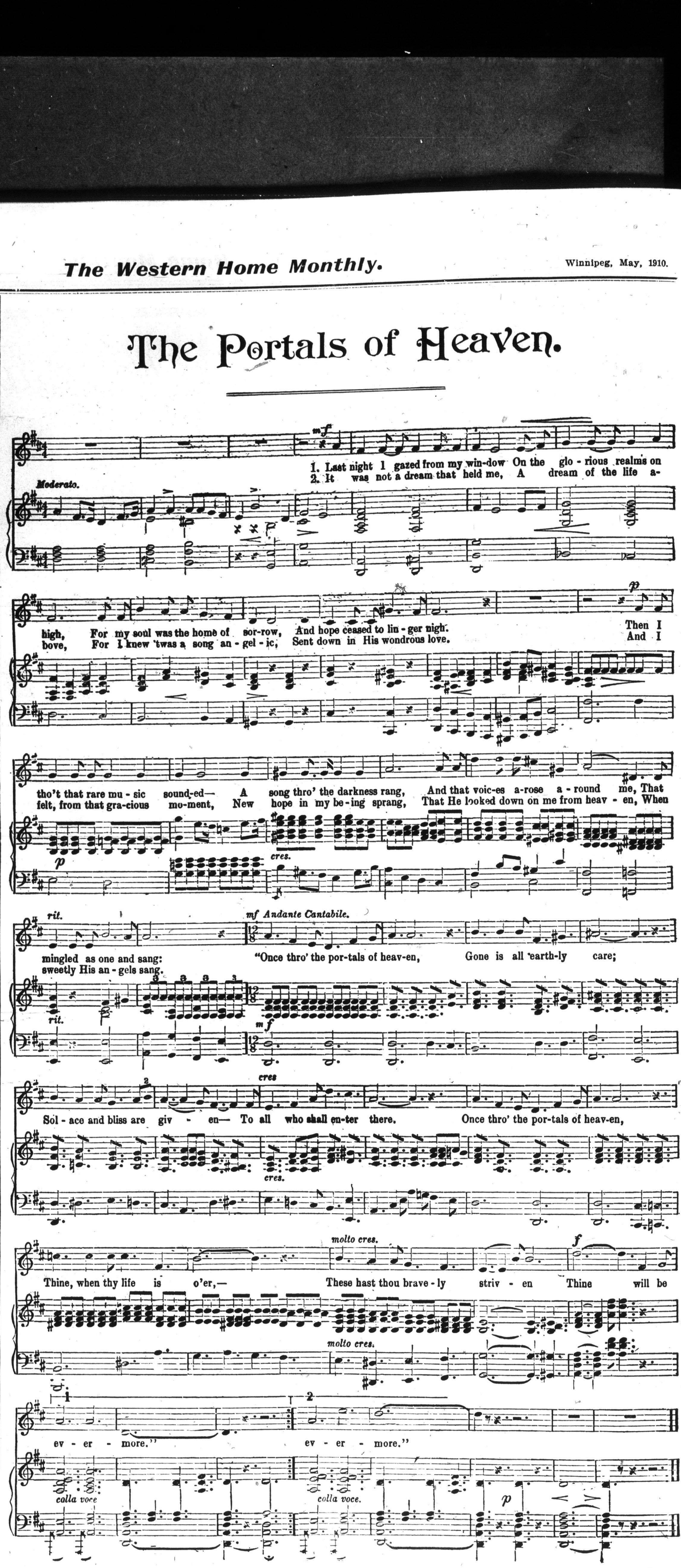

Music and the Drama.

The competitions for the trophies and prizes offered by Earl Grey for the best amateur musical and dramatic work brought forth an euconraging array of entries at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, lost month. The presence of Earl and Countess Grey lent the events an air of social eminence that does not often mark performances. Canada, so far as dramatic creations are concerned, labors under a distinct disadvantage, owing to its proximity to the United States, whence we may secure visits from the best companies of players that go on the road; and all, of course, using our own language. This fact will for years militate against the success of a national drama in this country. At the same time, the interpretation of music has made noteworthy progress, particularly in choral singing.

Madame Donalda, the famous Canadian Singer.

The special choir prize in singing was won by the choir of St. Paul's Methodist Church, Toronto, which has not hitherto been conspicuous. The Ottawa Symphony Orchestra won the orchestral prize for the third time, thus assuring them a recognized place among such organizations in Canada.

Perhaps most interest was taken, however, in the competition among the dramatic ompanies, which was won by the Dickens Fellowship Players in "The Cricket on the Hearth." This body has persisted in its efforts, year after year, and, in addition to its performances for the trophy, has played various Dickens dramas before large audiences.

There were numerous prizes for solo and piano work.

It is one's delightful duty to be able to bestow nothing but whole-souled, hearty and unstinted praise on the author and composer of "Miss Pepple of New York" produced last month for the first time on any stage at the Winnipeg theatre. Not only are sincere congratulations the just and well merited mead due to William Dichmont, the composer of the delightful and tuneful music and Stewart Blanchard, the author of the book and lyrics, the former containing some remarkably smart dialogue, but praise almost verging on the extravagant can be bestowed on both the principals and the chorus. This, of course, does not mean that the performance was faultless even from an amateur point of view; it would be absurb to give any such impression. But this much can be said, that taking into consideration the fact that it was a new play and that it was presented by amateurs, it was the best amateur performance seen in Winnipeg for many a long day.

The principal parts were taken by Miss Dorothy Castle who looked a perfect picture as Cynthia Darlymple, Miss Anna Bogart, who made a pretty Claire Temple W, D. Love who played with much ease as Barry Northcote, D. K. Horne who was artistically funny as Fitzhugh Malvern, Edgar S. Smith as the Earl of Beauchamp and last but by no means least, Mr. Blanchard, the author of the play, who made an exceedingly funny figure as Mrs. Carter, alias Miss Pepple.

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When Mr. Edison invented the Amberol Records he invented the longest Record ever made for a sound-reproducing machine. But the Amberol Record is not only longer; it is better. It is made from a new composition which makes a more perfect reproduction of music or the voice than any known method.

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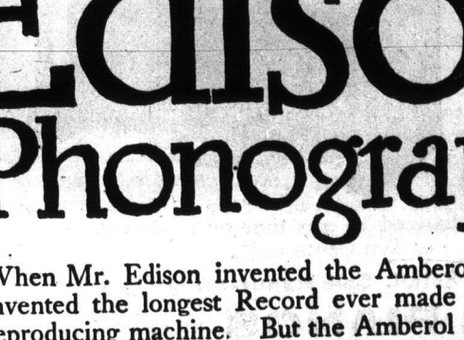

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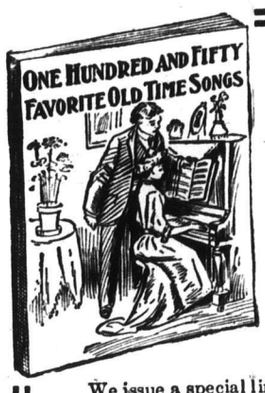

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With Words and Music Complete for

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This is a splendid collection of old-time songs and ballads—songs that touct the heart and recall the tenderest memories, many of them having been popular favorites for forty or fifty years and just as dearly loved to-day as when they were written. Each song is published in this book *with both words and music* complete and we question if there has ever been issued a book containing so large a collection of sterling favorites at so low a price. We will send this book postpaid to any address on receipt of 15 cents

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We issue a special line of popular priced novels by such famous authors as Conan Doyle, Mrs. Southworth "The Duchess," Alexander Dumas, etc., etc. Send us fifty cents for a trial order of a dozen books and we will include the Song Book free of charge. This offer is for a limited time only. Address all orders:

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$10 Cash and $8 Monthly

OR THREE YEARS TO PAY FOR YOUR PIANO

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Your Choice of 40 Styles of High Grade Pianos from the Largest Piano House in Winnipeg.

This style Self Playing Piano, made by the largest firm in the world and 16 Music Rolls.

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And 10 other makes.

PIANOS at $250. $300. $350. $400. $450.

We always have a large stock of Second-Hand Pianos to select from, such as Newcombe, Bell, Heintzman, Palmer, etc. Prices range from $75 to $250.

All Our Pianos Are Fully Guaranteed for Ten Years.

You have the privilege of exchanging for any other make of Piano at any time.

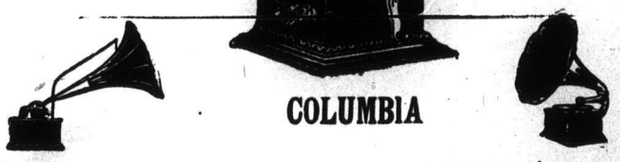
Patronize the store that gives quality and sells for less than any other house in Winnipeg. Catalogues and descriptive literature mailed free on application. Book of 50 Favorite Songs with Music No. 43, mailed free on application.

PAY $4 a Month

Any make of Talking Machine, from the Largest Talking Machine House in Winnipeg.

This style Columbia and 16 Selections

ONLY **$35** Freight Prepaid Pay $5.00 Cash $4.00 a month.



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EDISON, $19.50 With 12 Selections

VICTOR, $26.40 With 16 Selections

On Seven Days' Free Trial if Desired.

Gold Moulded Cylinder Records, Brand New, were 40c., only.....**25c.**
Single-sided Disc Records, only .....**35c.**
Double-sided Disc Records, only .....**85c.**

Over 20,000 Records always on hand.

Wholesale and Retail. We exchange cylinder machines for disc, or disc machines for cylinder. Any make of Talking Machine taken in exchange on a Piano or Organ at any time, allowing full price paid. Book of 50 Favorite Songs with Music No. 41A, mailed free on application.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.

295 Portage Ave. Winnipeg

Sunday Reading.

Little Waters.

Oh! it's just the little waters,
Little waters of the land,
That I pine for and I long for
Till my heart is like to break.
Not the ocean with its billows,
And its beach of gleaming sand,
Not the river, with its bridges,
Not the mountain-girded lake,

But the little, little waters
Flowing through the meadow-grass,
With a tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Where the clovers blush and glow.
Spreading out to catch the greeting
Of the branches, as they pass,
Taking toll of willow pollen,
And of apple-blossom snow.

Oh! the bees they hear them calling,
And the robins come to drink,
And the butterflies are floating,
Golden blossoms in the air,
While the dragon-fly his shuttle
Throws across from brink to brink,
Weaving checkered shine and shadow
On the waters everywhere.

And the little country children,
How they loiter home from school,
Where, beneath the spreading alders,
Cool and deep the waters lie.
And their brown and dimpled bodies
Flash like jewels from the pool,
As they laugh their merry answer
To the ripples and the sky.

Then the little waters creeping,
Like a green and silver thread,
With a trickle, trickle, trickle,
Where the ferns and mosses are,
And the wind within the branches
Of the pine-tree overhead,
And the fragrance of the twilight,
And the shimmer of a star—

O my little waters calling!
I can hear them far away,
And the clamor of the city
Grows a silence for their sake.
Oh! it's just the little waters
Flowing through the land today
That I long for and I pine for
Till my heart is like to break!

Making A Destiny.

There is no thought that we have ever thought, no love that we have ever loved, and no deed that we have ever done, but has left its everlasting impress upon us; we are different for ever because of that one lonely act. The Roman Procurator did not see the greatness of the truth which he uttered, it was one of the great unconscious prophecies of the world, but when he said, "What I have written, I have written," he gave expression to one of the deepest truths both of conduct and character. It was the high assertion of the solemn fact that in all our acts there is an element that is indestructible. They may have indeed passed from our memory, they can never pass altogether from our life. They have become a part of us, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood, the child of our past, the parent of our future. In every hour of every day, every man, in a loneliness which is full of pathos, builds brick by brick the structure of life; he is the creator of his own character, and one that fashions his own destiny.—G. Beesley Austin.

The Love I Crave.

I ask not for the dole of charity;
I'm asking not for gold or silver fee—
I ask for love, spontaneous and free,
(Not for my worth, nor birth of high degree),
May tender, sheltering love encompass me,
And bide with me through good repute or ill.
When I'm astray to walk beside me still—
Not leave me when my foolish feet go wrong
To light the straighter path of those more strong.
The love that joys when songs of victory swell,
Or walk beside me to a dungeon cell,
Or share the pangs of death, ay, dares the grave—
That is the love, the love I fondly crave;
And, having it, I ask not while I live
Another gift from all that Life can give.

Success.

Few processes are so delicate or complicated as those of success. Who would venture to say that he has mastered them—mastered them so thoroughly that he can venture to tell another human being how to make a success of this individual life? Some people who succeed never seek counsel. They have instincts which guide them aright in the most difficult moves of the game. They make mistakes, of course. It is often necessary to make mistakes once so that one need not make them a second time.

William Watson, in one of his poems, has spoken of "that stillness on a base of power." There is fine counsel, as well as truth, in the phrase; for true power goes as quietly about its work as gravitation. Failure is usually a nervous, fidgety creature, perpetually agitating itself as to whether or not it is winning acceptance. Success, on the other hand, does its work, does it well, and, come praise or blame, passes quickly on to its next job; or, if it be not always so scientifically sure of itself as this, it practices what I have called an "optimistic fatalism."—Richard Le Gallienne.

The Best The Simplest.

Life's simplest things are love and kindly friends,
Nature's sweet charm of earth and sea and sky
Gladness of soul that, with right living blends,
Home's dear content, so cheap that all may buy.

All That is Required of Us.

Do you not know that all that is required of you is to do what you can, though you fail of perfecting your work here? Life is too large, too wonderful a thing to be compassed in a few short years. Such great things to be accomplished and so little time—but it is as honorable to leave a good work but partly done as it would be to be able to stamp it "finished," if we have been faithful in our efforts until the working days ended.

It is not how much we have done—but how well we have done it, that counts, and no work well done should ever cause us discouragement, no matter if it seems incomplete, for, after all, no good thing exists but will find its perfection in that other life, where there will be no heartaches over disappointments—no weary hands, no lagging feet to take up the daily round, for the workers will be immortal, and the ranks will never be thinned, because one by one they fall by the way.

Great duties are before us, and great songs,
And, whether crowned or uncrowned when I fall,
It matters not, so as God's work is done.

After Long Parting.

How shall we meet that have been parted long?
I have forgot the burden of the song
We sang together very long ago.
How shall we meet that used to be so dear?
I have forgot the page that used to be so clear
In the lost book whose name we do not know.

Have you forgotten, too? You tell me, no;
But can you sing the song of long ago,
Take up the measure and complete the stave?
How strange it were if all the years that seem
To stand between us prove an empty dream,
And I could give you now what then I gave!

Thoughts.

Love can be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruit may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener.

A smile sometimes, or a comprehending glance, will work wonders in cheering a down-hearted friend.

Many of us do not realize that it is just as much our mission in life to be happy as it is to be useful.

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes error a fault, and truth discourtesy.

Affection is better gauged by our feelings about people when we are with them than by our thoughts about them when we are separated.

Don't be too curious about other people's business, you may be sure that

Spring Dresses

Style and durability blossom into beauty and economy in

Simpson-Eddystone Shepherd Plaids—

the cotton dress goods with perfectly fast colors. These calicoes have been the standard of the United States for over 65 years. Some with a new silk finish.

If your dealer hasn't Simpson-Eddystone Prints write us his name. We'll help him supply you.

The Eddystone Mfg. Co., Phila., Pa.
Established by Wm. Simpson, Sr.

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

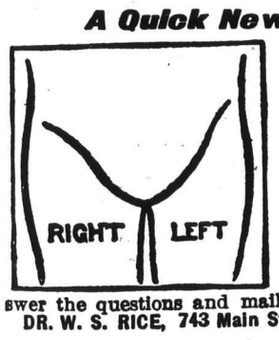
Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 957, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

SEND 35c.

Receive postpaid 12 yards Val Lace nearly an inch wide, 6 yards edge and 6 yards insertion. Suitable for general use. N. Southcott Co., Coote Block, London, Ont.

FREE to the RUPTURED

A Quick New Cure



I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture and for the next 30 days I will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this remarkable Home Cure, FREE.

Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to

DR. W. S. RICE, 743 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.

Age ..... *Time Ruptured* .....

Name .....

Address .....

Does rupture pain? ..... *Do you wear a Truss?* .....

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.

ROYAL IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 936, WINDSOR, ONT

if they want you to know things they will tell you of their own free will.

Great calamities do not embitter existence. It is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour.

To-Day Is Ours.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.
Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again!

Greatness and Goodness.

Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry; the one is a movable accumulation, swept along the surface of the earth; the other stands fixed, and solid, and alone, above the violence of war and of the tempest; above all that is residuous of a wasted world. Little men build up great ones; but the snow colossus soon melts: the good stand under the eye of God; and therefore stand.

Wise Sayings From The East.

By nature all men are alike, but by education very different.—Chinese.

Keep thy heart afar from sorrow, and be not anxious about the trouble which is not yet come.—Firdausi.

Do unto others as you would they should do unto you. This is the foundation of all moral law.—Confucius.

He who devises evil for another falls at last into his own pit, and the most cunning finds himself caught by what he had prepared for another.—Metastasio.

Health, cheer and work are better than wealth.

Many of the shadows that fall across our path in life are caused by our standing in our own light.

You owe it to your parents to be a success. Every ruined life means a broken-hearted father somewhere, or a mother for whom the passing days are hung in black.

The cultivation of such manners as shall express all the best feelings, the noblest thoughts and refinement and the grace of the mind and the heart, is a thing which cannot be too highly thought of or set about too soon.

Could Not Be Hid.

There's One whose life I love to read,
Such truth was His, such gracious deed!
It met the common people's need.
Where'er He was a crowd would be,
On Jordan's banks beside the sea,
Or in the ways of Galilee.
The words He spake, the works He did,
Were LIGHT, and "He could not be hid."

Sometimes I fancy I'm among
That eager Galilean throng,
Who followed Jesus all day long;
They followed Him His gifts to share;
The sinful, sick, and poor were there,
Charmed by His wisdom, love and care.
The words He spake, the words He did,
Were LIGHT, and "He could not be hid."

He taught what all men want to know
While they are pilgrims here below,
Exposed to sickness, sin and woe;
How foul disease may find a cure,
How sinful hearts may be made pure,
And life eternal life, made sure.
The words he spake, the words He did,
Were LIGHT, and "He could not be hid."

That Life of Light has gone away,
But He has left His church to stay,
To shine until the final day;
For this dark world a beaming light,
Becoming ever year more bright,
To banish wholly pagan night.
The church which does as Jesus did
Is LIGHT, and it can not be hid.
—W. T. Sleeper.

The Soul's Sincere Desire.

The Mather farm was advertised to be sold by auction on May 18th. That was the last scene of the tragedy which in fifteen years had overtaken the family. From being the richest and proudest in the town, it had come, through misfortune, disgrace and death, to the dreaded auction block.

Eunice Mather, the one daughter of the house, had drained the cup of grief. She was a strong, silent woman, who for years had worked desperately in trying to save the remnant of good fortune and good name. She had the pride of her race, and the endurance.

Her favorite brother was known as an agnostic, and slowly and almost unconsciously Eunice drifted towards his views. Her character lacked that gentleness which Christianity had given to her mother, and to the other women of her kindred who had resembled her in her stern virtue. It was ten years since she had been to church. The one tie that held her to the beliefs of her girlhood was the white-fenced plot at the top of the orchard which held her dead; and this, too, was to be sold by auction! The thought was intolerable.

Shut in her room that May day, the lonely woman cried out in her anguish, with one heart-rending cry, "O God!" Then she gathered herself together, and walked, quiet and white, down the stairs to the front yard, where the auction was to be held.

As she stepped from the door a man advanced to her. She dimly recognized him as one of her father's friends from the neighboring city. In a few words he explained that he had had a fancy for buying the farm where he had had so many pleasant visits. Since he had arrived, however, he had heard that she wanted to stay on the place. By all means she ought if she wished. He would gladly lend her the money to buy it in, and the interest might wait her convenience. He had been prospered, and the sum in question was not of consequence to him.

Eunice listened in bewilderment and ecstacy. She could stay! She might see again the faces of the cattle and the calves, and hear the crowing of the cocks and the bleating of the sheep. The haying would be done just as for so many years. But, most wonderful of all, the sacred graves would be touched by no thoughtless foot—and she might some day find place among them.

As she stood in the May sunshine, almost breathless with the sudden relief, a thought flashed through her mind. In an instant it had become a conviction. For years she had not prayed. The anguish of the last hour had wrung from her unwilling lips one exclamation, "O God!" It had not been a prayer. It had hardly been even an appeal. But God had answered—had answered the prayer she had not prayed! All her agnosticism dropped away from her as it had never been. She was certain, as a child is certain of his father's gift. It could have come from no one else. There was a God, and He heard—even the unspoken whisper of the soul.

The next Sunday Eunice drove to the meeting-house, two miles away. Her name had not been dropped from the church roll, where it was placed in her girlhood. Yet nobody expected ever to see her at church again. But from that day her seat was never empty.

Months after the auction, when she had settled down to the hard toil of the farm—for her self-appointed task was no light one—she appeared one Saturday night at the lecture preparatory for the communion service. Just as the

HEAD NOISES

HOW TO CURE BUZZING RINGING SOUNDS IN THE EARS

Do you have buzzing, ringing noises in your head and ears? Is there a snapping in your ears when you blow your nose? Then you have Catarrh in your ear passages, and your Eustachian Tubes—the passages from the throat to the ears—are closing up. You may have no discharge from the nose or throat, but the disease is reaching the delicate inner parts of the ear. Those irritating noises show how dangerous the trouble is becoming. As they grow worse they sometimes worry people into nervous prostration and insanity. **There's one thing certain—Head and Ear noises are often the forerunners of loss of hearing. Neglect the trouble in your ear passages and deafness is too likely to result.**

Get rid of your head noises now and forever. They can be cured. Write today to Deafness Specialist Sproule, the famous authority on ear troubles. He will give you

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

on this trouble. It's just the help you need. He'll tell you without any charge whatever how to drive away the noises and have clear, distinct, perfect hearing. Answer the questions, yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and mail it at once to **Deafness Specialist Sproule 117 Trade Building, Boston.**

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON

Do your ears throb?
Do your ears feel full?
Is your hearing failing?
Do the noises trouble you at night?
Is the sound sometimes a buzzing one?
Is the sound sometimes a ringing one?
Are the noises worse when you have a cold?
Do your ears crack when you blow your nose?

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

New Style Child's Dress

To dispose of the many remnants that accumulate in our ladies' shirt factory, we have made them into Children's Dresses like the picture. Made with a wide belt below waist and full pleated skirt. Comes in fine lustre in cream, navy, brown, green and dark red.

PRICES

$1.50 to six years of age
$1.95 to eight years of age
$2.75 to twelve years of age

Also in fine all-wool French Panama, same shades as Lustre
$2.95 to twelve years of age

Order this dress today. You will be well pleased with the fit and style. Guaranteed to be just as represented.

If over ten years, give inches around waist and bust, length of sleeve measure under seam, and length desired measuring from neck down in front.

Order by No. 80
Add 30c. and we will pay postage.

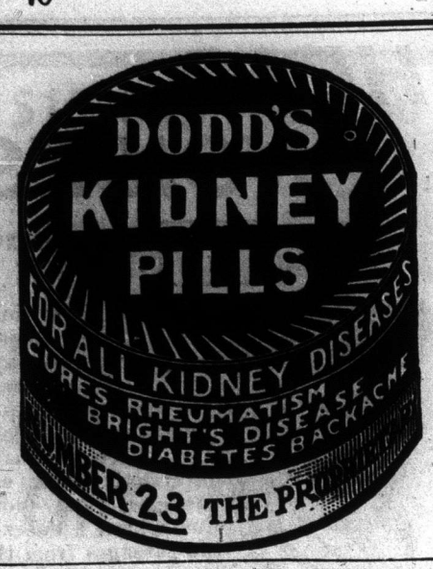
Standard Garment Co., London, Ont.

SEND $1.98

Receive postpaid this pretty one piece dress of fine Percale with fine black hairline strip on white background.

Made in one piece effect joined at waist with belt pleated waist and tucked skirt and made generally just as pictured. Order dress No. 2. Postage 15c. extra.

Standard Garment Co.
London Ont.



$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Kidneys, Free

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; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and 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, B4 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 receipe 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.

Send $5.50

Receive by mail this beautiful Princess dress. The material is fine French lustre and may be had in any shade desired. The style is the very latest, and made just as pictured with yoke of lace. Front of suit is trimmed with a dozen jet buttons, on each side just below the hips the gores are broken from which spring a number of pleats as illustrated. It is a strikingly handsome and stylish suit, finely made and nicely finished, and you will be proud to wear one of them. Give bust and waist size and length of skirt in front. We guarantee the suit to fit as perfectly as a suit can fit. Send $5.50 today. We return your money if you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase. Same dress in all wool panama, same shades as lustre above, $6.50, add 30c for postage. Order suit to W 11.—**Southcott Suit Co., 10 King Street, London, Can.**

"Kureaull."

Celebrated Remedy for Horses and other Animals. Cures Sores, Scratches, Small Pox and other ailments

Be your own Horse Doctor by keeping a bottle of Kureaull at hand, and thus save loss of time and expense. Owners of horses should never be without this remedy.

Price: Small Bottle 60c, Large $1.10. Postpaid.

Address: Kureaull Agency, 270 McDermot Av., Winnipeg

minister pronounced the benediction, she rose and said, "Friends, I have something I wish to say to you. I have been a wanderer for years. I trust I have been forgiven. I want to testify here before you all that I believe that God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God!"

So out of one despairing, inarticulate cry a tossed and driven soul found peace.

Pastoral Beatitudes.

By Edgar W. Work.

Blessed is the man who counts another's time as valuable as his own.

Blessed is the man who is generous to his neighbor in all things except the application.

Blessed is the man who has not found out that he is superior to other men.

Blessed is the man who leans forward instead of backward.

Blessed is the man who is guilty of the splendid vice of promptness.

Blessed is the man who sees nobility in being faithful on a committee.

Blessed is the man who will not strain at a drizzle and swallow a downpour.

Blessed is the man who looks while he listens.

Blessed is the man who knows not how to flatter but knows how to appreciate.

Blessed is the man whose watch closes without a snap.

Blessed is the man who is afraid to leave his work undone.

Blessed is the man who has grace enough to give up the end seat in the pew.

Blessed is the man who knows how to take a dog out of church.

Blessed is the man whose sleep is noiseless.

The Window of Life at Twenty.

(Thoughts for Young Men, from Dr. Beverley Warner's "Young Man in Modern Life.")

A man can always climb to the heights he can see—if he will.

It is hard to think, and many shrink from the pain of it; but if a young man is dismayed at the cost of thought and turns away from it, he abdicates the throne of life.

Potent as a young man's surroundings are, they are, after all, not powers. The man is the power. The circumstances of birth, education, companionship, are the chessmen in the game of human life; and you, young men, are the players.

Everything that you find about you, when you come to yourself, and realize something of your human potency, is to be used, worked over, moulded, as you will.

Leaves in the book of life are not turned as easily as the leaves of a novel.

A young man is better known by his neighbors than he ever dreams. They judge him by the sort of surroundings he chooses, the places he frequents, the comrades he consorts with, the recreations he takes.

Take heed of ambitious thoughts when unaccompanied by ambitious efforts to carry them into action. action.

Few poor men can any more appreciate and use the responsibility of sudden wealth than a blind man, who for the first time sees, can interpret and enjoy the gorgeous glory of a sunset. To fall up is often as disastrous as to fall down.

The Power of a Purpose.

In the fireless loft of a little church out in the edge of Chicago sleeps a man of more than fifty years. The howl of the wolf hasn't chased him to his cheerless retreat. Even the pinch of respectable poverty is wanting as a motive for his seeking shelter in this ecclesiastical attic where he sleeps among the unwarmed odors of sanctity.

He is there in the lonely, musty solitude of the church loft because he is working under the pressure of a purpose. The "pillar of smoke by day" and the "pillar of fire by night" was not a clearer nor a steadier beacon to the Israelites fleeing from bondage than is this Purpose to the eyes of the star boarder in the attic of the little Englewood church. Its light peoples his strange and solitary habitation with pleasant thoughts and the bright presence of Hope, and drives back into the darkness the gloomy phantoms of loneliness and heart-hunger—for the wife of his youth is dead and two of the children of that vanished home met tragic and violent deaths, while the two living children are out in the world following their own paths.

And this purpose helps to smother the nagging suggestion that, in the eyes of his early friends—those who have "done well"—his life has been a very plausible imitation of a failure. At any rate, he knows that "they know" that three times in his life he was the owner of a comfortable home—and three times the little home vanished into thin air because of "bad luck" and mistakes, and thrice he has found himself down to the low water mark of the last dollar. If it were not for the song which his Purpose sings in his ears as he bunks there in his cheerless church-attic he could no doubt hear "them" saying: "O, yes; but somehow he never could get on!"—and he was born of a people to whom failure to "get on" is almost open confession of moral weakness.

For a man with fifty years of shattered ambitions and faded hopes to work all day in a machine shop, come home to an empty church, cook his own supper and take such a stack of memories to bed with him in the clammy, unheated loft of a church—to do this and still smile and feel the pulsations of hope strong within him is to show a strength which calls for an explanation in plain terms.

And here it is, in part, at least. About a year after the wife was taken and the home scattered he roused himself from the lethargic dream that had settled upon him and sought "the boy" who had left home so many years before and had never been back again. He, too, had not got on very well, but he had married a wife who had stuck by him through failures and bad luck and discouragements and was still able to smile and laugh and hope for "something better." And by delicate inquiry this homeless machinist learned that, to his daughter-in-law, this "something better" meant a home of their own where she might expect to stay so long as she lived—a home which might, by hard work and careful management, be made self-supporting.

Then and there the Purpose was born within the man who had counted his life—as already lived—a failure. Slyly he looked about the country and found a farm of eighty acres with an old log house on it—a farm which could be bought cheap and on "easy terms" because it was mainly unimproved. He closed the deal on the spot—and O! how he longed to strip off his coat, grip the handle of a good ax and go into the work of clearing up the place. He was country born and every day in the big city shop had seemed to him an exile, a sentence.

