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# WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



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AUGUST, 1915

WINNIPEG, CANADA





## The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table

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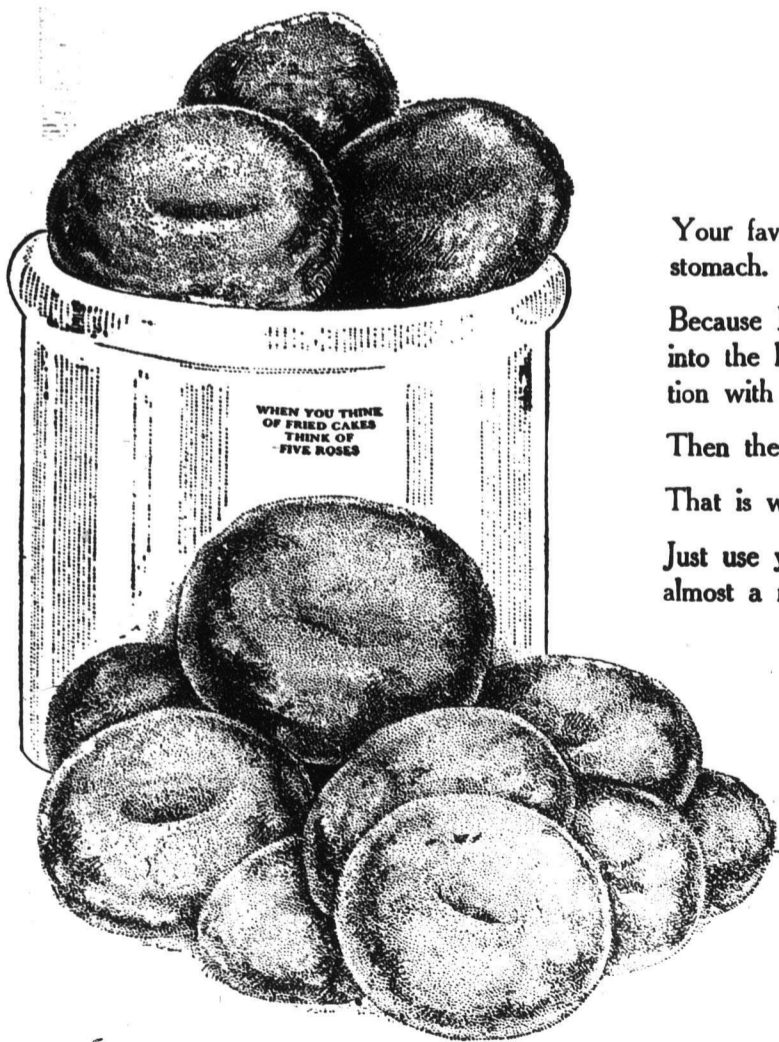
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Your favourite recipe and FIVE ROSES will never in the world disturb the most delicate stomach.

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CAKES—

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A whole chapter on fried cakes in this famous book. Besides almost a thousand tested recipes for home baking. Send 10 two-cent stamps for postage to Dept. F, TAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED, WINNIPEG.

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Bran food, since it came to be advised, has brought a wealth of cheer. Eyes are brighter, faces pinker, spirits higher than before. For bran is Nature's cleanser.

But do you get enough? Do you like bran as you get it? If not, try Pettijohn's. This is soft wheat made into luscious flakes, hiding 25% of bran.

This morning dainty makes bran welcome. It invites the bran habit. Every doctor knows this.

## Pettijohn's

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THE DAINTY MINT-COVERED  
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Manufacturer of

Artificial Limbs and Orthopedic Apparatus

# The Western Home Monthly

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By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada.

No. 8.

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

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

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

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

## A Chat with Our Readers

Just as soon as each issue of The Western Home Monthly reaches the homes of its readers, we commence to receive assurances that the magazine is the best loved of all the publications that circulate throughout the West. This is naturally very pleasing to us and necessitates from us the best effort of which we are capable towards the production of a high class family magazine. Some point out to us that the publication is not so perfect in some respects as it should be and we admit that it is not all that we hope to make it. Yet we do claim for it that it has a strong individuality; that it is not merely one of the many monthlies, but a publication unlike any other. Its aim is to deal fully and authoritatively with all matters that are likely to interest the homes of the Western Provinces. It maintains a uniformly high quality in its literary contents, while its illustrations are universally conceded to be very superior. Particularly has this been the case since the commencement of the European War. No money or effort has been spared to keep our readers in touch through the finest and most up-to-date illustrations, with the great struggle through which Canada, the Empire and all British possessions are passing to-day. While War pictures were in the majority, there has been no lack of views portraying the wonderful and beautiful spots of Western Canada.

But a healthy magazine must keep on growing both in circulation and in quality and for our circulation we are largely dependent on the good word and kind recommendation of our readers. Once again we make bold to ask every reader who finds pleasure and profit in the columns of this magazine to recommend it to his or her friends. This is the kind of circulation that endures and the only kind that is worth while. We can assure you that everything possible will be done to better and strengthen the magazine in all its departments. At present we are making a great effort to introduce it to those not already acquainted with it, and with that end in view are making an offer in the way of introduction from now until the end of the year to new subscribers, of 25 cents. This, of course, is only available to those who are not and were not at any time subscribers. It is too much to expect every one of our readers to bring this offer to the notice of a non-subscriber. We believe, however, that we can rely on the majority to do this service for us. Any one who believes that the influence of this publication is for good will find pleasure in doing anything that will extend its sphere and influence.

The fact that The Western Home Monthly is regarded by many of its subscribers in the same way as they do a close friend is the highest possible tribute that can be paid it. One subscriber says that it multiplies his joys and divides his sorrows. In every issue he finds articles, poems and paragraphs that make the world more rosy.

This month a "Nation's Need" is dealt with editorially on the third page. Our readers, we think will agree that it strikes the right note if this great land of ours is to measure up to its responsibilities and opportunities. The Philosopher has also much wisdom on his page, while the page "What the World is Saying," brings the best thought of the day in condensed space before the reader. "The Young Man and His Problem," has the usual prominence and we have ample evidence that this page has not only proved interesting to many young men, but has also been their guide and helper in facing life's problems. Many articles will be found dealing with the great achievements of our own land, while beauty spots of the West are bountifully illustrated and well described. Bonnycastle Dale, who has kept our readers in touch with the wonders and majesty of our seas, lakes, mountains and fisheries, with his facile pen and camera, is again in his happiest mood among fishes, whales, rocks and wrecks. The many departments for women, such as "The Woman's Quiet Hour," "The Young Woman and Her Problem," and the numerous home departments will be found intensely interesting and helpful.

Our readers express their appreciation of the practical articles on the care of children. The West is peopled by families of young children because the country naturally appeals to men and women who are anxious to locate where their children will have growing advantages; therefore the welfare of the children of the West is an important feature of our magazine; we realize that in the boys and girls is the potential power of Canada's future.

Dear Sir:—The June issue of your magazine found its way through the mail to my shack, and, being pleased, with it, I unearthed a dollar which you will find enclosed as a first subscription. While smoking after dinner one day, I took up the copy I received to find what it contained, and it was the middle of the afternoon before I remembered to go out working again, so I'm not sure if it's a good magazine for a bachelor to take. A. McGladdery, Billimum, Sask.

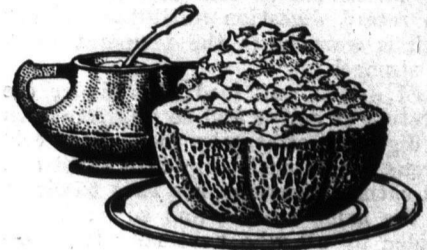
Enclosed herewith is a subscription (\$1.00) to be sent for one year to a friend in Glenearn, Ireland. This makes eighth subscription from me.

It may interest you to know that my attention was first directed to your magazine when at home in Ireland nearly three years ago, and since I came here I have been a regular reader. My friends at home in the Old Country enjoy reading it immensely, and it seems to me that no one who has read it for any time could ever be happy without it. 654 Langside Street, Winnipeg.

Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure to congratulate you on your magnificent magazine. I cannot say that I have ever before taken to a paper as I have to The Western Home Monthly.

Wishing it a continued success and good luck to the Editor, I will close my short letter. Arthur Abbiss, Wawanesa, Man.

## A Real Delight for Breakfast



Fill a Canteloupe with

# Kellogg's

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## Corn Flakes

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PER PACKAGE

Cut canteloupe in half; clean out centre; fill with Corn Flakes, adding a little sugar to suit the taste.



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BUY MATCHES AS YOU WOULD ANY OTHER MUCH USED COMMODITY — WITH AN EYE TO FULL VALUE!

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## EDDY'S "SILENT PARLOR" MATCHES

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## Some Hot Weather Hints

If you are fond of drinking ice water and other iced drinks now is the time to break off this pernicious habit. Although hot food is cooled and cold food is heated in their passage to the stomach, nevertheless, when you eat or drink anything cold you not only shock the gastric nerves but you also retard digestion until the food or drink is warmed to the temperature of the stomach.

Iced drinks and food also hinder the excretion of saliva and so interfere with the digestion of starchy food. Very cold starchy foods, such as potato salad and cold oatmeal porridge, are hard to digest for the same reason, and so should be avoided by all who have not strong digestions.

Ice cream is often most grateful to invalids, and is quite nutritious. If it is eaten slowly and allowed to melt in the mouth and become warm before it is swallowed it can do no harm.

We do not need as much meat in hot weather as we do in cold.

Hot baths make a person cooler than cold baths.

Electric fans give a grateful current of air and make the room more comfortable, but the temperature is not lowered perceptibly by their use.

When you are thirsty very weak tea is better than cold water. Oatmeal water, either uncooked or made into a thin gruel, is more sustaining than plain water and makes a pleasant drink.

Never take a long walk and never do any hard work before breakfast. Vitality is at a low ebb in the early morning, and it is always better to take a cup of coffee before going outdoors when you first get up. The body is not entirely able to withstand fatigue and disease until breakfast of some sort has been taken.

Strength is supposed to increase as the sun rises, and in general one is strongest in the middle of the forenoon or just before noon.

More sleep is necessary in summer than in cold weather.

Unripe fruit is generally indigestible, and some kinds, such as cherries and peaches, are quite harmful.

Buttermilk agrees particularly well with those who cannot easily digest fats. Cream is one of the most easily digested of fats.

The average amount of water that should be taken daily is from two to four pints, or from four to eight glasses. More is needed in hot weather than in cold, and more when a person is working hard and breathing deeply than when making no physical exertion. By running hard in hot weather you may lose several pounds through the perspiration that is thrown off.

Be careful when you drink. Remember that not much water should be taken with meals.

## School Citizenship

By Martha J. Nichols

The beginning of good citizenship is in the home. If the child is trained there to obedience, courtesy, co-operation, he bids fair to stand in right relations to community, state and nation when comes to years of maturity. Yet because so much of the developing child's time is spent in school, it seems almost necessary to seize upon its conditions as a factor of help in training the prospective citizen.

In some schools the civic spirit is cultivated by means of a system of self-government by the pupils. Because this system can be very helpful, the wise parent whose children enjoy its benefits, treats it with great respect, helps the child to get the most out of it. So many schools, however, do not use any form of pupil government that if children are to have the benefit of practising citizenship in miniature while going to school, they need suggestion, inspiration, instruction from outside. Without in the least laying hands on school management, it is possible to give both son and daughter ideas that will help them see themselves as members of the school community and as therefore having citizenship obligations and opportunities.

It is not beyond the ability of a child above the primary grades to learn that if he submits to some restrictions in school others must do the same, and that if all submit willingly they become a strong body and can accomplish the work set before them. To this may be added the truth that not only in school but all his life everyone is to be associated with others in citizenship, in business, in social relations, and that as he learns to do his part fairly and gracefully, he smooths his own path, helps others, accomplishes far more than if he tried to assert himself as an individual who acknowledges no relationship with his neighbors.

Many children are prone to think that if they choose to break a law of the school, then take the penalty without protest, the law is fully kept and justified. Far better if everyone can be helped to see that his own obedience to the regulations of his little community, his own ready compliance with the teachers' requirements uphold law, stand for order as nothing else can do. The child can perhaps be inspired with a citizen's sense of honor in school, so that he takes pride, not in violating laws on the sly, but in maintaining what he can see as just and reasonable laws.

At one time in the history of France, men counted "Citizen" a title of honor, called one another "Citizen This" and "Citizen That." Using this as a hint, a certain mother's son was, after a little "course" in explanations and instruction at home, sent to school as "Citizen Arthur." This mother tried to avoid making a prig of her, citizen cadet simply encouraged him to look upon the school as a community and himself as a member of that community having duties he could not honorably escape. He was

often asked to report his successes in that role. These reports showed that he had some very interesting experiences in trying to live up to his title, and that he utilized some rather original ideas under this sense of responsibility. He said one day that he had no more trouble with laws at school than a bird does with fences, for when he came to know the meaning of the laws the only common-sense way to do was to obey them. They simply were a list of right things to do.

It is worth remembering that children like responsibility, like to think they are doing real things. They will always do better if they can see clearly, or have definite ideals than if they are "made" to do what others say ought to be done. Thought and time and effort spent in giving them right views about community life is never wasted.

## New Kettles

These often give a decided taste of iron to the water boiled in them.

To prevent this boil a handful of hay in them, repeating the process if necessary.

In Ireland this is quite a common custom; everything used for milk is scalded out in this way.

## To Keep Flowers

Chrysanthemums will keep for several weeks if the ends are cut off (about half an inch) and are first plunged into hot water for a few seconds and then into cold as usual.

It is a splendid way of reviving them, too.

## Ironing

Whatever ironing you are doing, always remember that the small parts, such as cuffs, tapes, etc., should be attended to first.

It is much the easier way, and quicker, too, to work with a method.

## For Baby

The best way to keep small children warm during the cold weather when you take them out in the go-cart, is to make a bag large enough to slip the child into, of eiderdown, fur or tweed, with a drawstring to fit it securely round the waist.

The wind may blow as hard as it can, but it cannot come undone, and the child will be snug and comfortable.

## A Memory

Down dropped the sun upon the sea,  
The gradual darkness filled the land,  
And 'mid the twilight, silently,  
I felt the pressure of a hand.

And a low voice: "Have courage, friend,  
Be of good cheer, 'tis not for long,  
He conquers who awaits the end,  
And dares to suffer and be strong."

I have seen many a land since then,  
Known many a joy and many a pain,  
Victor in many a strife of men,  
Vanquished again and yet again.

Still, where the ruddy flame of gold  
Fades into grey on sea and land,  
I hear the low, sweet voice of old,  
I feel the pressure of a hand.

The Range  
that Lasts  
a LifetimeKootenay Steel  
RangeThe Range  
that Lasts  
a LifetimeA Household  
Guide and Recipe  
Book FREE—

A reliable source of information on domestic questions, with a mass of tested recipes that will make the KOOTENAY still more valuable to its users, has just been compiled for us from all the best available sources. We will gladly send a copy of this book (as long as the edition lasts), to ALL who fill in and mail coupon below.

This is the Range with a  
Dust-Proof Washable Oven

Invariably you dust your oven before baking. Isn't this the case? If you are a KOOTENAY user this duty is unnecessary—with old-style ranges it is almost essential. Did you ever wonder where this dust came from? Ovens that need constant dusting are made with seams and rivets in the top—over which smoke and ash-dust pass—heat loosens the rivets, and dust drops through whenever the stove is shaken. THE KOOTENAY OVEN HAS A SEAMLESS TOP. This is not all—THE KOOTENAY OVEN CAN BE WASHED LIKE A CHINA DISH.

This Oven is made of Nickelled American Ingot Iron, that may be easily and thoroughly washed with soap and water WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST DANGER OF RUST. The VENTILATED OVEN carries off all odors that arise from cooking or baking. The KOOTENAY OVEN is SQUARE, DEEP AND ROOMY. The Aluminized CENTRE RACK adds greatly to baking space, as the baking is done equally as well on the rack as on the oven bottom. This BOTTOM IS REINFORCED to prevent buckling, and protected by asbestos. So the KOOTENAY Oven will wear easily five times as long as the incorrectly designed one of ordinary iron. THE NICKEL PLATED OVEN MEANS GREATEST RADIATION; therefore is most economical and radiation is even, thus giving best baking results.

You might easily overlook all these good points in the KOOTENAY Oven, because there are so many others in the rest of this range.

The FIRE BOX linings are made in nine pieces of heavy-weight Semi-Steel, which is practically indestructible. The HEAVY DUPLEX ROLLER GRATES have two faces—one for wood, one for coal—instantly interchangeable.

The KOOTENAY has a DUPLEX DRAFT that ENSURES AN EVEN FIRE.

The POLISHED TOP is a bright, smooth, easily cleaned surface (no black lead necessary).

And there is NO REACHING for Dampers, because the DAMPERS ARE IN THEIR PROPER PLACE.

Look at the picture and note the general "dress" of the KOOTENAY. Then ask your dealer to "show" you and tell you the rest. You'll soon be as great a KOOTENAY enthusiast as we are.

Remember—The KOOTENAY  
is guaranteed 2

# McClary's

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My Name .....  
Address .....  
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Gentlemen—Send me FREE  
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## The Nation's Need

### Unity—Character—Efficiency

All this seriousness that meets us on every side has a meaning. It signifies that as a people we have advanced from childhood to manhood. We have begun to take life soberly. We are no longer a mere colony. We are a nation.

During the formative stage, we were willing to go on in a thoughtless vigorous way, each man attending to his own concerns and regardless of the character of the total life of the community. Now, that we are facing serious issues and compelled to compare ourselves with other peoples, trained according to different standards, we are forced to take note of our shortcomings. And these are, perhaps, as marked as our excellences. It is true that the fittest will survive, and if this war has done nothing else, it has made it clear to even the dullest that we are not in everything as fit as we should be. We have never taken time to crystallize our ideals, nor care to unify our people; we have not been earnest enough in our endeavors to create a passion for righteousness, while we have failed miserably in developing efficiency in government, in industry, rural and urban. We are strong in our youth and our ambition, but our energies are misdirected, and often misspent. The time has come for intelligent reorganization.

#### A Disturbing Element

Have you ever been in one of the rural communities that is settled by the foreign-born? Or have you visited the non-English sections of such cities as Winnipeg and Vancouver? Have you taken pains to note the substance and spirit of the conversation? Have you found out what is being said about Canadians and their ways? Have you ascertained what form of government and what mode of life would be most pleasing to the people? If you have, you will have realized how thoroughly un-Canadian the sentiment is. More than this you will have discovered that in some districts there is a strong anti-Canadian, or rather an anti-British feeling. There are scores of little nations within the nation. **This is our first national menace.**

#### Its Origin

We all understand how these things came to be. There was a well-intentioned, but miserably faulty immigration policy, which hived people in great constituencies, where they could reproduce at will the conditions in their native land; and there was a welcome far too generous to those who came to the cities. No restrictions were made to protect and preserve the forms and spirit of our own civilization. And so conditions have become serious and in some cases, positively alarming.

#### Unification

Now, there are two ways in which unification may be attempted—the way of coercion and the way of persuasion. Let it be granted that, as a temporary expedient, the former method may be necessary in extreme cases. Internment and expulsion have a place. It is clear enough, however, that if permanent results are to be attained, it is upon education rather than upon compulsion that we must depend. The only union which can endure is that which is founded in voluntary good-will and genuine loyalty.

#### Business Honesty

When education is mentioned, the very first thought that enters the mind is the training of the public school. And yet if we think logically we must know that in this matter there are great educative forces at work outside of the school that are to be reckoned with. Some time ago a Slav settler came into a little village store. He bought a pound of tea and paid for it; twenty-five cents worth of sugar and paid for it; a box of matches and paid for it;

and so on for a dozen articles. A stranger asked him why he did not get a bill for the whole and pay all at once. "No," he replied. "Me lose that way. Me not able to count." In other words this Slav settler had learned by experience to distrust the Canadian merchant. All the education of the school will not breed good-will and loyalty if Canadians in their business dealings with these people are unfair and dishonest. So, the first question to ask is not "What can we do with these people to Canadianize them?" but "How must we comport ourselves that they will be glad to call themselves Canadians?"

#### A Common Language

There is nothing which binds people more closely than a common language. This has been proven repeatedly during the present war. Therefore whatever else is done in the schools of the land, the children must be taught to speak and read English. This is not only fair to the children; it is a national necessity. We cannot urge too strongly that there can be no national feeling without a national language, and the sooner we make up our minds that all our young people shall learn English, the better. This will mean better provision for teachers than is now made. It may mean double grants to schools in outlying districts in order to bribe English-speaking teachers to go there. It may mean, and must mean, a close inspection of work in all private schools. No child must be permitted to grow up without a speaking and reading acquaintance with English. There will be little trouble in cities if children but attend the public schools. They are only too anxious and willing to learn English, and if some parents insist upon sending children to school where they learn no English, a way must be found to enforce wise action. But there is a real problem in the non-English rural districts, and no labor, no cost, should be spared in finding a solution.

#### Malign and Helpful Influences

Of course, other means of promoting unity must not be neglected. It is unfortunate that apart from the school teachers, the only people to associate actively with the foreign-born to educate them, have been the politicians, and their course of training has been most damaging in every way. The praiseworthy efforts of such organizations as The People's Forum, in Winnipeg, must be heartily commended.

#### Moral Character

People united in aim and sentiment and possessed of the greatest natural heritage that has ever been bequeathed to man, may accomplish anything if they are only right in heart and deed, and efficient in all that pertains to social, political and industrial life.

We may as well get it into our minds that without righteousness there is no such thing as true prosperity. It is true to-day as in the days of David that blessing comes only to him who "hath clean hands and a pure heart; who lifteth not up his soul unto vanity, nor sweareth deceitfully."

Clean hands! Think of it, you men, who have condoned political rotteness and public theft! Pure hearts! Think of it, you men, who have forgotten the vows made at the marriage altar and who laugh at old-fashioned purity! Vanity! Think of it, you men, who have squandered needlessly in all forms of luxury! Deceit! Think of it, wild speculators, boomsters, purveyors of worthless wares! Is it any wonder if things have not gone well with us? Look around and consider!

#### Jad Politics

Here, in one of the Western Provinces, is a government gone down in disgrace and dishonor. Why? Because it was not content to follow the simple straight path. How long is it going to take for men and nations to learn that the only sure way to success is the honest way? Those men are the veriest simpletons who say that the game of politics must be a dirty game. Any party, in this or any other country, can hold office as long as it pleases, if it will only do the right thing. Failure always comes when some miserable crook attempts to bolster up the fortunes of his party, by bribing the electorate. Every last man of this class, from Robert Walpole down to our modern Roberts and Georges, is not only a curse to national life, but the ruin of his party. The only thing in this world that pays, in politics or out of it, is good, old-fashioned honesty. Let us be devoutly thankful for such appreciation of it as is being manifested in many ways.