But he went back to the city to his old job and worked with new fire. Then he began to look for something to do "on the side." The church where he attended needed a janitor and he secured the position. The extra wages from the church paid his board; but he could not lay quite all his earnings on the altar of his Purpose because he must dress with self respect and make occasional gifts to his daughter who was making her own way. She did not need help, still he must give her occasional reminders that he thought of her.

If only he might have every cent of his shop earnings clear to pour in a melting stream upon the mortgage on the farm and begin to "raise things" and taste of life again! Then, one day, he discovered the unused attic room! The rulers of the church readily gave their permission for him to occupy it and to use the cook stove in the basement kitchen of the church. His problem was solved. With the return of better times came a raise in his wages as foreman. The Purpose seemed much nearer now and he said to himself: "I'll be safe in going on to the place next spring, for then I'll have the mortgage two-thirds whittled away. And how good the woods will smell when spring comes!"

The last cent of the mortgage was paid more than a year ago—but he is still sticking to the shop, still sleeping in the church attic. Why didn't he go on to the land as he had planned—go where he could have a home and a woman to cook for him and make him comfortable? Because the Purpose held him! Because he said to himself:

"I can earn a new house and a team and the tools to work with faster in the shop and the church than on the raw land, so Ill stick it out a little longer and get the things in ship-shape. I don't want any mistake, any failure or short-sightedness this time!"

And so he is plugging along at the same old stand—but always with the bright presence of his Purpose beside him. Without that Purpose—who can tell?—he might be drifting, a despondent derelict upon the ebbing tide of life, a melancholy miser of his gloomy memories. But now he is spending himself to the full, dreaming of conquest and making good his dreams, living the life of a man who has something ahead of him.

From a somewhat intimate knowledge of the man I can say that in his solitary attic of the old church he has more joy in life, more joy in work, than thousands of young men who have their lives before them but have not yet found a Purpose beyond the amusement of the hour.

Seeds.

Messrs. Wm. Ewing & Co., the well known seedsmen of Montreal, whose anouncement appears in this issue of the Monthly, devote special attention to Western orders and despatch them with all possible haste. The special postage on seeds is only 5c per pound, and we have the pleasure in commending this firm to the readers of the Western Home Monthly. For a great number of years they have been leaders in their line in the Province of Quebec, and well known for their reliability throughout the entire Dominion.

Red Rose Tea

"Is Good Tea"

Always sold in lead packages, never in bulk

The Home Doctor.

Medical Progress In England.

(A man in the suburbs has cured himself of a bronchail ailment by blowing the clarionet.)

Since he was but a little boy
His lungs had not been strong;
He breathed but little here below,
Nor breathed that little long.
But when he sought a doctor's aid,
That expert said, "I bet
You'd be as right as ninepence, if
You'd play the clarionet."

So off he went without delay,
And practiced hour by hour,
Until he found his breathing gained
Quite rapidly in power.
A cakewalk gave him much relief,
As did a minuet;
He felt quite healthy when he played
Upon his clarionet.

And now once more he's strong as teak
He's often to be seen
Eclipsing every record on
The "Try Your Lungs" machine.
His neighbors are the invalids,
Their nerves are all upset,
Because they have to listen while
He plays the clarionet.

—London Globe.

To Avoid Nervous Prostration.

Every business woman who works hard and concentratedly has beheld at some time or other that awful bugaboo, nervous prostration. To the woman who is entirely dependent on her self it is something more than a bugaboo, rather say a Giant Despair, to sap her strength and give her hard earned savings to doctors and nurses and leave her poor in pocket, weak in body, and less capable of sustained effort in mind.

The trouble lies in neglecting mental fatigue. When you begin to find that your work palls upon you and that you cannot do nearly so much as you could a year before, when there is a dull ache at the back of your head, when you are easily vexed about trifles and prone to exaggarate them out of all proportion to their importance, take warning—your nerves are on a rampage.

What then is to be done?

In the first place, if possible, ease up on the amount of work you are doing. Do the essentials and leave the extras. After working hours get a brand new set of interests, go to the theatre and laugh, go and see old friends, start some lessons in music or dancing, join a gymnasium class, anything which will keep your mind from going over office matters when you are away from the office.

There is no need to take medicine. Get up ten minutes earlier in the morning and have a tepid bath and a brisk rub down with a coarse, rough towel until the skin glows. Then drink a glass of hot water. Then devote five minutes to physical exercises; bending at the waist and trying to touch the floor in front, and some simple arm exercises will be sufficient. Now dress and have your breakfast, or if you take your meals out, go out and take a walk before going to breakfast. Start by walking around the block and then increase it to two blocks, and then to three and then to four. If you walk around four blocks briskly every morning you will eat breakfast with an appetite.

After breakfast walk part of the way downtown to your work. Don't try to walk far at first, but increase the distance by a block each morning until you are walking at least half a mile. When you get to the office you will feel like working.

In the evening try walking the last few blocks home. Increase this distance, too, until you are walking half a mile morning and evening. With your new interests, your tepid bath, and your walks you will soon feel like a different girl.

Don't by any means try to diet, though common sense will tell you not to eat the things you know disagree with you. And don't moreover try to give up any of your pleasures. They are good for you.

This regime for cheating nervous prostration was laid out by a well known doctor, who held the theory that mental and bodily fatigue must balance to produce a healthy state of either mind or body. Therefore, for the sedentary worker in business who needs long and concentrated mental effort, extra exercise for the body is needed to bring about this balance. It is a simple treatment and requires no money to try it. It is worth a trial.

For Tired Feet.

Tired feet causes an almost unendurable pain, yet many suffer from such merely through carelessness in not having heels of shoes straightened. You know what it is to put on an old pair of shoes that have been cast aside for months, and if the heels are crooked it is almost an impossibility to step in them, yet one will go for weeks wearing high-heeled shoes that throw the ankles out of place. Burning feet are caused by poor circulation. This can be cured in a short time by plunging the feet into moderately hot water, then cold, and applying witch hazel or bay rum.

Puffy Eyes.

There are many people whose looks are marred by a swollen or puffy look beneath the eyes. In many cases this is caused by kidney diseases, but very often the trouble indicates nothing more than a poor digestion. In effecting a cure care should be taken that only the simplest diet is taken. Acids should be avoided and everything should be nourishing and easily assimilated. But in addition to a simple diet the person suffering from these sacs beneath the eyes should take care to drink quantities of water. This should be drunk between meals and, following the example of the medicinal water prescribed at the foreign spas, it should be taken very slowly. Ten minutes is not too long to spend in drinking one glass. A gentle massage will also be found beneficial in the treatment of puffiness beneath the eyes and if the fingers are dipped in camphorated oil the improvement will be more rapid. This camphorated oil must be rubbed in with a rotary motion that ends at the cheekbones. The massages should be repeated night and morning. As has been said, the motion must be very gentle and all danger of bruising the blood vessels must be avoided.

Dislocations.

A dislocation occurs when there is more or less displacement of the bony structures of a joint. Dislocations are seldom met with in infants. In old people the bones are brittle and are easily broken on the application of force; hence it is principally in the young and middle-aged that dislocations are met with.

The bones at a joint are kept in position by the ligaments and muscles and if anything occurs to weaken these structures, the joints may become predisposed to dislocation. It has frequently happened that the head of the humerus has been repeatedly dislocated on account of a weakened state of the deltoid muscle.

Signs of dislocation—

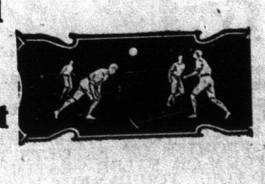
1.) There is a change in the shape of a joint.

(2.) The limb is fixed firmly in an unnatural position.

(3.) Gentle pulling will not bring the limb into its natural position.

SUMMER SPORTS

Baseball Football
Cricket
Lawn Tennis
Lacrosse Croquet
Golf, etc., etc.

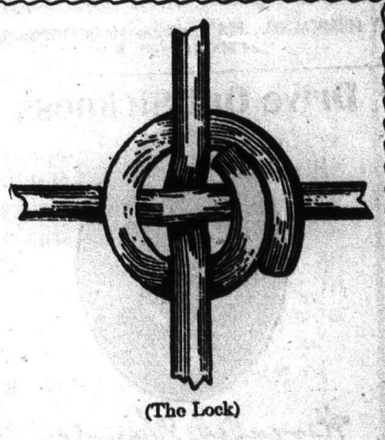


We have every requisite for the above games and sell at the lowest possible prices. Write for our new illustrated catalogue, No. 46 M, which we mail on request.

The Hingston Smith Arms Co., Limited
Athletic Outfitters **Winnipeg**

Four Distinct Advantages to be gained by using . .

'Great West Wire Fence'



(The Lock)

1. **The Wire is the heaviest used in making Wire Fences.**
2. **Heat will not cause it to sag.**
3. **Cold will not cause it to break.**
4. **The Lock is the best ever invented.**

We manufacture over 30 different styles of fence suitable for farm, stock, hog, chicken or garden. Write for our illustrated catalogue and the name of your nearest dealer.

Great West Wire Fence Co. Ltd., Winnipeg

Quality Brass Bed No. 1913

EVERY QUALITY BED IS SOLD UPON HONOR

and every Quality Bed is the *best* that trained artisans, intelligently directed, can produce; with a full measure of conscience wrought into the beautiful, finished Quality craftsmanship. No slipshod methods are tolerated in the Quality plant. Nothing is ever good enough, unless perfect. Quality Beds are put together to *stay*. Quality Beds never rattle nor wobble. Quality joints never work loose.

Quality Beds

are sold with the privilege of trial for *thirty days*. At the end of that time, if you don't agree that you never had as good a bed, the dealer takes it back and the incident is *closed*. Further—if at the end of *five years* your Quality Bed hasn't stood firmly, without flinching, you simply ask for your money—and *get* it. This agreement is plainly covered by the Quality Guarantee Ticket, attached to all Quality Beds, brass or enamel. Just say on a postcard, "Send me 'Bedtime'" and we'll mail free, the handsomest bed catalog you've ever seen. Write *now*. 25

Look for the Quality Tag

Quality Beds Limited

MANUFACTURERS WELLAND, ONT.

The Real Quality Guarantee

SAVE-THE-HORSE "SPAVIN CURE

REG. TRADE MARK

There are no baneful and vicious features attending the use of "Save-the-Horse."

You obtain results without delays, relapses, blistered, fevered, swollen legs or permanently thickened tissue or suspended use of the horse.

NO PROMISE OF RESULTS IMPOSSIBLE TO PERFORM OR FALSE TESTIMONIALS TO MISLEAD YOU. YOU CANNOT MISTAKE THE CERTAINTY OF ITS UNFAILING AND UNEQUALLED POWER OR THE SECURITY OF OUR CONTRACT.

Havre de Grace, Md., Dec. 7, 1909.

Troy Chemical Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

During 1908 I had two horses go wrong, one with a "bone spavin"; she was dead lame. The other with two "bog spavins" and a big knee.

After reading your advertisement week after week I had Mr. Fahey order for me one bottle of "Save-the-Horse," which I thought I would just simply try. I used it on both cases, following your directions. I gave them both road work until I had consumed the one bottle only, which took just two months. And to-day I shall say just one year has elapsed since the treatment, that they both are as sound as a new dollar and neither one has taken a lame step since. EDWARD T. WELSH.

$5.00 a bottle, with signed guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet & letters from business men & trainers on every kind of case. Permanently cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone (except low), Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons & all Lameness. No scar or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. *Dealers or Exp. paid.*

TROY CHEMICAL CO., 148 Van Horne Street, TORONTO, ONT. and BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

Drive Out Sickness

Hercules Sanche

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Diseases attack the body, and if the vitality is low they get a hold on it. But OXYDONOR comes to the rescue.

OXYDONOR gives the system a strong affinity for Oxygen. The additional Oxygen which is then instilled into the body from the air—through skin, membranes and tissues—create in every part an abounding vitality. The result is that whatever may have been in the body is driven out, and the system is fortified against further attacks.

Read what Mr. E. Turner, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, writes about OXYDONOR:—"The OXYDONOR I bought from you I consider invaluable. It cured my wife of a very bad case of Rheumatism. I loaned it to a young man who left the Winnipeg Hospital as incurable, and after using it, inside of a week he was able to go to work. I cannot say too much for it."

You apply OXYDONOR at home, while you sleep, without loss of time from work or business. It is perfectly safe, always ready for use, and easily applied. It will serve a whole family, and never loses its force.

Send at once for our free book, which teaches the way to health.

Dr. H. Sanche & Co., 356 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal

Energetic reliable men wanted in every district to handle our goods.

Sweetens the Stomach

and, best of all, it makes you yourself feel sweet.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 27

Sell Your Eggs

Only when prices are high. Newly invented preserving method, enables you to keep eggs absolutely fresh for a year or more. A simple plan endorsed by experts of Italian Government, costing but a few cents per hundred to preserve. Write for particulars to-day.

Address: The W. Stephens Co., Box 36B, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.

Send $1 Receive 4 cloth remnants suitable for boys' knee pants up to 12 years, give age and we will cut pants free, add 25c for postage. N. Southcott Co. London, Canada.

(4.) There is pain.

(5.) There is no crepitus.

The treatment of dislocation should never be undertaken by any one except a surgeon, the reduction being very often by no means a simple matter, requiring, as it does, an intimate knowledge of the anatomy of the parts and other technicalities. The most that should be attempted in the way of First Aid is the supporting of the limb in as easy a position as possible by means of slings and bandages.

Children's Teeth

The New York Bureau of Municipal Research has made public the result of recent investigations regarding the teeth of school-children. The pupils examined were between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, and were about five hundred in number. Of all those examined only fourteen were found with sound teeth, and among the remainder there were 2,808 teeth affected by decay.

To correct this state of affairs the Children's Aid Society has offered to equip a dental clinic in fifteen industrial schools, provided dentists will volunteer their services, as is done at Bellevue and in the West Fifty-third street school, or if individuals will provide money to pay dentists.

The Bureau claims that a campaign of education in the care of teeth is greatly needed, and not for the children in school alone. Many parents need to be taught more than do the younger ones. There is to be a dental exhibit in the fall to further this end.

Don't Bite Thread.

It is claimed that it is wrong to bite one's thread or silk when sewing. The chances are that the same teeth and the same parts of the teeth are used for the operation and in time the enamel does become worn from just this practice.

Whitening Neck.

A simple lotion for whitening the neck and arms is the white of one egg, beaten to froth and mixed with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Apply with the hands, rubbing well into the skin. As it begins to dry rub gently with a smooth towel. It will not be sticky, but leaves the arms and neck extremely smooth. It can be used on the face. Place the mixture in a double boiler and stir until it forms a thick cream. It is a French pomade used for years, yet it is recommended for removing dicolorations from the neck, made by the high-colored collars.

To Be Beautiful.

No matter how busy you may be, it will repay you to devote a little time to your toilet at night. Have plenty of hot water and give the face a thorough laving. The result will be as refreshing as an hour's sleep. Brush the hair for twenty minutes. It will be glossier and thicker for the trouble, and the nerves will be soothed by the process. Then after exercise robe yourself in a warm dressing gown and drink a glass of hot milk, weak cocoa or even hot water, eating a biscuit or a bit of toast if you like.

If Your Throat Is Rough or Sore.

Oftentimes in winter the throat becomes what we call "rough" and sometimes it gets actually sore. Here are some capital remedies for these conditions:

The Cold Pack. An oft-tried remedy for sore throat at its very beginning is the simple one of wetting a napkin, or a wet towel or a large handkerchief with cold water, binding it around the throat, covering this closely with a generous piece of flannel, and going to sleep with it on. The compress should not be removed until it is dry. The great disadvantage in the use of the cold compress is the tendency to catch more cold if one has to go out in the air the following morning. It is always well after using the compress to sponge the throat and chest with either plain cold or cold salt water.

A stocking filled with hot salt, bound about the neck, and covered with a piece of flannel, often affords great relief from the pain. The bag is applied just before going to bed.

Stewed Quaker. This was a favorite remedy which our grand-mothers were fond of feeding their offspring in order to soothe an irritated throat. To make it, old-fashioned molasses was heated on the stove up to the boiling point, but was not allowed to candy. A lump of butter the size of a walnut was added to a coffee-cupful of molasses. A tablespoonful of lemon juice or vinegar was then added.

An Excellent Gargle. An old home remedy for a sore throat is: Three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one heaping teaspoonful of salt; pour into a ordinary tumbler, fill with cold water and gargle. Take it as strong as you can; if it "bites" the affected part it is doing its work.

A Few Good Gargles. Gargle with hot water every two or three hours or oftener. Salt water may be used for the same purpose.

Equal parts of alcohol and glycerine make another good gargle.

Hot green or black tea makes an excellent gargle.

Bathe the outside of the throat with equal parts of sweet oil and ammonia, ten per cent, or with soap liniment and ammonia. The sweet oil and ammonia should be shaken together well before using. Care should be taken not to blister the skin with these applications.

What Constitutes Waste and Repair Work..

Much food is passed on into the stomach undigested and lost to the economy, not only irritating the entire digestive viscera, but producing an abnormal quantity of waste, which lead to an excesive distension of the stomach and abdominal viscera.

The indoor laborer, such as the editor and the bookkeeper, and all persons sitting at desks in illy-ventilated and overheated rooms, should have their food divided almost half and half.

They need a goodly quantity of repair food---their work is trying---but less of the heat and force foods. Rice and olive oil are the best forms of heat food, as they are so easily and quickly appropriated. Outdoor laborers, or those who have bodily exercise and a greater amount of fresh air, should proportion their allowance three-fifths carbonaceous or heat-giving foods, to two-fifths albuminolds or repair foods—both ratios to be changed to suit season and climate and length of day's work. In summer, for instance, the same amount of rice would be allowed, but less oil. The fat burns with greater vigor than the starch, and give, in consequence, a greater amount of warmth. The slow-burning rise is the food of those living in warm climates, while the people in the far North live almost entirely on fat.

The Beauty of a Clear Skin—The condition of the liver regulates the condition of the blood. A disordered liver causes impurities in the blood and these show themselves in blemishes on the skin. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in acting upon the liver act upon the blood and a clear, healthy skin will follow intelligent use of this standard medicine. Ladies, who will fully appreciate this prime quality of these pills, can use them with the certainty that the effect will be most gratifying.

Catarrhal Deafness

can be cured by

The White Cross Ear Oscillator

For many decades the cleverest men of science experimented on the ear drum and searched in vain for a cure whereby hearing might be restored to the deaf.

At the International Otological Congress held in London, Eng., Dr. Charles Dalstanchi, of Brussels, was awarded the Lenval prize for the device of Otopneumatic massage. This invention was the ground work for what is known as Pneumo Oscillation and which is to-day the only true known method for curing deafness. It consists of suction, compression and vibration by nothing less than Nature's air. This treatment as given by the White Cross Ear Oscillator breaks up adhesions and restores hearing to all in which catarrhal deafness is the cause; and, as shown by medical statistics, at least 85% of all deafness is caused by catarrh.

This appliance is very easy to work, and with the charts and diagrams we supply free of charge with each machine it is impossible to go astray.

The White Cross Ear Oscillator is built on precisely the same principle as those in use by all the noted ear specialists in London, Paris, New York, Chicago, and other big cities where a fee of two or three dollars a treatment is charged.

Our Ear Oscillator can be run by electricity, by hand, or on an ordinary sewing machine. It can be seen and tested in the office by those who will call. Our literature will be sent free to any who are living out of the city.

Where the ear drum is damaged, and a person is incurably deaf (catarrh not being the cause) I have also the White Cross Ear Phone, which is a perfect hearing device and can be carried in the pocket without any inconvenience whatever. With this, a person can sit and listen in comfort to any conversation, they can attend divine service, a concert, lecture, or any other public meeting without the least discomfort, effort or strain on their part, for by this wonderful invention the human voice is heard as clearly and as distinctly as though no deafness existed.

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Superfluous Hair Cured

A Lady Will Send Free to Any Sufferer The Secret Which Cured Her

From childhood I was distressed and humiliated by an unwelcome growth of hair on my face and arms. I tried all the depilatories, powders, liquids, creams and other rub-on preparations I ever heard of, only to make it worse. For weeks I suffered the electric needle without being rid of my blemish. I spent hundreds of dollars in vain, until a friend recommended a simple preparation which succeeded where all else failed, in giving me permanent relief from all trace of hair. I will send full particulars free, to enable any other sufferer achieve the same happy results, privately at home. All I ask is a 2c. stamp for reply. Address Mrs. Caroline Osgood, 995 J, Custom House, Providence, R. I.

The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

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.

SMART SPRING COSTUMES.

Costumes that are made with belted coats are among the smartest of all things this season. Here are two that are admirable, the one to the left being made in the genuine Russian style and the one to the right showing a fitted coat with belt that makes one of the modifications thereof.

The Russian suit is made from wide wale diagonal serge and is trimmed with banding. The coat is made with blouse portions and peplum that are joined beneath the belt. The skirt is seven gored and is laid in backward-turning plaits. The coat can be finished with or without the sailor collar and made with the sleeves illustrated or with plain two-piece sleeves either in full or three-quarter length.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat 5½ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 44 or 3 yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt 7¼ yards 27, 5 yards 44 or 52 inches wide if there be no up and down; 8¾ yards 27 inches wide when there is figure or nap. To trim the entire gown will be needed 12 yards of banding. The coat pattern 6959 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6103 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

The second costume shows one of the snugly fitted coats that is belted and finished with a peplum and which includes a narrow vest. This vest can be of any contrasting material and allows excellent opportunity for the use of embroideries, braiding and all other trimmings. In this case the suit is made from light weight homespun in a beautiful shade of mulberry and the trimming is black liberty satin, while the vest is made of ivory white broadcloth. All suitable materials are appropriate, however, and the design will be found just as well adapted to the thinner ones such as pongee as it is to those of immediate use. The coat can be made with long or three-quarter sleeves.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat 4½ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44, 1⅞ yards 52 inches wide, with ½ yard for the vest, ¾ yard of silk for the trimming. For the skirt 7⅜ yards 27, 6 yards 66, 5 yards 52 inches wide. The coat pattern 6589 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6519 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each. Two patterns—Coat pattern 6589; skirt pattern, 6519.

Two Patterns.
Coat pattern—6589. Skirt pattern—6589.

Note this Special It Is Big Value.

J2324—Semi - Princess Dress made from fine quality English Lawn in one piece, with two piece effect. Two panels of fine Hamburg embroidery insertion down front. Neck and sleeves are finished with embroidery insertion and French Valenciennes lace. Shoulders of dress are tucked back and front, and two panels of Hamburg embroidery insertion run in Prussian effect across front of waist. The skirt has the over-skirt effect with a 20-inch kilted frill. This dress would be remarkable value at $5.00 in any retail store in Canada. We have purchased an enormous quantity in order to sell at the price, and we offer it to you at the very low price of

$2.98

Postage 22 cents

This dress is made in white only. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. This dress is taken from our catalogue and is typical of the values shown therein.

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Our returns to shippers are the best advertisement we have.
Make us a trial shipment and become a permanent customer.

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Inclusive of Customs Duty

For the convenience of our friends in Canada we have issued a Colonial Price List, giving the prices of our goods delivered Free of Customs Duty to any part in the Dominion

Our "ALL-SKOTCH" Boots have earned a reputation for themselves in all parts of the world. They are made in Scotland on a Scotch last from special tanned leather, which for wear and comfort is hard to beat. The boot shown is a stitched boot with cut steel nails in sole and heel, which are flush with the leather; ¼ iron heel plate, special double tongue and thoroughly waterproofed by our special process of waterproofing. Specialty—lightness without sacrificing durability and comfort. Very suitable for Colonial wear and may be had in black or tan.

Price, including Postage and Customs Duty to any part of Canada, $5.20

Send size wanted and money order for the amount, and we will send them by first mail. Money refunded if not satisfied.

C. BROWN & SON, Footwear Specialists Established 1835
313 Argyle St., Glasgow, Scotland.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

g, May, 1910.

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The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

Not For Beauty Alone

But as a mark of refinement and self-esteem should every woman seek to appear always at her best.

Woman's crowning glory is her **hair** and when dressed becomingly her coiffure adds a charm and grace to her appearance that commands admiration and wins esteem.

Therefore, every woman should have **"THE DORENWEND CATALOGUE No. 1"** with beautiful cover and many illustrations full of interesting and valuable information. It will be sent free on request.

We are the leading Hair Goods House in the Dominion. We carry only the best goods always abreast of the latest Paris, London and New York styles and our Mail Order Department is equipped to give Canadian women from Coast to Coast every facility and advantage in satisfying their hair needs.

Write us for Catalogue No. 2.

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto, Ltd.

103-105 Young St. TORONTO

Every Woman Should Know About the

Gee Whizz

Washing Machine

To see it is to try it. To try it is to buy it.

For Booklet and Full Information write

The Gee Whizz Mfg. Co., Winnipeg

Ladies' Tailored Suits.

Send for free samples and styles of our Ladies' Tailored Coat Suits at $10.50 to $20.00. Also dresses and skirts.

Southcott Suit Co.

7 King St . London - Ont.

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

IN MODIFIED RUSSIAN STYLE.

What are known as modified Russian coats, or belted and bloused coats that are opened at the front, are exceedingly smart for spring wear. This costume shows one such together with a box plaited skirt. The material illustrated is one of the new mixtures of mohair and wool that are exceedingly smart and exceedingly handsome, but the mode is adapted to every seasonable material, to the pongees and the like of the later season as well as to the wools of the earlier. The revers can be faced with silk or satin or any contrasting material, or the revers and the cuffs could be made of the same braided or embroidered. The skirt can be made with a yoke at the sides, making a perfectly smooth fit over the hips, or without as liked.

For the medium size will be required,

Two Patterns.
Coat pattern—6951. Skirt pattern—6438.

for the coat 4⅝ yards of material 27, 3 yards 44 or 2½ yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt 9¼ yards 27, 6¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; to trim the coat 1½ yards of satin 21 inches wide.

The coat pattern 6591 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6438 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents each.

Two patterns—Coat Pattern, 6591; skirt pattern, 6438.

A FASHIONABLE LITTLE COAT.

The little girls are wearing a great many attractive and smart coats this season that are finished with deep

Design By May Manton.
6626 Girl's Dress.

revers-collars and worn with patent leather belt. This one can be utilized in that way or worn without a belt as liked and can be made either with or without patch pockets. In this case it is made of linen trimmed with embroidery and it is designed for a summer coat. Pongee with lining of dotted foulard would be pretty for summer use and the same model can be utilized for cloth, cheviot, serge and the like for the spring season. Serge lined and trimmed with foulard is pretty and fashionable, broadcloth with collar of Liberty satin would be attractive, and shepherd's checks are being much used for everyday wear. Such a coat made from this

Design By May Manton.
6624 Child's Coat.

last with the collar of the material piped with red or blue would be pretty and practical. Colored belts as well as black are much worn and are apt to be becoming to childish figures. The coat can be made shorter if liked.

For the two year size will be required 3½ yards of material 27, 1⅜ yards 44 inches wide, 1¼ yards 52 with ¾ yard of silk for the facing for the collar, 1¼ yards of banding. A May Manton pattern, No. 6624, sizes 1, 2 and 4 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

A SMART FROCK OF EMBROIDERED MUSLIN.

Embroidered muslins and flouncings are unusually beautiful this season and are being much used for little girls' dresses. This one is made with skirt of flouncing and blouse of plain material to match trimmed with the flouncing,

Two Patterns.
Waist pattern—6572. Skirt pattern—6213.

the edge of which has been cut off to make the trimming and the little yoke. The dress is one of the very new ones that gives the effect of closing at the left of the front, but in reality blouse and skirt are joined invisibly at the back. It can be finished with a collarless neck or with a stock collar as preferred, and the same model can be varied almost indefinitely. If it were made of rose colored linen with bands of plain white it would make an attractive and serviceable dress for morning wear. This one is dainty in the extreme. The model suits both dresses equally well and also can be utilized for the pongee that little girls are wearing so much; indeed, for every seasonable material. The skirt is straight and consequently it can be used either for bordered materials or for plain. For immediate wear bordered challis would be pretty made just as illustrated.

For the ten year size will be required

4 yards of flouncing, 22 inches deep, with 2½ yards of material 27 to make as illustrated; or 6¼ yards 24 or 27, 4½ yards 32 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide if plain material is used throughout, with ½ yard 18 for yoke, 1 yard of banding. A May Manton pattern, No. 6626, sizes 6 to 12 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

WITH A TRANSPARENT TUNIC.

The transparent tunic is one of the very latest developments of fashion. It is made of chiffon, it is made of marquisette, it is made of all the materials that are thin enough to allow the gown beneath to be seen and it is worn over silk and over lingerie materials, indeed, almost every gown. This one is made of blue chiffon cloth over blue and white foulard and is exceedingly smart and attractive. The tunic consists of the blouse and gored peplum that are joined beneath the belt. It can be made either with long or short sleeves. The skirt is circular. A plain guimpe is worn beneath. Entire gowns of one color are made in this way but the tunic of black also is worn over colors and over white, and such tunics promise to make an important feature of summer dress. They are pretty over muslin dresses, they are pretty over silk, and, as will readily be seen, they serve the purpose of renewing the costume and making it up-to-date at the same time that they are charming for the entirely new gown. Any banding can be used as a finish. The tunic is made with a half low round neck, which is trimmed effectively.

For the medium size will be required 5½ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 44, 3 yards 52 inches wide, 7 yards of banding; for the skirt 6½ yards 24, 5 yards 32, 4⅜ yards 44 inches wide.

The tunic pattern 6593 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6226 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure and will be mailed an any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents each.

Two patterns—Tunic pattern, 6593; skirt pattern, 6226.

Two Patterns.

Tunic pattern—6593. Skirt pattern—6226.

A FASHIONABLE EVENING GOWN.

Evening gowns that are made on simple lines are exceedingly fashionable for the spring and summer season. This one is made with a two-piece skirt that is trimmed to give a tunic effect and with one of the new bodices that is finished with a high shaped girdle. The material of the skirt is messaline, and for the blouse net in matching color that is striped with tiny bugles, and bugle banding is used as trimming. The same waist can be made with yoke and long sleeves, and these sleeves can be either plain or fancy with the short ones illustrated over puffs, making a double effect, consequently the same model can be adapted to daytime wear. But evening gowns are sure to be needed and this one is graceful and attractive yet perfectly simple. If preferred, the bodice portion could be made of silk to match the gown. It is laid in tucks, and while the beaded net is smart and effective, it is not necessary.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 3¼ yards of material 21 or 27, 1⅝ yards 44, with 1½ yards 18 inches wide for the yoke and long sleeves when these are used; for the skirt 6¼ yards 24 or 27, 4 yards 44 inches wide. For the girdle will be required 1 yard of silk, and to trim the entire gown 11 yards of banding.

The waist pattern 6572 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6213 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

Two patterns—Waist pattern, 6572; skirt pattern, 6213.

Interesting Announcement.

The readers of this month's Western Home Monthly will find a very interesting announcement on another page. The question of the best way to spend money for advertising is one which has brought forth many different opinions. The Doherty Piano Co., however, seem to feel that the best way to advertise their product is to place it in the homes of prospective purchasers where the instruments will speak for themselves and do their own missionary work.

The first public announcement of this policy was made by the Doherty Company in the columns of the Western Home Monthly for April. Since that time it has appeared in papers all over the Dominion. It has taken several carloads of Doherty Pianos to take care of the flood of applications in the North West alone, and they state they are prepared for an even greater inrush during the coming months.

When one considers the modern tendency of capital towards combinations, mergers and trusts it is a striking fact that the Doherty Company, after nearly forty years of business achievement, is still under the active management of its founder, has never had a strike or lockout and, except when the plant was destroyed by fire, has never drawn the fires under its boilers.

A letter to the Western Branch of the company at Winnipeg will bring lots of interesting information about pianos in general and the Doherty in particular.

The 'Pastime'

Is the Best Washing Machine in the World.

This Washer just about runs itself. It runs as easy full of clothes as almost any other washer does that is empty. Any child that can reach the handle can run it.

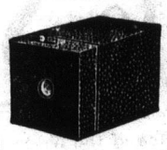
The "Pastime" is the simplest, strongest, most easily running machine on the market. When your dealer has shown you it, you'll see at once the reason for this without any demonstration from him.

If your storekeeper does not keep **"The Pastime,"** ask him to write for full particulars. If he will not, or forgets to do it, write yourself and send us his name.

Parsons Hawkeye Mfg. Co.

WINNIPEG.

BOYS & GIRLS



We give this Camera complete for taking photos 2½ x 2½ absolutely free for selling 30 of our 10c. packages of post cards (6 for 10c.) Send us your name and address and we will mail you the cards to sell. **Bijou Specialty Co., Hamilton, Ont.**

Send 25c Receive postpaid 25 different colored silk pieces suitable for fancy work. N. Southcott, London, Canada.

HAIL HAIL HAIL

Loss Claims Paid Last Year - - - - $87,854.81

Loss Claims Paid Last Six Years - - - - $390,787.35

RATES OF INSURANCE FOR 1910:

From 20c. to 40c. per acre, according to number of times crop has been hailed

$1,500,000 Insurance in force now. Assessable Revenue on same over $70,000.00

NO LIABILITIES

For further information see our agents or write

The Manitoba Farmers' Mutual Hail Insurance Company

503 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Man.

P. O. BOX 1147

W. C. GRAHAM, Manager
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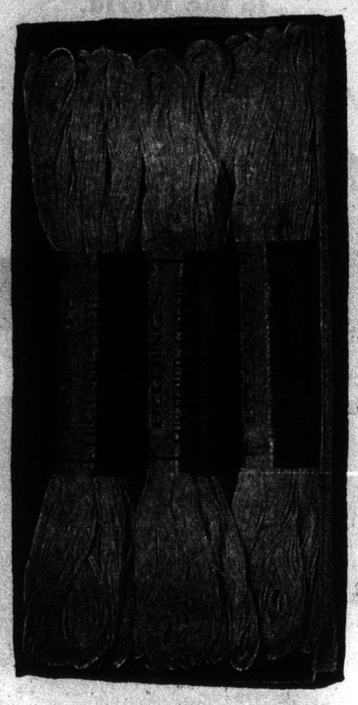
Insurance Written in Manitoba Only

Belding's Lustred Cotton



The best mercerized cotton on the market

MADE ONLY IN WHITE

For Embroidering Costumes, Waists and Lingerie.

SIZES

A--Very Coarse
B--Coarse
C--Medium
D--Fine
E--Extra Fine
F--Extra Extra Fine

Washes Perfectly Retaining Lustre and Color

BELDING'S PADDING COTTON
Soft finish--in balls--only in white. One dozen balls to the box.

If you cannot obtain these articles from your dealer write us direct.

Ask for BELDING'S SPOOL SILK and you will get the BEST

Belding Paul & Co., Ltd.

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Notice to Subscribers!

The Subscription price of the Western Home Monthly is 75 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.25 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States of America $1 a year.

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

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

We always stop the Paper at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. That is to say if you want your address changed for the July issue, we must hear from you to that effect not later than June 20th.

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

Address all letters to—

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MAN.

[*To be cut out on the dotted lines.*]

Special Subscription Order Blank.

.....1910

***The* Western Home Monthly,**

Herein find $.....c..... to pay for.....years' subscription to Western Home Monthly,.....Send magazine until forbidden to

Name.....

P.O...... *Province*.....

Street or Box No......

Please state if this is a renewal.

A remittance of $1.50 for 3 years' subscription does not include any premium

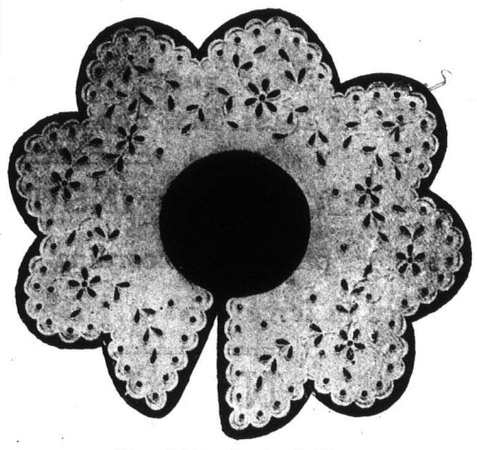
Dainty Embroidered Garments.

This is the season when the wise mother will prepare dainty summer garments for the small members of her family in readiness for the warm summer days which will be so soon upon us, and these can be made most attractive by using fine materials, and a simple decoration of hand embroidery as their only trimming. Time which used to be spent upon fine tuckings and elaborately trimmed garments of lace and showy Swiss embroideries, is now more wisely devoted to the modelling of the simple, and certainly more attractive little tub dresses which are so easily laundered and comfortable to wear than those we can remember having worn in our own childhood days.

One of the coolest and most practical of these little dresses is known as the slip-over, and is ilustrated by Figure 5275. This little model is embroidered on Carrick, a material which resembles corded pique, but is softer and a more pliable weave and embroiders beautifully. The embroidered design is very simple but effective, and a scalloped edge is the only finish this little garment requires. The slip-over may be worn over a guimpe if preferred, but without is a delightfully cool little summer garment.

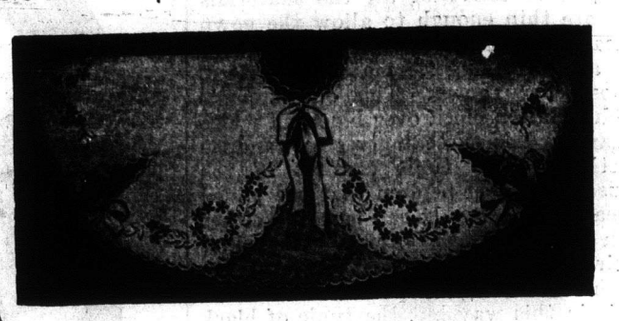
No. 5275—Slip-over.
Stamped on Carrick, 75c.
Stamped on Lawn, 50c.

The collar design 5340 is a very handsome combination of eyeleting and French embroidery and would make a most effective trimming for either three quarter or long coat. Cuffs could be supplied to match this. Heavy linen or Carrick would be suitable materials for such a coat, which is the most practical garment for summer wear as they may be kept fresh by frequent laundering.



No. 5340 Coat-Collar.
Stamped on linen or Carrick, 45.
Cuffs to match, 20c.

The dear little kimona No. 5342 is one of the most useful little gifts one could prepare for a new arrival. The one illustrated is stamped on fine linen and beautifully embroidered with a graceful wreath design. Soft white ribbons tie this dainty little coat into place. This wee kimona also may be embroidered on a soft, fine woollen weave of cream material, and lined with soft china silk. This would prove a most useful little garment for cool days as it would give the needed warmth without being too heavy.



No. 5342 Baby's Kimona.
Stamped on linen or cashmere, 50c.

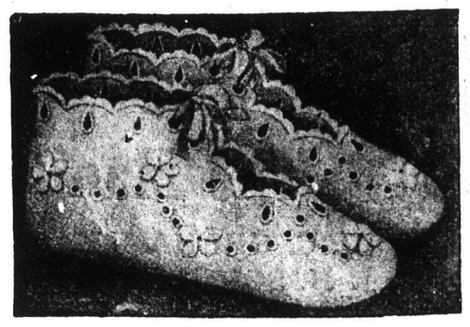
Every woman loves pretty baby things, and all the garments prepared for the tiny trousseau may be embroidered with simple, graceful, designs. Entire sets consisting of baby pillows and afghans embroidered to match may be had, but want of space will not permit us to show these in this number,

No. 5341 Bay's cap.
Stamped on fine linen, 35c.
Stamped on lawn, 25c.

which we are devoting to the smaller articles for babies' wear.

The embroidered baby shoes which are now so popular and look cool and dainty are another little addition to the baby's fascinating outfit. These shoes may be embroidered on either linen or Carrick, are soft and pliable for the tiny feet, and may be kept white and fresh, thus adding to baby's charms.

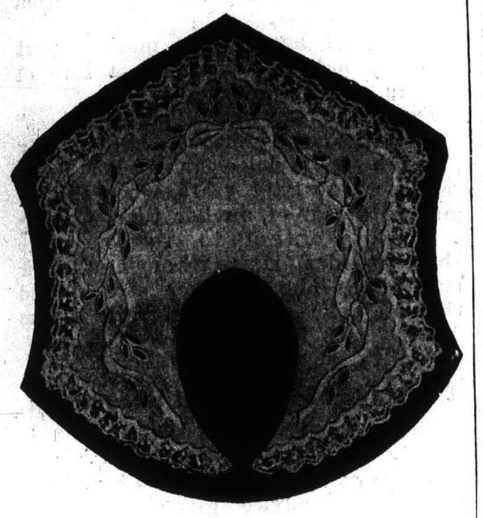
The baby's cap we illustrate is one of the most useful as it consists of a one-piece pattern which may be laced into shape, and fits comfortably and launders, very easily, a point every



No. 5392 Baby's Shoes.
Stamped on linen or Carrick, 20c.

mother will appreciate as so many of the caps when purchased ready made are useless once they are soiled. A narraw Val. lave edges this dainty little cap, and either eyelets may be worked into which the ribbons are threaded, or a beading lace may be used if preferred.

The embroidered bib shows a pretty eyelet and bow knot design, the latter being embroidered in padded satin stitch. The button hole border may be edged with lace if preferred. The bib should be embroidered on a firm fine linen, and may prove most durable.



No. 5243 Bib.
Stamped on linen, 15c.

Lustered cotton to embroider any of the above articles, 3 cents per skein, or 30 cents per dozen.
Padding cotton, 5 cents per ball.

We do not ourselves supply these materials, but readers trusting their orders to us will have them promptly filled.

Prepared Roofing.

One of the pioneers in the prepared roofing business is the Brantford Roofing Co., Limited, and to this company must be given a large share of the credit for the success of the prepared roofing industry in Canada. The high quality of this company's products—the great satisfaction they have given—has created a feeling of public confidence in the merits of prepared roofing, and has won an enormous trade for Brantford Roofing in particular.

The Brantford Roofing Company devote their entire energies to the manufacture of Asphalt Roofings exclusively, and as they have had many years of experience in the roofing business, this speaks volumes for their belief in the superiority of asphalt as a roofing material.

This company state that the asphalt they use is an exceptionally high grade of asphalt, which has been refined until it has become 99 per cent. pure. They also have their long-fibre pure wool felt made according to their own rigid specifications, as they say the ordinary commercial felt is not nearly good enough for the purpose. In addition to a thorough asphalt saturation the felt is given a heavy coating of asphalt into which is firmly embedded crushed feldspar asbestos fibre, mica and other materials noted for their fireproofing and waterproofing qualities.

At their immense factory at Brantford, Can., the Brantford Roofing Company make nine different styles of asphalt roofing, and two thicknesses of saturated felt for sheathing or exterior surfacing. This line of surfaced goods can be used in any climate, and on pitch or flat roofs, or on the sides of buildings, and has been very successful in resisting the action of weather, acids and gaseous vapors, as well as a complete protection against flying firebrands and burning cinders.

Like other progressive manufacturers, the Brantford Roofing Company are liberal advertisers, and their advertisements, many of which appear in this publication, are always interesting and instructive.

Progress of G. T. P. Road.

Since the turning of the first sod on the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, at Fort William, Ont., September 11th., 1905, by the Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, the construction work has proceeded steadily to the extent that at the present time, covering a period of four years and a half since the building of the Transcontinental Railway, was commenced, of the entire main line from Moncton to Prince Rupert, a distance of 3,500 miles, a total of 2,000 has been placed under construction; on which there has been laid 1,795 miles of track which in some cases is made up of disconnected sections, therefore not all continuous. That portion of the line however from Winnipeg to Edmonton a distance of 793 miles has been constructed and has been in partial operation by the construction department for the past 18 months, and within the past 90 days the track has been completed continuously 122 miles thus completing the track laying on that portion of the line dewesterly from Edmonton to Wolf Creek signated as the prairie section, Winnipeg to Wolf Creek 915 miles. The track was also recently completed to Fort William, thus making a continuous line from Fort William via Winnipeg and Edmonton to Wolf Creek, 1,360 miles, which, however, cannot be completed for practical operation for some months as considerable work is required to be done on the Easterly and Westerly ends of the line to put it in a suitable condition for the operation of regular trains. The other portions of the main line on which the rails have been laid are situated east and west of the City of Quebec. During the past year contracts have been let for the construction work from Wolf Creek, Alberta westerly to Tete Jaune Cache in the Rocky Mountains, 179 miles, and there are at present engaged in this section of the line 1000 teams and men, similar forces are also engaged on the construction of the line from Prince Rupert to the terminus of the Pacific Coast, Easterly to Alderemere, B C 240 miles.

In addition to the mileage referred to above the Provincial Governments of Saskatchewan and Alberta passed acts in the session of their legislatures in 1909 authorizing guarantees for the construction of branch lines by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company in these provinces to the extent of 683 miles, comprising branch lines from the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to Yorkton, Regina, Battleford, Calgary, Lethbridge, Macleod and Coutts, the construction of which is at present under way. At the session of the Saskatchewan legislature in Dec. 1909, an act was passed authorizing the guarantee of the construction of additional lines by the Grand Trunk Pacific in that province to the extent of 475 miles, comprising lines to Moose Jaw, Calgary, etc., southwesterly to the United States Boundary line, and from the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific to Prince Albert, and the construction of these will be undertaken during the present year. From the foregoing it will be observed that out of a total mileage of main line and branches of approximately 7,900 miles, there are completed and are under construction at the present time approximately 4,000 or sixty per cent of the entire mileage authorized by the company's charters.

Lacking mucilage to seal an envelope or paste a recipe into a cook book, try rubbing the surface with a piece of cold boiled potato and learn that it will adhere firmly.

In the treatment of summer complaints, the most effective remedy that can be used is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard preparation, and many people employ it in preference to other preparations. It is a highly concentrated medicine and its sedative and curative qualities are beyond question. It has been a popular medicine for many years and thousands can attest its superior qualities in overcoming dysentery and kindred complaints.

TALES FROM THE WONDERFUL WEST

It is Easy Enough to Be Pleasant
When Monday Goes By Like a Dream,
When the Labor is Light,
The Linen is White,
And You're Not Choked to Death
By The Steam.
It is Easy to Banish Your Troubles
With Royal Crown Soap for a Friend,
'Tis The Best in The West:
And We Beg to Suggest
You Can Also, at All Times—Depend
on

Royal Crown Washing Powder:

It Cleanses—Purifies—Beautifies;
And The Premiums are Fine.

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PAQUET GUARANTEED CLOTHES

THE MOST PERFECT METHOD OF CLOTHES MAKING YET DEVISED

CLOTHES, to fit perfectly, MUST be made to measure. The old-fashioned Ready Made Clothes are all made to fit AVERAGE types, not REAL men. That's why they don't fit YOU. PAQUET Guaranteed CLOTHES are NOT Ready Made. They are cut to your exact measurements BEFORE they are made up. Our new method makes this possible. It is the most perfect method of Clothes making yet devised.

PAQUET Guaranteed CLOTHES give you all the advantages of Custom tailoring at HALF the expense. The materials used are of the highest grade procurable. They are sold direct to YOU at Wholesale prices, and are GUARANTEED to be the best value in Canada to-day at from $10.00 to $14.25—worth $13.50 to $20.00.

The most highly-trained experts only are engaged in the production of PAQUET Guaranteed CLOTHES.

THE SUIT ILLUSTRATED

is made from absolutely PURE WOOL navy or black serge, best Indigo Dye, thoroughly shrunk and absolutely guaranteed to keep its color. The workmanship is unexcelled in this Country. The pockets are made according to our special process and will neither sag nor get out of shape. The real value is $15.00. Our special Price, PREPAID to any part of Canada ..... $10.

Sizes 36 to 44 only. Larger sizes 75c. per size extra.

Write for FREE Style Book

illustrating New York's latest models, and containing samples of the very newest materials for the present season. This book also contains our special self-measurement chart, which is so simple and concise that anyone using it is absolutely certain to be fitted PERFECTLY.

Write NOW! Don't put it off until another time—a postcard will do—you'll get the Style Book by return mail.

THE PAQUET COMPANY LIMITED

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Hair Goods

We beg to announce that we have opened up a mail-order department and accordingly country customers now have the opportunity of buying at manufacturers' prices.

Switches, Pompadours, Transformations, Etc.

We buy all our raw hair—the finest obtainable—from Europe and manufacture our own hair-goods. It will be readily seen that such an arrangement enables us to sell them at prices which mean a considerable saving to our customers.

If you are interested, make your wants known to us by mail and we will send you full particulars and quote prices which will surprise you.

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Read This Carefully! Competitors are required to cut out the coupons which have appeared every month, and after having filled them up, pin them together and mail them to reach us not later than **Saturday, June 4th, 1910.** Do not enclose a letter in the same envelope but just your name and address plainly in the space provided in the coupon. Address all envelopes to

THE COMPETITION EDITOR
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

While it is not a condition of the contest, we would suggest to our readers the advisability of seeing that their subscriptions are paid in advance when sending in coupons. 75 cents pays for one year, $1.50 for three years' subscription.

This Beautiful 18-inch Tray Cloth on Art Linen, choice of Wallachian, Eyelet, Lazy Daisy or Violet design, sent for 15c. BARGAIN to introduce our fancy work magazine showing newest designs in embroidery. Address W. Stephens Co., Box 36, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.

"Agents or Salesmen Wanted"

for the best selling on the market for farmers or fruit growers, big profits. The Collin's Mfg. Co., Toronto.

Woman and the Home.

Mother.

There came a day when cattle died
And every crop had failed beside,
And not a dollar left to show.
Then father said the place must go,
And all of us, we hated so
To go tell mother.

Behind the barn, there we three stood
And wondered which one of us could
Spare her the most—'tis easily said,
But we just looked and looked in dread
At one another.

I spoke: "I'll trust to Brother's tongue."
But Father said, "No he's too young;
I reckon I—" He gave a groan:
"To know we've not a stick or stone
Will just kill mother!

"Maybe a mortgage can be raised.
Here all her father's cattle grazed;
She loves each flower and leaf and bird--
I'll mortgage ere I'l say a word
To mother.

Upon his hands he bowed his head.
And then a voice behind us said:
"Mortgage? And always got to pay?
Now, Father, I've a better way!"—
And there, between the ricks of hay,
Stood mother.

"I have been thinking, 'most a year,
We'd sell this place, and somewhere near
Just rent a cottage small and neat,
And raise enough for us to eat,"
Said Mother.

"There's trouble worse than loss of lands.
We've honest heart and willing hands,
And not till earth and roof and door
Can rob of peace, shall I be poor!"
She smiled. "And, 't seems to me,
You all had better come to tea,"
Said Mother.

As through the sunset field astir
We three went following after her,
The thrushes they sang everywhere;
Something had banished all our care,
And we felt strong enough to bear
All things—with Mother.

And listen: Once there came a day
When troops returned from far away,
And everyone went up to meet
His own, within the village street.
But ere he reached our old milestone
I knew that Father came alone—
And not with Brother.

Then through the twilight, dense and gray
All that our choking sobs could say
Was—"Who'll tell mother?"

But waiting for us, by the wood,
Pale in the dusk, again she stood.
And then her arms round Father prest
And drew his head upon her breast:

. . . . . .

"The worst that comes is never Death,
For honor lived while he drew breath!"
Said Mother.

Often, when some great deed is cried
Of one, by flood of flame, who died,
Of men who sought and won their fame,
While all the land rings with their name
Or other.

I think me of one warfare long,
Of Marah's water, bitter, strong,
Of sword and fire that pierced the heart,
Of all the dumb, unuttered part
And say, with eyes grown misty, wet
(Love's vision, that cannot forget),
"All heroes are not counted yet—
There's mother."

Do Girls Tire of Home.

One of the charges laid to the door of the modern girl is that she tires of home life.

Those who make it fail to recognize that though she is brighter and smarter and prettier than her fore-mothers—if such a word is permissible—she is just as sweet and lovable, and none the less a home bird, simply for the reason that she takes many little flights from the family nest.

A love of home is as much a part of every natural woman as a love of flowers and children.

From the day she "plays houses" and takes a precious house-wifely pleasure in spring-cleaning her dolls' residences, to later years, when she begins to dream of, in her turn, making a home beautiful to someone, the "homey" idea runs through all her meditations like a silver streak, and through them all the old home is the dearest spot in the world.

The Value of The "Tout Ensemble."

Girls who do not possess what is usually termed "a pretty face" can console themselves and carry out the following wise advice given to French girls in a charming article written by Marcel Boulanger.

"Remember, French girls, that your faces really matter little or nothing. To preserve for a long time the illusion that you are fresh as the morning, and to show off dress to the best advantage, you must study your bodies above everything else and become mistresses of the art of movement and charm. Never allow yourselves to become 'slack,' carry yourselves well, keep in good health, and keep your minds keen. And, above all, don't become round-shouldered and crooked by constantly sitting in one position for hours playing bridge. Take plenty of fresh air and exercise, and live as life ought to be lived.

Wedding Presents.

It is a golden rule to send your wedding gifts in good time the, first to arrive being much more rappreciated than that which is one of the many pouring in from all quarters during the last week.

A month before the wedding day is not too early to send the present, which should be accompanied by a visiting card, to be placed on the gift when displayed amongst the others.

The package should be addressed to the bride if you are intimate with both the happy people; and to the bride's house addressed to the bridegroom, if it is he with whom you are best acquainted.

The future circumstances of the happy couple should influence the choice.

If they are going abroad do not give anything unsuitable to the requirements of the climate, or so cumbersome that the packing or conveying to its destination will amount to half the value of the present.

If the recipients will not be particularly well off, it is only kind to select some useful present.

If the happy couple are likely to receive many presents, it is safe to give something which it will not be amiss if received in duplicate such as silver sweetmeat baskets for the dinner-table, or a set of afternoon teaspoons, or a bronze or china ornament.

Does Age Matter.

Both girls and men are continually asking if it is right for a man to marry a girl much older than he is.

As a matter of fact, a difference in age is not important when two people love each other. But the point is: Are they sure of their affection? Take, for example, a nineteen-year-old boy who has written to me. Of course, there is one chance in a hun-

dred that he is really in love with his widow of thirty-two with a love that will last. But the other ninety-nine chances are against him. For two people of mature minds, sure of their own emotions, to determine that a difference in their ages is of no importance is one thing. For a boy to be sure that he will always love and be true to a woman much older than he is is quite another matter. If you must marry someone much older or younger than you are, do not do it hurridely. Consider your action well.

The Methods of Mankind.

Of all the qualities common amongst the men and women of this world, one of the most important, and yet least recognized, is method. It is hard to perceive why this should be so underrated by the not inconsiderable number of people who do not depreciate it; for it is an essential possession to everyone who would make his way to success.

The fact is, each of us must have a plan in life. The person without a plan is a mere straw on the stream, drifting about with the current, in a useless, haphazard kind of way. He has no object, no end for which to strive; he is a futile personage, a cipher in the sum of existence.

The essence of method is to have everthing done in the right way, and at the right time, according to some preconceived scheme.

"Things that are not performed in their right order, or are left half undone to be attended to afterwards, soon accumulate to an alarming extent, and bring a sense of confusion sufficient to disable the best of workers."

In the rush of trade and business, in the hurry and worry of managing and directing a household, in the mastering of school tasks method is the great keynote of success.

Here is the excellent motto of a successful man. It is: "Have a time for everything and do everything in its time, have a place for everything and keep everything in its place."

Of course, method can be, and often is overdone. It is foolish, for instance, to commence lighting fires on November 15 every year, regardless of the weather. Method should always be subservient to common-sense.

But we must have method. We must all have method. If you have a plan in life make sure that it is good one, and then proceed to carry it out. If you have no plan, get one; because you will never be of any use to anyone, least of all yourself, until you do. Method is at the bottom of most successes, whilst thousands of failures are due to the lack of it.

While We May.

Thy hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about,
So many times; they do
So many times for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake.
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips.
That speak to us. Pray if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by, for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Nor turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while me may.
So many little faults we find,
We see them, for not blind
Is Love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by-and-by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less,
Remembrances to bless.
Days change to many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers,
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light.
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.

My Sweethearts.

My first was young and very fair,
With bright blue eyes and yellow hair;
A surplice white in church he wore;
I loved him for a month or more.

My second, he was gaunt and thin.
All round the hemispheres he'd been;
He'd shot at lions, killed a bear;
I loved him for about a year.

My third had flowing coal-black locks
(I wore then green and yellow frocks).
He played and sang my heart away;
I loved him one year and a day.

My fourth was handsome, but so poor!
That only made me love him more;
I wept and sighed, but had to part,
It almost, almost brike my heart.

My fifth was—well, I cannot say
What he was like, but one fine day
I swore to love him all my life;
And now he calls me "Little Wife."

My sixth? My sixth is very small,
He hardly seems a man at all;
But oh, I could not bear to part,
With either Fifth or Sixth sweetheart.

SCIENTISTS tell us man originally lived in the water. Be that as it may, health still demands a plentiful supply of moisture in the air we breathe as well as in the food we eat. The commonest cause of colds, sore throats, pneumonia and similar troubles in winter is the over-dry, over-heated atmosphere of so many furnace-heated houses.

Of course the average Furnace gives off *heat*—that's what it is for—but it's a dry, parching, snuffing heat that cracks your skin and affects your lungs and throat and makes you feel "chilly" in spite of an overheated house.

It is *moisture* that is wanting in the air—real natural humidity of the outside atmosphere—and the ordinary Furnace is not built to provide this moisture.

The Solution Lies In The

"Good Cheer" Circle Water Pan

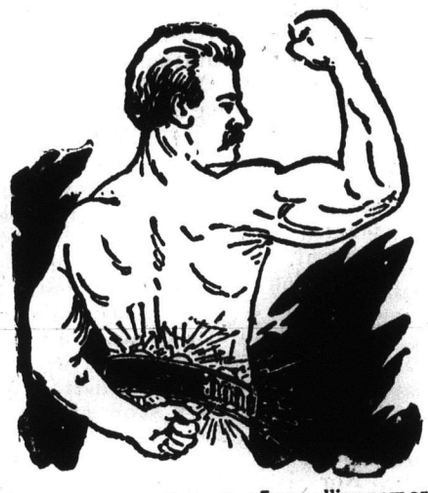
A good big water pan—not a mere makeshift—placed in position where the water can be best evaporated, evenly distributed, breathing refreshment and "Good Cheer" air over the whole house.

The "Good Cheer" Furnace gives a natural, humid heat—an atmosphere which is perfectly comfortable at 68°, and as healthy as it is comfortable.

Write for full information and the name of the nearest dealer to

THE JAMES STEWART MFG. CO., LIMITED, 1
WOODSTOCK, ONT. - - - - - WINNIPEG, MAN.

Men! I'll Cure You Before You Pay Me



Let any man who is weak, broken-down, old and decrepit in physical weakness, full of pains and aches, gloomy, despondent and cheerless—any man who wants to be stronger and younger than he feels—let him come and tell me how he feels, and if I say that I can cure him, and he will show that he is honest and sincere, he need not pay a cent until I cure him.

The proposition I make to youis a fair one. It is an easy one for you to accept. All I ask is give me security that I will get my pay, and you can

PAY WHEN CURED

If I don't cure you my Belt comes back to me and we quit friends. You are out the time ou spend on it—wearing it while you sleep—nothing more.

I don't want money that I don't earn; I don't need it, and I am not after it. But I am after the dollars that are now going wrong in the quest of health. Look at these poor wrecks of humanity that are spending all they earn on drugs—dope that is paralyzing their vital organs—that have spent all they have earned for years without gaining a pound of strength for the hundreds of dollars wasted.

That is the money that I am after, because for every dollar I take I can give a thousand per cent, interest. And I don't want it at all until I have cured you, if you will secure me. I have cured so many cases right here that I can prove my claims to you, but if that proof is not enough, I'll cure you first and then you can pay me. Is that fair?

Most of the Belts that I am selling now are to men who have been sent here by their friends whom I have cured. I think that is the best evidence that my business is a success, from the standpoint of cures, as well as on the dollar side.