#### Efficiency

Go into a large factory in Canada. Find out where the experts were trained for their work. Note how many have come from outside. Is it not as plain as day, that if we are to attain to the highest we must in every field of endeavor develop power for leadership right among our own young people? In agriculture there are too many just scratching the ground, impoverishing the soil through repeated cropping or laying up a heritage of weeds; in manual arts there are too many common bunglers; in law-making, too many opportunists.

#### Training for Agriculture

Following Ontario, we have in Western Canada, poured millions into Agricultural Colleges. Yet but comparatively few of the people are receiving instruction. We should have scores of Agricultural High Schools close to the people, in which the rudiments could be mastered. It is better to raise the efficiency of all the people one degree, than to raise the efficiency of one-tenth of one per cent of the people one hundred degrees. The address of Hon. Walter Scott, in the Saskatchewan Legislature in which he outlined contemplated improvements in rural education, is well worthy of consideration. Agriculture must become a science, and it can become so only through education. The only time at which agricultural education can be given is after pupils are old enough to take serious part in agriculture. Agricultural departments in rural High Schools or Consolidated Schools will help to solve the problem.

#### Training for Industry

In towns, the technical High Schools, paralleled by Trade Schools, under the control of special trades are equally necessary. In Boston, printers, and, if we mistake not, shoemakers, have their own special schools at which apprentices receive the best possible instruction. Canada is leagues behind European countries in this matter. Why should our Canadian people build up business concerns for the children of outsiders to control and manage? They must train their own children.

#### Training for Government

So, too, is it in matters social and political. We have been trusting our government to men who have never made any study of the problems of statesmanship. Many of them are the veriest shams. We are beginning to see what our folly has cost us, and it is to be hoped we are now about ready to put each branch of public service under control of a trained expert.



## Adrift!

Written and Illustrated for The Western Home Monthly, by Bonnycastle Dale

"THAT looks like land?" queried the white man.

"Wake, wake" ("no, no," in coast jargon, called Chinook).

"It's thicker than fog I tell you, it must be land, I hear the surf—listen," and the haggard man rose up on the stern seat of the dory and gazed long and earnestly ahead. "Pull man, pull for your life," he shouted, as he stumbled off the thwart, "if we get dragged into those breakers it's all over." Both men pulled at the long oars, standing up to get a better grip. Minutes—ten minutes, half an hour's pulling—brought them to the north side of the surf. Even then, they were tumbled about ominously and the big red craft thrown up on the beach much too hard for its weakened condition. Quam, the Nootkan, rolled out into the shallow water and grabbed the bowline. Fraser, a sea-bitten Nova Scotian, fastened on and with many a tumble, many a blow from the sharp rocks, they finally succeeded in getting the dory ashore.

"We won't starve for fish," said the white man, as he pointed to many shining bodies rising above the waters of a nearby pass. "I can almost guess where we've stranded. I've heard of the Alki mackerel making the water alive in the Aleutian Passes, and our compass says we have set North since we lost the sealer. I've seen these here Aleutians before, too, I think," and off the two men stumbled up the shingle. "I've got the three matches yet, in my hatband all dry and hunky," said Fraser. The Indian grunted. Within an hour they had reached the highest point of the island, a mere scrap, some five miles square, but connected at low water with the next island of a little chain running eastward. Far out the great seas of the Northern Pacific swept steadily norwards. Somewhere in that glittering foam swept waste scudded the "Ol-Hi-Yu"—named after the fur seal, in Chinook—somewhere, perhaps a hundred miles off. Five mornings ago they had left her in search of—Oh well! there were halibut lines and cod tackle for the curious and the rifle. Well it was in case the fish bit at them, as Fraser afterwards told me, "do you think I'd shoot at a seal even if it was a-chasing me?" Over went the dory, in dropped the two men, and off they, and five other boats, set out.

Fraser first saw the clouds rising and headed for the schooner within two hours of launching. "But it dropped just like a bucket of soup, the fog was that thick, sir." Day and night, in gale and calm that dory drifted on until four days later she grounded on one of the inner Aleutians, with her crew just a thousand miles from any harbour used by man. The Russian Petropavlevski was the nearest, but straight west across the Bering Sea.

The men took stock of their supplies—an easy matter this—an almost empty water butt and a few pilot biscuits in the bottom of the box, one rifle and ten shells and the three matches.

Fraser, stooping over the dory on the shore, had been very intently watching a large brown "rock" on the brow of the hill.

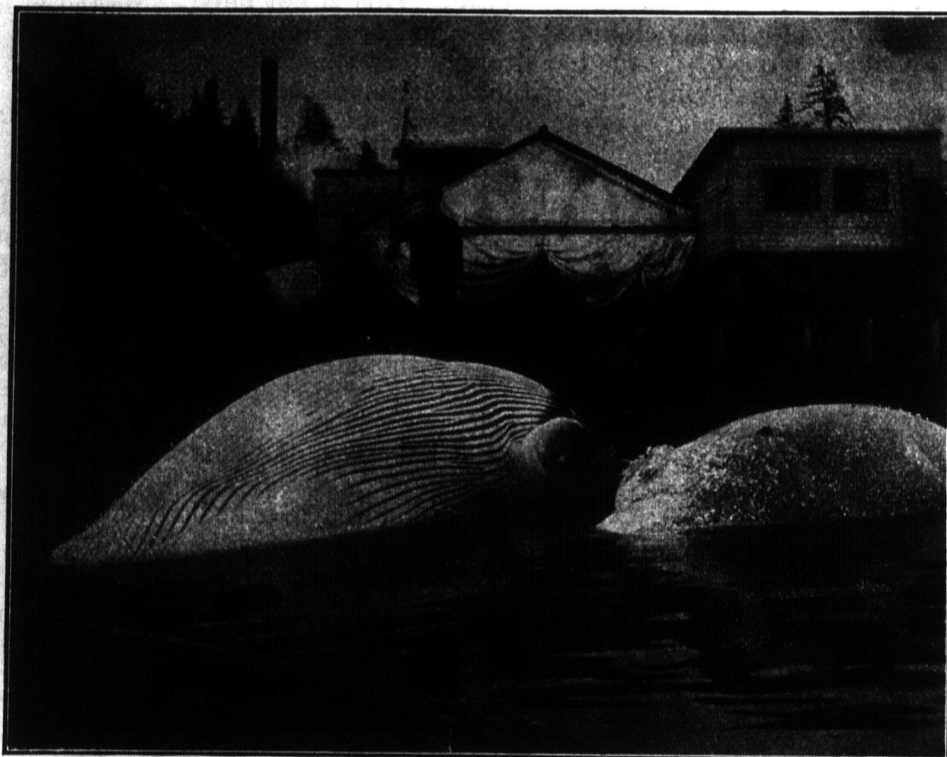
"Look, Quam, does the rock move?" The Indian set his big brown eyes intently on the spot the white man pointed out. Slowly he raised his hand and burst out with: "Wake stone! Hyas-Si-am" ("No rock, big grizzly") and the seeming rock started to amble down hill.

Those ten precious cartridges were examined and replaced, the heavy dory partly launched and then the big hulking brute

took into its head to go up the hill again. Up and down it wandered like an uneasy spirit, as, while it had always attacked dark objects on the shore—seals and sea lions—it had never seen any that stood so tall as these before, therefore it hesitated.

"Can we push the boat off and row over to that rock?" cried Fraser.

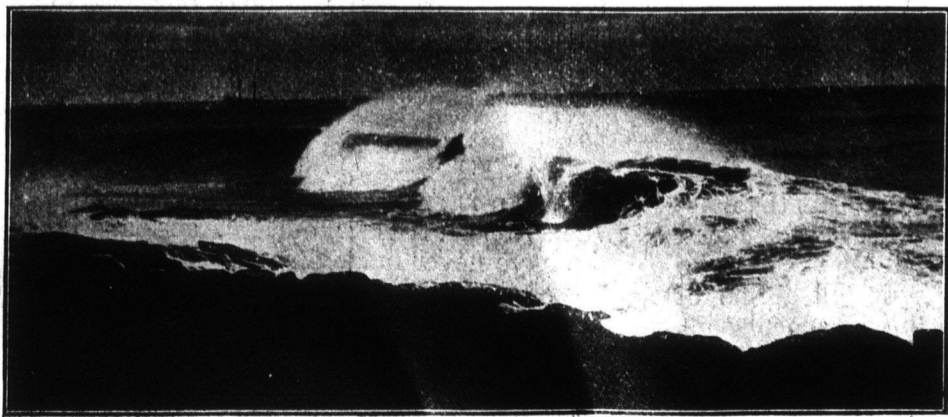
"Na-wit-ha" ("yes"), grunted Quam, and off the big boat slid and battled with the great surf again, finally landing heavily on the shore of the smaller island. From here they could dimly see the peaks of a chain of mountains. Fraser figured it must be the Alaskan Mountains and, therefore, the island they were on lay off the edge of the Alaskan Peninsula, further in than the Aleutians, still a fearful trip for two men without food or warm clothes. On the smaller islands they were safe from the Aleutian Grizzly, the mossy savage of any bear we have on this continent. While the ordinary Grizzly will rarely attack unwounded, this fierce lonely beast often does, no doubt because for ages it has vanquished, easily, all its enemies along this drear stretch of volcanic rock.



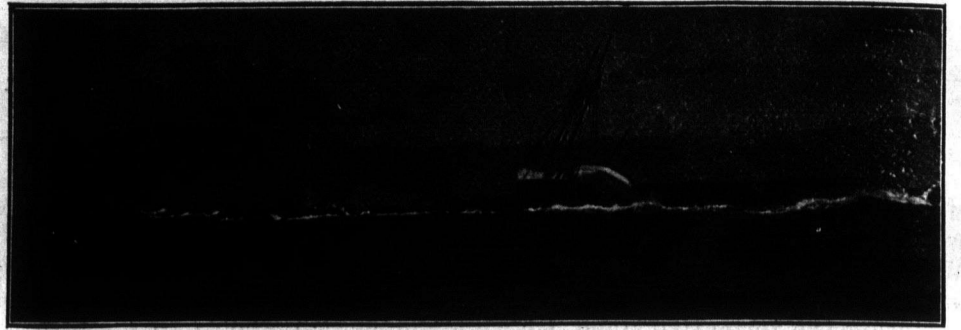
Bodies of inflated whales, one 80 ft. and the other a bit smaller, Pacific Coast Whaling Station

The Indian was an adept at catching mussels and clams, cockles and big rock oysters, so for five days, while the biscuits lasted, they saved their matches. At last Fraser succumbed to this diet of raw shellfish and the piercing cold of the night; they decided to make a fire and boil moss in the universal camp utensil of this coast, a five gallon coal oil tin. This mess was savoured with sea salt, scraped from the rocks. Quam blithely broiled his shell fish in their cases and made out famously, but the white man's stomach was slightly poisoned by the mussels—these shellfish, taken from the copper bearing rocks, exert some evil effect on the stomach, so, for a full week, this fire was never allowed to die down.

Then came the crowning disaster of all—launching the dory, when the tide was out a good twelve feet—the bow line parted, the boat fell and smashed on the rocks and was instantly swept away in a "long run out."



"The breaking waves dashed high!"



Wreck of the "Seagull" on Seabird Rocks, Straights of Fuca, Northern Pacific Ocean

Fraser was so affected, both by illness and accident, that he cast himself down in the rocks and, for a moment, wished it was all over. Then the "spunk" that makes a Briton get up and start again, worked and, within an hour, the two poor castaways started to foot it over the low tide rocks, carrying the embers, partly covered by sand and bark, in the ever-present coal oil tin.

Fraser, burdened with the rifle, was so done that he has no memory of this week's work. He tells me that at times they had to climb a thousand feet to get past some cliff that jutted out into the sea. Time after time the Indian retrieved the rifle;

Slow though their progress had been around this, one of the roughest corners in the world, they had averaged fully ten miles a day on travelling days, but it was often ten great circles about as many bays. Soon they were out of meat, their last match gone and thoroughly dissipated. Fraser never saw so many uninhabited bays open up and close as he did that trip. For the last few days he had been humming "Will ye no come back again," until it got to be an obsession, and he declares both he and Quam were quite lightheaded, singing and reeling along. Totally without food, the rifle lost, neither could tell when, no embers, even the caribou skin capes lost—they knew that the end was not far off as they stumbled down the now snow laden slopes of this sub-arctic land—a land of such clear air that sound carried many miles.

"Hullo—Hullo—Hullo!" came a cry from a distant bay. The two perishing men sat down and pondered. Was it an echo? Was it an animal?

"Nah! nah! ship!" ("look! look! ship!") he burst out pointing across the bay with his stumpy brown fingers. Together they set up that awful cry—"Help! Help!"—used by us sons of men only in dire distress.

Soon a little boat is seen stealing out from the opposite shore and before nightfall the two starving men are warm and safe in the bunks of the "Klip-sun," northern codfishery craft.

Of the trip south, where they passed close to the poor "Soquel," high and dry on the Sea Birds, also of their visit to the whaling stations there is no room to speak, but plainly written on Fraser's face are the lines of this awful voyage.

The schooner "Ol-hi-yu" arrived at Victoria, B. C., a few months later. She had a load of codfish where her "skin-room" used to be and no sign of sealskin or sea otter was there. The captain was mightily relieved when I told him of the rescue of his men. The West Coast villages had raised an awful cry when no Quam appeared over the rail as the schooner cast anchor, as he, of all the men, had made most voyages into that great lone sea—some sixteen trips after seal and otter, whale and codfish had this grim quiet little Coast Indian made.

It seems the schooner was drifted far out of her course by the southwest gales until she was actually right in the sealing ground—not a sail from Japan or any European port was there, only U. S. Revenue cutters.

The captain had some fine pictures of the homing herds on the Pribiloffs, but as he said, "A picture of a seal is one thing and a nice wet skin is another." When I reminded him that seal hunting was now a closed book, he sighed deeply and slouched down the gangplank.

## The Crossing

It seemeth such a little way to me,  
Across to that strange country—the  
beyond.

And yet not strange, for it has grown  
to be

The home of those of whom I am so  
fond.

They make it seem familiar and most  
dear,

As journeying friends bring distant  
countries near.

And so to me there is no sting to death.  
And so the grave has lost its victory.

It is but crossing with abated breath  
And white, set face, a little strip of  
sea.

To find the loved ones waiting on the  
shore.

More beautiful, more precious than be-  
fore.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



## The School Trail

The Story of an Ordinary Boy and an Ordinary Woodchuck

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten

From the settlement the trail led for two miles or so through the scented woods of birch and maple, till at length the woods on the left gave way, and if one looked carefully one saw the roof of a wooden shanty rising from the entanglement of vines and flowers. It was here that the Boy lived, and each morning and evening his path to and from school lay through the scented birch and maple woods.

It was a very ordinary trail, and most people would have found it hot and tedious, but not so the Boy. His naked feet made no sound upon the gravel; he knew just where to stoop low, and where to peep quickly over the crude snake fence, and to him the daily journey was one of unlimited interests.

Firstly there was the stagnant little pool, from which issued the bellowing of brilliant green and golden frogs, accompanied sometimes by a soft whistling noise that came from among the rushes, but always ceased directly he drew near. For weeks the whistling noise troubled him, till at length an old woodsman told him that it was made by the "spring squeaker." The woodsman was content to let it rest at that, retorting doggedly that "spring squeakers" were "spring squeakers," but the creatures themselves remained a myth.

Then there was the beaver dam. No beavers had been seen there for at least five years, but the fact that the place was associated with beavers gave the Boy fresh thrills of anticipation every time he approached it. Also, at a bend of the road, lay the body of a skunk, which, with the characteristic stupidity of its kind had allowed itself to be run over in the early spring. It was not a pleasant skunk as the year proceeded, but when its remains finally sank into the earth, the Boy felt that life had lost one of its sweetest charms.

But the dearest corner of all was that at which the forest had been cleared for the space of fifty yards, and someone had planted out a buckwheat patch. From the centre of the patch rose the jagged rampike of a basswood, perhaps five feet in height, and if one approached silently one was almost sure to see a large tawny animal seated motionless upon it—so motionless, indeed, that unless one had eyes that were keen the creature appeared as part of the stump.

This animal was fully the size of a rabbit, though in appearance it was more like a cross between a guinea pig and a water vole. Its front teeth were long and chiselled, and gave it a strangely ferocious appearance, while so plump and portly was its person that one could not look upon it without being impressed by a sense of awe. It was, in fact, an old buck woodchuck—a flat-faced, fat-headed woodchuck, whose sole ambitions were to overeat himself, then sleep it off in the sun.

The Boy knew just how to approach him, but it was not very long before the youngster learnt that even a woodchuck had its moods. With catapult ready he would creep up behind the fence, and though sometimes the animal would drop from its perch almost before he loosened the elastic, at other times it would sit still without flinching while the missiles splintered chunks of wood from under its illustrious nose. Kind mother nature must have told off a special fairy to guard that woodchuck, for though the shooting became a routine affair no harm befell his paunch and portly person.

It was with a sense of awe that the Boy each day approached the rampike, while he himself regarded the shooting almost as an act of profanity. For the woodchuck had made a great impression upon his mind at an early stage of the proceedings. This happened when the Boy commissioned a still smaller boy to approach the rampike from the other side, thus getting between the animal and its hole. The small boy

did so, and when within three yards of the sleeping woodchuck he leapt to his feet with a ringing shout.

The result was startling. With a chattering snarl the woodchuck dropped from the rampike, a sinister vision of gnashing teeth and bristling fur. It rushed straight at the disturber, and as the Boy tripped over with a cry of dismay, the chisel-edged teeth fixed firmly upon the fringe of his knickers. But ere he could regain his feet the woodchuck was safely holed up and doubtless congratulating himself, with the assurance of long established bachelorhood, upon the efficiency of its methods in dealing with children.

"Bloodthirsty varmints, them woodchucks!" the Boy had said, as with one arm round his friend's neck he led the tearful youngster home. "I'll lame him when dad makes my catapult."

Thus the feud began, and since then it had simmered daily at a safe range, but the woodchuck was still intact.

One evening the Boy was late in returning from the settlement, and it was almost dark when he passed the rampike. As usual he peered over the

to destroy. Over a week went by before one evening the woodchuck again showed itself. There it sat, on the top of the rampike—but what a woodchuck! Almost all the fur of his face was gone, and huge tufts were missing from his lower person. For some reason the terrific fright of a week ago had caused him to shed his coat—an outward and visible sign that woodchucks often give when they have been in trouble.

After this occurrence the Boy felt a more friendly attitude towards the woodchuck, though he did not forego the daily pleasure of shooting at it when he thought the animal was again well enough to be shot at. As a matter of fact the mishap had only quickened the ordinary course of nature, for the fall was near at hand, and already the keen night frosts were setting in. Thus, in less than a fortnight, the woodchuck appeared in the full glory of his winter garments.

These garments were lighter in color than those he had just discarded, and as the landscape had not yet settled down to the even grey of winter he made a conspicuous landmark.

More than ever now the Boy wanted to kill that woodchuck, and he set to work methodically with traps and strychnine and snares. A family of field mice demolished the strychnine, and the Boy found them lying at the foot of the stump, their tiny legs aspiring heavenwards. The traps re-

trait of character. As though aware that physical exercise was the only cure for its stoutness during these strenuous times, it took to indulging in feats that were only fit for a squirrel to perform. The most strenuous of these was afforded by swarming up one side of the stump (he usually ascended by the inside, which was hollow) grunting and struggling as he went, and descending head first upon the other side.

This manoeuvre he would carry on for hours together, and since naturalists have agreed that only the very best climbing animals can safely descend a tree head foremost, like the squirrel and fisher, it will be understood that the feat was a difficult one. The wolverine, the porcupine and the cat are all good climbers, but they have not attained that high standard in the art of climbing to enable them to practise the supreme test of descending head foremost as a regular thing. Thus, before long, the stout and inactive woodchuck learnt the folly of over-estimating his own abilities. One day he fell with a sodden flop, and ere he could regain his bearings his tail encountered one of the traps, and the steel jaws instantly closed upon it.

The Boy leapt up, eager to secure his quarry, but gaining the trap he found only the skin of the tail awaiting him. The central bone had slipped out of it, as a sword slips from a sheath, and thus the woodchuck had escaped "by the skin of its tail," so to speak.

The Boy bore the tail to school in triumph, feeling that he had, at any rate, made one step towards the fulfilment of his great desire.

But man is bound to triumph in the end over the wild creature he has set his heart upon destroying, and too late, alas, he learns that the joy of the hunt is in the chase, while the kill is merely the sorrowful ending. Winter was drawing near, and fearful that the woodchuck would evade him after all, the Boy decided upon a fresh course. One dark and chilly evening he went to the house of a friend who possessed a .22 repeater rifle—a veritable millionaire of a boy! He spoke of the woodchuck, and the two sallied forth intent on bloodshed and murder. They found the old woodchuck seated on the stump, and they callously blew out his brains at a twenty-five yards range.

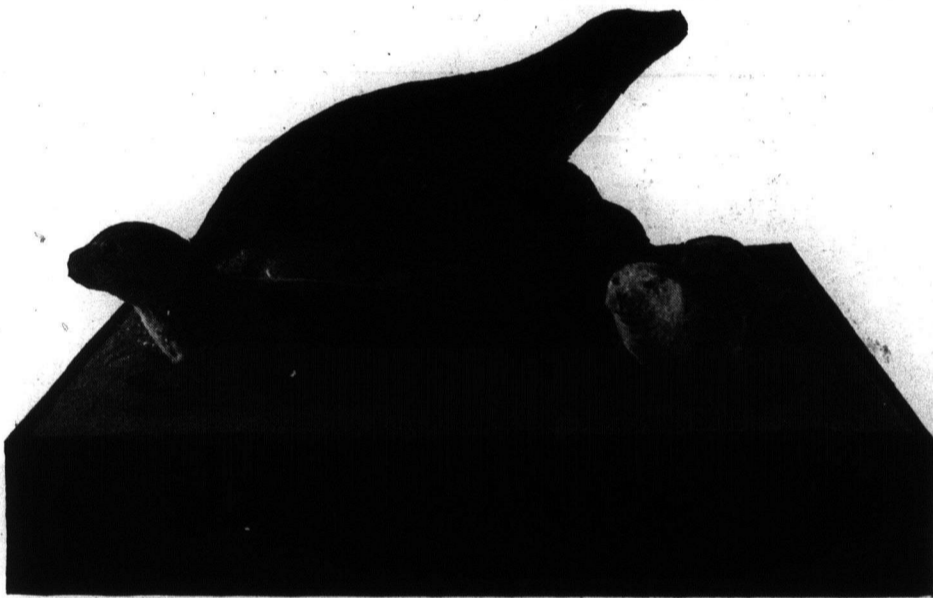
Not till the terrible deed was done did the Boy realize that the glorious summer's chase was ended. Since spring began the woodchuck had proved a source of endless amusement to him—had brightened his journeys to and from school, but now the hero of all those gallant escapades lay still and stark at his feet.