Never mind waiting until you use the last dose out of that bottle from the drug store. Begin now. Call and talk matters over with me or send for my book. It costs you nothing. For over twenty-four years I have taught the great truth that "ELECTRICITY IS LIFE," and have proved the soundness of my doctrine by making cures when others have failed time and again. Others have aspired to do the work I am doing with my ELECTRIC BELT. They offer you electricity in some other form, or an "electric belt" that possesses no curative power whatever. They are like "boys on bladders" floundering in a sea of uncertainty—while to-day the DR. McLAUGHLIN ELECTRIC BELT stands the world over as the most correct—the most perfect method of applying Galvanic Electricity to the body that has ever been devised.

Dear Sir,—I have used your Belt with great success. It has done just what I expected of it—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.

M. W. Cooper.
Charesholm, Alta.

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.

James H. Ferguson,
Box 4, Neepawa, Man.

The Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt cures Indigestion, Constipation, Weakness of the Liver and Kidneys, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica; overcomes the effects of exhaustive habits—every sign of weakness in men or women. It puts new Life and Energy into the Nervous System. Ginger up! Use this Belt and become a Man.

Call at my office, or send me this coupon and I will mail you my 80-page FREE BOOK. It points the way to Health and Prosperity.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN,
112 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.
Please send me your book free.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wed. and Saturdays until 8.30 p.m.

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If your druggist does not sell Tarolema, order direct, and address Dept. Chemist 2

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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.

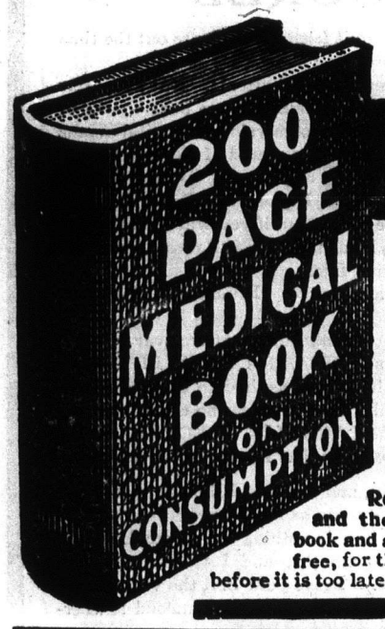
I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. 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. 24 - - - - WINDSOR, Ont.

Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case was hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1541 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

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You cannot permanently rid yourself of disfiguring hair by burning off the exposed part. You must kill the hair root, so that it cannot grow again. The only sure and safe way to do this is by electricity. This method is employed by all reputable physicians and dermatologists. THE MAHLER APPLIANCE is an electrical apparatus embodying the standard recognized method of electrolysis—simplified for home use. This kills the hair root by a steady, constant current of electricity, so faint that it cannot cause the slightest shock or scar, but sufficiently strong to destroy the life of the hair, so it can never grow again. You can use it with absolutely no danger of any kind. No knowledge of electricity required to operate. Send today for our book which fully describes the MAHLER APPLIANCE and contains evidences of the results achieved by women who have used it. This book free on request. We prepay postage in full. WRITE TO-DAY.

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D. J. MAHLER, 655 N MAHLER PARK, EAST PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Hints For Husbands.

If your wife is not a good housekeeper, praise what you can, and it will stimulate her ambition to deserve more. Do not let "the kind mother used to make" become a bugbear. Gentleness and patience will do wonders.

Never allow yourself to discontinue the little courtesies that are now the little courtesies that are now habitual. Politeness erects barriers that keep in the intimacy of daily life. If "Mrs. You" appear unreasonable, exacting, irritating, hold back the harsh words that are fighting for utterance. For the sake of what she has been to you—and will be again—don't take the sunshine all out of her day. Those cutting words will recur to her again and again, long after you have forgotten them. Sometimes they remain in the memory as though branded.

Do not fall into the mistake, because your wife wants you to appear at your best before her relatives, that she is fearing their criticism of you. You "don't care what they think; if they don't like you—they may do the other thing," and you resent that your wife cares so much for their opinion as to want to change you in any way. Ah! there is where you are wrong. It is not that she cares for their opinion about any other earthly thing, but she does care tremendously about what they think of you. She craves the admiration for you of those who made up the world of her childhood and youth. Do not step down from your pedestal if you can help it.

What is the proper way to treat the drawing room? Shall it be light and dazzling, or shall it be rich and subdued? When it comes to deciding such a question as this, there is one axiom to bear in mind—that appropriateness is the keynote of correct decoration. Standing squarely on this as a starting point, one cannot go very far astray. As the drawing room is the state apartment, the place where social functions are held, it stands to reason that a room that possesses an atmosphere of richness and stateliness is the more appropriate.

One word as to decorating the top of a piano—don't! Like the preacher who begins with firstly, we may extend our advice still further by saying that too much ornamentation is destructive to tone quality. You may have observed that on striking a certain note it gave out a ringing metallic sound. After puzzling over this phenomnon for a while, you at length discover that the sound was due to the presence of a jeweled photograph frame, which, you thought, added so much to the ornamentation of the instument. But if you love a good toned piano better than you do bric-a-brac, you will cease to litter your instrument with picture frames, curios, and statuettes, no matter how well they show off, no matter how empty the piano looks without them.

Nor is your instrument complete without the side cabinet for music. There has been a great innovation in the styles of music stands during the past year. In fact, the mere "stand" is no longer fashionable, a cabinet with shelves and drawers, and even glass doors, being the proper thing.

Principal Cause of Trouble with Servants.

I have always believed thoroughly that at the bottom of much of the servants trouble lies the inefficiency of the average housewife. How is it possible that an ignorant servant, though willing, should become capable, except through such training as a skilled mistress can give her, or how can a most efficient maid live up to her own ideas under a mistress who, having no training, and therefore no standards of her own, must be lacking in understanding and appreciation of the work of others? And yet if you ask almost any housekeeper to define a good servent she will tell you it is one who relieves her from care and responsibility. What would be thought of the head of a banking-house who estimated his employees solely according to their ability to relieve him of the duties that properly belong to himself? The banker values a clerk who is able to obey orders intelligently, and upon whose fidelity he can rely, but he does not expect him to do his thinking for him. You see, the trouble with us, as mistresses, is largely that we want to be relieved of the responsibility that comes with home-making, instead of accepting it as our chief concern in life, studying is as we would any other profession, meeting all its requirements with skill and knowledge, and seeing, back of all, the trying and petty details, the dignity and value of the work we are doing. I do not wish to seem to under-value the difficulties of the profession. It is the hardest one I know, and it is often filled with details that are neither pleasant or dignified. But so are the professions of medicine, of journalism, of law, and even the ministry. The truth is that details are almost always unpleasant things, and are seldom dignified. The dignity, after all, is in the worker and not in the work, and women have not yet found it out. When they do they will look at house-keeping with wiser and more tolerant eyes.

The Art of Listening to Music.

It is the fashion among a certain cult neatly to label every symphony, sonata or tone-poem with the sensations or ideas the author is supposed to have associated with it, so that the enquiring and diligent amateur may sit in the concert-room, program in hand, and know exactly what his feelings should be at every bar. He experiences a rude shock when, his eye having wandered from the program, he finds that his sensations have not been in accordance with the book, and hastily endeavors to get himself into train, or (if he be wise) casts aside the mendacicus finger-post. This practice of labelling, often honestly intended as a help, is nothing but a snare. Even in a few cases where a composer has expressly intended to depict some scene or state of mind, and has been unwise enough to divulge it, it is better that the hearer should, on first hearing, at any rate, know nothing about it. For music can not describe scenes but can only approximately induce the mental state to which contemplation of those scenes gives rise; and as this state is different in almost every individual, the composer's translation into mental atmosphere will only appeal to a few. And music in its purest forms is great in so far as it is a vehicle, a mirror, an elastic medium that will materialize those elusive nebulae of the mind and heart of whose eixstence he only becomes aware when they are influenced by a divine essence. Thus a passage in Mozart, Bach or Beethoven may, when the physical sound has ceased, leave images of entirely opposite hues in the minds of two people, each of whom may nevertheless have a perfect understanding of it. Let the contention not be lost sight of, that the real effect of music cannot be felt until the sounds have been hushed, and the thoughts have fallen into a quick perspective.—Ex.

A Pill that Proves its Value.—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities in which are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparations have failed, and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.

About the Farm.

Before it is Too Late.

If you have a tender message
  Or a loving word to say,
Do not wait till you forget it,
  But whisper it today
The tender word unspoken,
  The letter never sent,
The long forgotten messages,
  The wealth of love unspent,
For these some hearts are breaking,
  For these some loved ones wait;
So show you that you care for them
  Before it is too late.

—D. H. Sweet.

Woman In Ages To Come.

I have in my heart no desire
To fight in the battle with men;
Let them go their own ways, and I mine—
  They to the plow and I to the spindle,
Lest my heart pine,
  And my soul dwindle.

Let me preserve in my soul
  The rich ecstacy, the ripe fire
That feed the small children of men—
  That leads them higher,
And at length makes them whole.

Let me keep ever busy my hands,
  But my soul ever free!
Free for its own high task,
Let me not ask
Power and treasures and lands,
  But only for freedom to be
Apart where my soul may breathe
And laugh and wreathe
Garlands of beauty and joy
  For the brows of humanity.

Let me not urge upon men
  Trivial wishes, or thought
  That perchance could be bought, or again
Make myself less than a woman—
  As only a woman can—
  By reaching half-heights as a man.
Only my birthright is mine:
  To be free that my soul may aspire
  Even higher and higher
To star-heights divine.
For there on the exquisite brink
Of the edge of all the world will it drink
  At the fountain of Truth,
  And its youth
Will endure to an end strong and sure.
From that fount it will bring
  For the rapt little children of men,
  Again and again,
Its beautiful burden of life—
  Till man shall become, each one,
As the small true children are,
And shall look as they look without shame,
To a God grown more than a name,
  As an eagle looks at the sun.
And the men whom I give their birth
Shall walk as gods in the earth.

—Louis Morgan Sill in Harper's Bazaar.

Crops For Sheep.

The wise shepherd in planning his crops for the year has regard to the needs of his flock. He recognizes the great advantage of providing not only a variety of foods but a succession of succulent crops the season through. Bulletin No. 12, "Sheep Husbandry in Canada," published and issued free by the Live Stock Branch at Ottawa, takes up this subject in a practical and thorough manner. Under special crops for sheep it deals with clover, alfalfa, vetches, rape, cabbage, turnips, mangels, corn and the several classes of grain. Each is treated separately in regard to method cultivation and manner of feeding. Dealing with the vetches the bulletin says:

"Vetches, or tares as they are also called, make excellent fodder for sheep, either as soiling crop or as cured hay. This crop much resembles peas in habit of growth and requires about the same kind of cultivation. Its vines are more slender than pea vines and stand up better when grown with a stiff variety of oats. Vetches are grown extensively for sheep feed in Great Britain, and to some extent in Canada for the same purpose. The writer, while raising sheep, always grew a small area of tares with oats for coiling the show flock, and in case of a shortage of clover vetches were cured for hay. The crop being fine in vine and very leafy is much relished by sheep and constitutes a rich diet.

"Two varieties of vetches are grown for fodder. The common vetch is the chief sort cultivated, but the hairy variety is receiving some attention. The latter produces the heavier yield, but so far the seed having to be imported is very expensive and few care to bother with it.

"The soil for vetches should be clean, mellow and rich. The seed may be sown in drills or broadcast. A good seeding for either soiling or hay is about three pecks of vetches and four pecks of oats per acre. The vetches are ready to feed any time after the crop comes into blossom and before the seed commences to ripen. For soiling the crop may be hauled to racks, or be distributed on the sod of a pasture field as soon as cut, or it may be allowed to wilt in the swath for a few hours. Vetch hay is made in much the same manner as clover or timothy is handled. Vetches may be pastured by sheep, but this is a wasteful practice, as much of the crop is destroyed by tramping."

Sheep raisers who do not already possess a copy of this bulletin would do well to order one from the Live Stock Commissioner at Ottawa.

Vacation On The Farm.

There cannot be a stated time for a vacation on the farm. Take the time and make the most of it when it comes. If it is only an hour make the most of it. It may be only a walk to the nut trees or to the berry pasture, or perhaps only down the lane to salt the calves. Call the children and the dog; if there is no dog, call the cats; and if no cats, bad luck to the farm—there must be something wrong in a household where there are no pets. See how they all enjoy the walk; and even this little outing, which was a task, has refreshed one wonderfully if taken in the right spirit (thankful for small blessings).

And the childlike pleasures of life on the farm. Of course there are many tasks to be done, but when done cheerfully and with an interest in the work, how full of pleasure is work. What more enjoyable life can there be? Think of the Maying party hanging May baskets, and the ride to town on the first of July to see the parade; then the blueberry parties, where a whole day is spent in the pastures, eating dinner under the trees in true gypsy style; and, later, the corn roasts, and chestnut parties. And what fun to call on the neighbors with Jack-o'-lantern, and then the crowning joy of harvest time, the husking, where the whole family join in the sport, and fathers and mothers seem almost boys and girls again.

There are vacations the whole year through, and ones that pay, giving happiness to all, and that feeling of neighborly kindness that should be the sum and substance of every farming district.

Poultry Notes.

It is not all poultry keepers that know that the air sacks in a bird's lungs communicate with the bones. This being the case, quite often when the fowls show lameness, stiffness of the joints, and other bone diseases such as thick joints and lumps on the bones, the cause reaches back to a respiratory disease, the microbe infesting the lungs following on with its inflammation and insidious work through the inner membranes of the bones.

A certain poultry writer advised the owners of poultry to keep two sets of roosts as she did, throwing out one set

PREPARE NOW TO MAKE EVERY MINUTE COUNT AT HARVEST TIME

FOR you must make every minute count then to be sure of getting the full profit from your acres. Smooth, rapid, uninterrupted work is a necessity when the grain is ripe for cutting. Every delay due to a slow, inefficient broken-down machine will rob you of a part of the reward you have a perfect right to expect.

You have used great care in preparing the ground—sowing the seed—caring for it while it is growing.

Don't, through lack of foresight now, run any risk of making valueless at harvest time the hours of labor spent in preparing for it.

Be prepared to get all the crop with a McCormick.

Your grain may be tangled or down.

It does not matter, a McCormick Binder will pick it up quickly and bind it in the best possible shape.

The McCormick Binder is made to meet the requirements of the Canadian farmer. It does so as no other machine does. It has stood the test of time. Its light draft, strength and uniform good work will permit you to save all your grain with the least labor on your part.

The McCormick line embraces a large number of other machines just as valuable as the binder, such as drills, tillage implements, gasoline engines, cream separators, wagons, hay presses, manure spreaders and motor vehicles.

Every McCormick machine is the superior products of expert designers and skilled workmen.

Look over your machines today. See what you need to properly handle the harvest this year. Then call on a local dealer or write direct for further information. Take the step now that will insure your getting all the profit from your harvest.

CANADIAN BRANCHES—International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA CHICAGO U S A
(Incorporated)

THE I-H-C LINE

EUREKA
SANITARY CHURN

There's no comparison between the ordinary wooden churn and the "EUREKA". Barrel is stoneware—top is clear glass.

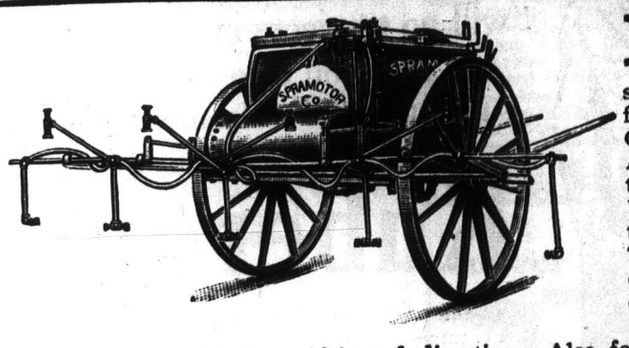
Besides being absolutely sanitary, the glass top enables you to see how the churning is coming along without opening the churn.

Also made with Aluminum top.

The "EUREKA" is the easiest churn on the market to operate. By tilting back the frame until the weight rests on the wheels, the churn can be quickly and easily moved—while the barrel remain upright.

If your dealer does not handle the "EUREKA," do not take a substitute but write us for catalogue.

EUREKA PLANTER CO. LIMITED, WOODSTOCK, ONT.



HORSE-Power Spramotor, High Pressure 100 to 200 lbs., for 1 or 2 Horses. Over 500 in use. Automatic Regulator (No Safety Valve) Nozzle Protector, 12 gal. Air Tank, largest capacity. Can be hand operated, Nozzle controlled automatically, as to height, width and direction. Also for orchard, melons, potatoes, etc. The largest line of spraying machines in the world. Guaranteed against all defects for one year. Particulars free—NOW. This ad. will not appear again in this paper.

SPRAMOTOR CO., 1399 King St., London, Ont.

Cancer Cure

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous EVANS' CANCER CURE, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment will cure external or internal Cancer. Write, R. D. EVANS, BRANDON, MANITOBA.

LET THE EXPERIENCE OF THE MAJORITY OF FARMERS BE YOUR GUIDE IN BUYING TWINE

THE time has come to order your binder twine for the 1910 harvest. Twine dealers are placing orders for their season's stock. The mills are running. Now is the time for you to decide the twine question. It is something that requires careful consideration. The success of your harvest will depend on the uninterrupted work of your binder, for no binder can work well if you use a cheap grade of binder twine.

It is our aim to have every farmer who uses I H C twine go through the 1910 harvest season without a break in the field. We have much more at stake than merely selling twine. Your interests and ours are the same.

We know that the raw materials from which I H C twines are spun have the quantity and quality of fibre that insure greater strength than is found in any other twine. They are evenly spun—smooth running—do not tangle in the twine box—work well in the knotter, insuring perfect binding and perfect tying. They insure your being able to work your binder through the entire harvest season with greatest speed and economy and are therefore practical profit insurance.

Those who buy cheap twine will certainly have trouble—delays due to tangles, knots and breaks will mean the loss of valuable time—and every delay at harvest time will cut down your profits.

There is a sure way to avoid this. Let the experience of the past be your guide in purchasing your twine. The verdict of the majority of the farmers of this country is a safe guide. Their decision should have more weight with you than the statement of any twine manufacturer. These farmers know. They have the same problems confronting them that you have. They have no axe to grind. They do not sell twine. They are only interested in results.

I H C Brand of Sisal—Standard Sisal Manila or Pure Manila

Are the twines used by the majority of the farmers of this country. They have been proved to give the best results. Eighty-five to 90 per cent of the farmers use Sisal. It is smooth running and works at steady tension without kinking or tangling in the twine box—insuring perfect binding and perfect tying. Its only equal is the really high grade Manila twines such as bear the I H C trade-mark.

Your interests and ours are identical on this twine proposition. We have more at stake than selling twine. We are vitally interested in the successful operation of hundreds of thousands of binders. On their successful operation depends our success—and we know they cannot operate successfully with poor twine. No binder made can. For this reason we have given the twine problem careful study. When we say "Stick to Sisal or high grade Manila bearing the I H C trade-mark"—we do so because we know them to be the highest standard of excellence in binder twine.

But we don't ask you to do as we say. We want you to be the judge. But your judgment to be right should be based on facts—not on the statement of any twine man. And the fact is—that the majority of the farmers of this country use I H C twine. Sisal or Standard (which is made from pure Sisal) comes 500 feet to the pound; high grade Manila, 600 feet to the pound; Pure Manila, 650 feet. See your local I H C dealer at once and let him know how much you will need. If you want more facts on binder twine, write the International Harvester Company of America at nearest branch house for information.

CANADIAN BRANCHES—Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

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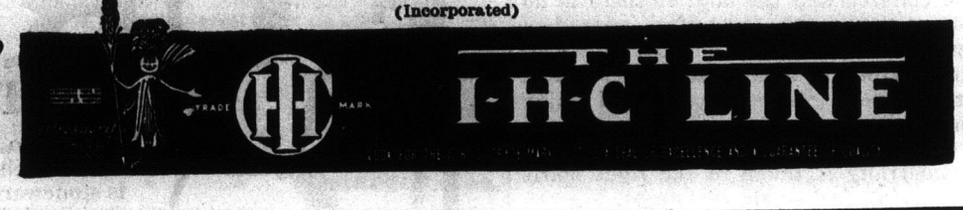

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Beware Imitations

Most ready roofings look the same. The weather alone finds the hidden weakness.

You can't tell by looks which roofing will last or which will go to pieces in a season.

But you can do this. You can identify from its 300 substitutes the only roofing which has lasted.

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Fac-simile of the "RUBEROID MAN" on the wrapper and the word "RUBEROID" is stamped every few feet on the underside of the fabric.

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WRITE TO-DAY.

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to let the sun and rain cleanse the roosts thrown out while the second set is in use. The amount of ignorance shown in some poultry articles is wonderful, especially in some of the poultry journals. Any poultry keeper who has ever given the business half a thought knows that sun and rain will not kill lice. The sun gives them renewed life, and as for the mites and other kinds of lice, in the main, douse water by the tubful over them, and when they dry off they are more alive than ever. That is, unless the water is reasonably hot. Neither snow or frost will kill them.

Except for a very short time, I do not like eggs that are kept in salt. The salt tastes them after a time, and it hardens on them, making it a difficult task to get it off the shell. Besides this, an evaporation often takes place from the egg. This stains the shell. If they are to be kept from freezing and fresh for a while, I like bran and oats best for hiding them in. A good idea is to run your hand through the packing and turn them over about once a week. This prevents the yolk from clinging to one side.

Yarded fowls, if properly handled, will lay more eggs during a year than hens running at large. The fowls at large are too often neglected. Not knowing just how much pick-up stuff is available to them they are often either under or overfed. Yarded fowls are easily overfed. Here is where good judgment must be used. Yarded fowls must get exercise in scratching for food. Only in giving this exercise can you keep them up to normal health. Their eggs do not, as a rule, hatch in as great a number as eggs from fowls rustling for a living.

Many persons complain that certain breeds of fowls never can be brought up to standard size under their care. For instance, the Brahma hen should weigh nine and a half pounds, the Cochin hen eight and a half. Try as they will, from five to seven pounds is the average of many of their 2-year-old hens. The truth is that in any breed will always be grown small specimens. This you cannot help. If you select standard size in both hens and roosters for breeding stock you will keep up the required size in the majority of the fowls, unless you fail to feed nutrient foods. This is the reason that many fowls do not grow to the required size. They were built up to that by judicious feeding and care; they run back if not given it.

The Art of Showing Live Stock.

It requires outstanding entries to win the top prizes in close competitions at our shows, and it takes grit and self-control in exhibitors either to win or lose. An embittered, long-faced, talkative loser injures himself and his business; his loss of prizes is as nothing compared with the effect of his childish conduct on spectators and himself. A boastful and arrogant winner is equally unpopular among unlookers. Whoever has witnessed competitive live stock judging with eyes and ears knows that the exhibitor must pass through a more trying ordeal than the judge. To administer bitter pills may be comedy; to take them is tradegy. Men who are fortified with the quiet inner power that reflects character are sportsmanlike losers. They take their medicine without visible or audible protest, and this attitude is of larger value than the honor that lurks in a bit of blue silk. Judges, however, do not take an irresponsible delight in rendering stinging verdicts; most of them have been in exhibitors' uncomfortable shoes, and are consequently full of a manly regard for the feelings of those on whose animals they pass judgment.

At the same time no judge worthy of the office will allow this wholesome undercurrent of human sympathy or a type of professional friendship to dim his vision of what is right. Failing to please himself he cannot hope to satisfy others. But almost every important class at a show includes two or more entries whose differences in merit often dwindle down to the attenuated predilections of the judge. In such cases there is an opportunity for him to give someone the benefit of a doubt. If he

A Drink for Father.

is human, he is not likely to favor an exhibitor who on other occasions or in preceding classes has condemned him with countenance or tongue. Let no man fear a judge, but if he is of good repute his work should be respected and accepted.

Some men have not mastered the fine art of showing live stock. It is easier to breed and fit winners than it is for some men to acquit themselves as dignified rivals in victory or defeat. So subtle is the influence of conduct and attitude on the part of exhibitors that without it judges may judge men as well as their animals. Contempt for a judge's decisions breeds contempt in that official's mind for his vituperative critics. Exhibitors who have been accustomed to blue ribbons often show the white feather when the tables are turned. Sucess with them becomes a habit and they cannot endure its breaking up without protest, resentment and animosity. Stockmen who have the right interest in their work must be wrapped up in their entries at a show, but they must also be big enough to see what the other man has. When they can do that and maintain an inoffensive bearing in defeat and a modest, quiet good humor in triumph, they have mastered the art of showing live stock. Moreover, they have risen above the pettiness which keeps the most of us in a futile turmoil during our short lives.

Separation of Cream.

The thickness or density of cream depends upon two things, the centrifugal force used, and the regulation of the cream.outlook. In the separation by centrifugal force, the milk is thrown to the outside of the bowl, because it is heaver than the butter fat, the latter works in towards the centre, and is known as cream; the nearer the centre of the bowl the thicker the cream, providing uniform feed and speed are maintained.

Most separators have what is known as a cream screw that has an opening in the centre. When a thick cream is desired the screw is turned in, which carries the opening nearer the centre of the bowl, giving you a thicker cream.

Separators have different devices for the removal of cream, but in all cases the nearer the outlet is to the centre of the bowl the thicker will be the cream provided the inlet of milk and speed are kept uniform.

The cause of the variations in tests, in most cases, is due to the variation of speed in running the separator. If the machine is run a little slowly or below speed the result is a lessening of the centrifugal force, consequently more milk will be retained in the so-called cream, which will mean a low percentage of butter fat. In addition to this the separator will not skim clean and the result will be that some fat will pass off into the skimmed milk.

The writer has on a number of occasions tested some samples of skimmed milk from digerent farms from separators that had been operated at a low rate of speed and found the fat contained in the skim milk to average over 1 per cent., or one pound of butter fat in each 100 pounds of skim milk. Butter fat is too valuable a product to be wasted like this.—Prof. G. L. McKay.

Profitable Milk Production.

In order to make dairying a success we must first of all see to it that the raw material, the milk, is produced as cheaply as possible. Tests are being made in Denmark in which the cost of production from 200 cows varied from 15.1 to 78.5 cents per pound of butter. These show that the profitable dairy cow is found not only by selecting a particular breed but by paying strict attention to each animal. The "average" cow is the curse of dairying. It requires no great intelligence to see that it is better to milk six cows giving good profit, than to milk ten, four of which reduce, if they do not annihilate, the profit of the other six.

It is well to remember, though, that it takes a dairyman to care for a dairy cow, and that the best cow alive may be unprofitable in the hands of an unskillful, careless man. All food consists of elements that are grouped mainly as proteids or muscle-producing, and carbohydrates, or fat and heat-producting elements. Various experiments have shown that the best result is obtained when these are present in the food in a certain proportion and that great waste occurs when either is given in too great excess. What this proportion should be is a mooted question and some have proposed to vary it according to the quality of milk given, but it seems to me that the economical ratio will depend somewhat upon the local price of the various feeds. Judgment must be used to decide whether, for instance, to sell oats and corn and buy bran and oil meal or not. The cost of freight and of hauling both ways must also be considered. In our western provinces the carbohydrates are produced in excess and consequently the mistake of feeding too much of them is often made, as when corn is given in excess. The ration should be balanced up by adding bran, peas, linseed or cottonseed meals, the latter containing over three times as much protein as corn and only half the amount of carbohydrates. Every dairyman should inform himself as to the cost of various commercial feeds and then calculate the most economical ration for his cows under his own condition. It is a simple matter to write to your experiment station or your farm journal stating what feed stuffs you have and their selling value as well as the local price of bran, oil meal and other feeds of this nature, and to ask for suggestions. But always bear in mind that chemical analyses of feed are averages and may not fit your case exactly.

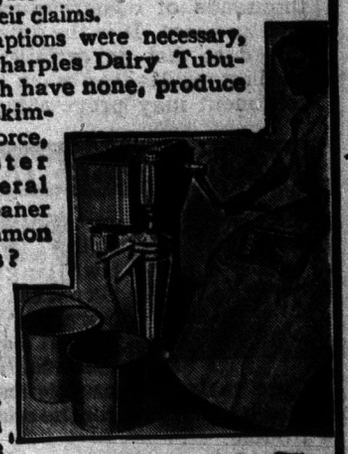
One thing is certain, where corn will grow no cheaper food exists than well preserved silage. In summer the most common mistake which tends to increase the cost of production is that of allowing the cows to shrink in yield when pastures are getting poor instead of supplementing their feed at once with some sort of soiling crop. Many farmers, as well as scientists, labored for many years under the delusion that

Under the Old Oak.

CHOKE HIM On Facts

When you get tired hearing agents or makers of common cream separators excuse the needless disks or other contraptions they use, just choke them on facts that disprove their claims.

If contraptions were necessary, how do Sharples Dairy Tubulars, which have none, produce twice the skimming force, skim faster and several times cleaner than common separators? Why do Tubulars probably replace more common separators than any one maker of such machines sells? Why do Tubular sales easily exceed most, if not all, others combined? Why is the manufacture of Tubulars one of Canada's leading industries? These facts are invincible proofs that Tubulars are The World's Best.



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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, JR., (mankind $1.00 bottle.) For Synovitis, Strains, Gouty or Rheumatic Deposits, Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele. Allays pain. Book free.

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is the remedy you can depend on. No other preparation has done so much for the horse and the horseman.

Kendall's Spavin Cure has saved **millions of dollars** for thousands of owners during the past 40 years. It is the quick, sure, safe cure that never fails to give the best results even when all other treatment may prove a failure.

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cures Spavin, Curb, Splint, Ringbone, Swellings, Bony Growth, Cuts, Sprains, Bruises and all Lameness.

Kendall's Spavin Cure makes a **complete and lasting cure** because it cures the **cause** of the trouble.

It leave no scars or white hairs because **it does not blister.**

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should have a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure — the best liniment in the world for man and beast. No telling when you will need it. Get it now and you will have the right remedy when the emergency arises.

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Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.
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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

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an increase in feed, and especially in that rich in fat, would increase the percentage of fat in the milk. Feeding to excess or feeding very rich food may upon rare occasions increase the richness for a short time but it soon drops into the percentage of normal for each cow, and the ambitious breeder who tests his cows that way has a fair chance of ruining them for life. Increasing the feed of a cow not fed up to her full capacity will increase the milk yield—the total amount of butter fat produced—but not the percentage of fat in the milk. A cow should be fed all she will pay for—no more and no less. The right cows being secured and the right feed given at regular hours, the advantage gained may yet be lost if the animals are kept shivering in the lea of a straw stack, or suffocating in a dark, close stable. If left to shiver in fall rains and snow the cow will not only utilize a large amount of her food as fuel (expensive firewood, indeed) but as experiments in Denmark have shown she will change the composition of the butterfat in her milk so much that her butter is liable to be mistaken for oleomargarine. There is no need of providing fancy stables but we must provide ventilation and light. Comfort is an important element in cheap milk production and while fixed stanchions may make it easier to keep the cows clean, we need only observe the animals when lying in pasture to know how unnatural their positions must be in such stocks.

A Directory of Breeders of Pure Bred Live Stock.

The Branch of the Live Stock Commissioner at Ottawa has issued a revised edition of the Directory of breeders of pure bred live stock in Canada. According to the preface page the work is a compilation of information received through correspondence from breeders in all the provinces in regard to the size of their breeding herds, and the number of males and females of the several breeds they have for sale. The Directory is prepared to assist people in locating herds, studs and flocks in their respective neighborhoods, or in distant provinces from which pure bred animals may be procured. It is stated in the Directory that copies will be sent to ranchmen, stock breeders, secretaries of farmers' institutes, agricultural societies, live stock associations, and others who may apply for them.

The Garden.

The Way to Plant Sweet Peas

Growers of high-class exhibition sweet peas use the trench method, which is as follows: Excavate eighteen inches deep; fill six inches with broken stone or coarse siftings from the ashpile; fill remaining space with a compost of one-third well-rotted horse manure, one-third sods and one-third equal parts of slaked lime and sharp sand, all allowed to compost over winter, being well mixed before being put into the trench. Plant double rows four inches apart in the row and two inches deep, as early as possible in the spring. This method if followed will result in the very finest sweet peas.

How to Sow Fine Flower Seeds.

Some flower seeds are so fine that it is impossible to sow them evenly, and in consequence the bed or border in which they are planted presents a spotted appearance. If a panful of sifted street dust be used, in which the seeds are thoroughly mixed, it may be sowed broadcast, and the seeds will be evenly distributed.

To Keep Cutworms from Sweet Peas

The cutworm is particularly destructive to the sweet pea, and as the support keeps the vine in place the cut places are often not discovered until the worm has had a chance to escape. To prevent this sprinkle slaked lime plentifully along the rows when the vines are four or five inches high. The worms will not attempt to cross the lime to get at the vines, as the lime is sure death to them.

A Garden Under Muslin

For seed sowing early in the season stretch a strip of muslin over the bed to protect the tender plants from cold nights and on very warm days from the midday sun. Later in the season, when one wishes to plant seeds of annuals, the same strip of muslin will protect them from being dried and withered up. A single strip of muslin, five feet long and a foot or two feet wide, stretched on stakes half a foot above the seed bed, will save many a discouraged flower-grower from utter despair.

Keeping Weeds Out of Flower-Beds

When a bed is prepared for the reception of plants give it a liberal sousing with boiling water. If this is done thoroughly it will not only destroy weed seeds but also the vitality of the roots of perenniai weeds such as dock, besides putting a speedy end to all insect life. After the plants are set give the beds a dressing with sand to prevent a reinfection.

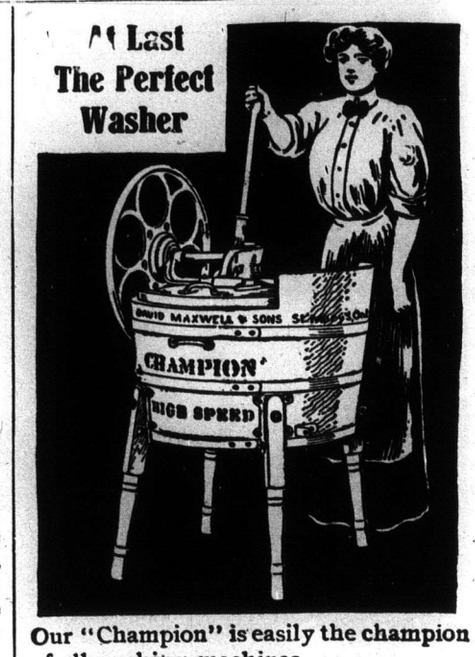
Sowing Seed. Have the surface of the soil as fine as it can be made before any seed is sown in it. Very fine seed can be scattered over it without any covering. Simply press the soil down with a smooth board. This will imbed the seed in the soil, which will be compacted sufficiently about it by the pressure of the board. If dry weather comes on after seed sowing it will be well to shower the ground thoroughly every morning. If the weather is very dry give another shower at night. Unless this is done fine seeds often fail to germinate. Larger seeds should be scattered on the surface and have fine soil sifted over them to the depth of a sixteenth of an inch. After covering them in this manner press the soil down, as already advised. This prevents too rapid evaporation of moisture. If a furrow is made in the soil and seed is sown in it, and the soil thrown up in making the furrow is drawn back to cover the seed, some will be covered so deeply that it will fail to grow. Surface sowing is the best for all seed, and a sifted covering the most advisable for seed of ordinary size.

Plants for Cutting. Every garden ought to have its corner from which to gather flowers for gifts to one's friends, and for use in the house and for personal adornment. In such a place one can sow the odds and ends of seed left after sowing the garden beds, and seedlings may be transplanted to it at thinning-out time. Here cuttings from the window-garden may be put out to root, and they will flower in due season, thus helping to furnish a greater variety than annuals alone will be able to give. Such a "cut-and-come-again" corner is often the most delightful part of the garden. Among the desirable plants for it which cannot be obtained from seed are Heliotropes, Carnations and Tea Roses. I would advise every woman who loves choice flowers to invest a little money in each of these. They will bloom throughout the season and afford a vast amount of pleasure at small expense. Old plants of Carnations are more desirable than young ones. Those you have wintered in the house may be used here to good advantage and new ones grown on for next season's use. Heliotrope is easily grown from cuttings. Tea roses costing from five to ten cents a plant will soon grow to flowering size.

A Little Garden Plan. Here is a plan for a garden, composed of oblong beds, arranged with careful attention to the height of plants and blending of colors, which, when viewed from the front, will present a cascade of harmonious color. The beds are three feet by twelve; the paths between should be at least two feet wide. First bed, pansies, border of sweet alyssum; second, red verbenas; third, white verbenas; fourth, blue verbenas; fifth, phlox, oxalis border; sixth, stocks, parsley border; seventh poppies; eighth, gladioluses, with carpet of sweet alyssum; ninth, sweet scabiosa; tenth, nicotianas; eleventh, dahlias; twelfth, cosmos; thirteenth, chrysanthemums, flowered sunflowers.

Oxalis. All winter-blooming varieties should be allowed to rest in the

At Last The Perfect Washer



Our "Champion" is easily the champion of all washing machines.

All cogs and machinery covered.

Lever and High Speed Balance Wheel operating together simply cut the work of washing to the lowest possible point.

Don't think of buying a washing machine until you have seen the "Champion". If your dealer can't show it, write us for booklet. 76

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, - ST. MARY'S, ONT.
Western Representative
JOHN A. McEWAN, 603 Union Bank Bldg., Winnipeg

The Monitor Rotary Lawn Clothes Dryer

No more soiled clothes from dirty lines or dragging on ground. No more weary walks around the yard through wet snow, carrying a loaded clothes basket. The lines come to you and everyone is within easy reach.

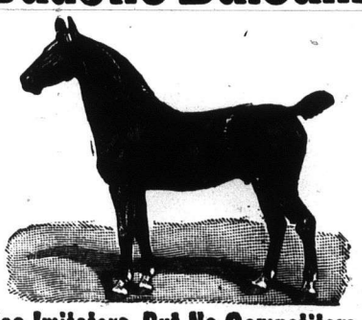
The "MONITOR" is easily handled, opens automatically when set up and closes by simply pulling the cord, is so light that any woman can set it up or take it down and put it away in two minutes and is strong enough to stand the hardest gales.

The rotary motion makes the clothes dry quicker too. If your dealer does not handle it, write us. 60

Cummer-Dowswell Limited, - Hamilton, Ont.

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors.

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.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.

Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is Warranted to give satisfaction. Price $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

Seven per cent. Guaranteed investment. Return. Principal absolutely safe. Established business. **American Securities Co.,** Toronto, Ontario.

spring. Withhold water until the plant dries out, and let it stay dry until September, then repot it, using a soil of sand and loam enriched by bone-meal.

Palms. Give them partial shade, a soil composed of rotted sods, leaf-mould and sand. Good drainage is imperative When a mass of roots fills the pot then repot the palm, but not before. They are often the worse for overpotting. keep the soil wet. Washing the leaves or showering daily is beneficial.

Primula Obconica. A small plant of the primrose family. Do not let plants intended for winter use become exhausted by summer blooming. Primulas need water in abundance. Their chief enemy is the mealy-bug, which should be met by fir-tree-oil soap.

Geraniums. Don't let your geraniums bloom in the summer if you expect winter bloom of them. Pinch back the plants to make them woody. Give them rich sandy soil and plenty of sunshine.

Evergreens. Japanese evergreens when used as house plants usually come to grief. Give them a cool room and spray the foliage.

Ferns. Need a moist atmosphere protect from direct sunlight. Soil should be of rotted sod, or leaf-mould, peat and sand.

Jack and Jill.

After Scott.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The bucket was infirm and old
When manly Jack and gentle Jill
Endeavored to ascend the hill.
At top of which the sparkling rill
Would well supply their need.
Returning to the level plain
They found their labor all in vain,
For Jack his footing miss'd, and down
He fell, much injuring his crown,
And Jill with Little heed.
Follow'd his steps: Similar fate
(Uncertain as to damaged pate)
Did subsequently her await.

After Hood.

With fingers weary and cold
A little son and daughter
Toil'd up the mount to reach the fount
Of bright and sparkling water.
Stream and bucket and hill
Hill and bucket and stream,
Till you scarce may doubt
Their feet gave out,
And they stagger'd along in a dream.

Fall, fall, fall,
The misfortune began with Jack,
Whose sad collapse 'neath his mishaps
Caus'd his poor skull to crack.
Fall and tumble and spill,
Spill and tumble and fall,
Then down roll'd Jill to the foot of the hill,
And that was the finish of all.

After Macaulay.

The Nestor of the village
In strange expressions swore
The ancient wooden bucket
Should empty stand no more.
He call'd on Jack, he called on Jill
To take it and go up the hill
Against their will, and fill and fill
And none to spill nor waste until
They reach'd their cottage door.

Fall, fall, fall,
The misfortune began with Jack,
The Patriarch of the village
Sat at his cottage gate,
The children fell down the hill
At an alarming rate.
Jack first to fall, did loudly call,
His fractur'd pate did him appal.
Jill, on the stones, made mournful moans
But all too late to ward her fate
Roman, stand thou and contemplate!

We Want Your Cream

MR. FARMER, we want your cream shipped by express to us, and are prepared to pay cash for it---so soon as tested---at highest prices. Is this offer not better than making your own butter and trading it at the store? Don't delay writing us for particulars. It will pay you

Crescent Creamery Co. Ltd.

WINNIPEG Authorized Capital, $250,000 BRANDON

There's a feeling of satisfaction which only comes from wearing

King of the Road Overalls AND Shirts

"The Better Kind" "The Better Kind"

Made of the best materials by skilled operators in an up-to-date factory. EVERY GARMENT IS GUARANTEED to give complete s tisfaction, and with "K. of the R." goods there are

NO TEARS NO RIPS NO BUTTON TROUBLES

Ask your dealer for the King of the Road brand, and if you cannot get it through him, write to

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K·D·C

Still the Most Effectual Cure For Stubborn Dyspepsia

REV. ARTHUR GOULDING, B.D., Chaplain, The Penitentiary, Stony Mountain, Manitoba, writes:—"It affords me very great pleasure in testifying to the merits of your invaluable medicine—K.D.C. which, if taken together with the pills is warranted to remove the most stubborn case of dyspepsia. I cannot say that I arrived at that stage when the disease had become chronic—but I have suffered intensely nevertheless. I had been under medical treatment for some time, with but little relief—when my attention was directed to your cure. I tried it, and it has most effectually cured me."

Use K.D.C. Pills for Constipation. THEY CURE!

Stump and Brush Pullers

We are the largest manufacturers of Stump and Brush Pullers in Canada, and the only ones making malleable machines. We have these machines adapted for all kinds of work—scrub oaks, willows and poplars, burned over or standing.

Write for Catalogue H, and state the kind of work you have to do.

CANADIAN SWENSONS LTD, Lindsay, Ontario, Canada.

Violin Strings

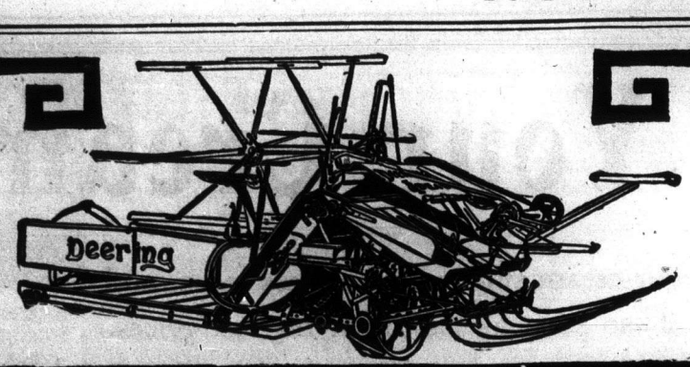
OF SUPREME EXCELLENCE

Barrowclough & Semple, Winnipeg

Watch, Ring AND CHAIN FREE

We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch, Stem Wind, handsomely designed case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years, also a nice Ring set with a Congo Gem, sparkling and fiery, for selling 20 pieces handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces, when sold send $2.00 and we will positively send you the watch, ring and chain. WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept., 514, CHICAGO

It's the Flavor of "Canawella Tea" That Makes it So Enjoyable



GET ALL THE CROP THIS YEAR

THINK back to the last harvest time. Did you get all the profit from your acres that should have been yours? Or through delays, caused by tinkering with broken-down or inefficient machines, did you lose valuable time? Did you get all the grain—tangled or down—or did your machine leave a part of your profit in every field? Ask yourself today. Did I get the best results possible from my harvesting machines last year, and, if so, are they in condition to give me the same service this year? If not—

Now is the time to choose the machines that will get all the crop this year in the shortest time—with the least effort on your part. That means the Deering. They are machines that will give you the very best service. They are built to meet the conditions encountered on Canadian farms.

The Deering binder is a model of convenience for operating. It is a strong machine. You will not be troubled with breakages. It has light draft and has such a wide range of adjustment that it is adapted for all conditions of grain and fields.

You will be sure of satisfaction with a Deering. It is a proved machine. In addition to binders, the Deering line comprises various other machines in harvesting and haying machine lines, seeding and tillage implements. The Deering local dealer handles I H C gasoline engines, cream separators, manure spreaders, wagons, hay presses and motor vehicles.

Investigate the Deering line. Learn what Deering machines will do for you. Call on local dealer for catalogue and particulars or write to nearest branch house.

CANADIAN BRANCHES—International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA CHICAGO U S A
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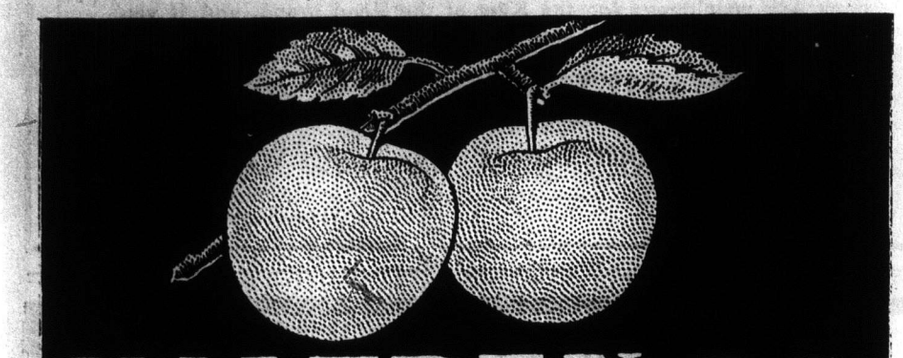
THE I-H-C LINE

LOOK FOR THE I H C TRADE MARK IT IS A SEAL OF EXCELLENCE AND A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY



KALEDEN, B.C.

Many people will spend their retiring days amid the orchards and flowers of SUNNY SOUTHERN OKANAGAN

This lovely valley abounds in charms of climate, boating, fishing, etc.

Wouldn't you

Like to own a profitable orchard and beautiful home at KALEDEN-you may

WRITE ME FOR PARTICULARS

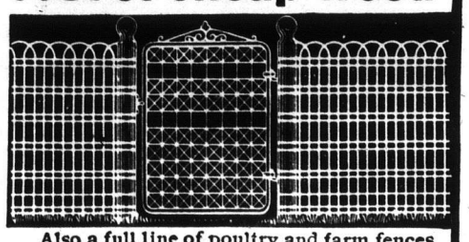
T.G.WANLESS, SALES AGENT. VERNON, B.C

As handsome as the best iron fence at less than the cost of cheap wood

Here's a neat, strong, durable fence that will add to the appearance of the handsomest city lawn and is cheap enough, close enough and strong enough for the farm. The

Peerless Lawn Fence

is made of heavy No. 9 steel spring wire, so it can never sag. It is carefully galvanized and coated with white enamel paint. No investment you can make will add so much to the appearance of your property.



Also a full line of poultry and farm fences and gates. Write for particulars.

THE BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., LTD., BOX P HAMILTON, ONT., WINNIPEG, MAN.

After Bret Harte.

Which I wish to remark,
And my meaning is plain,
That for two little children
To tramp out amain
With an old oaken bucket for water
Is labor which seems to be vain.

But be that as it may,
When they came to the brink
Of the stream, they sat down
Just to listen or think.
For the sun in their eyes was
a-shining,
And you see that just made them
both wink.

They set off at a burst
Without meaning to stop,
But Jack came down first
And Jill came down flop.
It was water the children went
seeking,
And their luck made them certain
to drop.

—Herbert Cope, Carberry.

A Link with the Mother Country.

We have just received an interesting book under the above title published by an Old Country firm, Messrs. Curzon Bros., whose tailoring productions are world renowned, and who have been in business in Canada for many years. The book is most aptly titled, for the House of Curzon is indeed a link with the Mother Country. It gives an exact explanation of how Messrs Curzon conduct their business and how it is possible through the medium of their establishment for us in Canada to be clothed and fitted just as easily and economically as though we were in London, England.

Among other items in the book are several unsolicited letters of testimony written by prominent and well-known public men who are customers of the firm.

With the booklet, which can be secured by sending a post card to Messrs. Curzon Bros., Dept. 103, c|o. Messrs. Might Directories Ltd., Toronto, or Messrs. Curzon Bros., Dept. 103 c|o. Messrs. Henderson & Sons, Winnipeg, Messrs. Curzon Bros. forward a wonderful array of English woven materials.

There is also a fashion brochure accompanying the booklet showing the latest styles prevailing, both in New York and London. The booklet tells us that garments may be fashioned in either style according to the taste of the client, but in any case the House of Curzon hold out the same protective guarantee "Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded."

"Pay Dirt" in the Yellowhead.

Half a dozen young men, ex army officers from France, it is said are entitled to the credit of first unearthing the vast coal beds near the Yellowhead on the Grand Trunk Pacific. This coal is equal in point of quality to that of the Crow's Nest of Vancouver Island, of Sidney, Nova Scotia, and the bituminous coal fields of Pennsylvania. The great find is at the headwaters of the McLeod, Pembina and Embarras Rivers. Not only is the quality of this coal good but there is an abundance of it. Experts estimate that there is eight hundred million tons in sight. The principal vein as tested and analyzed is 28 feet thick, with two or three other veins or stratas below, and underlying the main vein. If the builders of the Grand Trunk Pacific could have ordered the placing of these coal deposits they would in all probability have placed them just where they are, near the summit of the Rockies near the Eastern slope, from the mines it will be generally down hill to Winnipeg and all the Prairies, although as a matter of fact there are no grades on the National Transcontinental Ry. In the year 1908 one million tons of Pennsylvania coal went into the West. with the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific the West will have not only an abundance of coal but have a quality of coal that can be stored in the summer before the crop begins to move, also it will supply the much desired return load for the cars that will carry wheat from the Prairie provinces to Prince Rupert.

The line will be completed and in operation to the Pass by the end of the year. As a spur line of only twenty miles will take them to the mines, the West should be getting this coal in a year from now.

This discovery is important to the whole country, it will enable the manufacturers to establish in the West, and will help the economical operation of the railways.

Dressing Well and Economically.

Now is the time that the cleverness of the housewife or mother is made apparent by the gathering of articles of dress or wearing apparel and saving them from the house-cleaning rubbish box.

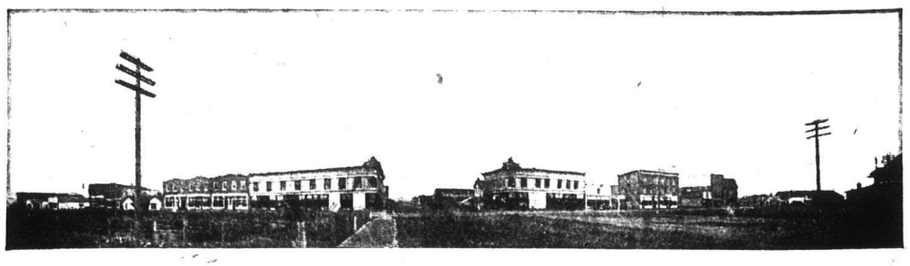
In this house-cleaning time one will go through old trunks and boxes, discarding garments right and left, and with a last sigh for a frock that has done good service, throw them away with the other things that have accumulated during the year.

The wise woman will not do this. She will look these clothes over carefully and if the materials seem good, she'll lay them aside for future use. Just because the dress has become faded or lost its freshness, or the shade is out of fashion, is no sign that it has outlived its usefulness.

Any woman can easily dress in the new shades and styles, without buying a single thing new. There may be changes in stylo since the old dress was worn, but these changes in style have no terrors for the thrifty woman who knows the possibilities of dyes. If the material in last year's clothes are seemingly good, but a little faded or soiled, she'll convert the color into one of the new, fashionable shades, and, with a few up-to-date patterns, she'll have new dresses, correct in color and style.

Remnants, that are real bargains, are on sale quite often in the different stores, the only reason for the low price being that the shade is out of fashion. Quite a saving in a new suit can be made by buying up such pieces and dyeing them to meet the dictates of fashion. If the material is wool or silk, a dye that is especially adapted to these materials should be used. If it is linen, cotton or mixed goods, a dye made for cotton will give the best results. It's as easy as washing a handkerchief to get handsome new shades by using dye suitable for the material to be dyed, and any woman with a little time and care can thus effect an immense saving in her dress bills.

The use of dyes for coloring trimmings to harmonize with a dress or suit is endless. With a little perseverance the careful dyer can obtain any color to match or blend with her gown, while faded hosiery, silk gloves, veils and feathers can be made to give longer service by using dye to brighten or change the color.



Maple Creek, Sask.

In Lighter Vein.

"The Meanest Man"

The meanest man I ever heard of is a chap who called one winter's night at the house of a young doctor who is working hard to build up a practice on the east side, Buffalo. It was extremely disagreeable out of doors, snowing and very cold.

"Doctor," said the man, "what are your terms?"

"One dollar for an office visit and two dollars for a call," the doctor replied.

"Have you a horse?"

"Yes."

"Well, hitch up and I'll go along with you. I need you out at West Seneca."

The doctor had his horse brought around and the man got into the buggy. They drove about four miles into the country.

"Here's the place," said the man, as they reached a small frame house. Then he handed the doctor $2.

"You needn't go in," he said. "A liveryman wanted to charge $5 to bring me out here, but I thought I'd rather give you $2."

The Dutchman and His Dog

A Dutchman. addressing his dog Snyder, said: "Schnyder, vy don't you vork some dime. You vas only a dog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit your bed in you shust turn round dree dimes and lay down; ven I go mit de bed in I hav to lock up de blace, and wind up de clock, and put de cat out, and ondress myself, and my frou vakes up and scold, den de baby she vakes up and cries and I hav to valk her mid the house round; den maybe ven I gets myself to bed in it is dime to get up again. Ven you get up you shust stretch your neck a leedle and you vas up. I haf to light de vire, put on de kittle, scrap some mit my vife already and get myself breakfast. You play round all day and has blenty fun. I haf to vork all day and hav blenty druble. Den ven you die you vas dead. Ven I die I hav to go to hell already yet.

Wise William

When Justice Buffum opened court in a small town in Southern Georgia, one morning last week, he called loudly, "Jones against Johnson."

A dignified gentleman came to the bar and said: "I am Dr. Jones, your Honor, the complaining witness. My chickens were stolen and found in the possession of——"

"One moment, Doctor," the Judge interrupted. "We must have the defendant at the bar. Jones against Johnson! Jones against Johnson! Is the defendant present? Is William Johnson in court?"

A tall and shambling negro shuffled to the bar, ducked his head, pulled his woolly forelock in token of respect, and grinned a propiatory grin.

"Ah's Willyum Johns'n, please suh, Jedge," he said. "Ah doan' know nuffin 'bout no 'fendant, suh. Ah'm jes' the man wot took de chick'ns."

"Don't talk like that," the Court warned William. "You ought to have a lawyer to speak for you. Where's your lawyer?"

"Ah ain' got no lawyer, Jedge——"

"Very well, then," said his Honor. "I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."

"Oh, no, suh; no, suh! Ple-e-ease don' do dat!" William begged.

"Why not?" asked the Judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, Ah'll tell you', suh," said William, waving his tattered old hat confidentially. "Hit's jes' dis-a-way—Ah wan' tuh enjoy dem chick'ns mase'f."—Harper's Weekly.

Severely Reprimanded

Gen. Stawes was a martinet, a stickler for etiquette, a man with a prodigious sense of his own dignity, and when Private S. Weigh, the bugler, one day failed to honor him in passing with the customary salute, he flew—internally— in a towering rage.

"Knutt," he said that afternoon to the colonel, "Private Weigh failed to salute me this morning. A breach of etiquette, sir! A piece of impertinence—my dignity—haw! See that the man is severely reprimanded."

Col. Knutt trembled and nodded and next day spoke to the Captain.

"Bisket," he said, "Private Weigh failed to salute the General yesterday. Please see that he is severely reprimanded."

"Right, sir," said Capt. Bisket, and the next day he spoke to the sergeant. "Sergeant," he said, "Weigh didn't salute the General. See that he is severely reprimanded."

"Look here, Binks," said the sergeant next day to the corporal bugler, "give Weigh a good talking to, will you? He didn't salute the old General the other day."

Finally the corporal bugler communicated with Private Weigh.

"Look here, funny face," said he, "if you don't salute old Pokerback next time you meet him, what-ho, young feller, you'll get a blooming clout on the ear 'ole!"—Tit-Bits.

An Inference

"Pa," said Bobbie, "kin I go a fishin'?"

"No, you can't," retorted the old gentleman from behind his newspaper.

Pause.

"Pa, kin I go in swimmin'?"

"I've told you no several times already."

Pause.

"Say, ma, kin I go out and play with the hose?"

"No, Bobbie; you'l get yourself soaked," replied his mother.

Pause.

"Ma, kin I go acrost to Willie Smith's for a little while?"

"No, my son, you can't. Willie Smith is not a fit companion for a boy like you."

Pause.

"Pa, kin I cut the pictures out o' the Sunday papers?"

"No, sirree; you can't. I'm not going to have this house littered up with scraps of paper."

Pause.

"Ma, kin I——"

"No, Bobbie; you can't! Don't make me to have to tell you that again."

Pause.

"Say, pa, is this a prohibition State?"—Judge.

Johnny and Jonah

It happened in Sunday school. None of the children had studied their lessons, apparently, and as for Johnny, the new boy, he wasn't supposed to know much about it, anyhow.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "who was it swallowed Jonah?"

"I dun'no," giggled Willie.

"Bobbie, can you tell me who swallowed Jonah?" continued the teacher.

"You can search me," said Bobbie.

"Tommy, who swallowed Jonah?" asked the teacher a little severely this time.

"Please ma'am," whimpered Tommy "it wasn't me."

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated the teacher. Then turning to the new boy she asked, "Johnny, who swallowed Jonah?"

"I'll bite," said Johnny. "What's the answer?"—Harper's Weekly.

No Risk

The farmer was attending his first race meeting, and the bookmaker was shouting his odds: "Sixty to one against Socks. Sixty to one against Socks."

After a while the farmer walked up to the bookmaker and said:—

"Look here, my friend; if that there horse, Socks, wins, an' I bet a sovereign on it, do ye mean to say ye give me sixty?"

"That's what I do," replied the bookmaker. "I do that, and more. It's a 60 to 1 shot, and you get, if Socks wins, £60, and your own original sovereign back besides."

"Then I'll take a chance," said the farmer, firmly, handing up a sovereign.

FREE FLESH BUILDER

Any Man or Woman can now be Plump and Well Developed

50 CENT PACKAGE FREE

Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they use Sargol?

Just because you are thin and under-weight, do not think you have to stay n that condition.

Thanks to a new discovery, you can be plump, symmetrical, well developed and vigorous with the bones covered with good solid flesh, the hollow places filled out and the cheeks and face made plump, full and attractive.

And the beauty of it is, it will not cost you a penny to see whether this treatment will do all this for you or not, as a full-sized 50 cent package will be sent you by mail without charge if you simply write for it. (See coupon below.