"Poor old woodchuck," said the Boy. "Seems a shame to have killed him, don't it? We'll bury him right here, under the stump."

And as he spoke a soft flake of snow settled upon his hand, and he knew that not only the woodchuck, but summer too was gone.

A Czarina of Russia, while taking a pleasure ride, saw a beautiful wild rose bush in full bloom by the roadside. She ordered a guard posted there to protect it, then forgot the incident. Long after the flowers had withered and the bush died, the sentry remained on guard.

Long after the freshness and even the life of their religious experience has gone, many people retain the form and go on with their forms and ceremonies as before.



Pacific Seals, Victoria Museum, B.C.

fence, but could see nothing of the woodchuck, though presently he heard strange sounds issuing from the direction of the stump, and peering through the dimness saw the buckwheat waving at the foot of it. Curiosity mastered his fears, and he crept up to investigate.

What he saw startled him. There at the foot of the stump, in an attitude of frenzied defence, sat the woodchuck. In front of it, dashing up and down in the grass, was a long slim animal, whose eyes burnt like living coals. This animal was a mink—one of the dreaded killers of the northern forests. So quickly it turned that one could scarcely follow its movements—backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, with snakelike activity, its terrible gaze fixed upon the woodchuck.

The Boy watched breathlessly, while the long slim animal wore a pathway in the grass, drawing nearer and nearer each moment to its prospective quarry. Exactly what effect the snakelike manoeuvres had upon the woodchuck is difficult to say. They seemed to paralyse him with fear—to turn him giddy till presently his bullet head began to tremble and nod. Then with a movement too quick to follow the mink fell upon him, jerking and dragging him roughly away from the rampike.

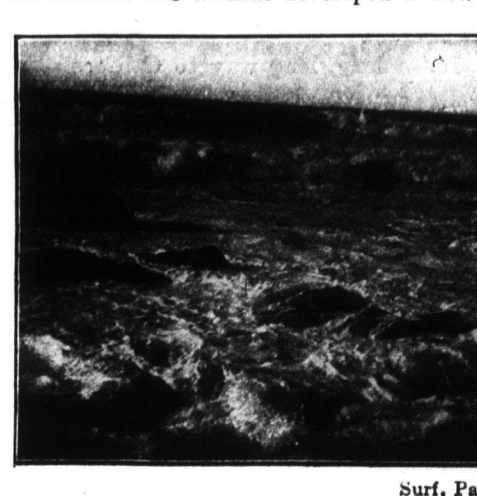
All the fight was gone out of the woodchuck, but at that moment the Boy joined in. He aimed a terrific blow at the mink, but ere the club descended the animal shot aside and vanished instantly through the buckwheat, while the woodchuck fled for his hole with more haste than dignity.

That night the Boy turned homewards happy in the knowledge that he had saved the animal he had sought so long

to destroy. Over a week went by before one evening the woodchuck again showed itself. There it sat, on the top of the rampike—but what a woodchuck! Almost all the fur of his face was gone, and huge tufts were missing from his lower person. For some reason the terrific fright of a week ago had caused him to shed his coat—an outward and visible sign that woodchucks often give when they have been in trouble.

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Surf, Pacific Ocean



**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**  
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We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label.

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## British Soldiers' Marching Song

(By Max McD.)

Wars are fought on songs. As far as history and tradition take us into the early ages when man first began to make war against man, we find music as its accompaniment. It was through a blast of trumpets that Jericho fell, and from the days of this primitive instrument to the military bands of the present time, some form of music, vocal or instrumental, has been brought into use to rouse the martial spirit and put courage into the fainthearted.

But strangely enough national anthems rarely cheer men on to battle. British soldiers do not vent their patriotism lyrically; they put it into their shooting and their bayonet charges. The sons of Britain have gone intrepidly to face terrific odds to the careless refrain of "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," which, contrary to general opinion, was not composed for this war, but had been sung casually in music halls and elsewhere for a couple of years. Jack Judge, the author, had no idea that it would be sung by British soldiers in war time. In fact he had difficulty in getting a publisher; but when the song came out it had friends everywhere, and when the first British troops started for the front, they carried "Tipperary" with them.

Certain of the clergy have written to various papers voicing indignation over the fact that such a light song as "Tipperary" should be sung all over the world to-day as the British soldiers' marching song. "Cannot our brave men sing a song more dignified?" these ministers inquire. Some soulful persons have wished that it might have been Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory" that had animated the forces, but "Tipperary" was Tommy's song, and he had a right to sing what he wanted. "Life" got the poet of its staff busy and printed the following which, it was said, might please the men of the cloth across the water:

Away! Self-indulgence!  
Unchastened acquisitiveness  
Shame be your watchword!  
And palsied your initiative!  
Forward for liberty!  
What matter the hazard?  
Let's strike at Autocracy  
And Theological Error.

Chorus.  
Distressed beyond measure  
We soldiers are marching  
Confirmed in efficacy  
Of national righteousness.

What matter our rations,  
The carnal and sensuous  
Delights of tobacco  
And starch forming jams?  
When Huns in their villainy  
Deface our cathedrals  
And render irreplaceable  
Several really magnificent canvases  
of the mediaeval masters'

A new marching song has been brought out in Britain which is said to have completely outshone "Tipperary" in the Brit-

ish trooper's favor. It is entitled "Who's Your Lady Friend?" and like most of the songs of Tommy Atkins it has nothing to do with the war. A stanza of it runs as follows:



The Howitzer batteries of the Russians officially described as "somewhere along the Polish Front"

Hello, hello; who's your lady friend?  
Who's the little lady by your side?  
I've seen you with a girl or two,  
Oh, oh, oh, I am surprised at you.  
Hello, hello, stop your little games,  
Don't you think your ways you ought  
to mend?

This isn't the girl I saw you with at  
Brighton,  
Who, who, who's your lady friend?

Joseph Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, has made himself the laughing stock of America by forbidding the sailors of the United States Navy to sing "It's a long way to Tipperary," on the grounds that it might be construed by the Germans as a breach of neutrality. Henry W. Bell-smith offers the following parody for the use of sailors who are "bursting with melody." It was written with special reference to the Atlantic Fleet then on its way to the Californian coasts:

It's a long, long way to California,  
It's a long way to go;  
It's a long, long way to California  
To the great Panama show;  
So it's farewell dear old Broadway,  
Good-bye, Madison Square;  
It's a long, long way to California,  
But we'll—  
get there—"

Owner—"What'll it cost to repair this car of mine?" Garage Proprietor—"What ails it?" Owner—"I don't know." Garage Proprietor—"Thirty-four dollars and sixty-five cents."—Puck.

## Ranching in the Canadian Northwest

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

Ranching! What a world of adventure and romance this word conjures up to the uninitiated! But not so to the individual whose life work is running a bunch of stock on the open-range grazing principle, not alone in the district named above, but in many other countries that are fitted by nature for the successful raising of cattle.

In saying "cattle" it is not to be understood that ranching is confined to cattle only, but in this article I will, for the benefit of those who have an idea of starting in this line, treat of cattle alone and give a rough idea as to the present conditions on the range, for it is very different now from what it was in the early days when "mavericks" were only too often caught up and branded, and unscrupulous men dared to enrich themselves by claiming these unbranded animals, but now that barbed wire plays such an important part in the range business such doings cannot be carried on with impunity. Let us take the district lying south and southwest of the town of Medicine Hat, Alberta, later on what was then western Assiniboia. This district is very suitable for the prosecution of the cattle business.

Out south of Medicine Hat lie miles and miles of rolling prairie intersected by innumerable creeks and coulees; in this district even to-day lie excellent locations

kind of hay will do on the "fill-'em-up" principle. I have seen cattle taken in off the range and fed poor hay, instead of improving in condition the poor brutes have steadily gone backward and in some instances have died; again I have seen stock taken in, fed good hay and improve steadily.

As to the kind of cattle to put in. A man as a rule will follow his own inclination, but if he buys a good bunch of grade Shorthorn heifers and puts them with a good Hereford bull, he will get market-toppers. The first cross always seems to be the best, and when he thinks he has had enough Hereford, then return to the Shorthorn, and by so doing will eradicate to a certain extent the slack hind quarters of the Hereford in his steers. Great attention should be paid to the individuality of the bulls used, and raise the best, and the results on the scale will surely return the extra care given in choosing the sire. Run the stock out on the range in the summer, seeing to it that they do not become mixed up with other stock; hold them near some water, and do not worry them more than is absolutely necessary; and then when weaning time arrives bring the bunch into the pasture, cut out the calves in the corral, and let the cows stay around until they have quit fretting and then turn them out altogether again. The calves can then be allowed to graze in the pasture for a time every day, that is, if the cows have quite stopped worrying around the fence. The calves being fed hay, and getting some grass, too, and with the shelter of the sheds, should go right ahead. Be sure and let them have access to plenty of water at this time. Comparing this method of ranching to that of turning everything onto the open range, one gains tremendously by the first-mentioned way in the large percentage of calves, and the cows will be in better condition for the continual working of cattle by the "round up" seems to keep them walking about the country, and consequently are kept in bad condition.

### BUILT A MONUMENT

The Best Sort in the World

"A Monument built by and from Postum," is the way a man describes himself. He says:

"For years I was a coffee drinker until at last I became a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, constipation, headaches and indigestion. (The effects on the system of tea and coffee drinking are very similar, because they each contain the drug, caffeine.)

"The different kinds of medicine I tried did not cure me, and finally some one told me to leave off coffee and take up Postum. I was fortunate in having the Postum made strictly according to directions on the pkg., so that from the start I liked it.

"Gradually my condition changed. The old troubles disappeared and I began to feel well again. My appetite became good and I could digest food. Now I am restored to strength and health, can sleep sound all night and awake with a fresh and rested body.

"I am really a monument built by Postum, for I was a physical wreck, distressed in body and mind, and am now a strong, healthy man. I know exactly what made the change; it was leaving off coffee and using Postum."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c. and 25c. packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c. and 50c. tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.



## The Curing of Cornelium

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

**B**ELLHOP number, twentythree, otherwise Jimmy Dolan, Shortstop for Stripe Sox, the eminent backlots ball team, was so very deeply immersed in "Doughty Deeds of Dick Dead-eye" that he failed to hear the night clerk singing out his number and was only aroused after the third call by a scientific short-arm "jab" from his neighbor on the bench, Pike Peterson.

"Your turn, Jim, to do de grip-grabbin'!" said Pike, reaching for the novel.

"Now mind yourself, Jim," admonished the night clerk, as number twenty-three, yawning furtively and glancing with boredom at the new arrivals who were registering, presented himself at the

in girl ringlets. He's goin' on twelve an' de English doe says "Cawnada is his lawst chawnce."

"What's wrong wit him?"

"He's got de con. De poor little beggar has a row of dope bottles in front of him all de time—two spoonfuls after meals, 'one tablet every three hours,' an' all dat. His nurse follers him around wit a spoon an' he has to go to bed at seven o'clock!"

The other boys listened round-eyed and Pike expelled a full-size grown-up oath as tribute of sympathy. The next day at Jimmy's noon-hour, having returned somewhat earlier than usual for lunch, he was despatched to suite 80 with several grips which had just arrived, and



Admiral Sir Henry B. Jackson, new British First Sea Lord, who is planning to provide safeguards for merchant ships in the war zone

desk. "Mind you treat them white for they hail from London and have all kinds of kale."

It had been estimated that Jimmy Dolan could "lick" any of the other bellhops with one hand securely tied behind his back, so it was with wholesome respect they gazed after him as, having received the above order he stalked chestily down the rotunda in the van of the new guests. Jimmy, though short on inches, was exceedingly long on muscle and, with an air that would have graced the reigning champion heavy weight, he seized three very English-looking bags mottled with foreign labels and an aristocratic suit case similarly decorated, and entered the elevator after his party.

"What was de tip, Jim?" asked Pike Peterson, when number 23 returned in the course of half an hour to the bench.

"Ain't figgered it out yet, Pike—a pitcher of Queen Victoria on a piece of de jolly yellow metal—but say, yud orta see de poor kid of de bunch. Dere's his pa an' ma, two maids, a nurse an' a keyey an' him. Dey have him all dolled up in pink check buster suits an' his hair

he found the twelve-year-old invalid alone, gazing idly out of one of the windows.

"Hello," said number 23.

"What did you say?" asked the other, with mild interest. "I said 'hello,'—how are you?"

"Oh I'm all right. They're all down at lunch, even nurse, and I've seen everything on this flat. What are those things?"

He pointed to a pair of boxing gloves which swung by their laces over Jimmy's shoulder.

"Dese? Oh I lick any guy dat chins me wit dese! Ain't nobody my size round dese digs dat ain't scared o' my mitts. I was just practisin' when I had to fetch up de grips. Want to try 'em on?"

The English boy jumped from the window seat with alacrity.

"Gimme an upper cut," Jimmy went on. "See—like dis! Fetch up your right but hit above de belt. Pooh! dat ain't hard enough. Come on wit de left! Harder, kid, harder! Gee! let's feel your muscle. Criekey, what a kitten! Come on, once more now!"



### Marlin Hammerless Repeating Shotguns

**20 Gauge**—This neat little, sweet little pump gun adds zest to the sport of shooting—5 shots, about 5 7/8 pounds, 25-inch barrel. A perfect gun for snipe, quail, partridge, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits, etc.—handles fast and with wonderful precision. You will like the handsomely matted barrel—a high grade and exclusive feature. Uses 2 3/4 as well as 2 1/2-inch shells, allowing good, stiff loads for duck and trap shooting. For increased weight or range, 28-inch barrel at the same price—\$24.00.

**12 and 16 Gauges:** Hammerless, for ducks, geese, foxes, trap shooting, etc.; perfect in build, weight and balance for the heavier loads. Like the 20 gauge, they have solid top, side ejection, matted barrel, take down construction and the

solid-steel-breech and safety features that make it the safest breech-loading gun built. 6 quick shots. Hammer Guns, take down, solid top, side ejection, closed-in-breech. 12, 16 and 20 gauges; many grades and styles. A gun for every purpose!

Select the right gun! Send 3 stamps postage for new 140-page catalog of all Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 76 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.



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All the heat that goes up the chimney is wasted. The patented steel-ribbed fire-pot of the Hecla Furnace has three times the radiating surface found in others, it radiates the heat so quickly that very little of it has a chance to escape, more of the heat from the coal is used to heat the house, less goes up the chimney, the fire-pot never becomes red hot, it is guaranteed not to burn out.

The Hecla Cannot Leak Gas or Dust.

Hecla Radiators are made with our patented "fused" joints. They can never be loosened by the action of the heat, so that we can absolutely guarantee them never to leak gas or dust up into the house.

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The triangular grate-bars of the Hecla each work independently, you can clean all the ashes without wasting any good coals, and you don't have to use a poker.

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Our reputation for prompt settlements and losses paid in full, have earned for us the highest praise from the farmers of Western Canada.

Hail storms are as sure as the day is long, and the farmer who is protected in our Company is money in pocket because he was wise enough to insure against loss.

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Union Bank Building, Winnipeg

2 General Agents for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta



# COWAN'S Perfection COCOA

Little  
Miss  
**MAIDEN**  
CANADA  
Registered

Don't miss half the  
usefulness of this Cocoa.  
Try it for icing—  
good results!



The English nurse, arriving noiselessly, stood spellbound at the door. The bell-boy was issuing commands in a loud voice and Cornelius Reginald Desborough laughed and danced about, making incompetent lunges at his opponent. Three chairs had been overturned and the bric-a-brac was momentarily threatened. Two hectic spots burned on Cornelius' cheeks.

The nurse at last found voice.  
"Cornelius! Bellboy! Stop it, I say! I shall tell your mamma Cornelius. Bell-boy you go downstairs!"

Jimmy stooped for his mitts, which the nurse had jerked from her charge's hands.

"It's time for your iron drops now, Cornelius. Open your mouth wide," continued the nurse, briskly.

Cornelius silently and unprotestingly obeyed but when the girl turned to replace the bottle on the table he made a grimace in her direction.

few bold but telling strokes on the paper (signing C. R. D. in the corner) and then cry:

"Now for de Johnson-Jeffries act!"

The boxing lesson often encroached upon the piano practice but Cornelius' cheeks daily grew less transparent and his coughing spells further apart. Daily Jimmy examined his muscle.

"Gee, kid, yer comin' on! You'll beat me in 'bout another week!" he would declare.

As for the medicines, Connie completely forgot them in the more engrossing interests of upper-cuts, left-hand jabs, eye-swats and knock-out passes, and at the end of the bout Jimmy would invariably pour a large teaspoonful of each prescription out of the window.

With the opening of the baseball season, the young semi-invalid was allowed to walk in the park and watch the games from the fence. Nurse Hoadley,

## Clark's Tomato Ketchup



In 8 oz., 12 oz., 16 oz. Bottles  
and 1 gallon Stone Jugs.  
Made from home grown ripe  
red tomatoes only and guar-  
anteed absolutely pure. Your  
grocer keeps it.

W. Clark Ltd. Montreal

## Blackwood's Raspberry Vinegar

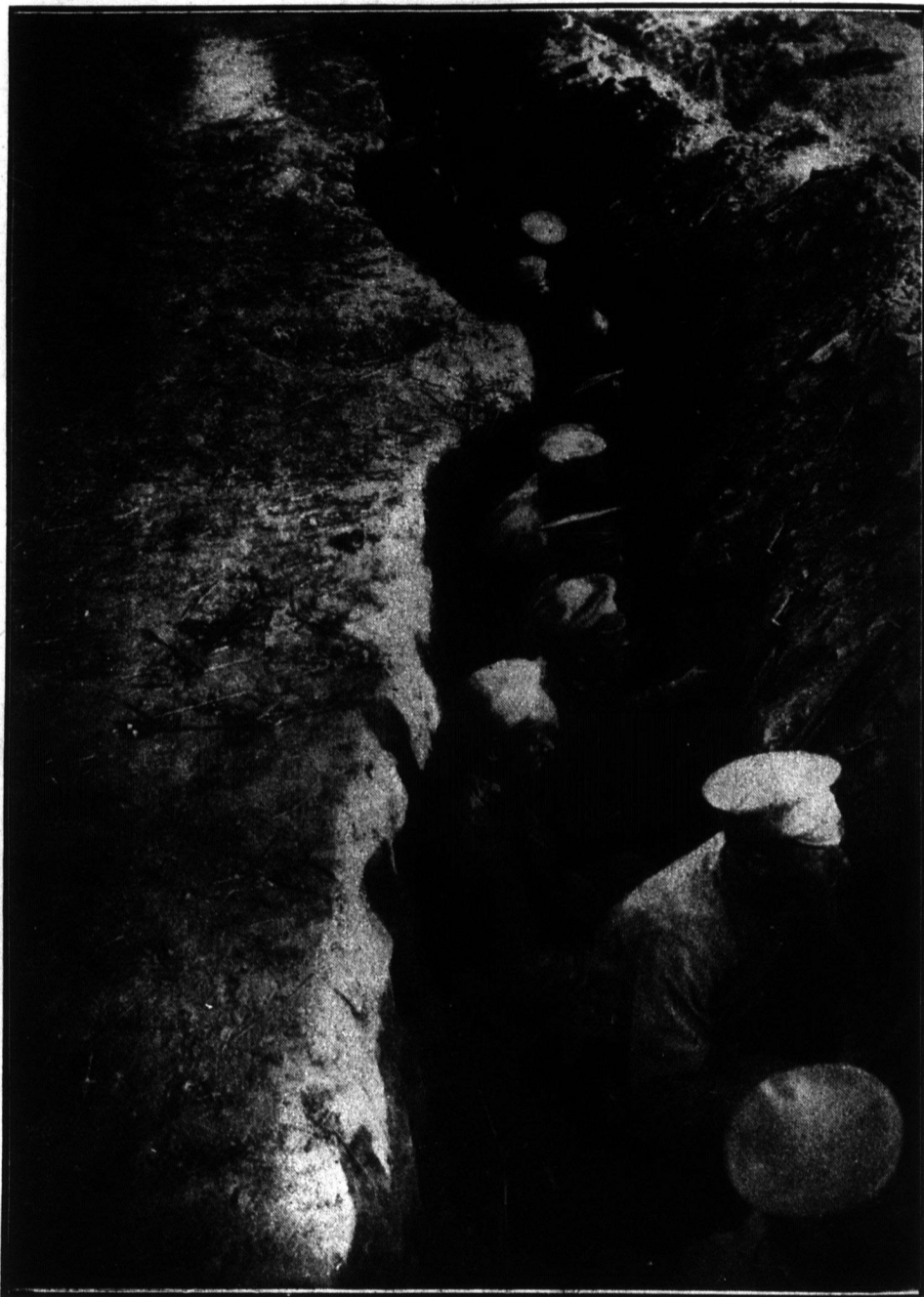
Something Delicious

To be obtained of all Grocers

Manufacturers of Blackwood's Celebrated Soft Drinks

The Blackwoods Limited Winnipeg

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.



Members of the famous Fongorijski Regiment of Moscow lying low in a trench awaiting the order to charge. These are some of Russia's best fighters and they have been called to stem the German advance

"Here kid, take dis chew o' gum," whispered Jimmy, as he passed out. "It will take away de rummy taste."

Every afternoon at two o'clock, Miss Hoadley, the nurse, took a siesta of an hour's duration. Connie was supposed to apply himself to his drawing from two till three, with piano practice later, and at five the brougham arrived to take him and his nurse for an airing. Jimmy Dolan had a great ambition—greater even than his desire to excel in the wrestling ring or the baseball field. He wanted to be a cartoonist. When not engaged in his usual occupation of "hopping" at the hotel, he was drawing caricatures. A striking likeness of "Blondy" the day clerk had attracted the attention of several guests who predicted for the artist a bright future. Thus it was that at two o'clock every day Jimmy stole up to suite 80 where Connie sat dejectedly before a pile of well-sharpened pencils, trying to draw a dog's head which might by much stretching of imagination be identified as such. Or again it would be a glass and a lemon or a pile of books leaning against a vase, or a carrot and a potato hobnobbing together. Jimmy had only to seize a pencil and make a

asleep over her book on a park settee, made but an indifferent guard and often awoke to find herself alone and her young charge out on the field gaining valuable pointers on the game.

The Stripe Sox was a nifty organization. In local parlance there were "no flies" on them and from all of the lower Queen Street teams but one they held the trophies. Shorty Regan was pitcher, his star pitching equalled only by his ability to "shinny" out of school. He was the only Stripe Sox man still under fourteen and his numerous escapes from and skirmishes with officers of the law only whetted his hatred for learning and his genius for ball playing.

So it seemed a severe stroke of ill luck that befell the team on the very last rehearsal day before the big contest with the "Riverdale Cubs," who held the last remaining trophy of the league—a bronze cup. The small group of enthusiasts who were watching from the fence had just sent up a hoarse roar of delight over an especially fine "run" for the home base on the part of Long Kelly, whose foot was all but at the goal when Shorty Regan's ball tapped it a fraction of a second before. Scarcely had the cheer-



ing subsided when a truant officer appeared in the offing, vaulted the fence and, swooping down upon Shorty from the rear, carried him ignominiously off to the Entrance Grade. His vacant position in the eyes of his team mates was too valuable a one to be easily filled and they gathered in caucus to deliberate upon the choice of a successor.