There is no strenuous exercising required, no drastic diet necessary. All you have to do is to take, four times a day, a little tablet of Sargol, the new flesh-building principle, then weigh yourself once a week to note the increase as the pounds pile up.

This new 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.

Simply cut out the coupon in this notice and send it with your name and address and 10 cents to pay distribution expenses to the Sargol Company, 5T, Herald Building, Binghamton, N.Y., and you will receive by prompt mail a regular 50 cent package without charge and without incurring any obligations.

COUPON.

This certificate and 10 cents to help defray distribution expenses entitles the holder to one 50 cent package of Sargol, the home treatment which makes thin folks plump and attractive.

GOOD FOR TEN DAYS.

The Sargol Co.,
5T, Herald Building,
Binghamton, N.Y.

Don't Turn This Page Until You Have Read This.

Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Ontario Offer You Their Best Papers at the Ridiculously Low Price of

$1.00

What a Chance! By sending us a dollar now you get

The Western Home Monthly
The Regina Weekly Leader
Weekly Globe and Canada Farmer for a Whole Year.

$3.00 worth of the Best Literature in the Dominion for $1.00.

DON'T DELAY—send this with your subscription—***TO-DAY***

Publishers, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Enclosed please find $1.00, for which send me The Western Home Monthly, The Weekly Leader and The Weekly Globe and Canada Farmer for the year 1910.

Yours truly.....

Address.....

Please write very plainly .....

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

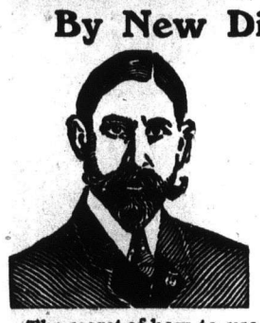
Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

DEAFNESS CURED

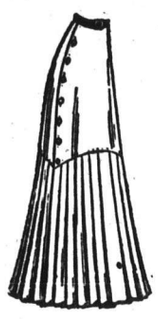
By New Discovery.



"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured." -Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvellous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 6357 Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill. and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery absolutely free.

$6 Panama Skirt, $3.25



Send to-day for this Skirt. It is a $6 all wool Panama Skirt. It comes in black, brown, navy, green, cream, and dark red; it is one of the new spring styles. It is the best. You will be pleased with it. Pleated all around and trimmed in fancy buttons on side and made generally just as pictured. Opened in back with inverted pleat; beautifully tailored, guaranteed to fit as perfectly as a skirt can fit; will give complete satisfaction in every way. Same style may be had in fine Luster, same shades as Panama above, $3; also in all wool Venetian, all shades, $3.98. Give waist and hip measure; also length of skirt desired. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains to-day. Add 35c for postage. Order skirt No. 33. Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

"But if I win, I'll be satisfied with the even sixty. Ye needn't give me my own sovereign back unless I lose."

Very Fishy.

Two Canadians were boasting.

"Where I come from," said the first, "we have a salmon river that rises in some boiling springs. As the salmon climb up the river they gradually get acclimated to the heat of the water, and don't mind it. In fact, when we fish in the highest reaches of the stream we catch our salmon ready boiled."

"I don't doubt that," said the second Canadian, calmly. "Down my way there's a curious salmon river, too. It rises in some tin mines. As the fish work up they meet the suspended ore in gradually increasing quantities. They get quite mineralized if they keep on upstream, so that if we fish at the head of the river we catch our salmon ready tinned, and all we have to do is to pack and ship them to market."

A Palpable Hit

The late Thomas Bone, "the sailors' missionary," was the soul of kindliness, but he had a keen wit, and a ready tongue, too. An instance, given in his recently-published life, is the following:—

"His work was not without its humorous side. Among the new men there were always some who sought a little amusement at his expense, but they reckoned without their host. His kindly manner never changed; the smile never left his face. There was no venom in the retort, but it seldom failed to silence the interrupter. The laugh raised at his expense made it quite certain that no second attempt would be made.

"Seeing him approaching one day, one of a group of sailors announced his intention of having some fun. He stepped forward and removed his hat, revealing a perfectly smooth crown, and asked:—

"'Can you tell me why my head is so bald, while all my companions have plenty of hair?'

"'I don't know,' was the smiling reply, 'unless the reason given me the other day by a farmer would apply—that an empty barn is not worth thatching.'"

Disputed Once

The case before the Court was one involving the ownership of a piece of land, and the solicitor for one of the parties to the suit was cross-examining a witness.

"Now, Mr. Grimshaw," he said, "the property on which you live was originally a part of the twenty acres in dispute, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your title is based on the original title to that land, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you resided there?"

"Over twenty-one years."

"Have you had—now, mark me— have you had twenty-one years' undisputed possession of that property?"

The witness hesitated a moment.

"Remember, Mr. Grimshaw," said the lawyer, raising his voice, "that you are under oath. Have you had twenty-one years' undisputed possession of that property?"

"It has been disputed once, and only once," answered the witness. "I found a nest of bumble-bees in my back-yard one day last summer."

In the general laugh that followed this answer the lawyer subsided.

Accounted For

The captain of a Pacific mail liner was annoyed during a recent voyage by the persistent and garrulous chatter of a not overwise passenger. Whenever the captain appeared on deck, his persecutor was there, waiting with some idiotic question or inane or long-drawn-out "yarn." One day the wind kicked up a nasty sea, and the vessel tossed pretty vigorously.

The captain, in dripping oilskins, his weatherbeaten cheeks glowing from the lashing of the spray-laden gale, came down from the bridge, and at the saloon companionway was waylaid by the talkative passenger.

The gentleman's complexion was a muddy green, and it required no experienced eye to see that his system was badly broken up.

"Morning, captain!" he said.

"Morning!" growled the captain.

"Oh, captain, just a minute!" persisted the man. "I've crossed the Atlantic a dozen times in weather worse than this, but I was never seasick before. Can you account for it?"

"Yes, sir," said the Captain.

"What do you think it is, captain?"

"Bad memory, sir!"—San Francisco Call.

Unappreciated

As the celebrated soprano began to sing, little Johnny became greatly exercised over the gesticulations of the orchestra conductor.

"What's that man shaking his stick at her for?" he demanded indignantly.

"Sh-h! He's not shaking his stick at her."

But Johnnie was not convinced.

"Then what in thunder's she hollering for?"—Everybody's.

A Real Reason

Bridget, the maid, complained that the work was very hard and that she ought to have more money, whereupon her mistress said:

"Why, Bridget, I don't think you are worth any more money. You can't cook, you don't sweep or clean nicely, and, in fact, you don't know how to do anything well."

"That's just it," said Bridget. "If I knew how it wouldn't be half so hard."

A Realistic Painting

"How realistic your painting is! It fairly makes my mouth water!"

"A sunset makes your mouth water?"

"Oh, it is a sunset, is it? I thought it was a fried egg!"

On the Way Home for Christmas

As several travelers got into the station 'bus one of the men (who was quite a portly fellow) noticed that a certain young woman had a grip exactly like his, but that it was placed with the rest of the baggage, on top. Thinking there might be some mistake made he kept his inside and placed it at his feet. He was soon engrossed with his paper, and did not notice the young woman reach over and draw the grip close to her side. Being of a humorous turn of mind he waited until she was occupied with a book and then pulled the grip to its former position, the rest of the travelers looking on with amused expressions.

In turning over a leaf she looked down and suddenly became aware of the removal of the grip. She was quite indignant, and with some force in her voice and manner said, "That is mine!" and jerked it back close to her feet.

Touching his hat politely the owner said, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "All right, madam; but may I please get my pipe and nightshirt out? You are welcome to the rest of the things!"

Like a Man

Father—"Bobby, I'm surprised to see you crying because a bee stung you. Brace up and act like a man!"

Bobby—"Y-yes, an' then y-you'd gimme a l-lickin'. Y-you told me w-what you'd do to me if you e-ever heard me u-usin' that kind of l-language."

Councilman: "I've come to see if you will subscribe anything to the town cemetery."

Old Resident: "Good gracious! I've already subscribed three wives."

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Stimulate the Sluggish Liver.

Clean the coated tongue, sweeten the breath, clear away all waste and poisonous material from the system in Nature's easy manner, and prevent as well as cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, Sour Stomach, Water Brash, and all troubles arising from a disordered state of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels.

Suffered for Years.

Mrs. J. C. Westberg, Swan River, Man., writes:—"I suffered for years, more than tongue can tell, from liver trouble. I tried several kinds of medicine, but could get no relief until I got Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I cannot praise them too highly for what they have done for me."

Price 25 cents a vial, or 5 for $1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited. Toronto, Ont.

Send $4.95 Receive this Wash coat suit made of fine smooth faced cotton fabric suitable for wash suits, launders well. COAT is cut in semifitting style, single breasted front, buttoned with self covered buttons, back is made with two open vents. SKIRT is made in the new pleated style, stitched seams to hips. Colors are White, Navy and Tan; add 30c and we will pay postage.

Send $3.50 Receive this fine white lawn dress, elaborately trimmed with fine lace insertion just as pictured, easily laundered. Made in one piece style, joined at waist with belt. Give length down back, underarm and down front from bottom of collar to bottom of belt, length of skirt, around bust, waist and hips; add 25c and we will pay postage.

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

Write for Booklet and Price List.

ROBT. STRAIN & CO.,
Kodak Supplies,
281, SMITH ST., WINNIPEG.

You can keep your kitchen clean, your bathroom inviting and your whole house fresh and sweet with

SUNLIGHT

Actually saves half the labour on wash day and never hurts clothes. Keeps the hands soft and white.

We will give $5,000 to anyone who can find adulterants in Sunlight Soap. **5c**

Use Sunlight Soap according to directions—try it just once—and convince yourself that it will do twice as much as other soaps. 513

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, through this grand discovery.

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 self-administered. 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.

I Can Increase Your Earnings

If you want an independent business of your own requiring no capital, mail your name and address and let me send you our *Big Free 62-Page Book* showing how you may earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year in the **Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance Business.** Our system is a positive success. It equips you to conduct these money making branches, and gives you a valuable Commercial Law Course Free. Clerks, Book Keepers, Salesmen, Agents, Solicitors and others should investigate this. Send no money, simply your name and address and I will mail you our *Big 62-Page Book, absolutely free.* Write today. The Cross Co., 3607 Reaper Blk., Chicago, Ill.

MUSIC !! The best house in Canada for **Everything in Music** is that of **Barrowclough and Semple,** Winnipeg.—Write them.

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B. Collingwood, Ont.

Temperance Talk.

The Song of The World.

There's a song that the hammer is singing
A ringing and wholesome song,
Of the day's bread won,
Of the day's work done,
Of a mould well cast
In the fiery blast—
And never one blow gone wrong,

There's a song that the engines are singing,
A deep and echoing song,
Of the whirling wheel
And the burnishing steel,
From the lightest spring
To the mightest swing—
And never a stroke gone wrong.

There's a song that the sails are singing,
A humming and catching song,
Of the prow that braves
The ravening waves
Of storms outsailed,
And of ports safe hailed—
And never the helm gone wrong.

There's a song that the world is singing,
A resonant splendid song,
Of its work, work, work,
With never a shirk,
Of its battles won,
Of its labors done—
And of Right that masters Wrong!

The Drink Evil.

The quantity of absolute alcohol contained in the more than 2,000,000,000 gallons of alcoholic beverages consumed annually in the United States is about 84,000,000 gallons, a trifle more than one gallon per capita.

It appears from the following table that of all the peoples of Europe except those of Sweden, Norway, and Finland are greater consumers of alcohol than are the American people.

ANNUAL CONSUMPTION PER CAPITA OF ABSOLUTE ALCOHOL IN GALLONS.

France	3.45
Belgium	2.76
Spain	2.65
Denmark	2.39
Switzerland	2-36
Italy	2.26
Portugal	2.22
Germany	2.03
United Kingdom	1.79
Austria-Hungary	1.75
Netherlands	1.38
Russia (approx)	1.14
United States	1.04
Sweden	.97
Norway	.58
Finland	.41

Arthur Newsholme, M.D., F.R.C.P., has prepared a table showing the annual consumption per capita of intoxicants in European countries, estimated in liters of absolute alcohol, for the years 1891 to 1895. This table is quoted above with the liters reduced to gallons.

The following is the "drink bill" of the nation (the direct money cost) as estimated by the "American Prohibition Year Book for 1908,' 'based on the Internal Revenue reports:

	Gallons	At	Sold for
Spirits			
domestic	136,302,381	$6.25	$851.889,881
imported	3,782,005	8.00	30,256,440
Wines			
domestic	50,079,383	2.00	100,158,766
imported	7,659,565	4.00	30,638,260
Malt			
domestic	1,814,695,785	.64½	1,170.478,781
imported	7,171,842	1.00	7,171,842
Add dilution at rectifiers	13,516,302	6.25	84,476,887
			$2,275,080,857

The quantites above given are official and the prices conservative.

The United States Bureau of Statistics estimates the population of the United States June 30, 1908, as 87,207,079. The drink bill, therefore, is equivalent to $24.94 for every man, woman, and child in the United States. Counting the average of four and a half persons to every family, which has been found approximately correct, we find that the amount of money directly paid by the people to the liquor trade is $112.23 for every one of the families in the United States, there being 19,279,351 families on the above basis.

In the "American Prohibition Year Book for 1908," pages 54 and 55, an estimate was made, based upon the number of retail liquor-selling places in the country (which pay the special tax to the government), which were placed in round numbers for convenience at 250,000, the real number so paying being 254,714 in 1907. It is still entirely safe to use the same number 250,000, as the saloon, though slightly reduced still show 250,946 in 1908.

The national liquor expenditures being in 1908 $2,174,766,954, we find that absorbed $8,700 from the earnings of the each one of the 250,000 saloons people, the drain being, $23.84 per day for 365 days in the year for each saloon.

It has been shown that it would require forty drinkers of full average "holding capacity" to consume the more than four hundred drinks per day sold by each average saloon. This puts ten millions of our people (over-whelmingly men) in the ranks of the regular saloon patrons.

Per capita expenditures for liquor	$24.94
" " cost of U. S. Government	6.73
" " merchandise imported for consumption	16.49
" " merchandise exported	21.60
" " expenditure for education of population, 5 to 18 years of age	12.94

The cost of the liquors consumed in the United Kingdom (England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland) was estimated in 1906 by the Rev. Dawson Buern, D.D., an authority on the subject, at £166,425,911, a per capita cost of $14,29.

The German Empire spent (1905-06) $2,826,000,000 for alcoholic drinks, compared with $419,000,000 for public schools (Der Alcholismus, March, 1906,) a per capita cost for liquors of $50.13.

The liquor traffic is becoming a monopoly. Says an editorial in the Chicago Tribune, Feb. 9, 1906: "Forty-two breweries situated in this and neighboring cities take out 72 per cent of the saloon licenses issued in Chicago. This explains why the breweries are so solicitous about the size of the license. It appears that they are gradually monopolizing the saloon-keeping business and are driving the 'small respectable, struggling saloon-keeper,' of whom so much has been heard of late, out of it."

The records of other large cities show a similar state of affairs. In Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus, Rock Island, Moline, Peoria, and many other cities the breweries are in the same position. "Under the old system the tax has been paid by the saloonist, but now the breweries own all, or nearly all, of the saloons. It is the brewer that buys the buildings, pays for the licenses, and puts in the fixtures. The saloon-keeper is simply a clerk on salary." (Preboria Star.)

Medical facts Aganist the Use of Alcohol.

Of scarlet fever I have treated some 2,000 cases. I have never seen a case in which, in my opinion, alcohol was necessary; no case in which its administration was beneficial; but I have seen more than one case in which its action was directly injurious. Alcohol in no case averts a fatal issue where such is pending. The facts are dead against alcohol. In hospitals there has been an increase of 300 per cent in the use of milk, and a decline of 47 per cent in the use of alcohol. Progress in treatment of disease has gone hand in hand with the disuse of alcohol. The use of alcohol formerly was the outcome of ignorance, a confession of weakness and defeat; today it is the expression of inability to discard, the fetters of an outworn routine.—Dr. C. Knox Bond, in Medical Times.

Let us all, who desire to avoid gout, rheumatism and dyspepsia, shun ale, beer, porter, stout and all other kinds of fermented and distilled liquors.—Norman Kerr, F.L.S.

Blood Was Bad.

From impure blood comes Pimples, Boils, Ulcers, Tumors, Abscesses, Festering Sores, Rashes, Constipation, Headaches, etc.

Get pure blood and keep it pure by removing every trace of impure morbid matter from the system by using

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mrs. Fred. Biggs, Kingston, Ont., writes:—"I was completely run down, my blood was out of order, and I used to get so weak I would be compelled to stay in bed for weeks at a time. I could not eat, was pale and thin; every one thought I was going into consumption. I tried everything and different doctors until a friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I did not have one bottle used when my appetite began to improve. I used six bottles. I gained ten pounds in two weeks. When I began to take it I only weighed ninety-three pounds. It just seemed to pull me from the grave as I never expected to be strong again. I will tell every sufferer of your wonderful medicine."

For sale by all dealers.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

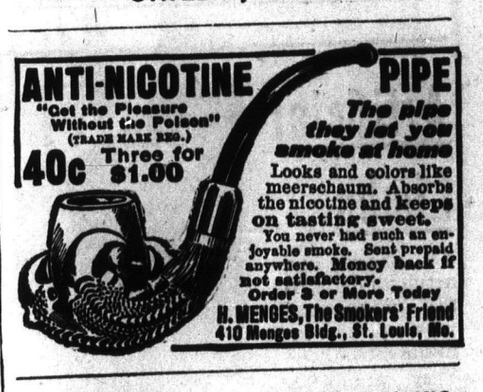
Bed Bug Chaser

Drive the Rascals Out. Bed Bugs, Fleas, Ants, Chicken Lice, Cockroaches and all Insects. No matter how many other kinds you have tried and failed. "Try This." We guarantee it to rid a house of insects or money refunded. One package will kill 1,000,000 bugs. Leaves no stain, dust, dirt or disagreeable smell. Appreciated by every good housekeeper. One pkg. in plain wrapper by mail prepaid 25c. (Wholesale price to agents and druggists $1 per dozen.)
DOMESTIC MFG CO., Desk W.H M. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

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.



DRUGLESS HEALING
or
SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS

I find so much Rheumatism and Chronic Constipation in this northern country. Constipation is a dangerous thing—will lead to Rheumatism, Appendicitis and all kinds of serious Chronic Troubles. This system of treatment will surely cure Constipation and Rheumatism of all kinds. I want every man and woman that is afflicted with these complaints or any other serious Chronic Trouble, to write me, stating your case, and I will prove to you the remarkable cures I have lately made. By arousing the **"Latent Forces"** in the body and working through God's natural laws disease and troubles get fast out of the body. I can heal you in your home. We give personal and absent treatment. This is the cheapest and quickest healing science the world knows. Plenty of references. **Prof. H. W. Banton, Institution of Healing, office 232 13th Ave. East, Calgary, Alta. Tel. 197.**

Goitre Cure

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND QUICKEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

Our MEDICATED GOITRE BANDAGE is a convenient, soothing appliance, worn at night and cures while you sleep. The Bandage absorbs the swelling and the Goitre disappears in a few days. 16 years success. Write for free Treatise on Goitre, full particulars, etc.
PHYSICIANS REMEDY CO. 74 Sinton Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

The Ingredients Used In NA-DRU-CO

Medicinal and Toilet Preparations are of the same high quality as those your druggist uses in filling your physician's prescriptions.

The National Drug and Chemical Company supplies the greater part of the drugs dispensed by the physicians and druggists of Canada, and it is probable that the ingredients used by your own druggist in his prescription work came from our warehouses.

From these same warehouses come the ingredients used by our expert chemists in compounding NA-DRU-CO preparations. **Every ounce of material** used in every NA-DRU-CO article is **the best** that our skilled buyers can select from the world's markets.

NA-DRU-CO N D & C G TRADE MARK

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK

We Could Not Afford

to use any but the finest and purest materials in each and every NA-DRU-CO preparation, because on the quality of each depends the future of the whole line. Linked together as they are by the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark, a single article found unreliable would go far to destroy your confidence in all NA-DRU-CO goods.

Ask your druggist about the quality of the drugs we supply to him—about our facilities for compounding superior medicinal and toilet preparations—about our reliability.

Go a little further if you like, and ask your physician or your druggist what goes into NA-DRU-CO preparations. They can tell you, for we will furnish to any physician or druggist in Canada, on request, a full list of the ingredients in any NA-DRU-CO preparation.

We Can Afford

to use only the very best materials because, buying in immense quantities for our wholesale trade, we get the best crude drugs at rock bottom prices. In our chemical laboratories these raw materials are refined and prepared by expert chemists and subjected to **rigid tests both for strength and purity** before being used in NA-DRU-CO preparations.

NA-DRU-CO Cod Liver Oil Compound, for instance, is made from the best of materials, by our expert chemists, and is consequently the most perfect tonic. **NA-DRU-CO Nervozone** is another striking example of the results our skilled chemists get from good ingredients.

"Money Back"

Furthermore, if any NA-DRU-CO article you buy does not entirely satisfy you, return it and your druggist will refund your money.

If your druggist has not the NA-DRU-CO article you want in stock he can get it for you within two days from our nearest wholesale branch.

A Few NA-DRU-CO Favorites:

Toilet:
Complexion Cream
Talcum Powder
Tooth Paste
Witch Hazel Cream

For Children:
Baby's Tablets
Sugar of Milk

Dyspepsia & Indigestion:
Dyspepsia Tablets

Ointment and Salves:
Carbolic Salve
Stainless Iodine Ointment (3 sizes)
Pile Ointment

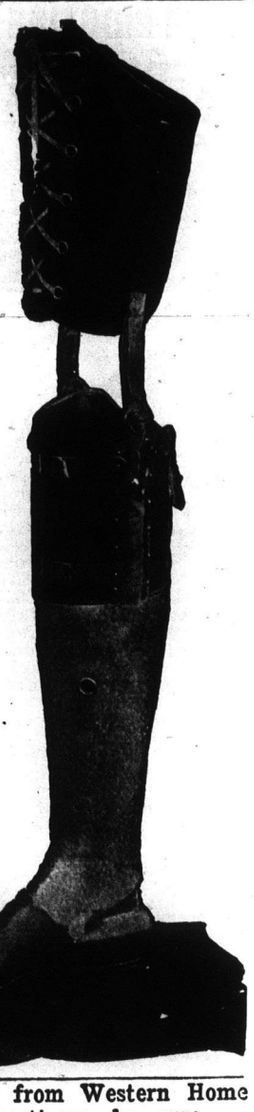
Tonics:
Cod Liver Oil Compound, Tasteless, (2 sizes)
Nervozone
Cod Liver Oil Emulsion (2 sizes)

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited

Wholesale Branches at:
Halifax, St. John, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, London, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Nelson, Vancouver, Victoria.

7

Artificial Limbs



To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

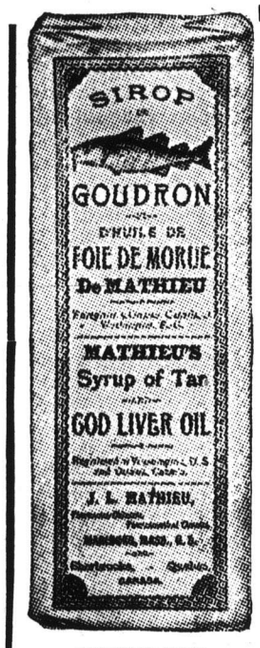
They are neat, strong light, and practical.

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.

J.H. CARSON
54 King Street
WINNIPEG, MAN.

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.



MATHIEU'S SYRUP of Tar and Cod Liver Oil Large Bottle 35c.

Mathieu's Nervine Powders Box of 18 Powders 25c. From all dealers.

Cure that Cough— Prevent Another

There is a double benefit in using Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil. It *cures*, it *fortifies*; it removes the immediate trouble, drives away the cough, soothes the irritated surface, heals the inflamed membranes and at the same time, owing to its tonic properties, builds up the system as a whole.

Its results are marvellous.

A bottle in the house is a wise precaution.

All dealers keep

Mathieu's Syrup

Of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

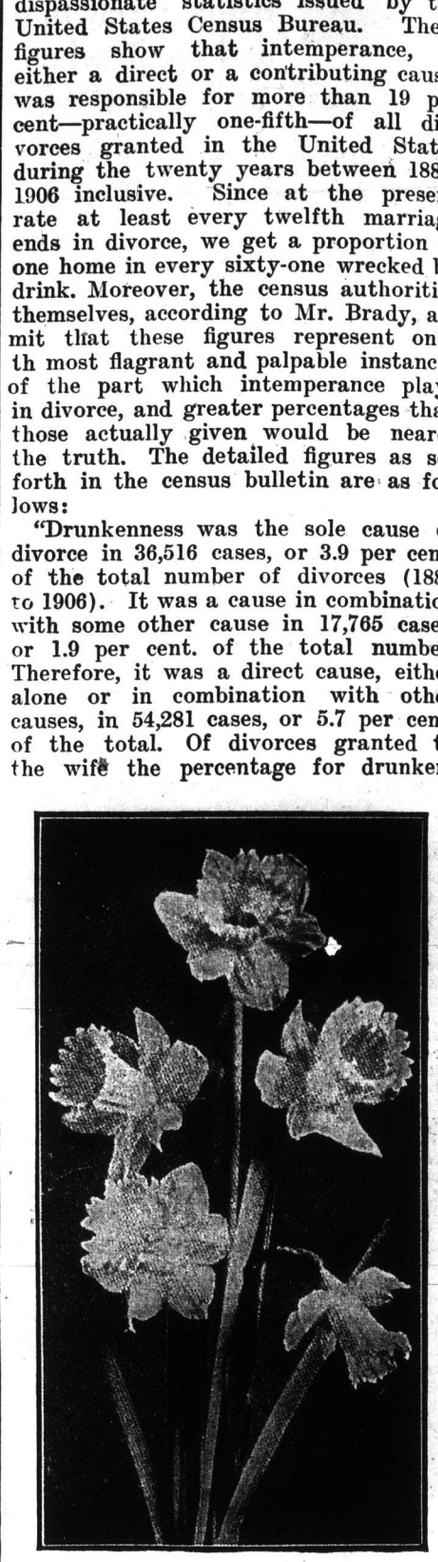
J. L. MATHIEU CO., Props., SHERBROOK, P. Q.

Distributors for Western Canada, Foley Bros. Larson & Co., Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg

Many Divorces Due To Drink,

One of the most striking arguments for temperance reform, says Mr. L. A. Brady, is to be found in certain cold, dispassionate statistics issued by the United States Census Bureau. These figures show that intemperance, as either a direct or a contributing cause, was responsible for more than 19 per cent—practically one-fifth—of all divorces granted in the United States during the twenty years between 1887-1906 inclusive. Since at the present rate at least every twelfth marriage ends in divorce, we get a proportion of one home in every sixty-one wrecked by drink. Moreover, the census authorities themselves, according to Mr. Brady, admit that these figures represent only th most flagrant and palpable instances of the part which intemperance plays in divorce, and greater percentages than those actually given would be nearer the truth. The detailed figures as set forth in the census bulletin are as follows:

"Drunkenness was the sole cause of divorce in 36,516 cases, or 3.9 per cent. of the total number of divorces (1887 to 1906). It was a cause in combination with some other cause in 17,765 cases, or 1.9 per cent. of the total number. Therefore, it was a direct cause, either alone or in combination with other causes, in 54,281 cases, or 5.7 per cent. of the total. Of divorces granted to the wife the percentage for drunkenness either alone or in combination with other causes was 7.9; of those granted to the husband, the corresponding percentage 1.4.



weet Daffodill.

"The attempt was made to ascertain also the number of cases in which drunkenness or intemperance, although not a direct ground for the divorce, was an indirect or contributory cause. The number of such cases was returned as 130,287, representing 13.8 per cent. of the total number of divorces. Probably this number includes these cases in which the fact of intemperance was alleged in the bill of complaint or established by evidence, although not specified among the ground for which the divorce was granted.

"The remaining cases are those in which there was no reference to intemperance, or no evidence that intemperance existed as a contributory cause. In some of these cases the record was so meager that the absence of any mention of intemperance would justify no conclusions. But in the majority of instances it would create a strong presumption that intemperance did not exist or was not a contributory cause." —Literary Digest.

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

Champion of all Belts

An Unprecedented Offer

For $5.00 we will sell, during a limited period, our $40.00 Electric Belt.

This offer is made to any man or women who wishes to regain their energy, strength and vitality.

This Electric Belt is the best electric belt on the market. It is fully guaranteed. A week trial with it will convince you, and if after this you do not want the belt, your $5. will be returned. This Electric Belt is sold complete with all its attachments.

This Belt cures nervousness, organic weakness, rheumatism, kidney troubles, backache, indigestion. No drugs required.

The Belt will be forwarded you securely packed on receipt of five dollars and a full receipt for forty dollars will be sent at the same time. Order at once, or if you have any doubt as to your disease, write us and ask for our question sheet and free booklet. Our doctors give all Medical advice absolutely Free. We do not sell belts to anyone who have incurable diseases. This wonderful belt pours electro-vital force into your weakened System and works while you are sleeping and supplies vitality upon which health and courage depends. This is a chance of a lifetime. We have thousands of testimonials. Letters strictly confidential.

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DOCTOR McDONALD

ELECTRIC BELTS NO. 64

Offices, Consultations Rooms and Laboratories

No. 12 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL.

If it's made of RUBBER We Have It.

Write us and mention your wants.

INDIA RUBBER SPECIALTY CO.

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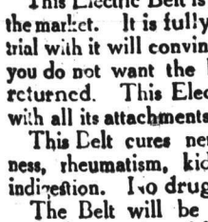


Ten Years Younger in two minutes. For faded or grey hair, use **Hemple's Brilliania.** Highest awards Paris, Rome, Brussels, 1908. Neither a bleach nor like a dye. No washing. Dries immediately. Never unnatural tints. Defies the keenest eye. State color required. Send pattern of hair. Large sample with brush, 90c. A six times larger case, $2.85. Postfree of Maison Max Hemple, 16 W. Glasshouse Street, London, England. Agents wanted.

Correspondence

This month we submit another grist of letters received from readers interested in the matrimonial question. It is another evidence that our bachelor readers are not losing interest in this department. We are pleased to be of service to our readers and so long as they wish us to continue this correspondence feature and show interest in what we are doing for them in this respect, just so long will we continue this feature. If you desire to form the acquaintance of any writer whose letter appears in the correspondence columns of this magazine, address the Western Home Monthly, enclosing in a sealed envelope with stamp attached, letter intended for such writer as you may designate and we will forward it through the mail to the party it is intended for. When writing us, please give full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Wants to Correspond with "Interested"

Wycollar, Sask., March 15, 1910.

Sir.—Will you kindly address and mail the enclosed letter to the English lady who writes under the pseudonym "Interested" in your February number?

I would like to say that I admire the healthy tone of the reading throughout your paper. The paper is full of absorbing charm, of sustained interest and contains a fund of amusing stories by the best authors. "The Young Man and His Problem" and the editorial page is without an equal, and the paper should be in every home, for I believe its aim is towards the upbuilding of the nation and a better class of citizens.

Perhaps a word about myself will not be out of place at this juncture. I set sail from England in April, 1905, and came West and am growing up with the country. I was fortunate enough to secure one of those much advertised free farms in the fertile valley of the South Saskatchewan and I believe it will, with a little work and Scotch navigation, be material evidence of my good judgment in coming West. I spent my last dollar in filing my claim at the land office, but now can boast almost a full line of implements, horses and cattle. All I want now is a life partner to make my happiness complete. "Disinterested."

A Sensible Letter.

Calgary, Alta., March 16, 1910.

Sir.—I have been for some time an interested reader of the W. H. M. and especially of the correspondence columns. I have at last found "nerve" to write.

Some of the letters I think are very interesting, but when some of the girls begin telling how pretty they are, it seems to me they ought to let some one else say it. It always reminds me of those fine patent medicine advertisements that read so smoothly, "positive cure for anything." Well, sometimes you find people who are foolish enough to experiment with them and they are generally sorry ever afterwards. Then as to their ability to flirt! It is nothing to be proud of and if they only knew it, those are the very kind of girls the boys make fun of and laugh at among themselves.

Now, perhaps you will be thinking I am old maidish but really I am not. I take a great interest in all sports such as coasting, skating, hockey, tennis and basket ball. I belong to a girls' hockey team and we play some fast games, and come out without either black eyes or broken noses.

I am 16 years old, a farmer's daughter and proud of it. If any care to write to me my address is with the editor, and I will return all favors.

"Toddy."

Criticism for the "Doctor."

Alberta, March 10, 1910.

Sir.—Having read several of your monthly papers, I have become interested in the correspondence. Most of the letters are very interesting and instructive. While reading February's number, a letter from "The Doctor" caught my eye. I think the views he gives regarding farmers is wrong. To me farming is one of the best occupations we have in our fair Dominion. It is as independent (probably more so) and gives as much freedom as any occupation. When a man is honest, then his trade or profession is just as honorable as any. Do farmers' wives drag out their lives on the farms? The ones I have seen do not, although they work hard. I do not think doctors have a snap, so to speak, and in comparing farming with doctoring, I would say that the doctor has a more unpleasant life. Although I am not a farmer, I have worked on the farm, and am now in an office. I feel that farming can hold its own with almost anything.

I suppose to follow suit I must tell my height, weight, complexion and age. Here they are respectively: 5 feet 10 inches, about 160 pounds, fair but not pretty, and between 20 and 25 years old.

Hoping that, should my letter be printed, the fair sex will write to me. I wish the W. H. M. every success.

"The Unknown."

A Jolly Newfoundlander.

Newfoundland, March 14, 1910.

Sir.—What ails Newfoundlanders? Are they all asleep? "Mermaid" rubbed her eyes, sat up and gave her opinion on things in general, bad habits in particular, and she wasn't sleepy after once she started; seems to be a peculiarity of mermaids.

What's the trouble with the Western bachelors? Oh, they smoke do they? And play cards and drink? Well, how tiresome of them! After all the advice received from the fair sex. Do I hold with it? No! of course not. Who said I did?

My ideal man does not smoke, drink or play cards. He is manly, clean minded, truthful and a lover of wholesome fun. You see, I do not advocate a mummified specimen of the male sex. He must not be a fossil by any means.

Is it possible to meet our ideal? Will some one give their opinion? Can we not have a debate on some questions? Now, I'm not particular about my future husband's personal appearance; let him have the qualities aforesaid. I don't care a straw what color his eyes are or his hair, either. He must not be perfect or remarkably handsome as it would be too much of a contrast.

I will not describe myself. I love fun and all kinds of outdoor sports. I think I could row a boat, climb a tree or fire a gun with the next one.

Now, I expect the Canadian readers are imagining me in my war paints, blankets and feathers, but I really do not belong to the tribe of Boethics. You will probably remember the last of them—Mary March—died somewhere about 1829 (correct me if wrong), and I am not of the Micmacs, for they are from your own country, and my ancestors were English but I was born in Newfoundland. Who am I? Oh, just a merry Newfoundland girl who would like correspondents from anywhere, who would write nice sensible letters about the places in which they live. My address is with the editor. Wishing the W. H. M. great success, three cheers and a tiger, we'll

Sing a song of bachelors,
Bachelors by the score,
All resolved to boycott
Tobacco evermore.

Do you ask the reason?
I will tell you why,
Pretty Western maidens
From the weed would fly.

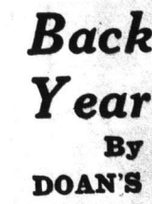
Troubled With Backache For Years. Now Completely Cured By The Use Of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. W. C. Doerr, 13 Brighton St., London, Ont., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I thank you for the good your Doan's Kidney Pills have done me. Have been troubled with backache for years. Nothing helped me until a friend brought me a box of your Kidney Pills. I began to take them and took four boxes, and am glad to say that I am cured entirely and can do all my own work and feel as good as I used to before taken sick. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all you claim them to be, and I advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."

Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others. They cure all forms of kidney trouble and they cure to stay cured.

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.

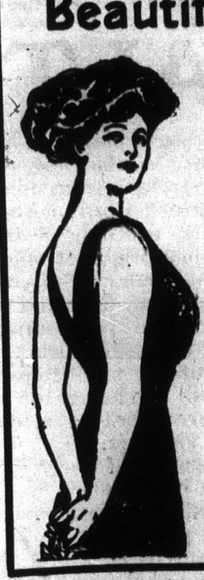
When ordering specify "Doan's."



ABSORBINE JR

The one remedy that positively cures VARICOSE VEINS and other diseases affecting the veins. Doctors told J. E. Oakes, of 85 Pearl St., Springfield, Mass., that he must have an operation. He preferred using ABSORBINE, JR., and soon was completely cured—has had no return of the trouble. Mild, antiseptic, external application; positively harmless. Removes Goitre, Wens, Tumors, Varicocele, Hydrocele, etc., in a pleasant manner. Book 4F and testimonials free. $1.00-4 oz., $2.00-12 oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass. LYMANS, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Beautiful Bust



How to Get a Perfect Form 50c. BOX FREE

We want to send you free a 50c. package of Dr. Catherine E. Kelly's wonderful treatment for making the bust plump and firm; also our booklet, "The Perfect Figure." Dr. Kelly used this treatment herself and it increased her own and her patients' bust measurements from 4 to 7 inches. Write to-day and enclose 10c. to help pay distribution expenses, and a 50c. treatment will be mailed at once in plain package. DR. KELLY CO., Dept. 291C Buffalo, N. Y.

Perfect Bust

The Charm of Womanhood

For 14 years I have been telling women how to make themselves beautiful at a very small cost.

If you have tried other treatments with no success and are skeptical, write me and enclose 10 cents for a liberal sample of my Nadine Bust Treatment.

MME. HASTINGS, W.H., 52 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

TATTOOING

Highest class workmanship by ALFRED SOUTH, Tattoo Artist, 31 Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square, London, S.W. (opposite the Admiralty). Electric Instruments (own patents) and All Colors used. Unique Designs from 60c. Antiseptic Treatment. Crude tattoo marks obliterated with Artistic Designs. Tattoo Outfits sold. Price List free. Telegraphic Address—"Tattooing, London."

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Handy, Automatic HAME FASTENER

Do away with old hame strap. Horse owners and teamsters wild about them. Fasten instantly with gloves on. Outwear the harness. Money back if not satisfactory. Write today for confidential terms to agents. F. Thomas Mfg. Co., 797 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

FREE DEAFNESS TREATMENT

A successful institution makes this remarkable offer to send free medicines to prove their ability to cure Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh by a new method. Address Dr. Branaman Remedy Co., 1133 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

CORSINE

Develops Form and Bust

Our book on the development of form and bust will be sent in plain, sealed envelope to any lady who writes us, enclosing three 2 cent stamps. This French System of developing the figure and bust (invented by Mdme. Thora) is a simple Home Treatment which will increase the bust six inches.

Ladies attend all correspondence at our offices and all letters are held strictly confidential. We never publish names. Our book contains photographs from life showing figures before and after using the Corsine System.

We have an agency in the U.S. from which we supply our American clients, thus saving them the payment of duty.

Write for copy of our book enclosing six cents in stamps.

The Madame Thora Co., Toronto, Ont.

A Man's Book

A PRIVATE TREATISE, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, RELATING TO DEBILITY, ITS CAUSE, EFFECT AND HOME CURE.

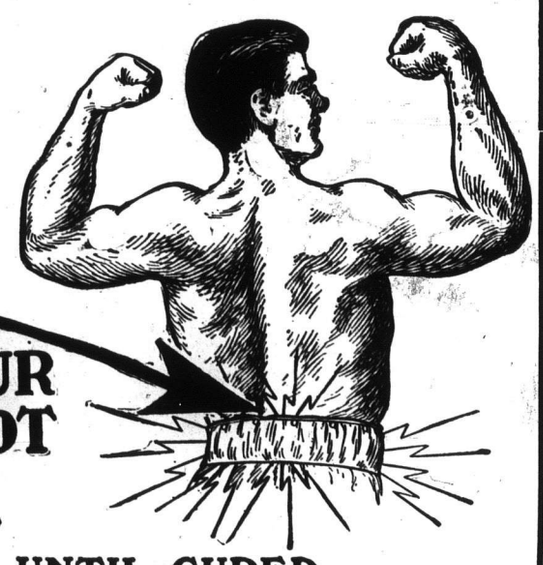
Let Me Send It To You FREE!

Here is a little volume of cheer and helpfulness which all men, young and old, can read with great profit; it contains much valuable information of a private nature, is fully illustrated, and represents the practical knowledge I have gained from forty years of actual experience in giving help to upwards of 100,000 enfeebled, nervous discouraged men. Just a postal card with your name and address, and the book will be forwarded free, sealed, by return mail, and with it, as well, I will enclose a full description of my new 1910 model Electric

HEALTH BELT

If you need new strength this wonderful appliance must appeal to you. It generates a pleasant, exhilarating current instantly felt, though it can be made any degree of strength from mild to strong by simply turning the needle of the current regulator; worn nights while you are sleeping, it pours quantities of health-giving, soothing electricity into your sick, weak nerves; you get up mornings feeling bright, strong, full of courage and ambition; it takes all the weakness and pain out of your back; it is a great remedy for your kidneys, bladder, stomach, liver and other vital organs; it cures rheumatism in all parts of the body; it is a courage-giver of the highest order; it brings new strength where weakness exists; it will restore you to vim, vigor and true manhood as sure as night follows day; it makes you feel young and look young; you will live longer for its use, you can throw away all drugs and commence to live as nature intended you should—a man among men, healthy, happy and vigorous.

I can send you thousands of testimonials, if you care to see them. In all instances I concentrate the full positive current at small of back? It thus enters the system at the nerve and vital centre, passing thence through the different weakened organs, giving them new life and force.



FREE UNTIL CURED

Call or write to me and I will at once arrange to let you have the Belt on trial, not to be paid for until cured. No deposit or advance payment. Send it back if it doesn't do the work. Liberal discount for cash if you prefer to deal that way.

Send your address on postal or fill in coupon; or call at my office if you live in or near this city. Advice concerning your case will be cheerfully given without charge or obligation.

Dr. W. A. Sanden Co., 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:—Please forward me your Book as advertised, free.

NAME..... .....

ADDRESS .....

Cards and rum and brandy,
Everything must go,
For the Western maidens
Say it shall be so.

Now the busy shopmen
All are looking glum
At the row of bottles—
Brandy, gin and rum.

Think they'll soon be ruined
If this whim should stand,
No sale for tobacco,
Swears to beat the band.

"Sylvia."

Kind Words for the W. H. M.

Manitoba, March 20, 1910.

Sir.—It is with deep interest my friends and I look for the coming of the W. H. M., with all its fine, intelligent and instructive reading on such a great range of topics. Some of its best pages for the young man I think are: The Young Man and His Problem, What the World is Saying, The Philosopher, and last, but not least, the correspondence columns. No doubt the ladies' favorite columns are Woman's Realm, etc., and of course anything pertaining to the latest fashions (I had sisters when at home, so I know), but we are all unanimous, (are we not, girls) that the correspondence column is a good medium to get into contact with one another, especially in some of the sparsely populated districts. Personally, I think some of the letters written are good sensible ones; others just a heap of nonsense, as for instance this ever present item of women doing outside chores. I think women have enough to do in the house if they do it, and they can not do both, and any sane, self-respecting man would look upon it as a disgrace for a woman to be doing outside work; also on drinking and chewing (rag or tobacco).

I shall not give a description of myself just now, but I am just like all the rest of the Western lads—awfully good looking. I am living on my homestead this winter with all the horrors of batching attendant thereto. Should be pleased to hear from any one who would care to write to a bachelor of 26 years, a strict T. T. and a great respecter of religion. I do not think one sect should be prejudiced against another; surely a person should know which is best for their soul's welfare, and our religion should be in the lives we lead. But, say, just to let you know I am human, I smoke occasionally. As they say, it's better to smoke here than hereafter.

"Inky."

Another Lonesome Bachelor.

Saskatchewan, March 22, 1910.

Sir.—I am a new subscriber but not a new reader, and am greatly interested in the correspondence columns so thought I would try my luck at getting before the eyes of the fair sex. I see that several agreed with "California Cowboy Girl," and must say that I do too. I also thought that "Not a Merry Widow" wrote a sensible letter, but I suppose the fact of her being married accounts for that. Not that some of the spinsters' letters are very interesting and sensible, but the married women seem to take a broader view of things. Perhaps it is because they were, when single, looking for a man who was absolutely faultless, and, until married, thought they had what was wanted, only to find their mistake too late. I was particularly interested in "Prairie Belle's" letter, and if she would care to hear from me would like to correspond with her. I suppose I must follow the lead and give a description of myself. I am not yet 30 but am over 20; have brown eyes, am fair, weigh 160 pounds and stand 5 feet 8 inches. I have a nice little farm of 320 acres, with horses and implements to work the same. All I need now is the "help" in the house. I am inclined to be musical, playing, or rather strumming, the violin, cornet, piano, mandolin and banjo. I also sing a little, being tenor in the choir and was solo tenor in a choir in England. I am not quite so morose as this letter might lead one to expect, and in reading it one wants to bear in mind that old adage, "Still waters run deep," or better still, "You cannot tell by the look of a frog how far he will jump." Now, any of the ladies who would care to hear from me will please say so. I would prefer to correspond with one who is musical, and I do not care to write till I know my letters will be answered. I will sign myself

"All Alone."

Applicants Must be Over 30.

March 25, 1910.

Sir.—Will you please forward the enclosed to "Bright Wickadad," Saskatchewan, who writes in the February number. I am very interested in the W. H. M. and think it just all right. I am used to farm life and if any nice bachelor, steady and not under 30, must be a Protestant, cares to write, my address is with the editor.

"Not a Chicken."

A German Correspondent.

Middle Lake, Sask., March 16, 1910.

Sir.—Have for some time been a silent but yet intensely interested reader of this department. Like so many, I also have finally made up my mind to write a short epistle, if so be that the editor might publish it.

Matrimony seems to be the principal topic for discussion, yea, even the object of this department, or of a majority of the correspondents. This can be seen by the frequent allusions to the "lonely bachelors," by their invitations extended to all girls to write, and by the expressions of pity for the poor lonely bachelors from the girl correspondents. Now, you will be getting anxious to know my opinion about this matter. Well, here it is. Matrimony is too sacred a state to be entered into lightly. Therefore an engagement is not to be entered into merely by correspondence. Yet this department of your paper is of benefit to the very many Western Canadian bachelors by assisting them to get acquainted with the girls out here in the West, also those in the East. If among his correspondents the bachelor finds one who, in his opinion, is suitable to be his wife, he may then visit her, and if desirable, take furhter steps. This same object also has induced me to write, viz., to gain correspondents and become acquainted with a number of Candian girls.

For the guidance of such girls as might desire me to write to them I give the following description of myself. Am 23 years of age, 6 feet 3½ inches tall, weigh about 175 pounds. I do not dance, chew or smoke, and seldom touch alcoholic liquors. I am a German. All correspondents writing either German, English or Latin may expect an answer in the same language. I request all girls desiring to correspond with me to inform me of it either through this paper or by sending me their names and addresses on scenic postals (stamped) via the Editor. All letters will be answered. Hoping the Editor will print this, I will sign myself

"A German Sausage."

An Irish Correspondent.

Creelman, Sask., March 16, 1910.

Sir.—We have taken your paper for three years and I have been very much interested in the correspondence columns but being very young I could never have the courage to write until this afternoon. I was left alone and I thought I would write a few lines to the W. H. M. and see if I could get my first letter put in your valuable paper.

I am an Irish lad and have been in this country six years. Am 5 feet 7 inches tall, fair hair, blue eyes, and am 18 years of age. I would like to correspond with "Farmer's Daughter", of the February number. If any young lady would care to write I will be pleased to

answer all letters. I will leave my address with the editor.

"An Irish Lad."

"Wee Blossom" Makes Her Debut.

Ontario, March 5, 1910.

Sir.—I am not a subscriber to the W. H. M., but as my brother takes it I have had the pleasure of reading a few of the letters and am deeply interested in the correspondence column. As this is my first letter to it I would be pleased if you could find space for it in next month's issue.

As I don't like back-biting I will not waste your precious space in criticizing other people's letters, and as I don't agree with matrimony by mail I will not have to describe what sort of a man I would like. I am writing this letter hoping it may win a few correspondents for me just for pastime, as I like reading and writing letters. I also would like to exchange post cards or photos, but wish to add that I would like the male sex to write first as it is their place. I will promptly answer all letters with the greatest of pleasure.

I passed the entrance examination in 1908 and have not been to school since. I am only 15 now, but don't pretend to know everything. I would therefore be glad to hear from anyone who could write a good instructive letter. If the "Old Fellow" cared to write I would gladly answer. I fully agreed with him as to flirting as no good ever came from it and I think only a giddy girl would flirt. Oh, say! Who's that Tipperary stone thrower? I wish he would write also. I saw so many nice letters which were printed in the correspondence columns that I could not mention them all. However, any person wishing to write to me will find my name and address with the editor.

"A Wee Blossom."

"Rolling Stone" is Active.

Mosten, Sask., March 2, 1910.

Sir.—Will you please forward enclosed to "Wrangler." My "rolling stone" proclivities prevent my either acquiring a permanent address or any noticeable quantity of that "moss" of which the proverb speaks. May the rolling stone flatter itself that even though it be "mossless" it may not be altogether polishless, and that after all, that particular moss is very amenable to the action of "moth and rust," while the polish is not, so long as the "stone" continues to "roll?"

You are to be congratulated on so many things, Mr. Editor, that one hardly knows where to begin. The excellence of your paper is so apparent that to mention it becomes a platitude; while to wish it more prosperity, in face of its present size and the bulk of its advertisements, would be to wish you the very embarrassments of riches.

If one is to be judged by his company, you, sir, are surely to be envied your friends. The monotony of their "morality" in your correspondence column oppresses me with a sense of my own unworthiness. Indeed, it was the hope of breaking that monotony that induced me to write you, for I seem burdened with all the vices that your other correspondents repudiate.

I am "a male of the full age," etc. Beyond that I am, to myself, indescribable. Besides, my mirror is dusty and my hair unbrushed! I see that it is time to hunt provender for the well-diggers who will be moving supperward soon, so au revoir.

"Rolling Stone."

Is Not Matrimonially Inclined.

Saskatchewan, March 14, 1910.

Sir.—Just another member of your happy club. I have been a subscriber to the paper for about two years and like it very much. The correspondence columns are very interesting and some letters are very sensible. I am a farmer's son, living at home, and not writing with matrimonial views but for pastime and to get correspondents from other parts of the country.

As I don't believe in self praise, I will just tell the people that I am 20 years old, about 5 feet 6 inches in height and weigh 140 pounds and don't drink anything stronger than tea or coffee.

As this is my first attempt I will not give any of my strong ideas on what people should do and try and not take up too much room in this valuable paper. I am sending a letter to "A Farmer's Daughter" in the February number. I would be glad to hear from any of the fair sex who would care to write. You will find my address with the editor.

"Pinto Jack."

From Two Manitoba Maidens.

Manitoba, March 24, 1910.

Sir.—We are greatly interested in the Western Home Monthly; not only in the correspondence page, but the whole paper. We agree with "Modesty's Purest Gem" in many ways, particularly about the use of drug store complexions, as most girls these days would not look much without them. Everybody likes to appear to the best advantage.

We would like to correspond with "Modesty's Purest Gem" if she could spare us a little time, as we are not very lonely owing to having each other for company, but if one keeps too much to themselves they are apt to get narrow minded.

We live in a very pretty place in Manitoba. The town is built on the side of a hill and beautifully surrounded by trees and a lovely river running on the east; also a beautiful park where in the summer everybody goes out and many a happy hour spent at picnics, boating and camping. We have also two town parks and in the summer months the band plays twice a week and there is dancing in the pavilion. Being city girls we are very fond of balls, theatres, skating and boating, and our most enjoyable amusement is autoing. It is lovely to get up early, just as the sun rises and go spinning over the country for a couple of hours before breakfast. At present such pleasures are out of the question, but we spend most of our evenings at the skating rink and we are both considered good skaters and dearly love to watch a good fast game of hockey. In fact, we are very fond of amusement of any kind and we find time so long on our hands after being in the city as we find we could not have such a lively time in the country so would somebody or somebodies take pity on two lonely girls and write to them? Wishing you paper every success,

"The Merry Widow Twins."

Another Letter from England.

February 17, 1910.

Sir.—I have just had your interesting publication, the Western Home Monthly, brought to my notice and have read with great interest your correspondence pages. The reading of these letters at once brings into view, in the mind's eye, a vivid picture of the Canadian homesteads and the lonesomes whose fortune or misfortune (I would rather the former, as I am compelled to exist in "smoky" London) it is to live on them.

Now, I wonder, Mr. Editor, if any of your correspondents would like to correspond with a young fellow from the Old Country. I may say at once that I am not on the look-out for a partner; but the letters I have read strike me as having been written by some very nice persons. I should like very much to correspond with "Nobody's Darling" or "Laughing Water" (April issue); "Marigold," "Jessamine" (Oct. issue); "Lady of the Lake," "A Diamond," (Sept. issue), and any other correspondents who will write to me first. My name and address is with the Editor. (Oh, that dear kind Editor, to keep all our names and addresses!)

I am a fiend,"—a stamp fiend—and should be glad to send pretty view cards from England in exchange for used or unused (old or new) Canadian stamps; or, if preferred, let the ex-

THE LAST RESORT

When all else failed, the Doctors said, "try Fruit-a-tives"

And "Fruit-a-tives" cured Mrs. Cadieux

PLANTAGENET, ONT., JANUARY 31ST, 1910.

"About March 1st 1909, I was taken deathly sick with Stomach Trouble, Backache and General Breakdown. I failed from 125 pounds down to 80 pounds, was confined to bed for eight weeks, and was unable to eat or keep anything on my stomach, vomiting nearly all the time. I expected to die, and took many remedies as well as employing different physicians. The doctors said they could do nothing for me and, as a last resort, one of the doctors told me "*to try Fruit-a-tives*—if they would not cure me, nothing would".

MDE LAURENT CADIEUX

My husband bought "Fruit-a-tives" from Mr. Arthur Koleau, merchant of Plantagenet, and I started taking them at once, and *inside of ten days*, I was able to leave my bed. My stomach got strong and I could eat and retain my food. I gained rapidly and soon had my usual good health back again, and today I weigh as much as ever, 125 pounds."

MDE. LAURENT CADIEUX.

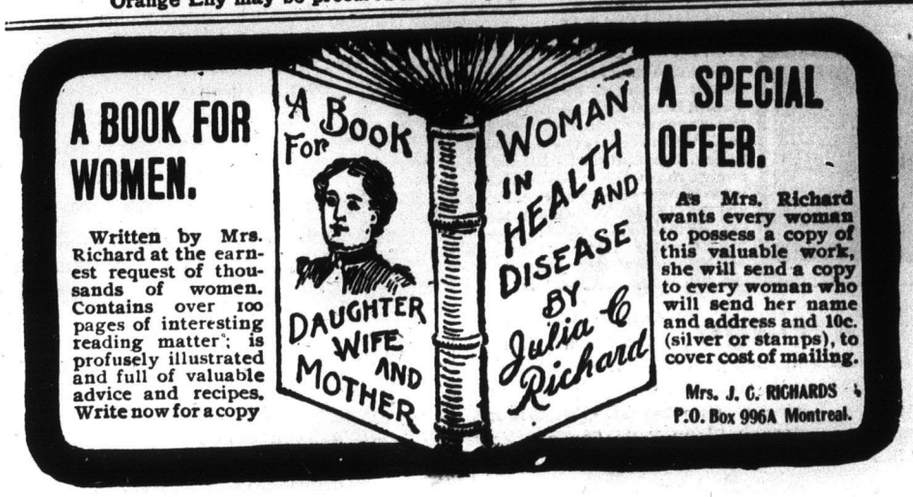
Even the doctors are recommending "Fruit-a-tives". They realize now that these wonderful fruit juice tablets will positively cure all Stomach Troubles, Indigestion and Dyspepsia—and they are using "Fruit-a-tives" in their practice.

Few people realize the vital importance of keeping their blood pure. Impure blood is the chief cause of Stomach Trouble, because it is from the blood that the stomach obtains the fluid which digests food. When the blood is laden with impurities, the disolving fluid (or Gastric Juice) will be impure. These impurities may come from a congested liver, from Constipation, from weak kidneys, from an inactive skin, or from all four. Naturally, the ordinary "digestive powders" and "pepsin tablets" will not cure the trouble, because they only help to dissolve the food—they do not go to the seat of the trouble. "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest remedy ever discovered for all forms of Indigestion, Dyspepsia and other Stomach Disorders, because "Fruit-a-tives" is unequalled as a blood-purifying medicine. "Fruit-a-tives" acts directly on the liver, regulates the bowels, strengthens the kidneys, stimulates the skin, and thus rids the whole system of all impurities. "Fruit-a-tives" will positively cure you of any kind of Indigestion. "Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for $2.50 or trial size, 25c. If you are unable to obtain "Fruit-a-tives" conveniently, do not accept substitutes but send to "Fruit-a-tives" Limited, Ottawa and the regular size packages will be mailed you, postpaid, on receipt of price.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY

Orange Lily is daily curing the most obstinate cases of Female Disorders. Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhoea, Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, etc., etc., are all of them relieved from the start by its use, and a few weeks' or months' treatment accomplishes a complete cure. This remedy is a positive, scientific preparation, and is based on the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister. It is an applied treatment; that is, it is not taken internally, but is applied direct to the suffering parts, and it, therefore, acts with all the certainty of the known laws of chemical action. As it comes in direct contact with the diseased tissue, its antiseptic and nerve-food properties cannot help have a beneficent influence. I receive from 10 to 50 letters daily, speaking of the benefits and cures it is performing, and so sure am I that it will do what is claimed for it that I will send, absolutely free, a 35c box to every suffering woman who will write for it. Price, $1 per box, which is sufficient for one months' treatment. Address, MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, ONT.

Orange Lily may be procured in Winnipeg from The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.



FINDS HIS WORK A PLEASURE NOW

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured the Postmaster's Kidney Disease.

Alberta man tells how his troubles vanished when he used the old reliable Kidney Remedy.

Scona, Alta., (Special).—"I can now do all my work without pain and with pleasure." Those are the words of Postmaster Andrew B. Nelson of this place. As all the postmaster's friends know, he has been troubled with Kidney Disease for several years past, and has been doing everything in his power to find a cure for it. He has found the cure. It is Dodd's Kidney Pills. "Yes, I tried all kinds of medicines for my kidney trouble," the postmaster joyfully states. "None of them seemed to do me any good till I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Two boxes of them cured me completely. I highly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from Kidney Disease. I would not be without them."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all diseases of the kidneys, from Backache to Bright's Disease. They also cure all diseases caused by disordered kidneys failing to strain the impurities out of the blood. That's why they cure Dropsy, Rheumatism, and Heart Disease. If you haven't tried them yourself ask your neighbors about them.

Late Hours Punish The Fat Folks

It is the wisdom of ancient days that the fatter you become the quicker you weary, One sits out more dances than formerly, the flesh grows weaker after 1.30 a. m., in exact ratio to the lengthening of the waist measure. Fat is robbing you of fun, just at a time when you have the leisure and the cash for it.

You may reduce that fatty overplus, and so revive your flagging energies, if you will, in the simplest way. You can take off a pound of it a day, if you wish, without causing weakness, or wrinkles, or calling upon exercising or dieting for help. For years fashionable fat people have been using the famous Marmola Prescription, ½ oz. Marmola, ½ oz. Fl. Ex. Cascara Aromatic, 4½ oz. Peppermint Water. Now these same proportions have been combined, most elegantly, into a tablet, the Marmola Prescription Tablet.

You may take one tablet or many daily (without injury) as an offset to the fat, and a sure restorer of that springy, jumpy, lithesome agility and tireless endurance you have begun to learn to yearn for. Tender seventy-five cents to your druggist for a case; or write the distributers, the Marmola Co., 498 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Why not?