"Dere's Mutt Smith," suggested the left fielder.

"Not on yer life!" cried Duffy, the catcher, through his mask. "He's a liar an' a southpaw anyway!"

"How 'bout Billy Grogan, bellhop at the Kings?" another of the team asked.

"Naw, he's good enough on the pitch but he don't play fair," said Duffy.

"I say, fellers," Jimmy Dolan broke in, "I know a kid what kin pitch. He's English, bah jove, but you bet he has some muscle. He's got de goods. Lemme fetch him?"

"Trot him out," said Duffy.

When Jim Dolan, shortstop of the Stripe Sox, spoke, his word was law.

Cornelius was running the divergent chromatic scale on the piano when Jimmy thrust a cautious head in at the parlor door of suite 80, and called:

"Yoo hoo! Come on out and play ball Con. Chuck de girl game an' come an' pitch fer de Stripe Sox."

There was no help for it, however. The match with the "Cubs" coming off at two next afternoon left no time for initiating another new member and if Jim Dolan said the English bloke could play ball—

Play ball! The agile little figure in the pink buster suit with the silk hose and patent leather shoes began to pitch with the ease and accuracy of a "big league" giant. Swift and telling was his aim and the crowd which had come to jeer remained to applaud.

"You'll do kid," was Duffy's verdict at the close. "Be here at one-thirty sharp to-morrow."

When four o'clock of the next day had arrived and Cornelius Reginald had failed to appear for piano practice, Nurse Hoadley instituted a search with Doctor Spotswood, the English physician who had just arrived in Canada, and together they brought up in the rear of a huge crowd which was surging about the park fences overlooking the ball game. A "tiger" had just been let loose, the game being over, and the victors were being carried aloft by admiring friends. Foremost in the march of honor was Cornelius in his pink apparel, borne high by four enthusiastic young Canucks, howling like demons.



The Fonogorijski Regiment gives three cheers for their ally, King George. These are some of the crack Russian troops who are at present stemming the German advance into Poland. The picture was taken on the occasion of the visit of a distinguished British correspondent.

The rest of the team huddled together in a corner of the vacant lot next to the park which served as field for half a dozen ball teams, fell apart into seven separate human interrogation points as Jimmy and Cornelius vaulted the park fence and approached the "diamond."

"Hully mackerel fellers!" ejaculated Duffy, while the right fielder howled out: "Look whut's comin' ter pitch! Git on t' de curls!"

**CHANGE THE VIBRATION  
It Makes for Health**

A man tried leaving off meat, potatoes, coffee, etc., and adopted a breakfast of fruit, Grape-Nuts with cream, some crisp toast and a cup of Postum.

His health began to improve at once for the reason that a meat eater will reach a place once in a while where his system seems to become clogged and the machinery doesn't work smoothly.

A change of this kind puts aside food that is slow to digest and takes up food and drink of the highest value, already partly digested and capable of being quickly changed into good, rich blood and strong tissue.

Most valuable feature of Grape-Nuts is the natural mineral elements (phosphate of potash, etc.), grown in the grains from which it is made. These elements are absolutely necessary for the well-balanced rebuilding of body, brain and nerves.

A few days' use of Grape-Nuts will show one a way to physical and mental strength well worth the trial.

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

Three more cheers and a tiger!" cried Jimmy Dolan. "Hustle, boys, I've got to be back on de bench at four thirty."

Again the applause from a hundred throats.

The nurse and the doctor made their way to the front where Connie now stood, surrounded and breaking open a torturous path, finally stood before him in this his hour of triumph.

"What is the row about?" began Miss Hoadely, dazedly.

"Row ma'am!" cried Duffy, "de row is dat dis youngster has won us de bronze cup from de whole eastern league!"

"Naw," said Jimmy, emphatically to Pike Peterson, "I ain't goin' ter bellhop no more after dis week. De English Doc. sez 'Caunada has done wondahs foh the boy.' He sez too dat de're ain't no trace of de con about him now. Dey're all goin' ter live in dis country. Mr. Desb'rough de kids pater if. Know sez 'I don't know whether it was Cawnada or—Jimmy.' An' what d'ye t'ink Pike? He's goin' ter send me to de Art School nex' week an'—I'm sure goin' ter pay him back when I get dat newspaper job."

A prosperous liquor dealer was boasting to a group of men standing near his hotel of the amount of money he had made. "I made £200 in the last three months," he said.

"You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

"You have made my two sons drunkards. You have made their mother a heart-broken, mental and physical wreck."



**When "Palmolive"  
Was Young**

3,000 years ago the women of ancient Egypt, skilled in toilet arts, learned the wonderful cleansing qualities of Palm and Olive oils.

While their "Palmolive" was necessarily a crude combination of these oils in their natural state, modern women, inheritors of this invaluable discovery, enjoy their combination in PALMOLIVE SOAP, made of the famous Palm and Olive oils.

Thus the fame of the first Palmolive has survived the centuries, handed down from generation to generation—

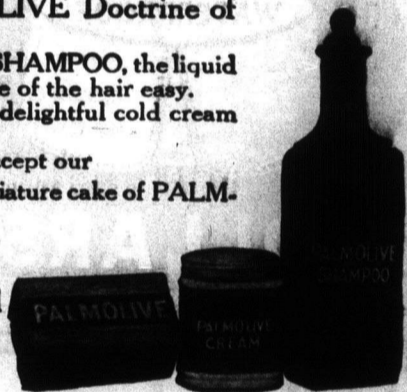
—From the time when Cleopatra ruled to the present day popularity of the "PALMOLIVE Doctrine of Soap and Water."

Next in popularity comes PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO, the liquid Palmolive prepared to make the proper care of the hair easy. Ask, also, for PALMOLIVE CREAM, a delightful cold cream which softens and invigorates the skin.

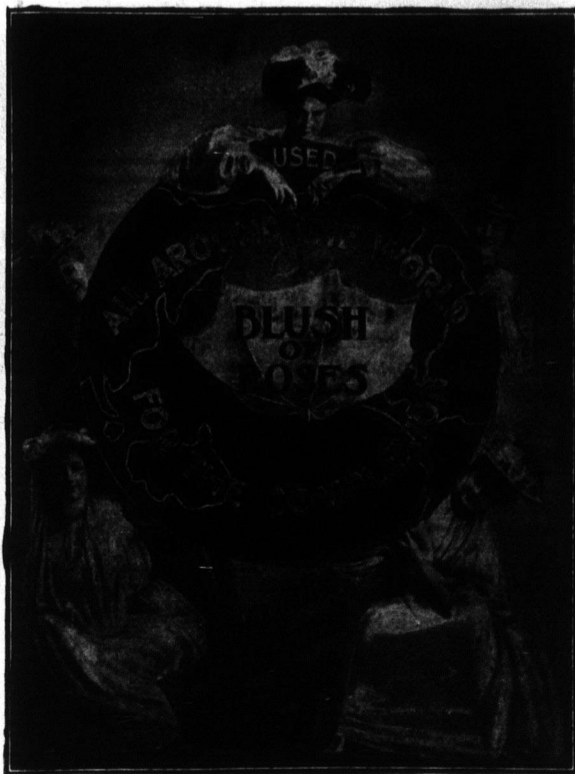
To make the acquaintance of all three accept our

THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER—A miniature cake of PALMOLIVE SOAP, bottle of SHAMPOO and tube of CREAM, attractively packed, mailed on receipt of five 2-cent stamps. Address

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., Limited  
155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.  
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Milwaukee, Wis.



**FREE! FREE! TO LADIES**



**A Bottle of Blush  
of Roses**

The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full-sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whiten the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liverspots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

**Write For Free Trial Offer**  
Blush of Roses is Also For Sale by the  
**T. EATON CO. LTD., TORONTO and WINNIPEG**



## Saves Kitchen Waste

There will be no more throwing away of good food if you keep a bottle of Bovril in the kitchen. Bovril, with its fine flavour and ease of manipulation, helps you to make delightful dishes out of cold food. Better soup, better stews—less expense. But it must be Bovril.

### BENGER'S FOOD

**is for Infants and Invalids and for those whose digestive powers have become weakened by illness or advancing age.**

If the digestive functions, however weak, can do any work at all they should be given work to do to the extent of their powers. In the easy process of its preparation the digestibility of Benger's can be regulated to give this work with extreme nicety.

The "British Medical Journal" says—"Benger's Food has, by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

BENGER'S NEW BOOKLET deals with the most common doubts and difficulties which mothers have to encounter. It is sent post free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

*Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.*

### CHALLENGE



**WATERPROOF**

**GOLLARS**

**The Acme of Comfort is assured to every wearer of "CHALLENGE" COLLARS AND CUFFS**

They have the same dull finish, texture and fit as the best linen collar, and won't wilt or crack. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a tub from a wet cloth. Always smart, always dressy. If your dealer doesn't sell "Challenge" Brand send us 25c for collar or 50c for pair of cuffs. You'll be delighted. Made in Canada. New Style Book Sent Free on Request. The Arlington Co. of Canada, Ltd. 54-56 Fraser Avenue, TORONTO F-16

### FARMERS!

You will get good satisfaction and the best possible cash results by employing our services to look after and dispose of your carlot shipments of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Liberal advances against shipping bills at 7 per cent interest.

## Thompson, Sons & Co.

700 W Grain Exchange      Winnipeg

### A FACT

No other single article or like expenditure could bring so much happiness or be enjoyed by so many as one of the splendid Instruments of our line.

Sole Agents for:

UPRIGHTS	PLAYERS
Warde .....	Pianista .....
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Freight Paid. Stool and Book included.	Mason & Hamlin .....

and upwards.

All guaranteed for ten years with privilege of exchanging within three years allowing full price paid less interest.

Easy monthly, quarterly or yearly payments can be arranged

Here is a range of prices to suit the requirements of any buyer, and our easy monthly payments from as low as \$8 a month make it easy for all to gladden the home with this superb gift. Complete illustrated Catalogue with prices free on request.

## WINNIPEG PIANO CO

PORTAGE AVE.  
WINNIPEG.

## Signs of the Times

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by Francis J. Dickie

**WANTED:** Wanted a well-improved quarter section. Some cash and an equity in large city house in exchange.

**WANTED:** a half section within twenty miles of Edmonton, seven room house, barn and three city lots offered in part as exchange.

**WE** have a good list of residence and choice lots in various western cities to exchange for various kinds of property. Apply John Doe Realty Co., Winnipeg

**WANTED** section good land. Will exchange small business block in city. Apply Good Hunch Realty Brokers, Calgary.

**HAVE** clear title to five acre tract near Fort George to exchange for small farm.

**HAVE** cash and good city property. Will take over any good farm.

the manipulations of real estaters of questionable character, millions of dollars worth of lots have been sold in the cities of Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon, Prince Albert and Fort George that will not bring returns for many years to come. In boom times, backed by the optimism of the West, each of these cities has been surveyed to make room for populations approaching in size the city of Chicago. However, in the case of these cities—belief in which is shown by the large amount of territory laid out in lots beyond the settled portions of to-day—their geographical situation, railroads, and their already large growth, promises the buyer of far out property a return on his money at some future date. But lots in places like Peace River Crossing, as yet not on a railway, Mirror



Typical settlers' home in New County in the basin of the Athabasca

THESE are on a few ads, a hundred similar to which may be found in every newspaper published in the cities and towns of Western Canada today. To the average reader they convey no particular significance; but to the business man and those interested in the affairs of the country they presage many changes in the life of Western Canada.

Two, three, five years ago, these ads were not numerous, if anything the reverse was the order. Hundreds of men, at that time on the land, offered to trade their farms, and in many cases did, for lots in cities throughout the west that were then subject to a boom. Of course, the war has had something to do with the present conditions; but even before the outbreak of hostilities, more and more men were becoming anxious to change their city holdings for something that would bring them a living. Of course, the city lots were still in most instances worth the purchase price; many were worth much more, but these holdings, being for the most part lots without habitations upon, were lacking buyers, and without buildings offered nothing in the way of income. So the desire to trade for farm property as shown above.

There is no person in Western Canada, conversant with the real estate situation who will not admit that the cities therein have been over-boomed so far as real estate is concerned. Through

Landing, just reached by one, and Edson and a dozen other places on the lines of various newly built railways as yet little more than mere names, have been sold to eager, credulous and gullible buyers. These people, anxious to get rich quick, plunked down their money on property they had never seen and simply on the strength of effusively worded newspaper ads or the soft, unctuous words of the real estate salesman.

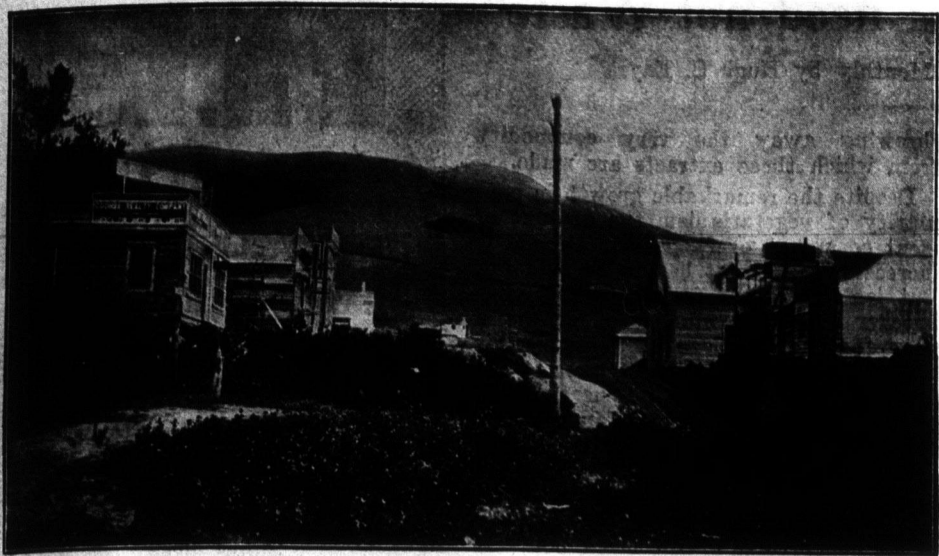
The real estate men who were party to such transactions are not the ones to blame, but the buyers themselves, who paid from \$150 to \$500 on propositions that time has shown to be not worth anything like the purchase price and which will never make the buyers even interest on the money invested.

This one incident in respect to some real estate sold in Peace River Crossing has been paralleled all over the country: Back of Peace River Crossing, which is at the conjunction of the Hart and Peace Rivers is an enormous hill—by rights a mountain. Small powered automobiles cannot climb the road that leads from the foot of it to the country beyond; big powerful cars take an hour to climb it. A man had a homestead upon a good piece of bench land at the top of this. It was a good piece of land and might have been profitable but for the hardship of getting machinery, lumber and other necessities up to it. A little over a year ago, at which



Main Street in Western Town on a new railroad subdivision. Property in similar spots were sold for \$150.00 per lot.





Main Street of North Western town, not on a railroad. Lots in this and similar places, or rather lots in subdivisions of these "extensive metropolis" were sold by unscrupulous real estate dealers to foolish investors for as high as \$500 a lot.

time this district was being over-boomed, in-so-far as town property was concerned, a bright real estater bought this farm for a song. Sub-dividing it into lots and attaching a fancy nomenclature to it he placed it upon the market as town lots. These were offered for \$150, with easy payments of \$50 down and ten a month. But the buyer even with a clear title to a lot bought here has little chance of anything, even if the place had already a population of ten thousand, of which number it has not one twentieth.

But this is not a treatise on the infamies of the western real estate operator, nor on the foolishness of persons who bought real estate in a haphazard manner—one which boys trading marbles at school have dubbed "on sight on seen"—but is only a digression to give the principal reason for the filling of western papers with the above quoted ads.

The curtailing of the flow of European money to Canada for investment purposes, the crowding into big centres by both Canadian and foreign born men and women in the past, the ending of two great

ten dollars that you cannot live them out of the land." He was, of course, referring to the filing fee and the three years' hardship that generally prevail before the settler gets his patent.

To a certain extent he was right in reference to a certain kind of homesteaders who, without much more money than the initial ten dollars to pay the filing fee, ignorant of conditions in a new country and without proper outfit or experience with which to battle against the first harshness of a new land, proved their inefficiency by quickly succumbing to the struggle and abandoning their holdings.

But this wit's famous remark has not held good in the cases of men who came equipped with machinery, means and farming knowledge. Of this latter class were some five thousand Americans, natives of such farming states as Iowa and Nebraska. Efficient offspring of pioneers who made these states from a wilderness to what they are to-day, they have acquired holdings in the wilderness and turned them into farms that now, with the advent of a railway, are valuable after only a few years' possession.



Prospective Canadians—Russian Peasants before Land Office, about to seek a homestead

transcontinental railway construction jobs, the present prevailing high price of grain, and lastly and principally the realization that farm life offers bigger returns, greater independence, more leisure and freedom than a salaried slaving in the great cities, besides a lasting heritage—all these things working separately in the past, but now combined, have brought a climax to one period of western Canadian conditions. This was reached in the early fall of 1914; and now as never before are men and women of western Canada turning back to the land.

Farther west in northern Alberta, in the basins of the Peace and Athabasca Rivers—a district still thought by many as a bleak land, hospitable only to the fur-bearing animals and the Indians—men are now making this last frontier yield to the taming influence of the axe and the plow.


In reference to homesteading in these districts some wag, whose saying is now historic throughout the west, once remarked: "The Canadian Government bets one hundred and sixty acres against your

In the same class, from the Old World, the Galicians, Ruthenians and Germans, descendants from people skilled for centuries in intensive farming, proved themselves to be, though their success required greater and more persistent toil, thrift and frugality; they making up with these things what the American settler already had. Too, French and Scotch halfbreeds, children of fur-trading forefathers, robbed of their ancestor's way of livelihood, have recently turned successfully to the farm. Even that least adaptable of men—the city-bred Englishman, is by sheer dogged tenacity forcing a foothold and becoming a factor in the taming of the last west.

But these are only the vanguard. For in ever growing numbers people from a hundred walks of life are about to turn to the farm lands of Western Canada. And from a variety of reasons and through a complexity of causes it is a certainty, rather than a prediction, that the statistics for the years 1915-1916 will show an outgoing from town and city to established farm and lonelier homestead never before equalled.

# Williams' Talc Powder

not alone  
**For My Lady**  
not alone  
**For the Baby**  
but a Talc Powder  
**For Everybody**



**I**n hot, sticky weather your hand reaches for Williams' Talc Powder as instinctively as you take the shady side of the street. It is worth making sure you get Williams', too, for there's *more powder in the can and more comfort in the powder.* Absolutely pure and refreshingly fragrant.

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"The Waste that You need not Waste"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Hugh S. Eayrs

Some two or three years ago Sir Edmund Walker in his presidential address at the annual meeting of the Bank of Commerce asserted that the greater number of reasons for the high cost of living were purely local. In particular a very powerful reason why living is higher in Canada than any other country was, Sir Edmund said, the abnormal waste which was practised by the average Canadian. If this was a matter for regret in time of peace it is much more so in time of war. If this is a time when business houses feel the necessity for rigid economy the housewife surely needs to look after and conserve the waste matter that she need not waste. There is an old if somewhat hackneyed proverb which reads "Waste not, want not." If it is a wise maxim when our economic wheels are running smoothly it is doubly so when additional tariff duties and paralysis of commerce are clogging up the axles.

A reliable index to the amount of waste of which we are guilty is that familiar object in every household, the Garbage Pail. What is going into our garbage pails every day if sorted, conserved and turned to good account, would be enough to very materially reduce the poverty that necessitates soup kitchens, Sunday breakfasts and the like.

throwing away the very commodity from which these extracts are made.

Despite the remarkable growth in popularity of vegetarianism the amount of meat consumed every year in Canada is increasing. All that has to be paid for. But isn't it rather foolish to pay your butcher a certain number of dollars a year for the privilege of throwing his good meat into the garbage pail? It isn't being nice to the butcher. Moreover, if the men folk of Canada were consulted they would probably declare against an uninterrupted succession of roasts and steaks, and chops, and so on. Variety is the spice of the dining table. What has become of the stock pot? Is Irish stew no longer fashionable? The housewife might kill more than one bird with one stone if she dished up yesterday's roast in some other way. Not only would she be economizing by using up what she often throws into the garbage pail, but she would be providing a tasty and savory meal as a welcome variation upon a somewhat monotonous theme.

Why does she not? Is it all another sidelight upon the question of the modern woman? Is the sale of that time-honored institution, Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book, decreasing? Are we so busy with reading Omar Khayyam and Mrs.



The picture shows the band of the famous Fongorijski Regiment of Moscow leading the men to the fight. This Russian regiment has been in thirty-four battles since the outbreak of the war

What are the facts? The statistics for last year show that every individual in one of Canada's large cities threw away well over two hundred pounds of garbage. The street cleaning commissioner says that a very large percentage of that two hundred pounds is pure waste. You can figure it out for yourself. Take a garbage pail, any garbage pail belonging to an average working man on any street in the city. Examine its contents; first of all there is meat. The amount of perfectly good meat that our women folk throw away every year is as prodigious as it is unreasoning. Quantities of mutton, beef, pork, veal, poultry and fish that are thrown away without any rhyme or reason represent an aggregate amount for the year of tens of thousands of dollars. A percentage of the meat thrown away is discarded because it is high—going bad—but by far the greater percentage is in the nature of roasts of meat that have been used the one day and then, because the remainder would look inconsiderable and meagre, are thrown away. The Street Cleaning Commissioner says that this is the most true of the Canadian and American households than of those of the old countryman. This is probably due to the fact that in Great Britain the margin for luxury and even easy and comfortable living is not so great as it is on this side of the water. But is there any reason why cold roast beef is not as palatable as when it is hot? And are we so fastidious that we cannot take our mutton hashed? Have soups gone out of fashion? The housewife has made the fortune of concerns who put up beef extracts by buying quantities of Bovril and Oxo and Lemco and such. But all the time she is

Pankhurst's speeches that we have no time to study the economy and attractiveness of our own dining table? There must be cookery books enough extent to paper the walls of a house. Yet apparently they don't even cover the dining table.

And you come to vegetables. The Street Cleaning Commissioner says the waste in this regard is colossal. The amount of potatoes which finds its way into the garbage pail because the housewife is either too busy or too careless to peel economically might do a good deal to obviate the high cost of living. Cauliflower, cabbage, celery, tomatoes and a score of other vegetables, all find representation in our garbage pail. If the average restaurant threw out the vegetables it does not use as such to the same extent as hundreds of housewives do it would be bankrupt. But the restaurant proprietor is wise. He makes vegetable soup, and charges ten or fifteen cents a bowl therefor.