SOLID GOLD WATCH PUZZLE

GREAT OFFER BY A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

To any person who can supply the correct names of these two well-known **Canadian Towns,** and fulfils conditions below, we offer our 15 Dollar Lady's **SOLID GOLD WATCH,** stamped, fully jewelled, as a **FREE GIFT. (Silver Watches** are presented to Gents.)

Send your attempt on a sheet of paper, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply to FELLOWS & CO., 10 Grosvenor Buildings, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham, England. The winner is required to purchase a Chain from us to wear with watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prize-winners of last competition were: Miss M. Russell, Harpers Corners P.O., Ont., Canada; Mr. J. Keillor, Port Elgin, Co. Bruce, Ont., Canada,

RUN IT YOURSELF.

You can quickly learn to run steam engines by studying Young Engineer's Guide. Save the expense of hiring an engineer. Book recently revised to 254 pages. Illustrated. Endorsed by engine manufacturers and leading engineers everywhere. Price postpaid $1.00. Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.
FREE—Our large catalogue —"Engineers' Bargains."

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change be one of cards only as I am also a collector of these.

My age is 26. I am not of the "Land of the Bow Bells," as I first saw the light in Hampshire, but have lived a good many years in the small village of London; and am—("to be continued in our next").

These lines are being written in a stuffy artificially lighting London office amidst plenty of work, so think it is time to draw to a close. Wishing your Monthly the greatest success in the new year.

"A Stamp Fiend."

From a Sporting Lass.

Stettler, Alta., March 4, 1910.

Sir.—Your valuable paper has been giving us a very exciting time during the past year through the correspondence column and hope it will continue.

I am a farmer's daughter and a dandy, too. I can bake pies and cakes, cook spuds, dress fowl, wash clothes and take in scrubbing if occasion demands. I am also very fond of outdoor sports, dancing card playing and am a first class musician. Can play either organ, piano or violin.

I would like to correspond with "Sporting Bill," "Farmer's Son," "A Printer's Devil," and any others who will write to me first as I am a little on the shy side. I have no notion of getting married as yet. Only 21 years of age and enjoying life. My husband must be very tall, dark complexion, wealthy and an excellent dancer. Do not all write at once. My address is with the editor.

"A Sporty Lass."

"Peanuts" is Lonely.

Big Valley, Ont., March 11, 1910.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader of the W. H. M. and I would like to join your circle. I am a very good violin player and when there is a dance coming, off I am Johnny on the spot and am very fond of outdoor sports such as rugby, lacrosse and skating, and I am an abstainer from strong drink; slough water is the strongest that I can go. I feel very lonesome as I live all alone and often wish I had an opportunity of showing how much I would appreciate a loving honey. Well, I think I will have to draw to a close, and if any of the girls wish to write to me they will find my address with the editor.

"Peanuts."

"Puff Ball" Has Her Say.

Loon Creek, Sask., March 4, 1910.

Sir.—My brother being a subscriber to your interesting paper, the W. H. M., I am able to enjoy to the full the store of wit, good advice, etc., which it contains, and benefit thereby. Though I have often been tempted my literary powers have restrained me from asking you to put me among the numerous contributors to the correspondence column. I now venture because of a letter appearing in the December issue and signed "All the Way from India," being desirous of corresponding. I hope you will kindly send me the address and excuse the trouble. I am recently from India myself. Having a failing for jovial bachelors I would like to make their acquaintance through the mail bag, but at present I only know them by the most uncertain nome-de-plume of "Wun Un Hung," etc. Wishing you every success.

"Puff Ball."

"Ikey" is Experienced.

Saskatchewan, March 9, 1910.

Sir.—As I have been taking your valuable and instructive magazine, the W. H. M., and certainly enjoy reading the correspondence page, I thought I might as well be in the swim, too, as I am in a very lonesome little town and am a stranger in it, being here a week, so thought it would be a helpful pastime as I am not over worked. As others tell their good faults and poor ones, too, I hope, I will tell mine. I am a Canadian and have been in the West four years. I am not a bachelor but keep my own rooms clean and board out, so I might as well be, I guess. Some speak about matrimony; it is all right, but I think that people marry too soon and do not know each other well enough. As far as that goes I want to see the girl I get and know her, too, as it is the cause of lots of trouble in married life. I must stop talking about married life or the girls will think I have been married some time. I wish for some of them to write if they wish to. "Ikey."

"Sympathetic Joe" Makes His Bow.

Manitoba, March 11, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a well satisfied reader of your interesting and exceedingly helpful paper for the past year. You are indeed to be congratulated upon the high standard of your publication. In your paper I find much space devoted to higher thought. I think the pages on temperance are splendid. There are no doubt a good many helpful thoughts in them and am sure your paper is well worth one dollar per year.

I am greatly interested in the correspondence column and as I have never written before I will describe myself. I am an Englishman (not one of the green kind) and have been in Manitoba seven years. I am a total abstainer from all intoxicating liquors. and do not use tobacco in any form, and am inclined to be religious.

I find some of the letters are very sensible. I can quite sympathize with "An Unsatisfied Wife" in the December issue, having seen lots of unhappy marriages. I am sure if a woman does the work inside the house she will not feel like doing outside work and she should also have a chance to go out for a drive every little while after being shut up in a hot kitchen day after day. Although I am a single young man, I have learned while travelling around how to treat the woman that you take for better or for worse. Some men should not be allowed to keep a wife because they just make slaves of them. Well, Mr. Editor, I do not want to take up too much of your valuable time and space but would like to get a few correspondents to help wile away the long winter hours. Would like to hear from young ladies between the age of 19 and 22, if they care to write. They will find my address with the Editor. All correspondence will be kept strictly private and will be promptly answered. I will sign myself

"Sympathetic Joe."

Sweet Sixteen.

British Columbia, Feb. 9th, 1910

Sir.—I have been a subscriber to your interesting paper for some time, and enjoy reading the correspondence page very much. I consider the W.H.M. a very interesting paper. One need never be lonesome in the evenings when they have it to read. As I think correspondents take it as their duty to describe themselves, I will do the same. I am sweet sixteen, five feet, three inches tall, weigh 100 pounds, have fair hair and dark blue eyes. I enjoy dancing very much and am a fairly good cook and house-keeper. Well, this letter is long enough now, so I will close, wishing the editor the best of success.

"Sweet Sixteen."

Wants to Correspond with Sweet Briar

Sask., Feb. 9th, 1910

Sir.—Although not a subscriber but an interested reader of your valuable paper, especially the correspondence columns. I will be pleased to exchange picture post cards or letters with any one who cares to write to me. I am a homesteader in a good location, am 24 years of age, 5 foot 7 inches tall and have dark hair and blue eyes. Please forward enclosed letter to Sweet Briar in September issue. Thanking you for your space and wishing your paper every success, I remain,

"The Last Rose of Summer."

Caught Cold By Working In Water.

A Distressing, Tickling Sensation In The Throat.

Mr. Albert MacPhee, Chignecto Mines, N.S., writes:—"In Oct., 1908, I caught cold by working in water, and had a very bad cough and that distressing, tickling sensation in my throat so I could not sleep at night, and my lungs were so very sore I had to give up work. Our doctor gave me medicine but it did me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to my friends."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WAIT'S Homoeopathic Specifics

Cures Effected by them are radical and certain. They do not cure one disease and produce another. They will cure a larger percentage of cases, and in less time than any medicine known.

NO.	CURES	PRICE
1	**Fevers,** Congestion, Inflammation	25
2	**Neuralgia,** Toothache, Faceache	25
3	**Crying Colic,** or Teething of Infants	25
4	**Sore Mouth** or Canker	25
5	**Dyspepsia,** Bilious Stomach, Costiveness	25
6	**Effects of eating Rich Food**	25
7	**Piles,** blind or bleeding, internal or external	25
8	**Cholera Morbus,** Nausea Vomiting	25
9	**Headaches,** Sick Headaches, Vertigo	25
10	**Inflammatory Affections** of the Windpipe	25
11	**Diarrhoea,** of Children or Adults	25
12	**Rheumatism,** Rheumatic Pains	25
13	**Worms,** Worm Fevers, Worm Colic	25
14	**Diseases of Infants** or Young Children	25
15	**Diphtheria** or Ulcerated Sore Throat	25
16	**Asthma** Oppressed, Difficult Breathing	25
17	**Coughs,** Colds, Hoarseness and Bronchitis	25
18	**Whites** too Profuse Periods, Bearing Down	25
19	**Croup,** Hoarse Cough, Difficult Breathing	25
20	**Salt Rheum,** Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
21	**Fever and Ague,** Chill Fever, Agues	25
22	**Ophthalmia,** Weak or Inflamed Eyes	25
23	**Whooping Cough,** Violent Cough	25
24	**Scrofula,** Swellings and Ulcers	25
25	**Dropsy** Fluid Accumulations	25
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34	**Catarrh,** Acute or Chronic, Influenza	25
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38	**Wait's Homœopathic Rheumatic Cure**	$1.00

Any number will be sent by mail on receipt of Price. Send for Manual (free). Address DEPT. W.H.

WAIT HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINE MANUFACTORY

JOHN T WAIT, Proprietor, ARNPRIOR, ONT

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Blue Eyed Pearl is a Christian. ..

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 18th, 1910

Sir.—I have written to the correspondence page of your interesting paper the W.H.M. once before but my letter did not appear in print. I hope to have better luck this time. I do hope I will see it in the next issue. I am a Christian young lady of nearly 19 years of age and am 5 ft. 6½ in. in height. I have blue eyes and fair hair but I won't say whether I am good looking or not but I guess I will pass. I think that letter which was written by "English Primrose" in the April issue was just lovely. I am glad she is a Christian and I agree with her in what she said about some people being afraid to say that they were Christians for fear of being laughed at. I am sure that being a Christian is nothing to be ashamed of but rather something to be glad of. I think it is grand to be able to say you are a true Christian. I would like any Christian, young boys or girls, to exchange post cards or letters with me. I will answer promptly. My address is with the editor. Wishing your paper every success.

"Blue Eyed Pearl."

Prefers West to Ontario.

Alberta, Feb. 7th, 1910

Sir.—After reading your correspondence column for a year I have at last plucked up enough courage to write to this very interesting paper. I think it is one of the best things ever organized for the young people of the west. I live on a homestead in one of the most fertile parts of Alberta. I came from Ontario about two years ago. I like the West fine and would not want to go back to Ontario to live for anything. I am 5 ft. 10 in. in height and weigh 140 lbs., dark (not black) hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, like lots of fun and do not use tobacco in any form. Would like to correspond with any of the fair sex if they would write first. I will close wishing your paper every success.

"Alberta Farmer."

Yeoman Wants a Jolly Girl

Saskatchewan, Feb. 1st., 1910

Sir.—Having become a subscriber to your splendid paper, I thought I would have my little say with the rest of the boys and girls. I am one of the many bachelors of this Great West, living the simple life and am on the look-out for a nice girl to go shares on the farm. I quite agree with a good many of your writers about a woman having to do the chores. A woman has plenty to do in the house without working outside. I have seen many women who make slaves of themselves and have no holiday at all and their selfish husbands expect it of them. I am not looking for a woman to do the chores, I want a nice jolly refined young lady who is used to farm life. I read a letter from a lady signing herself "Living in Hopes." She must be a real nice girl, just my sort. Please forward enclosed letter to her. I am an Englishman, 25 years old, 6 ft. tall, weigh 160 lbs., a sort of face you once see and die! I have been in the country 5 years and have my patent. My address is with the editor, whose paper I wish every success. Hurry up young ladies, don't be shy, there's a girl wanted here.

"Yeoman."

A Letter from Old England.

England, Feb. 4th, 1910

Sir.—I daresay you will think it very strange to receive a letter so very far away as this, therefore I must explain myself. I am an English girl, as you will see, born in the old country and I have been blessed with a very good gift of writing. Well, I have a friend in Duffy who occasionally sends me the W.H.M. and I cannot tell you how delighted I am with it and the interest I take in your correspondence corner where, I read in the July number a letter from "Saskatoon Turnip." Do you know, Mr. Editor, what he said about those poor fellows never receiving any nice letters; well, I have taken pity and I would willingly at any time write a kindly letter to him if he will forward his address. My age is 23 and I am a real English girl so if you will pass this on I shall be very pleased to write him a letter at any time for I believe if one can make a heart brighter by a kindly letter there is no better use to put the good God's gift to than this. Hoping to get a reply

"Grapes."

All Alone on a Homestead.

Jan 3rd, 1910.

Sir.—I have a friend who takes your valuable paper and I always like to read the stories and letters written therein. I am very fond of reading and would like some nice young girl between 13 and 20 years of age to write to me. I would be pleased to hear from the girl who signs herself "Rosy Cheeks" in your October issue. I am 22 years of age, 5 feet 4 ins. tall, weigh 130 lbs. and have black hair and grey eyes. I am very fond of all kinds of amusements, especially dancing and hunting. I do not chew or drink, but I smoke. I am at present living all alone on a homestead in Southern Alberta. My address is with the editor.

"A Homesteader."

Short and Sweet.

Ont., Feb. 7th, 1910

Sir.—I have been reading an issue of your paper and see a number of letters in the correspondence column. I would like to correspond with anyone who will write first. Would like to hear from Rambler and Tired Jim. I have brown hair, blue eyes and am twenty-three years old and will exchange photos. My address will be with the editor. "Moonshine Molly."

Another Chance for the Boys

Pinto, Sask., April 16th, 1910.

Sir.—We have been interested readers of the W. H. M. for some months, especially the correspandence column. No. 1. I am 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weigh 113 lbs., dark hair, grey eyes and a dark complexion and never was told I was bad looking. No. 2. I am 5 ft. 4¾ in. tall, dark hair, dark eyes and a light complexion, weigh 118 lbs. We are both quite young yet and between the ages of ten and twenty. It is very lonely out here and we would like to correspond with either sex if they will write first. Our addresses are with the editor. "Innocence & Mischief."

Pinto Is a Rancher

Lockhart, Alta., April 15th, 1910.

Sir.—Having been a silent and very interested reader of the W. H. M., which is a splendid all round magazine, and being one of those western bachelors, I am naturaly interested in the correspondence columns, so thought I would try and break into the circle and get in a few lines. No doubt there are lots of girls who think it is not quite right to correspond with fellows whom they know nothing about. Possibly not, although I think correspondence is a very pleasant pastime, especially through the winter. I am sure a boy who will go out west as a homemaker and brave the horrors of baching and lonesomeness is entitled to at least one correspondent to help make things cheerful. I am a rancher in sunny Alberta.

"Pinto."

Kind Words for the W. H. M.

Wapella, Sask., April 7th, 1910.

Sir.—Would you kindly send the enclosed missive to A Farmer's Daughter, Armstrong, B. C. I have long been an interested reader of your valuable magazine which certainly has grown splendidly. I don't believe in corresponding with any decided view to matrimony, but, still it might lead to acquaintance and that in its turn lead further. I am not on the matrimonial market as yet nor do I expect to be for a while but by the way some of the correspondents write, they would fly at the first offer or chance they got. I suppose I ought to do as some others do, that is, describe myself a little. I am a Canadian born in the West, am on the sunny side of thirty and stand over four feet in height. Would like to correspond with Jeanie in February number if she will write or send a post card. My address is with the editor. Wishing your paper every success I will sign myself

"Soft Sammy."

The Sign of the Seven Devils.

Not long ago a noted physician wrote to a professional friend, saying: "I would rather see a patient with almost any other disease enter my consulting room, than one afflicted with the seven devils of Indigestion and Dyspepsia." That doctor knew what a sly, destructive disease indigestion is; how it poisons the blood, starves the nerves, takes the vitality out of man or woman when once it seizes on them. He did not seem to know that Mother Seigel's Syrup cures indigestion. Yet we have testimony in writing from tens of thousands who have proved that it does cure. Read the statement of Mr. A. Lemieux, of Chambord. Lac St. Jean Co. P.Q. Mr. Lemieux says, January 9, 1910:

"It gives me great pleasure to testify to the value of Mother Seigel's Syrup. It has restored me to health after suffering over three years from Indigestion, or Dyspepsia. I had pains after meals, headaches, sleeplessness, bad breath, and a coated tongue. I had distressing pains in the back and lungs, as well as dizziness. I lost flesh and became very weak. My appetite naturally was very poor. I began to take Mother Seigel's Syrup last July, and the change for the better in my health was quickly apparent. A three months' course of the Syrup restored me to perfect health. I can now work with ease, and eat without distress."

Like thousands of other people, Mr. Lemieux proved that Mother Seigel's Syrup is the cure for Indigestion. It is a purely herbal preparation. It tones and strengthens the digestive system—helps the organs to do their natural work—prevents the formation of the poisons which taint the blood and which bring on headaches, constipation, dizziness, loss of sleep and appetite, and the other miseries that dyspeptics know so well.

Another case of a similar character, typical of thousands of others who have written is that of C. James, of Neuchatel, Red Deer District, Alberta, who writes:

"It is many years since I was first advised to try Mother Seigel's Syrup for Indigestion and persistent Constipation, and still always find relief after one or two doses.

Since I have been in Canada I have had occasion to use it occasionally, and can confidently recommend "Mother Seigel's Syrup to anyone suffering from Indigestion and Constipation.

As a matter of fact I would not be without a bottle in the house."

The $1 bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50c. size.

A. J. White & Co. Ltd, Montreal.

IF

YOU SUFFER

FROM

INDIGESTION

HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS,
LANGUOR, PALPITATION,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
CONSTIPATION OR
ACIDITY.

A course of Mother Seigel's Syrup will quickly set you right. It is a highly concentrated vegetable remedy, having direct action on the stomach, liver, and bowels. It aids digestion, regulates the bowels, expels all impurities from the system, purifies and enriches the blood, and thus imparts health and tone to every part of the body. Thousands of men and women are every year cured of indigestion and other stomach and liver disorders by Mother Seigel's Syrup. Their testimony, given without fee or reward, affords convincing proof that Mother Seigel's Syrup possesses curative and strengthening properties not found in any other medicine. As a digestive tonic, taken daily after meals, it has no equal.

TAKE

M'me Elvira Nowe, of Cherry Hill, Lunenberg Co., Nova Scotia, July 5, 1909, writes:—"I was troubled two years with Indigestion and my food would rise as soon as I had eaten it, and caused me severe pain and distress. Nothing relieved me until I began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup. When I had taken one bottle and a half I was quite cured."

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Sold Everywhere

A. J. WHITE & CO., Ltd., Montreal.

Household Suggestions.

The Good Housekeeper

How can I tell her?
By her cellar,
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall;
I can guess her
By her dresser,
By the back stair-case and hall;
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms;
Or the peeping
At her keeping
Of her back and unseen rooms;
By her Kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness,
Where in cleanliness and sweetness
The "rose to order" blooms.

House Cleaning Notes

The cleaning of the cellar is surely the dirtiest, most disagreeable job of the whole year, and when finished the most satisfactory. No germs from decayed vegetables, mold, or spoiled fruit shall find their way through any floors to the living rooms above. Fruit cans in doubtful condition are placed by themselves, to be opened first when needed. All others are carefully wiped dry—the cellar has been unusually damp this season—sorted and moved to clean, dry shelves. Potatoes and other vegetables in perfect condition are in barrels and bins. Fresh lime has been sprinkled freely on the floor next to the walls and a pleasant odor abounds.

To Wash "Comforts" and Carpets.

The most successful way of washing comforts is to hang them on the clothes line, moisten all soiled places, and rub with soap; then wash thoroughly with the hose, and leave to drain and dry. When dry, they will be sweet, clean and fluffy, with no matted or soapy cotton. I have found the same method fine for ingrain carpets.

In papering a room, remember that large patterns and dark colors will make it appear smaller, while a plain or striped paper, if a light hue, will give an impression of increased size.

To keep tiles bright, put a tablespoonful of paraffin into a pailful of water and wash them with it occasionally.

When blankets are put away for the summer cut up a bar of well-dried yellow soap into thin pieces and put them among the folds to keep away the moths.

Frequently when the top of the dining room table is very dull all that it needs is washing. Wipe it off with a soft cloth dipped in water with the chill removed. Then rub with a dry piece of flannel until the polish is restored.

Lemon-juice will cleanse other things besides the skin. Copper may be cleaned by rubbing with a lemon-skin and salt. It should be wiped at once with a cloth of chamois. Iron-rust and ink-stains may be removed from linen by rubbing with lemon-juice and salt and then exposing the spot to the sun.

To clean brass faucets, one tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; rub with cloth, after which polish with flannel cloth.

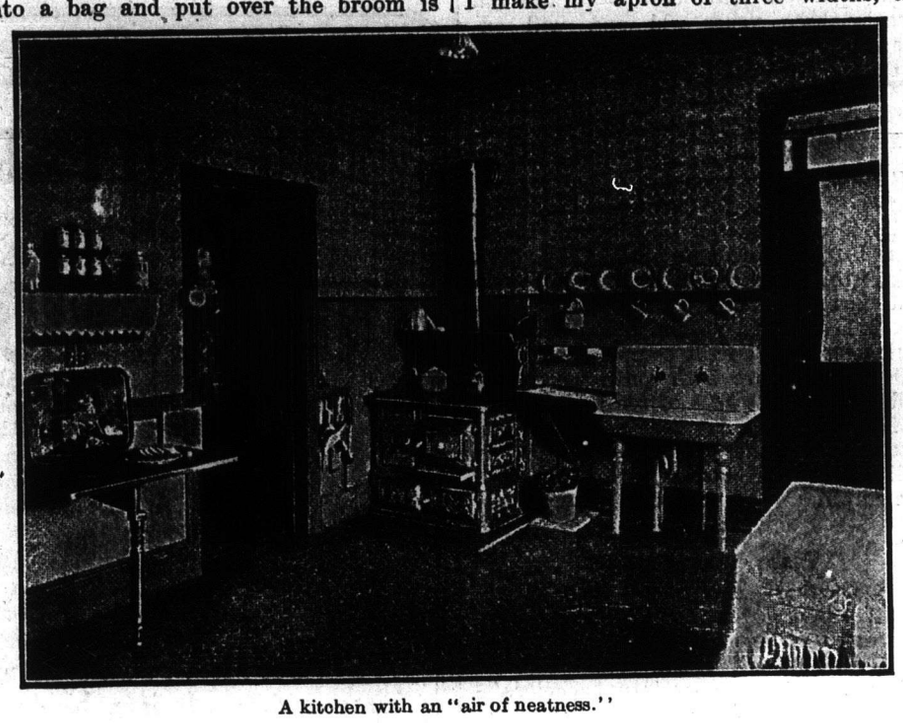
Wear dark blue or black glasses when putting curtains on stretchers out-of-doors or when hanging clothes out in a glare of sunlight, or in the reflected light from snow. Often a severe headache, caused from the blinding light, may be avoided in this way.

Pieces of soap may be utilized in many ways. When the cake of toilet soap becomes thin put it aside for a few days until the new cake has worn down a little, then while both cakes are wet press them together and let them rest for a day. As the cake grows thin, add it to the next cake in the same manner. Or, the pieces of soap may be dried and then pounded to a powder and used with bran in taking a bran bath. Household soap may be used in the soap-shaker or dissolved for use when washing woolens or colored clothing. It does not pay to form it into new cakes.

Do not be tempted to experiment with every furniture polish. Never use anything on woodwork that you do not know all about. Doing over ruined furniture is costly and varnish is easily hurt.

Old brass should be cleaned by pouring strong ammonia on it and then scrubbing it well with a brush and rinsing it in clean water. After it has been dried and polished it will look quite beautiful.

A square of house flannel of the stoutest and coarsest description made into a bag and put over the broom is the best means of sweeping boards or linoleum. When slightly dampened it takes up instead of scattering the dust.



A kitchen with an "air of neatness."

Finger marks and stains on porcelain, wood and window panes can be easily removed with coal oil on a clean soft rag.

Brooms should be washed occasionally in soapsuds and ammonia, rinsed in clear water and dried in the sun.

Hairbrushes may be cleaned with borax, ammonia or soda; borax is possibly the best. Dissolve the borax in boiling water and add cold water to the liquid. Allow one tablespoonful of borax to one quart of water. Have the brushes free from dust and put them in a washbowl with enough of the borax water to cover the tops of the brushes. Soak ten minutes, then sop well in the water, being careful not to wet the tops of the brushes. Rinse in plenty of cold water and dry in a current of air. Do not have the water hot and do not dry in the heat.

Stains on Marble.

In the treatment of stains much depends on what has caused them. Marble is one of the most difficult substances to deal with when removing stains. Even the weakest acid will attack the marble and should not be employed except in the hands of an expert. The following treatment will remove many kinds of stain from marble: Dissolve half a pint of sal soda in one pint of boiling water, stir into this half a pint of quicklime and enough whiting or fuller's earth to make a paste like thick cream. Spread this on the marble and let it remain two days longer. Scrape off and wash clean. If all the spots are not removed this treatment may be repeated until the marble is quite clean.

Sprinkle your rugs with rolled-up particles of wet newspaper.

The Clean Painted Walls.

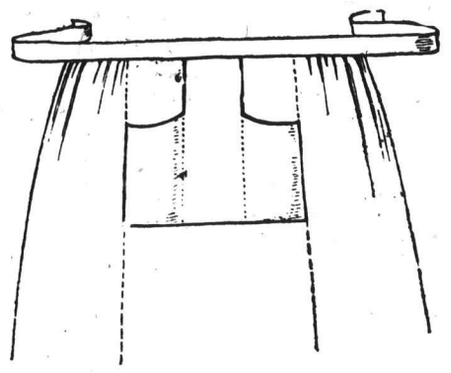
To two gallons of lukewarm water, add a heaping tablespoon of baking soda, stir until well dissolved, then with a large sponge wash the walls with it, rinse them with clear luke-warm water and dry with old, soft cloths.

Keep Kitchen Clean.

Spread newspapers on the kitchen table before preparing a meal. The vegetables may be prepared dry and the peelings and refuse may be gathered up with the newspaper and put into the garbage can, thus leaving the table clean and it will only need wiping off ordinarily.

Improved Kitchen Apron.

All women know how a kitchen apron wears out in the middle of the front. I make my apron of three widths, as usual. Then I take a piece of goods the width of the middle strip, shape it as in the diagram, and let it extend a third of the length of the apron, where it gets the hardest wear. I stitch this



extra piece into the band, at the bottom edge and along the dotted lines. This gives two handy pockets to carry dusters in while working. But the main idea is that this upper piece wears the hole, and then I remove this piece, replace it with another, and the whole apron is as good as new. I have replaced this piece on an apron five times before the rest of the apron wore out, so I have every reason to believe this device doubles or trebles the life of an apron.

The Whisk Broom as a Labor Saver.

For sweeping carpeted steps nothing is more useful or effective than a stiff whisk broom; if the broom be slipped into a clean bag of cheesecloth it becomes equally valuable for cleaning uncarpeted steps. When necessary to make up a bed soon after its occupancy turn back the covers, smooth out the lower sheet, give it a brisk sweeping with the whisk broom, and then replace the covers. Mattresses should be thoroughly swept once a week. Use a whisk broom for dusting upholstered furniture, for sprinkling clothes, for the kitchen sink and for keeping the kitchen range clean a whisk broom is much better than a brush.

Recipes

Salmon "Some Other Way."

Company had come unexpectedly to tea and the good woman was taking down the can of salmon.

"Oh, mother," said the little daughter, as the mother's deft fingers run the opener around the top of the can, "do give it to us some other way. We had cold salmon right out of the can at their house when we went to see them."

The mother took the hint. She carefully picked the bones from the fish, and with a fork tore it in small pieces and mixed with it a sufficient quantity of bread crumbs and beaten egg, rolled it in croquettes and fried them in hot lard until a nice brown. If she had had more time at her disposal she might have added to the contents of the can, one well-beaten egg, one cup of bread crumbs, salt and pepper, made it into a loaf, set in the steamer over boiling water and served hot or cold.

Canned salmon is a good stand-by and has helped the housekeeper out of many a pinch, but when a family has it served too often right from the can, they begin to wish that the man who invented a method of canning salmon had never been born. Why not take a little pains and serve it as a salad, or in croquettes or a loaf or creamed on toast or in some other way, just as tempting?

"Dainty Bit" Biscuit."

Sift together, one quart of flour, three teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoon of sugar. Mix thoroughly with one cup of lard and butter mixed, and enough milk for a soft biscuit dough. Roll out to one-half inch thickness, spread lightly with melted butter, then sprinkle with finely chopped cold boiled ham. Cut with very small biscuit cutter, and bake at once in very quick oven. Serve at once without butter. Instead of spreading the dough with melted butter and ham, I sometimes cut the biscuit and then spread with whipped cream before baking.

Warmed-up Meat.

A very good way to warm up a joint of meat is to steam it in an ordinary potato or pudding steamer, allowing ten minutes to each pound if underdone, from five to seven, according to thickness, if well done. The meat will be very tender recooked in this way.

Salmon Mayonnaise.

This may be made either with cold boiled salmon or with tinned. If made with boiled salmon two or three pounds will be required, and after this is cooked it should be skinned and left until cold. Two lettuces, mustard-and-cress, half a cucumber, two or three tomatoes, and one hard-boiled egg will be required. Place the fish in a silver or glass dish and pour the mayonnaise over it. Then, if liked, the salmon may be decorated with chili, parsley, or lobster-coral. Wash and drain the lettuces carefully, and shred them across with a silver knife; mix with the mustard-and-cress, and pile the whole round the salmon. Slice the cucumber and mix with the salad; cut the tomatoes in crescents, quarter the eggs ,and arrange alternately on the salad.

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

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In response to the very large number of applications that have been received for this illustration in picture form, the Calgary Milling Co. are preparing it so as to look well in any room. It will be greatly appreciated if all desiring one would drop a post card to their office as soon as convenient so as to facilitate matters for everyone concerned.

Owing to the fact that the Booklets, "The Mainstay of Multitudes" were not off the press when expected, the time for closing the Children's Contest has been extended from April 31st to June 20th. Anyone not having received one of these Booklets, kindly write for one and it will be forwarded at once."

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GOOD RESULTS
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If you cannot buy
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in your town drop us
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