Perhaps the greatest waste of all according to our friend the commissioner, is in bread. It is difficult to get actual figures but some enterprising statistician might find an engrossing and enumerating task in figuring out how high or how many miles this bread would reach if made up into loaves and stood on end. Nothing can make excusable the waste of a single bit of bread. You can go into sections of our cities and see people dying for it. You can accompany the garbage man on his rounds and see him collecting enough to stop the dying. The housewife complains that she can't put stale bread on the table. True enough. But what's the matter with bread-and-butter pudding? Or why not toast the bread? Toast is a very delicious thing,

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isn't it? If bread becomes too stale to eat as bread why can't it be crushed and used to cover lamb cutlets? A bowl of soup is very much enhanced if you have a plate of toasted croutons to eat with it. Isn't stale bread good enough for those? Who is to know whether the bread is new or stale that is used in bread-and-butter pudding and breaded lamb cutlets and toast and croutons? The bread and butter pudding that mother used to make wasn't half bad. Has it gone out of fashion? In these days we are living on short commons. Some of us are not making the "dough" that we used to make. We shan't notice it so much if we use up our stale bread.

The waste in food is as unpardonable as it is silly. The truth is our taste has become vitiated. We have lived too long on canvas-back duck. We have had too much turkey with cranberry sauce.

The regrettable thing about it all is that the waste isn't confined to the rich, it is more common in the case of the

a couple of blocks away who have no fire. They might have had if an economy in the amount of coal used were more general. When you throw ashes into the garbage pail you are wasting them so far as you are concerned. But the people at the City Hall turn the waste to good account, which is proof enough that when you throw some of your coal and ashes away you are discarding something that is valuable. The Street Cleaning Commissioner says that a good proportion of this nine hundred pounds of ashes is good, burnable, heat-giving cinder.

The blame lies largely with the housewife. She has in most cases the handling of the housekeeping money. A little time spent in discovering just what she needs would save her husband's pocket. She could alter the present state of things if she wanted to.

And then perhaps we shouldn't hear so much of the high cost of living.

The Revelation

John Hull found the telegram at his office. As he read the words, the busy scene about him faded away, and he saw himself once more a little, ragged, frightened boy, who heard with terror the word "poorhouse" whispered by the neighbors. Then Aunt Rachel had come in. She had stood a moment looking at his mother's still face; then she had crossed the room and gathered the boy into her arms. He isn't gone to the poorhouse?" she had said, quietly. "I am going to take care of him."

It was an old "caretaking" in some ways. Aunt Rachel was an old maid, and knew nothing of a boy's heart. And yet—how good she had been—how good and patient! In the last ten years, although he had seen her only twice, there had been no word of reproach, only the same unchanging love and faith. A blur came over John Hull's eyes, and calling his secretary, he gave rapid orders. He was going to Aunt Rachel. He hoped she would know.

Nine hours later he was alone with Aunt Rachel. As he looked at the great peace of the small, worn face, a strange feeling swept across him. He never saw a look like that in Wall Street! This little, plain, old country woman had possessed something greater than riches!

Later, they brought him her papers and letters. They were very few, but among them were her account-books, and John Hull realized that in those careful figures he was reading the story of her life. He was amazed to know how tiny her income had been. And of what she had had, a tenth had gone to her church, a fifth to her missionary society, and nearly all the rest for a boy who was not even related to her.

And he had thought her life pitifully poor and narrow! Now in his hour of vision he saw that his was the poor and barren life—with its careless and spasmodic giving, its absorption in "the game." He understood at last the generous and unselfish investment of this life and all its possessions. And suddenly there came to him the memory of a hot summer Sunday of his boyhood, and of the minister's voice as he read his text "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

Could that be said of the uses he had made of his own life?

Alone in the April night John Hull faced himself.

Shakespeare and the Bible

Bishop Wordsworth, in his "Shakespeare and the Bible," finds in the poet's works more than 550 Biblical quotations, allusions, references and sentiments. "Hamlet" alone contains about eighty, "Richard the Third" nearly fifty, "Henry the Fifth" and "Richard the Second" about forty each. Shakespeare quotes from fifty-four of the Biblical books, and not one of his thirty-seven plays is without a Scriptural reference. Genesis furnishes the poet with thirty-one quotations or allusions, the Psalms with fifty-nine, Proverbs with thirty-five, Isaiah with twenty-one, Matthew with sixty, Luke with thirty-three, and Romans with twenty-three.



Britain is stirred by the crying demand from the War Office for a greater output in munitions. The Earl of Norbury, who is 53 years of age, has responded to the appeal and is the latest recruit to the ranks of war supplies manufacturers. He has obtained a job as a fitter in an aeroplane factory in Surrey and is being paid 14 cents an hour. His hours are from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m. The picture shows him wearing his overalls.

family who can't afford it. You can wander up to the corner of your main street and hear a gentleman mounted on a barrel discant at great length upon the waste practised by the monied classes. But you and I and the fellow in the flat above are equally culpable. Careful management could obviate a great deal of this waste. It may be good for the butcher, the baker and the poultry man. But Canada is not made up of butchers and bakers and poultry men only. It is true that man cannot live by bread alone. He needs dry goods and clothes and an occasional haircut. But he does not need such a plethora of luxuries nor even such a surfeit of plain foodstuffs that he is bound to fill up his garbage pail with a godly percentage of the food he buys.

Here is another fact, nearly nine hundred pounds of ashes per capita found their way into the garbage pail last year. So say the records at the City Hall of the city about which I am talking. Was it all necessary? There are some people



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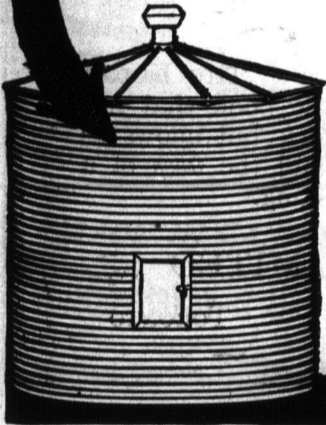
Written for The Western Home Monthly by William Lutton

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Mr. A. W. Smithers, the chairman of the Board of Directors of the Grand Trunk, said at the recent meeting of the company, held in London, that the total amount which the forthcoming crop of all kinds would bring in to the farmer would be \$600,000,000. That is to say, for wheat and mixed farming, and stock raising and every form of produce from the soil. Singularly enough, a C.P.R. official, resident in Winnipeg, had figured out for the writer, months before the prediction of Mr. Smithers, a total which came within a few dollars of the estimate made by the Grand Trunk chairman.

All this is conditioned, of course, upon the continuance of good weather.

What will this mean to the North West? There are things in the individual and national life which money cannot buy; but, with a bumper crop and good prices the West is saved—in many ways. Suspended activities will be resumed. The farmer will pay his debts and the merchant will be able to pay the big wholesale house which has carried him. Extensions to the home, to the barns, to the farm which the farmer contemplated, but could not afford, will be realized. City building will be resumed. The empty retail store, will be filled with customers. The individual will have money in his pocket. The whole tone of life will be braced up. A certain inertia which it was difficult to escape will disappear. There will be an eagerness and vivacity; and happiness will be, measurably determined by the number of pieces of paper, of a certain denomination which the average citizen has in his pocket. Unemployment will largely disappear. Men who have been hanging about our towns and cities will disappear on the farm, the factory, the new building.

The West had been keyed up tensely—unhealthily, if you liken the eagerness, the ambition, the planning and scheming was unwholesome, and it could not last. It was against the law of economics, which never tires saying: "This world is constructed on the principle that you can never get something for nothing."

With the crop realizing, measurably, at any rate, the hopes formed of it the West will get back to normal living. We do not call the frenzied real estate boom normal. That was a delirium, which could not last. The acreage has been extended; intensive farming has been applied to the land which was partially neglected; and the yield will be 30 per cent. beyond that of previous years. All this is related to comfort and contentment and courage and determination.

The varying meteorological conditions which prevail over vast areas must always be of concern to those who are interested in the productivity of the soil; but while there have been poor crops, absolute failure has not been stamped upon them at any time.

The material considerations involved in the vast sum of \$600,000,000 are many and important. They are related to decent living, to contentment, to human aspiration and ambition. They are concerned with the dignity and proprieties of life. They are interwoven with every interest which affects the individual or the community. And so hard is it to dissociate mind from matter, that it might be truly said that the big "wad" has its spiritual relations as well as its instant material appeal.

But above and beyond the infinite betterment of the material situation, which which would be secured by a bumper crop, under circumstances which make this peculiarly desirable, is the psychology of the case. This money, distributed over wide areas, will mean individual betterment along material lines; but these, in turn, offer psychological concomitants.

The things the farmer, the storekeeper, the big merchant, the manufacturer, can do with this money have reactive effects upon spiritual impulses and stimuli.

A new carpet on the bare floor is psychological in its reactive effects. One might doubt whether salvation could be secured by subscribing to a formula of man's devising. There is no hesitancy as to the redemptive effect of a bit of carpet on the floor, or curtains on the windows, or flowers in the front or back yard. The deep spiritual significance of clothes need

not be insisted on. During this time of stress, many people have denied themselves the clothes which they should have had for dignity and comfort. The ability to gratify this desire has uplifting effects. The new chair or sofa or picture, lends itself directly to spiritual exaltation, though the first effect is material gratification.

The farmer who pays off his debts is a new creature—upright, independent and happy. He who can enlarge his barns or add to his stock feels the effects in the spiritual part of him, though he could not give a name to that sense of exaltation that comes to him through enlarged possession.

The merchant, the manufacturer, the municipality, in its official capacity,—all are favorably affected by this promised "wad." It is not so much the things that are needed as the promise which this money will offer—a promise of security and comfort and independence. It will deepen the desire for home-making. It will settle many who have been restless. It will give that sense of permanency without which one is only staying. It will create a new-born pride in environment. It will give encouragement to the several municipalities which have been set back a little with respect to their plans of enlargement. It will rebuke all transitory persons who have not found rest for the sole of their feet. It will give the determination to make the most of the soil, as increased productivity guarantees enlarged income.

The outward things the money can buy; but outward things of themselves never spell content. The realization of the promise in regard to the crop, will produce the sense of rural and civic pride; and give to each individual the satisfied feeling of ownership. This great country, with its possibilities, is ours. Here we breathe the free air of heaven,—happy and content, not slothfully content, but ever going forward, conquering the untilled earth; conquering also, that is, winning, a fine idealism in an environment which, while it offers every material need and advantage, is friendly to the spiritual in conditions which make it easy for the spiritual to find expression.

### British Work and British Workmen

The Editor, The Western Home Monthly

Speaking in the British House of Commons Winston Churchill upon a notable occasion said:

"It is my duty in this House to speak for the navy, and the truth is that it is sound as a bell all through. I do not care where or how it may be tested; it will be found good and fit and keen and honest. It will be found to be the product of good management and organization, and sound principle in design and strategy, and sterling workmen and faithful workmanship, and careful clerks and accountants and skilful engineers and painstaking officers and hardy tars."

Thank God for this utterance and what it implies! Let it be written in letters of living fire on the conscience of the Canadian people. This is the race from which we sprang! These are the ideals they cherish—the things they strive after and consider worth while.

Judged by these standards, how have we fallen short? At this time of supreme peril, when the things we count dearer than life itself, are jeopardized, and the very existence of the British people is trembling in the balance, many Canadians have proved themselves unworthy of confidence and of trust. Some of our war contracts are a disgrace and a shame to a self-respecting people.

The political disclosures in high places make us sick at heart. Nor is the tale all told. Through it all, and behind it all, there looms in the background the skulking shadow of wrong doing that as yet has not been brought into the full light of day because too skilfully covered up. Political corruption stalks unabashed throughout this fair land undermining our whole social fabric. The remedy is with the people.

Hugh Mackay, M.D.



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**THE LABEL** on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.  
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# The Tiger Hunt

By Fisher Ames, Jr.

Taj was a tusker ten feet high at the shoulder, with a perfect body and grandly held head, but his forelegs spoiled him as a "show" elephant. He elbowed out like Cragstop Ruffian, the champion bulldog of England, and, apart from its unsightliness, the deformity ruined his gait. The slow, swinging majestic walk so essential in a procession was impossible to him. He could never keep step to music, and his clumsy, bobbing pace invariably upset the line. So, in spite of his size and splendid tusks, the ceremonial trappings allotted to him were given to another tusker, and Taj was a candidate for a new job.

This was not long in coming. It was discovered that Taj had courage—a trait so many elephants lack. He would stand at a loud noise and set his ears, and the unexpected never put him in a panic. They tried him with a tiger-skin, and he threw it over the compound wall. When a stuffed "striper" was laid before him he screamed and shook, but this did not prevent him from kneeling the effigy and driving both tusks through it.

His career was now as good as settled. Some field-work polished him off and made a trustworthy hunter of him. He was not quite so steady as the raja's pet mount, but he was good enough to be kept for visitors who deserved special consideration; and that is how Henry Brook and his son Douglas went through an experience that they are not at all likely to forget.

Brook was the American in charge of the construction of the steel suspension bridge which was to span the river flowing along the northern boundary of the raja's capital. The bridging of this shallow but wide and treacherous river had been one of the pet projects of the raja, and Brook's plan pleased him greatly. So did the engineer himself, for his worldwide work had made an agreeable cosmopolitan of him, and he was a keen sportsman besides. Tiger was the raja's favorite game, and the first time he had a chance he invited Mr. Brook and his son to attend a hunt with him. The American was only too glad of the opportunity.

The tiger—or rather the pair of tigers—had lately made a lair on the outskirts of a village ten miles north of the capital. The country was rolling and wooded and gashed by dry nullahs—a bad spot for a foot hunter; but the gray line of elephants moved serenely and swiftly to their stations. These were less than a rifle-shot apart and made a chain of living forts extending for half a mile along the east face of the ridge where the tigers lay.

Taj was near the middle of the chain. He knew what was on foot, and his little eyes twinkled and his ears waved restlessly and his trunk crept out, testing the odors of the forest. He wore no howdah; merely a broad, stuffed pad bound to him by ropes, which served as handholds for Brook and his son. His mahout rode astride his great neck, brandishing an ankus as heavy as a battle-axe.

In the distance tom-toms and gongs boomed, and now and then the sound of a musket shot rolled heavily through the wood. It was nearly noon and very hot. A mat of interlaced branches shielded the hunters from the direct rays of the sun, but not a breath of air could penetrate them. Douglas thought it was like being under a stifling tent in August, and the half-acrid, half-musky odor of Taj's skin made him think of the circus.

It was all rather unreal to him—the drowsy forest with its strange vegetation, the booming of the distant tom-toms, the huge, still Taj and his bronze-colored, half-naked mahout, whose lips were dyed with betel-juice. And the most unreal thing of all was that somewhere on the masked ridge before him were a pair of wild tigers, man-eaters of horrible history, slinking, soft-footed and evil-eyed, toward the line of silent elephants, to break covert, perhaps, in front of Taj himself.

Little shivers, half of excitement, half of apprehension, twitched under Douglas's gray jacket; but his father's broad impassive back was a bulwark of strength, and his father's rifle had stopped game as dangerous as any in India. And there was the mahout, sitting ahead of them at the post of peril—if there was any peril—grinding away at his betel-nut as unconcernedly as a cow drowsing over her cud. He seemed almost asleep, his lids half-shut and his head bent forward as if top-heavy from the weight of the thick, saffron turban.

Watching him, Douglas saw the brown man's jaw abruptly stop its swing. "Chk!" said the mahout, and his eyes were wide open and black.

Douglas felt Taj swell until the ropes bit deep creases in the pad. His father seemed to swell, too, in some indefinable fashion. His right elbow slowly lifted, exposing the sleek brown rifle-stock. Douglas gripped his own gun and stared hard ahead. The thick leaves and vines were motionless. A faint droning, like the hum of invisible mosquitoes, was in his ears, and off on the ridge the tom-toms boomed; but no new sound could he detect.

Then a gun roared on the left, and sounds sprang up on every side. Elephants trumpeted, twigs crackled, and a flock of brilliant birds flashed dazlingly by. Almost under them ran a long, lank beast, whose stripes were as bright as ink and gold—a fearful thing, with a square, snarling mouth and evil green eyes that threatened them.

The mahout uttered his thin, bird-like "Chk!" and curled up in a ball on Taj's broad neck. The gun-barrel hung

steadily over his turban, and it seemed to Douglas that his father would never pull the trigger. The forest seemed perfectly still again. Something thick and choking was in his throat. He wanted to shout, but the powerful, slab-sided beast riveted every sense, and he watched its advance open-mouthed.

His heart jumped with strong relief when the rifle cracked. A momentary diaphanous wisp of smoke blurred his sight. He had a confused view of the tiger, whirling and leaping, and then the rifle cracked again. The mahout said something shrilly, and Taj's head went up with a mighty toss as a long, yellow-and-black body curved through the air directly at them.

Douglas saw the great face, white-tushed and wrinkled with rage, just before the contact. The sinister eyes were fixed, not on Taj, but on his riders, and when the beast struck the elephant's forehead and clung there with ripping

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Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

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Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg	-	-	1.00
Regular Price	-	-	\$2.00

### SNAP OFFER

Both for One Year

**\$1.25**

Send all orders to Western Home Monthly,  
Winnipeg

claws, he paid no attention to Taj's explosive squeal. His one fierce purpose was to reach the prey he was fondest of killing.

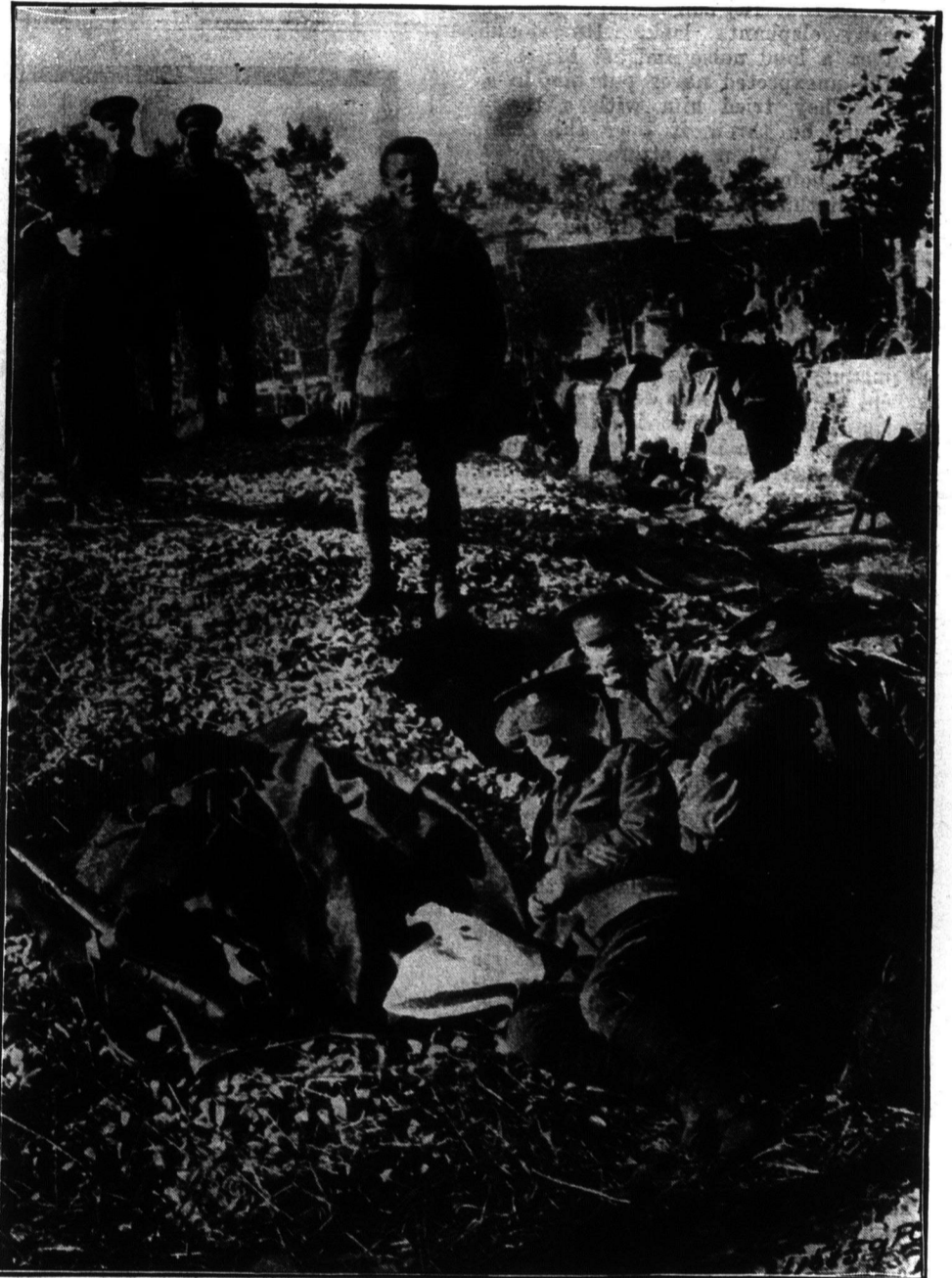
As the tiger struck the mahout jerked up his lean legs, and planting them behind Taj's ears, thrust himself violently backward. Mr. Brook was leaning forward, and he received the mahout in the pit of the stomach. Over they both went and down, and off went Taj, stampeded for the first time.

Douglas clung to the rope girths, and the man-eater lay across Taj's face, his huge fore-legs reaching up and embracing the neck of the elephant in a cruel grip. His eyes blazed at the boy; the wet, black lips drew farther back, exposing every broad tooth, and snarls rattled in his throat. But for a moment the beast clung motionless, half diverted from his purpose by the blind panic of Taj.

heard a guttural roar that killed the report of the rifle, and a great dizziness seized him.

By and by things began to straighten out, and he picked himself up from the clump of mangled ferns that had broken his fall. Taj had not stopped for him, but the man-eater had. He lay in all his brightness, dead as any tiger must be who has the top of his wicked head blown off. He looked bigger than ever, lying outstretched on the grass, and undeniably harmless as he was, Douglas circled him with circumspection as he took the well-marked trail back to the elephant line.

As it happened, this was the only tiger killed on the hunt. The fierce female broke through the line in spite of a volley of bullets, and the raja, who was something of a flatterer, remarked that it was a pity there was not an American boy on each of his elephants.



The youngest volunteer of the British Army in France. Though only seventeen years old, he has gone through the whole campaign and what is even more remarkable is the fact that he is as yet unscathed by the marks of war.

Feathery bamboos cracked like dry reeds, and tough vines snapped across Taj's chest. He rolled along like a ship in a sea, smashing through everything in his path. Douglas lay flat on the pad, hugging it with knees and elbows, and the breech of his rifle bit into his shoulder. He was half sick with the motion and the fetid odor of the man-eater's breath and every inch of him was cold with fear.

For fifty yards or so Taj was the only one of the three that moved. Then the tiger began to strain, thrusting his huge head forward, and Douglas saw that the beast was drawing closer to him. He felt for his rifle and began to draw it slowly from under him. The butt cleared his shoulder just as the tiger, by a strong thrust with his hind legs, forced his breast above Taj's forehead. The muzzle of the gun was not more than a foot from the furrowed, snarling face.

Douglas did not try to right the gun or even put it to his shoulder. He knew that the bullet must hit the tiger somewhere and he pulled the trigger. He

As for Taj, he was captured when he had run himself out, and put to work in the government teak yards, where he led a useful if unexciting life.

An Atlanta merchant had frequent occasion to rebuke Ike, his darkey porter, for his tardiness in reporting in the morning.

"You're two hours late," exclaimed his employer one morning. "This sort of thing must stop, otherwise I'm going to fire you. Understand now?"

"Deed, Mistah Edward," replied Ike, "it was dis er way; it wa'nt mah fault dis er time, honest. I was kicked by a mule—yes, sir, I was, honest. Kicked by a mule."

"Well, even if that was so it wouldn't delay you two hours. You'll have to think of a better excuse than that this time, that's sure."

Ike looked worried but continued with his excuse. "Mistah Edward," he said solemnly, "it might have been all right if dat air mule kicked me in dis direction, but he didn't do dat. He done kicked me de other way."



# The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

## YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

One in touch with girls and women is deeply impressed with the important service of the Y.W.C.A. In every city and large town this organization with its force of workers reaches out to bless, strengthen and inspire girls and women in practical, educational, physical and spiritual development.

Readers of this page have written me of their desire to be met at the station, as they were not familiar with the city. Every request I place in the hands of the Y.W.C.A. and their Travelers' Aid Agents meet and protect the stranger. The Travelers' Aid Department of the Y.W.C.A. co-operates with all of the Y.W.C.A. branches throughout Canada, the States and abroad; it is a protective organization incorporated to safeguard girls and women who are traveling. It provides information, advice, guidance and protection to all, irrespective of race, creed or class. Nearly all of the churches contribute to its support besides other organizations and charitable men and women.

"Women workers of the Society who speak the different languages meet trains and steamers to aid and conduct inexperienced or confused travelers any hour of the day or night to their destination within the city, or to trains or steamers for other points. This protection is continued by co-operation with other societies or friends at terminal points until the traveler is known to have safely reached the proper destination. When necessary the Society provides temporarily for the traveler through an investigated list of homes, institutions, boarding houses and hotels. A Travelers' Aid worker is on the Exposition grounds. Travelers' Aid workers are known by the official badge of the Society."

There are women who travel through Western Canada to interest girls in "homes for girls" that are not safe. While there are smaller organizations that are splendid, the stranger is not in a position to distinguish the safe from the dangerous. It is for this reason that I emphasize the Y.W.C.A. I shudder when I learn of smooth women who claim to represent good institutions, but who



Bride travels 4,000 miles to marry her wounded soldier sweetheart. Her sweetheart having been wounded at the front and brought back to an English hospital, Miss Stonehouse of Winnipeg made a 4,000 mile trip to marry her lover at the hospital. The photo shows them receiving the congratulations of a wounded soldier friend.

The agents of the Winnipeg branch every year meet many hundred girls and women with children who are traveling to and from the West. This is especially helpful to girls and women from rural communities or from the old countries.

Any girl or woman, unused to travel, who intends to change trains or who comes to the city for a time may write to the General Secretary of the Y.W.C.A., and she will place the request in the hands of a Travelers' Aid Agent. These agents never neglect a request of this kind.

This summer girls are traveling to and from California in great numbers, owing to the Exposition. The General Secretary of the Winnipeg Y.W.C.A. says they are helping a great many girl tourists who need Travelers' Aid protection.

I quote the following from a leaflet sent to the cities all over the continent from the San Diego Travelers' Aid Society.

"Social conditions and the activity of avarice and crime are such that in the great rush of travel many persons are taken advantage of by the agents of commercialized vice of every form. Agents of disorderly houses travel on trains and boats alert to secure victims. Every year thousands of young women come to the cities looking for a chance of honorable livelihood. Many fall easy prey to the unscrupulous persons always lying in wait for travelers, who use every means to take advantage of the unwary, the unfriended, the ignorant, the timid, the sick, the stranger and the foreigner.

are really out to deceive girls and women in rural communities.

The Travelers' Aid of the Winnipeg Y.W.C.A. saves scores of girls and women every year from the clutches of dangerous men and women. I strongly urge girls who intend to go to any city to write to the General Secretary of the Y.W.C.A., and give her your name, date and time of arrival, railroad station, and destination—also description of clothes and age.

The girls who board and room at the Y.W.C.A. in Winnipeg have a comfortable home, good social advantages and splendid opportunities for study. The rates for board and room are from \$3.00 up. Girls earning less than \$50.00 per month only, can board and room at the boarding homes.

The matrons of the homes look after the moral and social life of the girls. Recently a very efficient young woman—Miss Eleanore Blair—has been appointed matron of the Martha Street Home. She is specially fitted to guide girls sympathetically and wisely, and will make the environment clean and helpful.

During the summer vacation camps are open for girls—one at Winnipeg Beach—the other at Ravenswood, where a five cent car fare takes one from the city.

The schedule of educational and physical advantages at the Y.W.C.A. provides opportunities for all classes and ambitions. There is the department of religious work, physical training, health talks, St. John Ambulance course, English branches, French, elocution, music, household arts, including dressmaking, millinery, embroidery, china painting and

(Continued on Page 19).

# Canada's Greatest Soaps

3 FACTORIES—3 PAY ROLLS

Royal Crown Laundry Soaps save soap, money and time. Wash day problems fully solved. Why pay more for soap?

Social usage demands quality and purity which are fully realized when using Witch Hazel Toilet Soap



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## What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year:

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

"Arsenic fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."



**TANGLEFOOT**  
"The Sanitary Fly Destroyer"  
Non-Poisonous

Catches the Gorm with the Fly  
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## The Sweet Pea Prize

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

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We can make your combings up into a switch and it will only cost you 50 cents an ounce. Send us your combings—it will surprise you to see the fine switch that can be made out of even a small quantity of hair. Correspondence invited on matters relating to hair. Advice free.

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**DR. JAEGER** Sanitary Woollen Co. Limited  
System  
**TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG**  
Incorporated in England in 1883 with British  
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The local horticultural society had decided to offer a prize of \$50 for the finest bunch of sweet peas grown in the district.

This was a little in the way of being a commercial transaction, for an entrance fee of \$1 was charged.

"I think," said Mary Gordon, putting down the circular which announced the competition, "I think I shall go in for it. I was very successful with my sweet peas last year."

There were two tiny little white cottages with porches, and a low hedge divided them. Mary's home was in one, and Colonel Mayne lived every week-end in the other, and also all the summer. He was rich and extremely dark; Mary Gordon was fair, and extremely poor.

They found each other distinctly fascinating. Mary Gordon wouldn't own to it—even to herself. The colonel owned to it every time he saw her, which wasn't very often, and every time he thought of her, which was very often.

So wags this quaint old world. Colonel Mayne possessed no gardener. He could have afforded ten. He loved gardening himself. He loved now to glance over the low hedge in the morning and see Miss Mary Gordon bidding her garden good-morning.

There was peace and cheery good humor in her blue eyes, and she was always tidy and spotless in the early morning.

He loved still more to see her bid her garden good-night, for some times she included him in it, and the blue eyes seemed full of quaint, sweet little dreams: how fanciful he was! Miss Mary could not afford any help. She loved gardening and flowers always rewarded her efforts.

Perhaps her labors kept her from dreaming too much, for the dearest old-fashioned garden in the world cannot keep a woman from dreaming—the dreams of womanhood.

"Have you see the notice of the sweet pea competition?" she inquired over the hedge one morning.

"Yes," Colonel Mayne said, and thought her hair was a web of gold, just pure gold, in the morning sunlight.

"I think I shall go in for it. \$50 would be so nice." He had an illuminating idea. In it he caught glimpses of frequent discussions and arguments—all on account of sweet peas.

"I am going in for it, too," he announced.

"No one who keeps a gardener can go in for it."

"I won't keep one."

"I don't."

"It would be rather jolly to win it."

"Yes, just think of the \$50."

That hadn't entered into his calculations. She did not speak eagerly, but there was a little wistful note in her voice that made him look at her gown.

It was a little faded. He would so love to give her pretty things.

"How pretty the iris looks."

"I love it," she said, and then with a quiet little dignified air, "Good-morning, Colonel Mayne." As the colonel watched her go, he decided she would look best in filmy powder blue. Yes, decidedly powder blue. It sounded delicious.

"How is your Queen Alexandra today?"

"Splendid! How is your Alma Haverland? Not grubby, I hope."

"Not a bit, thanks; may I have a peep at yours?"

"Do you think that should have a little fertilizer?"

"I shouldn't if I were you."

"No-o-o? well I won't then."

"Do you know, last night I dreamt I got the \$50, but then dreams always go by contraries."

"Not always."

He too had dreamt. He wondered what the soft pink lips would say if he told her he had dreamed of her garden—and her golden hair.

Absurd? I know, but the delicious things of life are all absurd.

Two weeks after she peeped over the hedge again.

"Shall you pick yours early to-morrow morning, Colonel Mayne?"

"Yes, before the sun is up; they have to be at the town hall before ten."

"I know; a friend is going to drive me over to the show in the afternoon. Good-night, and good luck."

She held out her small hand over the hedge—this was rare—and smiled a smile of comradeship—in sweet peas.

"Good-night," he said, bending his head and kissing the little hand.

Mary Gordon thought much more of that kiss than of sweet peas that night.

At eight o'clock next morning Mary Gordon arrived at the colonel's front door. She had on her town coat and skirt, and carried a small valise. The colonel came to the door.

"I have just had a letter from my dear old governess," she said. "She is very seriously ill. Colonel Mayne, I should be so obliged to you if you would pick my flowers for me and pack them up. I am off this minute."

"I am delighted to do this for you."

"Thank you so much."

"Don't. It is a real pleasure."

An hour later he was arranging the two bunches of sweet peas—his and hers.

The green blight had demolished her two best blooms.

His was a larger and better bunch—more attractive.

Without any delay Colonel Mayne attached her card to his sweet peas.

That evening he wired her: "You have won the \$50. Warmest congratulations.—Mayne."

Oh Cupid, what deceit you have to answer for!

She had returned home. She had asked him to tea. Would he go? Why sure.

It was a pale-faced little lady who rose to greet him.

"Well," he queried, "did you have a good time?"

She looked at him reproachfully.

"No; my dear old governess was very ill. They thought she wouldn't live; you see she is a sort of link with my old life."

"Yes, I understand."

Suddenly she leant forward.

"Oh, Colonel Mayne, how could you do it?"

He fenced lightly.

"Do what?"

"Send the sweet peas you grew in as mine. Look," she commanded. "Your bunch was placed on the stand next to mine at the show."

He nodded, and looked blankly at two photo plates in her hand.

"A friend of mine is deeply interested in color photography. Here is the result. I saw at once by the colors what you had done. I had no deep red, nor any ivory Veronese. Why did you do it?"

"Because I loved you, and could not bear that you should be disappointed," he said bluntly.

"And I used the \$50 for my old governess, and it was yours!"

She looked up at him with piteous eyes.

"It wasn't good or kind, but I have sold some old jewelry that belonged to my mother, and here is the \$50."

"My dear," he said simply, "aren't you punishing me a little too much?"

Her eyes were full of tears.

"To me it's no matter for joking."

"Or to me."

He knelt beside her and put his arm round her. "Dear, be kind to me."

"Why—should I?"

"Because I love you, and I want you—Oh, so much."

She sat very still, frightened. Her hands were trembling a little.

"Dear, I've wanted to cut down that hedge—so long. This is our garden—our home—my wife."

"Why should I?"

Because we are going to be ridiculously happy."

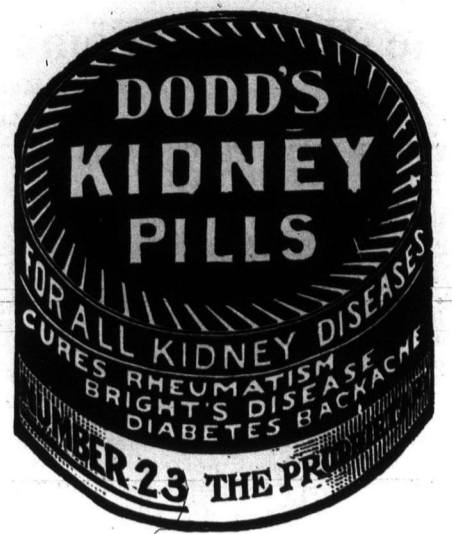
"Are we?"

"We are; and the hedge may come down?"

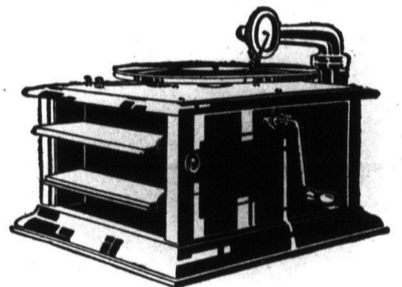
"It would look better."

"And you will be my wife?"

She smiled mischievously.

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**BABY'S LONG CLOTHES SETS**—50 dainty articles \$5.50 carriage paid return mail. Lovely robes, day and night gowns, flannels, etc., finest materials. Everything necessary for instant use. Lists free. Mrs. Franks, 175 Alfred St., Nottingham, England.

**CLEARANCE SALE**—Bargain package only 25 cents. Value \$1.00. Contents: Cigar lighter, 25c.; cigar cutter, 10c.; aluminum comb, 10c.; scarf pin, 10c.; tie clasp, 10c.; tie holder, 15c.; collar button, 10c.; 50 Maple Leaf seals, 10c. Specialties Sales Co., P.O. Box 1836, Winnipeg. 8

**HELP WANTED**

**WANTED**—Salesman to sell Dirk's Red Mite Killer to general stores, druggists, and grocers. Also agents for same in every town and village. Marshall & Marshall, Niagara Falls, Canada. T.F.

**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. T.F.

**BILLY SUNDAY'S MESSAGE**—Great opportunity for man or woman. We will pay you \$120 to distribute it in your neighborhood. Sixty days' work. Spare time may be used. International Bible Press Company, 182 Spadina Ave., Toronto. 8

**POULTRY AND EGGS FOR SALE**

**REGAL WHITE WYANDOTTES**—America's finest, champions at New York State Fair for ten years; 100 fine, vigorous, well matured cockerels, \$2, \$3 and \$5 each; hens and pullets \$2 and \$3 each; eggs for hatching from record laying, prize winning pens, \$3 and \$5 per setting; send one dime for Regal White Wyandotte Book telling all about White Wyandottes; catalogue and mating list free. John S. Martin, Box 146 R, Port Dover, Ont. 8

**MOTION PICTURE PLAYS**

**WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS**—\$50 each. All or spare time. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 351, Cincinnati, Ohio. T.F.

**WRITE MOTION PICTURE PLAYS**—\$50 each, big demand. Experience unnecessary. No correspondence course. All or spare time. Details free. Giese Co., 210 Whetman St., Cincinnati. 8

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**SHETLAND PONIES AND HEREFORD BULLS**, pony vehicles, harness, saddles. Write for particulars. J. Marples, Hartney, Man. 8

**STAMPS FOR SALE**

**STAMPS**—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

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**FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.**, Patent Solicitors. The old established firm. Head Office Royal Bank Building, Toronto, and 5 Elgin St., Ottawa, and other principal cities. T.F.

**FRUIT AND FARM LANDS**

**WANTED** to hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. H. L. Downing, 109 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 9

**FARMS WANTED**—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Association, 26 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 12

**AGENTS WANTED**

**AGENTS—DROP DEAD ONES**—Here's a live proposition! Exclusive territory given, enabling you to employ sub agents. Lesgass Device for automobiles makes gasoline go further and gives increased power. Sells for \$3.00. Your profit nearly 200 per cent. First offering of this device in Canada. New but thoroughly proven. Write immediately for our special proposition and arrange for exclusive territory. North American Mfg. Company, 976 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Man. 8

**AGENTS**—New, mighty, money-making marvel. World startled. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines; women astounded, wild over it, absolutely harmless, \$1,000 guarantee goes with it. Men and women make \$30 to \$150 weekly; one agent writes, "Supply exhausted; customers delighted; ship ten gross." Another telegraphs, "Entire supply sold second day after receiving, rush twenty gross." Exclusive territory; experience unnecessary; own a business; supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do work. Hurry! Write to-day—get overwhelming proof, all free. If sample wanted, send 20 cents. Western Utilities Company, 950 Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Man. 8

**MISCELLANEOUS**

**SONG POEMS WANTED** for publication. Experience unnecessary. Send us your verses or melodies to-day or write for instructive booklet—it's free. Marks-Goldsmith Co., Dept. 67, Washington, D.C. T.F.

**DR. JANET E. FERGUSON**, 290 Portage Ave., Winnipeg. Free consultation regarding your ailment. Correspondence invited. Nervous diseases, Goitre, Rheumatism, Infantile Paralysis successfully treated. T.F.

**REGALIA TEA**—Delicious and refreshing, real value for money. Blended and packed in the Old Country. I will send 5 lbs., carriage paid, to your post office for \$2.25. G. S. Owen, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. 10

**BROADENAXE HAIR FOOD**

Grows hair like magic. Will not dye but nourishes the color glands to natural action. Directions for use on jar. Mail order price \$1.00, postpaid. Broadenaxe Co., 29 Stobart Block, Winnipeg. (Mrs. M. Ferguson.) Established 9 years. T.F.

**FREE FOR SIX MONTHS**—My special offer to introduce my magazine "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the Real earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 471 28 W., Jackson Blvd., Chicago. 10

**The Young Woman and Her Problem**  
(Continued from Page 17).

fancy work, and Department of Household Science, including excellent courses in cooking.

The Extension Department, under Miss Kate McLeod, is especially helpful, as it is organized for the physical, social, educational and spiritual development of industrial young women. The programme for the year includes a sewing class, gymnasium, social evening and gospel service as well as informal parties.

Mrs. Edward Brown has been President of the Winnipeg Y.W.C.A. for several years. She is a most efficient executive leader, and is a conscientious personal worker among the girls, and they appreciate her services.

The Gen. Sec., whose office is extremely responsible in an institution so large, is Miss Grace Brooking. Miss Brooking is worked personally among girls in every corner of Winnipeg. In factories, hospitals and stores she has sympathetically guided scores of discouraged girls who think of her as their "Sister Beautiful." In any audience of Winnipeg girls the mention of Miss Brooking's name immediately invokes a deafening cheer. When she was chosen General Secretary of the Winnipeg Y.W.C.A. a feeling of gratitude filled the hearts of Winnipeg's girlhood. The universal expression of the young women of Winnipeg is "We love Miss Brooking."

**FIVE TYPES OF GIRLS**

It helps a lot to have ideas before one. Some cheap little blank books in a girl's room may mean her fortune some day. Every girl needs a hobby. In one of the books write interesting notes as they occur on the hobby that one loves. If it be music, art, nature study, domestic science or any other subject, the little note books greatly assist one in keeping before the mind ideas. There are many branches of nature study that our western girls might take up with profit. The study of birds, butterflies, woods, stones, flowers, all open into professions that pay. In fact, a leading authority on the study of woods in a prominent university in the States was a Canadian girl who studied the trees in her home land.

Live stock offers another splendid opportunity for study. In your own hands lies the secret of happiness.

There are five types of girls that lose the best things in life: The lazy girl, the selfish girl, the silly girl, the spendthrift girl and the emotional girl.

I am sure every reader knows girls in each of these types. They may seem to have a good time, but their good times do not last. The lazy girl is too indolent to develop womanly power and hence loses all that charm of fascination that women covet.

The selfish girl gets her good time by imposing on other people. A selfish girl has an empty life. The greatest joy in life is the bringing of joy into other lives.

The silly girl is the most disgusting of all girls. Love of the outdoors and of animals will keep girls sensible. The outdoor girl is a wholesome girl and splendid company.

The spendthrift girl usually becomes the wife of the man who cannot meet his obligations. The girl who lacks balance is the emotional girl. She is a bundle of superlatives and is not sincere. One time I met a woman of this type. Her first remark filled me with such disgust that I left her company at once. I was not surprised that she was soon "frozen" out of the club. This was her remark: "I abominate children and cooking paralyzes me."

The emotional girl tires people. Most commonplace girls who merely exist have no aim in life. They want a "good time" but have no definite idea of what a "good time" means. A "time" that destroys one's power never satisfies. I know girls of this type whose lives are practically ended so far as happiness is concerned at the age of eighteen. They come to me and in a pathetic appeal of regret exclaim: "Why didn't I think of the future?"

(Continued on page 21).



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## The Philosopher

## ABOUT CERTAIN PROPHECIES

In August and September of last year certain magazine writers attracted wide attention by articles written with every appearance of inside knowledge of Germany's preparedness for war. Among the most notable of those writers was Armgaard Karl Graves, who wrote as a former member of the German secret service. He wrote several articles in "Collier's," one of which, telling what the Zeppelins would do, with terrific illustrations, is before the Philosopher as these words are written, together with an illustrated article by the same German person in a New York paper of August 2nd last, in which he predicted that Great Britain would be out of the war "within four weeks." It was the arrival of the German air fleet—perhaps wind flotilla would be a better name—which was to stagger Great Britain with "inconceivable horrors." The Zeppelin, as a means of staggering Great Britain has failed signally to live up to the German predictions made so confidently. In the same article Herr Graves wrote:

"Italy is not likely to enter the war on the side of the Allies, because Italy is too good a judge to prefer the losing side. She must therefore fight with the Teutons and not against them."

What, one may also ask, has become of Herr Graves' "fleet of 120 submarines proceeding in double lines as convoy to the long fleet of transports of German invaders to overrun England?" That interesting achievement was to have taken place "three weeks after the German occupation of Antwerp." And long before last Christmas the German fleet will leave the home port "and in one mighty conflict overwhelm Germany's enemies on the seas." It is interesting to think now of those predictions, and the others like them, that were made with so much confidence.

## WHEN A REPUBLIC WAS PROCLAIMED AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

This is a new country, surely, but already it has borne no small part in the making of world history. And before Western Canadians had shown their high mettle as fighters on the South African veldt and in Flanders and elsewhere, there were historic happenings in Western Canada. It is a notable example of how even noteworthy things become forgotten that here in this new country not one person in a hundred—it would be safe, indeed, to say not one person in every thousand whose mother tongue is English, leaving out all the others—knows that once upon a time a republic was proclaimed at Portage la Prairie by a number of impatient souls who had long been demanding self-government, instead of the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company, and who were also anxious that an outlet for Western Canadian grain to the world's market should be provided by a waterway to Lake Superior via Lake Winnipeg, Winnipeg River, the Lake of the Woods, Rainy River, and other lakes and rivers and finally the Kaministiquia River, which empties into Lake Superior below the present city of Fort William, on the site of the Hudson's Bay Company fort of the same name. It happened half a century ago. The history of the affair has been written by Professor E. H. Oliver, of the University of Saskatchewan. Mr. Thomas Spence, afterwards Clerk of the Manitoba legislature was chosen president, he and everyone else concerned swearing allegiance to the British Crown. An import tax was levied, to defray the cost of erecting a Council House and jail, and to meet other public expenditures; but the local officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, in charge of the Company's store at Portage la Prairie, refused to pay it. Presently a shoemaker named MacPherson charged that the president and council were spending upon hilarity such money as they could lay hands on by means of the import tax. The accusation may have been wholly false, but it was widely believed. The new-fledged nation of the West perished in its nest. No more was heard of it.

## DIFFERENT RACIAL STRAINS IN CANADA

A Toronto paper has been discussing the question, "Where are the English in Canada?" The discussion has resolved itself into a general discussion of the proportions of people of English, Scotch and Irish descent in the Dominion, respectively, and their prominence in the various walks of Canadian life. The last Dominion census showed that there were in Canada in April, 1911, 1,823,150 people of English origin in comparison with 1,260,899 in 1901, that there were 1,050,384 of Irish origin in comparison with 988,721 in 1901, and that there were 997,880 of Scotch origin, in comparison with 800,154 in 1901. Those of Welsh origin numbered 13,135 in 1901, and 24,848 in 1911. The French-Canadians numbered 1,649,371 in 1901, and 2,054,890 in 1911. While we are at it, we may as well make a note of a few more of the totals set forth in Volume II of the series of Dominion blue books containing the results of the last census. The people of German origin in Canada in 1901 numbered 310,510, and in 1911 they numbered 393,320; and the people of Austro-Hungarian origin, 18,178 in 1901, and 129,103 in

1911. The only other large total is that under the heading "Scandinavian," which from 31,042 in 1901 rose to 107,535 in 1911. But to return to the discussion of the parts played by people of English, Scotch and Irish origin, respectively, in the life of Canada, it is claimed that the Scotch figure most numerously in public life, in the law, in the medical profession and in business and finance, with the Irish coming next. In this connection it is pointed out that Irish and Scotch emigration to Canada was under way for several generations before any considerable volume of emigration from England began. It is, in fact, only within the memory of middle-aged people that steady English emigration to Canada began. It is interesting to speculate on the question of how the different strands in the strong cable of Canadian national life will be mingled together a quarter of a century, a half-century, from now.

## THE EMPIRE WORTHY OF ITS GREATNESS

No truer account of what British sea power, British military strength and British wealth have achieved and are achieving in the war, and no more glowing tribute to British character and British ideals as they are giving proof of themselves in this war, has been published anywhere than in a most remarkable editorial article in the Chicago Daily News, the paper with the greatest circulation in that city. After a comprehensive setting forth of the facts, the article closes with these words: "Britain—this old and proud democracy—is unfolding, is applying a material strength and a moral splendor that for countless ages after this conflict is stilled will be shining undimmed amid the first glories of history."

## OPEN-AIR HOSPITALS IN WAR

It is announced that both in England and in France open-air hospitals for the wounded are proving to be incomparably better than hospital buildings. A leading medical journal, commenting on this, recalls that in the Civil War in the United States there was a remarkably higher percentage of recoveries among the wounded who were cared for in tents than among those in hospitals. After the battle of Missionary Ridge, the wounded of General Thomas's army were treated in hospitals at Chattanooga, with many comforts and great care. The mortality among them was frightful. On the other hand, the wounded of General Sherman's army, which had just arrived from Mississippi, had to be treated in the field, and the proportion of recoveries was astonishingly great. Fresh air, and the absence of the danger of infections made the difference. It often happens in war that many cases must be left largely to the operation of Nature, which ordinarily a surgeon would treat quite elaborately.

## DISTORTED REASONING

Worthy of a place in history by the side of the immortally infamous utterance of the German Chancellor about "a scrap of paper" is this sentence from the latest German reply to President Wilson's remonstrances:

"The case of the Lusitania shows with horrible clearness to what jeopardizing of human lives the manner of conducting war employed by our adversaries leads."

Every mind that is not German is struck dumb on reading these words, with wonder as to whether the German Emperor and other Germans can be really so distorted that these words seem to them to be truthful and severe. British sea power, without sacrifice of the life of even a single non-combatant man, to say nothing of women and children, has swept German commerce from all the seas. But, according to the above-quoted words in the state document from Berlin in reply to the gravely and explicitly expressed protest from Washington, the British methods of conducting war is responsible for the atrocious murder of more than a thousand peaceful people on the Lusitania, including hundreds of women and children. Is not this staggering? What words could do justice to such a manifestation of the workings of the German mind!

## AN ULTRA-CONSERVATIVE PEOPLE

One of the most interesting volumes which have come to the Philosopher's table of late is the report of the John D. Rockefeller China Medical Board. It sets forth some strange facts about that vast Empire, whose population is estimated to be 421,000,000. In spite of famine, flood and disease, the population of China increases in number steadily. The death rate is, perhaps, the highest in the world, on account of the lack of sanitation and the crude methods of the Chinese medicine men, over whom there is no form of control whatever. In China anyone is at liberty to declare himself, or herself, as the case may be, a physician, and may practise as he, or she, pleases. This does not necessarily mean that all Chinese medical practitioners are without skill in healing, for in many cases the art is hereditary, and remedies have been handed down from father to son in a family for many generations. Among the curiosities of Chinese medical practice is puncturing

with a needle, which is resorted to for very many complaints. There are Chinese medical charts showing seven hundred places on the human body where a needle may be inserted without danger. There are only eighty-eight hospitals in all China, and of these fifty-nine are conducted by missionary organizations. It is not to be wondered at that epidemics carry off their victims by legions. To introduce foreign ideas into China is a slow and laborious process, the Chinese being the most conservative people in the world.

## WOMEN AND THE WAR

It is with a shock that one learns that any women in the United States have Kaiser sympathies, or have even neutral feelings in regard to the Great War. The men of the United States have reason to be proud of their well-deserved reputation for respecting women. In the war between North and South half a century ago, which continued for years and was desperately fought, each side brought many accusations against the other for things done in passion, but never were either Northern or Southern soldiers charged with outrages upon women. In all the records, all the literature, all the traditions of that war—in the official reports, in the newspaper reports, in the books of history, of fiction, of poetry, in all the bitter political soaking and writing, in the recollections which have passed down by word of mouth—there is nothing of the sort of bestialism and devilry committed by German soldiers in Belgium, as an essential part of the policy of Schrecklichkeit, or "terribleness" deliberately planned by the Kaiser and his General Staff. Germans and German-Americans fought in the American Civil War, but without any of the atrocious practices of the Germany army in Belgium and France, whose devilish orgies of blood and lust are the fruit of the Prussian system of militarism. The facts stand unanswerably proved before the world, in the Bryce report.

## A TRUE VIEW

Fine and true words are those recently uttered by the Bishop of London. "I think of what Christ died for," he said. "It was very much like what our boys are dying for out there in Flanders. Christ died for freedom, honor, purity and love. Our boys out there are martyrs for the same cause, as truly as Saint Stephen was martyred, who fell after his Captain. If God loves freedom, honor and chivalry, then I say the contest we are fighting to-day is on the side of God, and will become God's holy war." Bishop Ingram has been at the front with one of the London regiments, and it was on a brief return to take part in recruiting that he spoke these words, before going to the front again. Never has there been a war fought for a better cause. Never have men made the supreme sacrifice for a higher purpose.

## THE CATALO

On seeing the word "catalo," you might think, at first glance, that it was a printer's error. You might think that "gue" had fallen off the end of it. But the catalo lives and moves and has its being. Of late we have been hearing more of it than at any time since first it took its place among the creatures of this continent; and possibly we are destined to hear a great deal more of it. Catalos are a cross between domestic cattle and buffalos. They are said to thrive in places where the buffalo was too hemmed in to do well, and where domestic cattle could not stand the exposure and the privations. Catalo meat is said to be quite as valuable a food as beef. The animal has a hump, like the buffalo, and like the buffalo's hump, it is said to make an exceptionally fine roast. The old-timers who can tell of seeing the buffalo herds and of eating buffalo meat, always speak of the hump as a delicacy.

## A MESSAGE DEEPER THAN WORDS

Several weeks have past since the last military funeral in Winnipeg, and a hundred times since that solemn procession moved along Portage Avenue and Main Street, with the coffin borne upon a gun-carriage, and the band playing the "Dead March in Saul," the Philosopher has wanted to try to give expression to the feeling produced in every mind by that noble music. It is music for all the dead, high or low, young or old, so that when we hear it we feel their equality; and it is music for the hearts of all those who mourn them. When it be the funeral of a great statesman or general, or of a young soldier in the ranks, that music expresses all with perfect fitness. When men are alive we are aware, sometimes too keenly aware, of the differences between them, and few seem adequate to the highest conception of the dignity and worth of humanity; but the thought of the brave men who have met death fighting for justice and freedom and the future welfare of the race thrills and uplifts us with a quickened sense of the nobility of man. And their memory will live and be an uplifting power for generations yet unborn. Strange it is how the "Dead March in Saul" can say all this, and vastly more than this, in a manner utterly beyond the power of words.



**The Young Woman and Her Problem**  
(Continued from Page 19).

We women and girls like to blame circumstances for our disappointments. Every girl is responsible for her own life. Place these rules before you:

1. I will learn a helpful quotation each day.
2. I will do a thoughtful act each day for some one.
3. I will find something to admire each day.
4. Every day I will learn some definite part of the great aim of my life.

**OUR LOVE STORIES**

Some very beautiful love stories might be recorded on this page. The Western Home Monthly is proud of the girls who have come to this page for guidance for they have without exception made good.

Last week one of our first girls visited us—a happy bride well fitted to be a good home maker. I love her for the brave courageous battles she fought in the midst of trying difficulties—always coming out victorious. A girl whose parents are not living is really very handicapped at times but often develops greater strength of character than girls whose parents fight all of the battles

well, the orders from her mistress she obeyed willingly. There was always a smile with her work.

At night she studied in her room. During the day she observed. Magazines on literary topics, helps for the ambitious writer, text books and dictionaries she collected until her room became a haven of pleasure for her. Every day she did her work more skilfully, every night she retired with increased satisfaction.

Finally one day in the mail a letter informed her that her story had been accepted. For several months she remained at service in the home—creating about her an atmosphere of harmony. Then an offer of a splendid salary from a magazine editor was offered her. Today she visits the home of her former mistress as a friend of the family who feel honored by the recognition of a famous woman.

**THE QUESTION**

"Day after day she stands  
With aching back and busy hands,  
Smoothing the silks and laces fair;  
She does not wear.  
Night after night she climbs up to her  
dingy cell  
Whose barren walls foretell

The drawn out torture of her future years;

She shudders and her frightened tears  
Flooding the roses of her skin,  
Turn it to parchment pale and thin.  
And then,

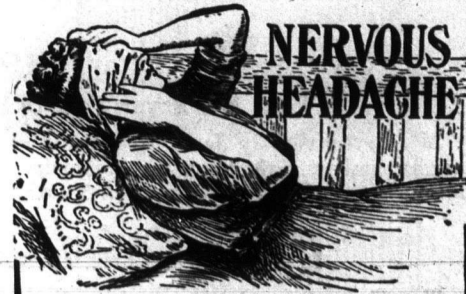
We call together sleek and prosperous men.

Fat jowled and double chinmed;  
To find out why the girl has sinned."

**PREPARATION**

The Hon. Dr. Ella Scarlett-Syngue who organized 1,000 women into a volunteer corps in Vancouver is now on her way to Serbia where she intends to work in the military camps. She has had experience in the Boer war and afterward took a special course in military sanitation in the college of physicians and surgeons in Dublin, Ireland, and is highly qualified for her work.

Only the most competent nurses are accepted for Red Cross work. Many girls ask me how they may apply for Red Cross service, thinking that little preparation is necessary. The nurses who have gone to the front have spent long hard years in preparation—and when a crisis came they were ready.



**NERVOUS HEADACHE**

Nervous, sick headaches tell of exhausted nerves, and warn you of approaching prostration or paralysis. By enriching the blood Dr. Chase's Nerve Food restores the wasted nerve cells and thoroughly cures headaches, sleeplessness and other nervous disorders.

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Miss Grace Brooking, General Secretary of the Winnipeg Y.W.C.A.

for them. But every girl needs a guide through some of the dangerous places, and the possession of a girl's confidence is a sacred privilege for any woman.

I know four beautiful motherless Scotch girls who are bravely climbing upward and do you know there are men—fathers of families—who are contemptible enough to destroy them? Girls any man or woman who would suggest to you any questionable remark that concerns your character will abandon you at the time when you most need a friend. A true friend will always leave you with a purer and better mind. A true friend inspires—a false acquaintance poisons the mind. I always give this as the test to the question: "How may I distinguish between true and false friendships?"

And girls what will it profit you to gain a few clothes and motor rides if you lose your soul—your opportunity of honest womanhood which is the necessary possession of lasting happiness.

**HER STORY**

She came from the country to somebody's kitchen as a domestic girl. Someone urged her to go into an office but she would not be persuaded.

"Your life will be one continual round of menial service," they pleaded, but she was willing to do what she felt was best for her. She had dishes to wash and she washed them clean, she had floors to polish and she polished them

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The increase of our business has enabled us to buy in larger quantities at lower prices, and in every case you are given the benefit of the saving.

You will be interested to know that one of the various lines which we have added is a Grocery Department, under the management of a capable and experienced man. He is now preparing a list of groceries that will give you the benefit of prices direct from the manufacturers to your pantry shelf.

By signing and returning the coupon below, a copy of this Grocery Catalog will be mailed to you about September 1st.

With a new management composed of business men who have had many years' experience in the larger mail order houses of the world, you are assured of receiving prompt, efficient and satisfactory service.

Send for your copy of these catalogs now, and convince yourself of the truth of our statements by giving us a trial order.

**TWO EXAMPLES OF OUR MONEY-SAVING VALUES AT POSTAGE OR EXPRESS PREPAID PRICES**

**DAINTY WHITE VOILE WAIST**—Made of fine white voile in a design from one of the latest New York models. The open rolling collar is of lace, edged with a one-inch embroidery with panels of lace; the long set-in sleeves have deep turn back cuffs; white only; sizes, 34 to 44 bust measurement.  
2G201. Very specially priced. **.79**  
Each .....

**WOMEN'S EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICED SKIRT**—Made of all-wool serge. The high waistband is snug fitting and comfortable, while the skirt is of the new fashionable width, having a sweep of about 90 inches; the front has a stitched pleat, trimmed with self-covered buttons; colors, black or navy; sizes, 22 to 29 inches waist measurement; length, 37 to 42 inches. In spite of the high price of materials, we are offering this skirt at a remarkably low price. **2.49**  
1G200—Each .....

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## The Western Home Monthly

# What the World is Saying

### What Mr. Bryan Forgets.

Mr. Bryan rightly denounces the false doctrine that might makes right, but he overlooks the fact that might prevents wrong.—London Times.

### In Defiance of Christianity.

The Kaiser's vast war machine has overleaped the restraints that twenty centuries of Christianity have built up.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

### Deeds, Not Words, Disclose German Policy.

Germany is very evasive in her language, but distressingly candid in her methods of action, remarks Uncle Sam.—Montreal Daily Mail.

### An Ideal to Work Toward.

There may come a day when all children born into the world will have equal chances of health and life.—Chicago News.

### The Work of Kultur.

Attempted assassination of American citizens on their own soil is the latest accomplishment of German Kultur.—Peterboro Review.

### Part of Wilhelm's Retinue.

A small army of doctors and nurses follow the Kaiser wherever he goes. Mostly, throat and lung specialists.—New York World.

### Napoleon's Grand-nephew Not Wanted.

Italy has declined the services of a Bonaparte, who is a grand-nephew of the one that tried to kill off all the men in Europe.—Victoria Times.

### The Son of His Father.

The Kron Prinz of Germany is reported as lost. He is a tall, thin young man with a foolish face, and when last seen was wearing a smirk.—New York Life.

### The Quakers Aiding in the War.

When the Quakers begin to aid in the war, on the side of Great Britain, it is pretty good evidence that the justice of the cause has made a wide appeal.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Teuton Warships Growing Barnacles.

The magnificent way in which the Austrian fleet is co-operating with the German fleet reveals the strategy of a master mind. Each one is snug in harbor.—Victoria Colonist.

### Dry Territory Across the Continent.

A man can now walk across the United States of America without touching a State which has a legalized saloon.—Kansas City Star.

### A Lot of Breath Wasted.

What do you think of the work of the Hungarian Kadosztaiparncsnoksaghas? It sounds like stripping the gear, but it is really the Hungarian Aviation Board.—Chicago Tribune.

### In the Baltic.

If the British submarines, with a Russian base, descended to the German methods of "frightfulness," they could stop all sea communication in the Baltic in a fortnight.—Chicago Evening Post.

### Superabounding Proof.

The German hate of the English is the proof of the real British effectiveness.—Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

### A Rothschild Making Hay.

One of the French Rothschilds, a prisoner of war in Austria, is compelled to work in the hay fields. He should earn his keep, for the Rothschilds are famous for their ability to make hay while the sun shines.—Vancouver Province.

### Natural and Fitting.

A German interned in Canada is thus referred to in a headliner: "Has criminal record and admires Kaiser." The second statement might be inferred from the first. It is natural that the little criminals should admire the big one.—Toronto Star.

### Serpentine Diplomacy.

Snakes are so short-sighted that they cannot discern objects distant more than a quarter of their length. And this may account in some measure for the blind diplomacy of Germany.—Toronto News.

### The Worst of Pirates Outclassed.

It was the custom of Captain Kidd to give the people on the ships he captured the choice of joining his bunch of roughnecks or walking the plank. Kidd with his choices and alternatives, was too soft hearted. He couldn't hold down a job under Von Tirpitz to-day.—New York Times.

### "The Puir Whales!"

These friends (and others) who protest that American business will be ruined if the booze is cut out are on a par, in brains, with the old Scotch lady who lamented the godless invention of gas—superseding, as it did, the time-honored whale oil. "What's to become o' the puir whales?" she asked.—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

### A Machine Gun in Action on His Back.

The name of Campbell is familiar in the records of military heroism, but Lieutenant Campbell of western Ontario, who was wounded while supporting a machine gun on his back so that the corporal could fire it into an enflaming hostile force, deserves a place in the honor roll.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

### British Women as War-Workers.

More than 37,000 women have offered themselves for war service in the United Kingdom and 2,332 have been given employment by the Government. This is an instance of the volunteers coming forward in more than satisfactory numbers.—Minneapolis Journal.

### But the Lusitania Victims were not Germans.

The German papers state that the Kaiser on visiting the western battlefield knelt before a large group of fallen Germans and wept, exclaiming, "I have not willed this!" No tears were wrung from him by the murder of women and children on the Lusitania; nor has he yet denied that he willed that act.—New York Sun.

### Not Heroic, but Horrible.

One of the least admirable figures in the annals of war is the German submarine commander who shot the seamen of his sinking vessel rather than let them be rescued by their humane foes—if, indeed, such a monster be real and not a product of fiction. The action described is not heroism, but malignity or insanity; perhaps the latter, as the wretched man is said to have committed suicide when fished out of the sea.—Ottawa Free Press.

### Self-realization.

We have gone a long way from the time when we nearly wrenched our arms patting ourselves on the back. We have gone a long way from the time when we unhooded the eagle and bade him fly into the farthest blue and see if he could find any magnificence which was not confined between the Rio Grande and the Canadian line, between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts.—New York Evening Post.

### The British Command of the Seas.

In the course of the last four months the total arrivals and sailings from British ports numbered 24,442. And last month the total imports and exports of Great Britain amounted to \$550,000,000, or \$50,000,000 more than those of the same month last year. Among other things this is practical proof of the excellent work being done by the British navy.—New York Journal of Commerce.

### "Mass Psychology" of the Germans.

The Germans are not naturally an original or an originating people. Bismarck, whose admiration for his country was mixed with a good deal of supercilious contempt, said: "We Germans are a nation of house-servants." What the Germans lack in independent thought they make up for by what they call "mass psychology." They think, practise and act as one man. For some reasons that fact makes them a specially dangerous enemy. They have not the dour determination of the Scots, the dogged courage of the English or the élan and dash of the French. They make up for the absence of these qualities by a unity that is amazing to those unaccustomed to the monotony and obedience of German life even in peace time. It is their weakness as well as their strength.—London Times.

### The Book of Daniel and the War.

Elder Webster, of the Seventh Day Adventist church here, tells us in another column about how the passing events of the present war are to be found mirrored in the prophecy of Daniel. That Book of Daniel is the most accommodating book in the Bible. The mysterious allusions found in it have been identified with every great war of the last three or four centuries.—Hamilton Herald.

### Lawless Idolators of Force.

God is punishing Germany, will punish Germany. Assuredly He will not let Christianity fail in its mission. Everything that is abhorred in His eyes is represented by these idolatrous militarists, this heathen breed without the law, who think that a nation can live to itself alone, who would set themselves, their mathematics, their "machine" their mass suggestion, and their infernal chemistry above God and man alike.—London Daily Mail.

### A Typical Product of Kultur.

Gustave Stahl, the German reservist, who is charged with perjury in connection with making affidavits that he had seen guns on the Lusitania's decks just before her last sailing, when asked if he would go to prison for twenty years for the Fatherland, answered, "make it a hundred and I would go." This sounds very much like idle boasting. Imprisonment for a long period can be very tiresome and monotonous even for an enthusiastic perjurer who prevaricates in the name of patriotism.—Montreal Gazette.

### They Realize what is Coming.

If, as a Paris newspaper reports, the German invaders of France are now destroying the fruit trees and vines, there may be cause for rejoicing as well as for sorrow and anger in connection with the destruction. At first the Germans respected the vines in the invaded districts, which was taken to mean that they hoped to stay long enough to benefit from the harvest. The change of attitude on their part may well mean that they see the day approaching when they will be driven from occupied territory.—Ottawa Citizen.

### The Humdrum of Politics.

If a Canadian public man talks to a Canadian club he describes the resources of Canada, or discusses some question of government, such as the constitution or the tariff, on its merits. But when such a man addresses a meeting of members of his own party, he talks the usual party "guff," possibly clever, possibly dull, possibly bitter, possibly humorous, but always on the level of the politicians who do not take the trouble to think very seriously.—London Advertiser.

### Some Casualty Statistics of Peace.

According to the last decennial census, about one hundred and eighty thousand babies are born in Canada every year. Out of these no less than thirty-six thousand die before their first birthday. This mortality percentage is four times as high as that from tuberculosis. Montreal heads the list of Canadian cities in the "slaughter of the innocents." The child death rate here is two hundred and fifty per thousand; in Ottawa it is two hundred and seventeen per thousand; Fort William, two hundred and two; Toronto, one hundred and fifty-five; and Hamilton, one hundred and fifty-one.—Halifax Herald.

### German Duplicity Before the War.

The Kaiser frequently invited himself to England and did his utmost to ingratiate himself with all sorts of people: his spy brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, literally pestered everybody who seemed likely to possess any influence during his innumerable visits of espionage; and the whole German organization made a "dead set" at anyone in this country as well as in the United States who might be of any use whatever in allaying the suspicions of Great Britain and America. Some folks with simple snobbishness succumbed; others did not.—London Morning Post.

### Who Wanted the Spiced Sausage?

Some of the Canadian soldiers now held as prisoners in Germany are writing home for all kinds of foods, and we suggested the other day that the Government ought to advise the public as to what to send, and whether such gifts are likely to reach prisoners. Some are of the opinion that the guards of the German prisons encourage the sending of these requests. In a letter published this week a soldier asks his relatives here to send him "spiced sausages." Now, who, do you think, wants those spiced sausages, the Canadian prisoner or the German guard?—Toronto Mail and Empire.



## Edmonton's Danger by Flood

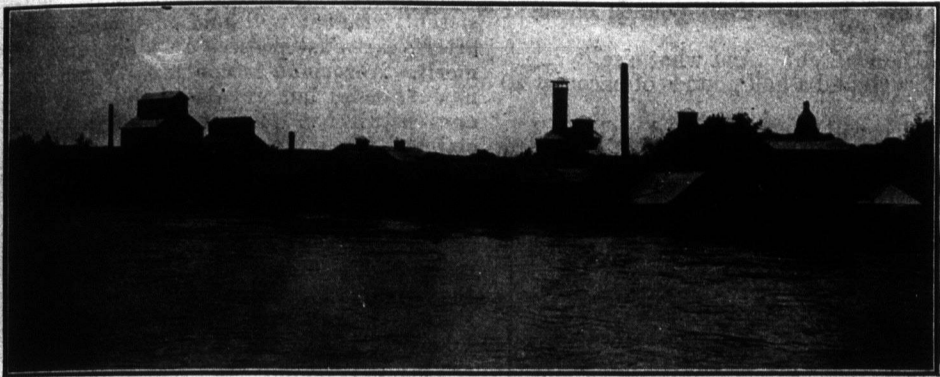
June 28th, 1915

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by Francis J. Dickie

"MY God, Edmonton, look out; the river's up twenty feet and still jumping" White-faced and shaken the telephone operator at Rocky Mountain House far up toward the head waters of the North Saskatchewan River, hung up the receiver after having sent this warning to the City of Edmonton, on Sunday night, June 27th.

and pallid, scared women, stunned into numbed silence by the horror of the lashing waters, that in many cases had robbed them of home and all but the clothes on their backs.

In these districts, one of the chief things of note, was the absence of men from the homes affected, which is explained by the fact that a very large number of the fami-



At Edmonton during June 28th and 29th, the North Saskatchewan river rose forty-two feet in two thirds as many hours, inundated residential and milling districts and land left dry even by the famous flood of 1898.

And, at Edmonton, in the next thirty hours, the Saskatchewan, which flows almost through the heart of the city, rose forty two feet; caused a million dollars damage; made homeless two thousand people; swept to total destruction a hundred homes, ranging from one room shack to many storied building; inundated land dry even through the famous flood of 1898; plunged the city in darkness and cut off all water supply by flooding the power house, unfortunately situated in the heart of the flooded area.

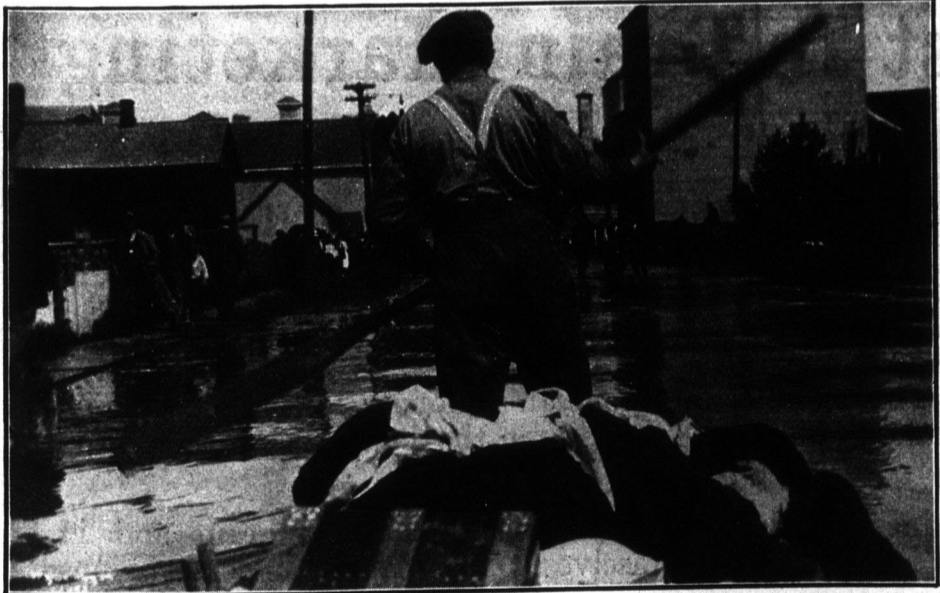
At first the water rose slowly—six inches to the hour—and people residing in the flats district of the city, a considerable area some two miles square, did not anticipate any danger. But with the passing hours the waters rose faster, a foot an hour, then a foot and a half till the river became no longer a river but a great lake like surface, spreading farther and farther, licking away houses, barns, saw mills, and covering areas dry even through the great flood of 1898.

lies living in this district are those of soldiers now at the front. Nearly all were penniless, and without men folks, home or food, were twice pitiful.

But the more fortunate ones in the city were quick to respond. Owners of empty houses, mortgage companies with buildings at their disposal threw them open to the flood victims. Subscription lists were placed in all the banks and prominent business places, and places for the collecting of clothes and provisions were opened in various down-town offices.

When the water rose too high for horses to move to the rescue, boats were substituted and all day and far into the night, they plied here and there in the flood area, carrying great loads of effects and landing them on the higher banks above the river. Here many people camped out all night.

At ten o'clock Monday night the city power house was flooded too badly to enable the firemen to work in the boiler rooms and the city was plunged in darkness and the water supply shut off, leaving



In a few hours, what with the rising water, Edmonton, new metropolis of the north, took on suddenly a strangely Venetian air. Men hastily loaded their lightest and most movable goods into boats, and pushed sturdily down stream where a few hours ago had been a street.

While not the principal residential district of the city, the flats were thickly dotted with cosy residences, small cottages and modest homes of frame, the dwellings of workmen, mill employees and day laborers, rather than the homes of the very rich. To save the people and their belongings here, the city departments, headed by the mayor, the superintendent of public works, the chiefs of police and fire brigades, had a big task upon their hands. Earlier in the day of Monday, June 28th, long lines of vans, express carts, wagons and motor cars, which were placed at the city's disposal by various companies, sloshed through the rising water with pitiful loads of hastily gathered furniture, and their owners, for the most part crying children

the whole town without fire protection, though, fortunately, none occurred. Perhaps of all the desperate struggles of various crowds of men during the three strenuous days while the water rose, these of the city power house crew fought the most fiercely and the longest. Situated in the heart of the flooded area, the power house was one of the first buildings to be invaded by the rising water. But the men worked on amidst it. Up until ten o'clock fire engines and auxiliary pumps took the water out of the power house as fast as they could work and stemmed the tide enough to keep the engine rooms from being flooded till that time. Then the water made on the pumps and the city was plunged in darkness. - At the pump house,

### Avoid All Danger From Cow's Milk For Baby



Not only is cow's milk, modified at home, unsuitable for baby's present needs, but in the summer months it is the cause of serious troubles. Doctors tell us, too, that the germs of various diseases are introduced into the system by cow's milk.

One must not only give baby what is best now, but consider the summer that is coming and baby's future. The difficulties of the mother who has to hand-feed baby are serious, and she cannot do better than to give him

## Allenburys' Foods

The sixty-page booklet "Infant Feeding and Management" will tell you about these foods and give valuable guidance to help keep baby free from the dreaded summer troubles.

The ALLEN & HANBURY'S Co., Ltd., Toronto.

which operated the entire city's waterworks system, the men worked in water up to their arm pits and the big fly wheel revolved deep in it, sending a continual spray of water upon the men around. This plant was also forced to close at 11.30 and the city was without water until Tuesday.

And the river, rushing along a turbid flood, with a speed of fifteen miles an hour, carried on its bosom great barns, in some of them the stock still alive; houses, great and small, while, floating in the wake of these came household goods, bedding, clothes and all the varied articles and treasures from a hundred homes, now forever useless. Too, all the debris of rotting trees, long snagged logs that gathers upon the banks of a river, now danced along in the heaving flood. Toward the close of Monday afternoon the water, which in ordinary times was some thirty five feet below, crept up to the floor of the Low Level Bridge. Under this sturdy old landmark, long a connecting link between the south and north sides of the city, all this debris, and even the floating buildings had swept through, but with the water reaching the traffic floor, there piled up against the side of the bridge, thousands of tons of logs and drift wood. Houses and barns, rushed on the fast running stream, came crashing into the bridge with terrific sound of rending, splitting wood.

Robbed of a passage way these partly demolished buildings piled up adding thousands of tons of weight and surface resistance for the water to play upon and further weaken the structure. Then the Canadian Northern Railway rushed to aid the flood fighters. A thirty car train of box cars heavily loaded with gravel was drawn onto the bridge and stretched over the entire length of the bridge. The train was split in two with an engine with steam up at either end, so, if the bridge did go, in spite of the added weight, some of the cars at least could be drawn to safety. But the bridge held and late Tuesday afternoon, the train was removed.

Yet, though the waters had risen to a height unprecedented in the history of the country, though the river had done a million dollars worth of damage to property and made over two thousand people homeless, not one life was lost, and, with the exception of a man who was marooned for about twelve hours upon the top of a road grader, where he was forced to climb when the rapidly rising waters cut him off from nearby dwellings, no one was very seriously in danger. This in itself makes some record for so large a flood.

At five o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, June 29th, the electric lights were once more turned on and on Wednesday



Disbelieving people who doubted that the water would rise to their residences waited too long and in many cases were taken off in boats.



## Her Nerves Were So Bad Thought She Would Go Out of Her Mind.

Mrs. Hollas Knox, 45 Harding St., St. John, N.B., writes: "I suffered greatly with my nerves, I could not sleep at night, nor work, and the least little thing worked on my mind and bothered me. Last winter I thought I would go out of my mind, I would screech out, and my mother really thought I was going crazy with my nerves. It was so terrible I would hold my head and cry. I tried two doctors but they did not do me any good. I thought I would tell you that to-day I am perfectly cured by using three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can recommend them to all sufferers from nervous troubles so you can tell everyone that they are the only thing that did me any good."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c 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.

**SAVE-THI-HORSE**  
(Trade-Mark, Registered)

Put Horse to Work and Cure Him  
EVERY BOTTLE of Save-the-Horse is sold with signed Contract—  
Send to Return Money if Remedy fails on Ringbone, Thorough,  
SPAVIN, or ANY Shoulder, Knee, Ankle, Hoof or Tendon  
disease. No blistering or loss of hair. 19 Years a Success.  
Write to-day, SOON, Sample Contract and ADVICE—  
ALL FREE (to Horse Owners and Managers). Address:  
TROY CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO, ONT.

Druggists Everywhere sell Save-The-Horse with CON-  
TRACT, or we send by Parcel Post or Express paid  
MADE IN CANADA

When writing advertisers please mention  
The Western Home Monthly.

morning the waterworks were once more in operation.

The greatest task following the flood was the enormous labor of pumping out all of the cellars of houses, schools, churches and other buildings in the flooded district. This the city took in hand, however, and aided by one of the best equipped fire brigades in Western Canada, the work was expeditiously finished.

We are glad to be informed that there was no truth in the story circulated some time ago, to the effect that the Mail Order firm of Christie Grant, Limited, had been obliged to close its doors. Later developments prove that they were only re-organizing, as the firm is now issuing a larger catalog than before, besides adding, together with other lines, a well-stocked Grocery Department.

As its list of stockholders contains the names of many business men who are prominent in financial circles, there can

be no doubt but that the Christie Grant Limited business is here to stay, and that it will, undoubtedly, soon be rated among the largest Mail Order concerns in Canada.

### Had to Get it Done Somehow

A little boy hustled into a grocery one day with a memorandum in his hand.

"Hello, Mr. Smith," he said. "I want thirteen pounds of coffee at 32 cents."

"Very good," said the grocer, and he noted down the sale, and put his clerk to packing the coffee. "Anything else, Charlie?"

"Yes. Twenty-seven pounds of sugar at 9 cents."

"The loaf, eh? And what else?"

"Seven and a half pounds of bacon at 20 cents."

"That will be a good brand. Go on."

"Five pounds of tea at 90 cents; eleven and a half quarts of molasses at 8 cents a

pint; two eight-pound hams at 21½ cent, and five dozen jars of pickled walnuts at 24 cents a jar."

The grocer made out the bill.

"It's a big order," he said. "Did your mother tell you to pay for it?"

"My mother," said the boy, as he pecked the neat and accurate bill, "has nothing to do with this business. It is my arithmetic lesson and I had to get it done somehow."

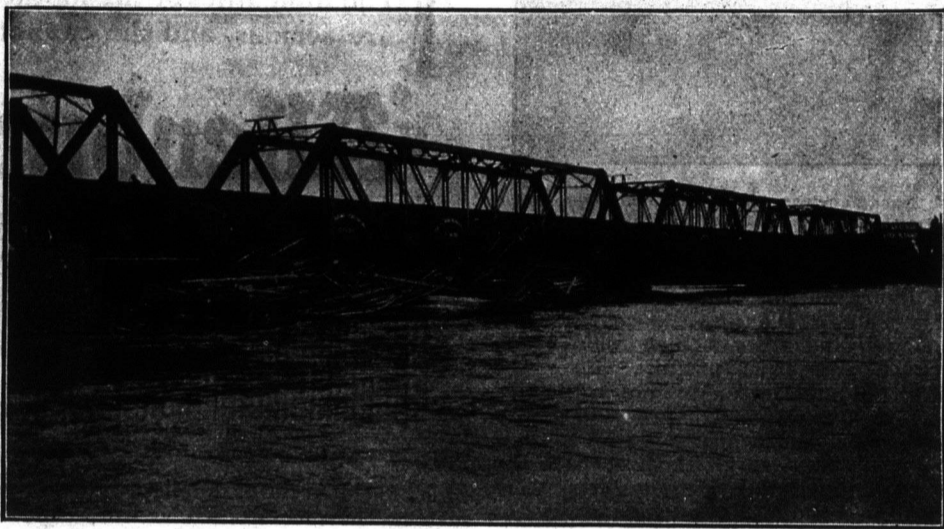
### Used Absorbine 20 Years

A liniment that makes good so consistently that it will hold customers year after year must possess an abundance of merit. Absorbine is continually making new friends, but it also holds the old ones because it does everything that is claimed for it in a mild and pleasant manner. F. B. Loomis, 1052 Richard St., B.C., writes May 22, 1912: "I have been using Absorbine ever since 1892. I started using it the season of 1892 with the mare Nellie Mason that I was racing that year, and have stuck to it ever since. I can't say too much for it, and I keep it in the stable all the time."

Absorbine reduces swellings and fatty bunches, strengthens strained ligaments, muscles, heals cuts, bruises, allays pain and inflammation. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be used. \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered.

W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

Do not allow worms to sap the vitality of your children. If not attended to, worms may work irreparable harm to the constitution of the infant. The little sufferers cannot voice their ailment, but there are many signs by which mothers are made aware that a dose of Miller's Worm Powder is necessary. These powders act quickly and will expel worms from the system without any inconvenience to the child.



When the flood tide reached the traffic floor of the low level bridge, a point ordinarily 35 feet above the water, a string of specially loaded gravel cars were drawn onto it, the added weight of these no doubt saved the structure. The photo shows the stream slowly receding. Thousands of tons of lumber from broken barns and houses, and logs and trees make up the pile which gathered when the water rose so high as to refuse them passage under the bridge. Shortly after the photo was taken, the water sank low enough to break the jam



## Every Member of the Family Should Take An Interest In Grain Marketing

WHO HANDLES YOUR GRAIN, AND WHY?

WHO SHOULD HANDLE IT, AND WHY?

Discuss these questions some wet day—or any day. Compare The Grain Growers' Grain Company with other grain concerns. Think of the handicaps that were met in all phases of marketing before this farmer's company was organized in 1906. A Farmer couldn't get a car when he wanted one. He was obliged to take what was offered him in grade and in price. Complaining did him no good. Think of the fact that this pioneer farmer's company was organized by farmers who concluded that the only guarantee of a square deal lay in the handling of their crop by a business organization of their own.

There are now over 16,000 shareholders and the business of the company both in handling grain and in supplying commodities and implements is under the control of the farmers themselves. Cash earned as commissions for handling grain is used to provide avenues through which farmers of the Canadian West can buy to better advantage and otherwise to improve conditions under which they work and conduct their business.

Think of These Things. Discuss Them in Your Home. They Should  
Interest Every Member of the Household. Then See That This Pioneer  
Farmer's Company Handles the Grain From Your Farm This Season

Write Us About Flour, Apples, Lumber, Coal, Wagons, Buggies, Implements, etc.

To Saskatchewan Farmers:

Through an arrangement made with the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association for the year 1915, the Association will procure through this Company, such supplies as we are handling. Saskatchewan farmers can secure supplies from us by placing their orders through the Central Office of the Association at Moose Jaw. The purpose of this arrangement is to draw the different farmers' organizations closer together and by concentrating their purchasing power give still better service to the farmers of the three Prairie Provinces.

**The Grain Growers' Grain Co. Ltd.**

Branches at  
REGINA, SASK.  
CALGARY, ALTA  
FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

Winnipeg-Manitoba

Agency at  
NEW WESTMINSTER  
British Columbia



## Young People

### Out of Place

Oh, a very queer country is "Out of place"  
(Did you say you had been there?)  
Then you've seen, like me, a slate on the  
floor,  
And a book upon the stair.

You think they are easy to find, at least!  
Oh, yes! if they would but stay  
Just there till they're wanted; but then  
they don't.  
Alas! that isn't the way.

When a boy wants his hat, he sees his ball.  
As plain as ever can be;  
But when he has time for a game,  
Not a sign of bat or of ball finds he.

Sometimes a good man is just off to the  
train  
(That is, it is time to go),  
And he can't put his hand on his Sunday  
hat!  
It surely must vex him, I know.

If somebody wants to drive a nail,  
It's "Where is the hammer, my dear?"  
And so it goes, week in, week out  
And truly all the year

How 'twould gladden the women of "Out-  
of-place"  
If the boys and girls themselves  
Should wake up some morning determined  
quite  
To use hooks, closets and shelves.

### An Important "Specialty"

"Just you wait till I get into Tech! Here  
I've been fussing with machinery ever since  
I was a kid, and it's the one thing I want to  
learn about. There's only one trouble  
about the course. I'll have to take some  
English and history—always did hate 'em  
both. But I'll do just enough with them  
to get through."

Thad's brown eyes were as animated as  
Roger's gray ones. "Chemistry for me,"  
he announced. "Chemistry and German.  
They're great, and I'll need them both  
when I get into the medical college. I  
wish I could cut out mathematics—but of  
course I can't."

"There's one thing I hope you boys are  
going to make a specialty of!" said their  
father, who was turning over the papers  
on the library table. "I see that a man on  
Ninth Street has taken it up. His sign  
attracted me, and I went in to see him last  
week. I liked him so much I shall give him  
all the business I can. By the way, I'm  
going in this afternoon to see him. Do  
you boys want to come?"

His two sons promptly assented, but  
Mr. Everett shook his head smilingly at  
their questions. "What is his specialty?"  
he said. "I'll let you wait and see for  
yourselves."

"Here's my specialist!" he said. Before  
the door of a neat little shop hung a sign,  
and upon it the boys read: "All sorts of  
mending and repairing—china, glass,  
furniture, etc. *Difficult jobs a special  
delight!*"

"And he lives up to his announcement, I  
find," Mr. Everett remarked, as they  
neared the entrance. "I took him that  
broken berry bowl your mother prized so  
highly. It was so much like a Chinese  
puzzle that I doubted whether even this  
man would care to undertake it, but he  
accepted the job with enthusiasm, and now  
we'll see what he's done with it."

The mended bowl proved to be a better  
piece of work than Mr. Everett had ex-  
pected, and few moments later father  
and sons were making the return trip in  
the street-car. Thad and Roger both  
looked thoughtfully at their father.

"If you boys will take that for your  
motto when you begin work in the high  
school," he was saying, "I shall have no  
misgivings about the way you'll come out.  
But it will mean not only pegging away  
steadily at your favorite studies,—those  
you expect to make a business of in later  
life,—it will mean giving some of your best  
efforts to the less congenial studies—  
history and English for you, Roger, and  
mathematics for Thad. Your course of  
study will include some subjects that don't  
appeal to you strongly. Then remember  
our friend's sign back there, 'Difficult jobs  
a special delight!' I expect to be proud of  
you both, boys!"

### Our Secretive Ancestors

Property was not so safe in the past as it  
is at the present day. Indeed, our an-  
cestors often found that concealment was  
the only means they could take to protect  
their treasures. Sometimes they con-  
cealed them so well that after the owner's  
death the rightful heirs were put to no end  
of trouble to find their inheritance. In  
"The Bargain Book," by Mr. C. E. W.  
Jerningham and Mr. Lewis Bettany, are  
several such instances.

In the Thirty Years' War the Castle of  
Giersberg in Silesia was sacked, and the  
jewels owned by Freiherr von Giersberg  
disappeared. Last century a member of  
the family accidentally came across some  
portraits of his ancestors in a Silesian farm-  
house, and he at once purchased them.

On examination, he found that they  
were apparently examples of the old fashion  
of decorating pictures with tinsel and glass  
to represent jewelry—a practise that has  
recently been revived to some extent in the  
case of a certain kind of pictorial post-  
card. After making a fuller investigation,  
however, he found, to his delight that in  
one of the portraits thus recovered—that  
of a lady—the necklace in the picture and  
the stones in the rings were really some of  
the family jewels, which were supposed to  
have been irrevocably lost, and which had  
been preserved in this original fashion.

Another story is told of two gentlemen  
who had been named as executors in the  
will of a friend. His legacies amounted to  
several hundred pounds, and he had fre-  
quently informed them that he would leave  
more than enough to pay them. Search as  
they would, however, they could not find  
the money; the only sign was a scrap of  
paper on which was written, "Seven  
hundred pounds in *Till*." As their friend  
had never been in trade, they could not  
but think it singular that he should keep  
such a sum of money in a till. They exam-  
ined all the apartments carefully, but in  
vain, and after repeated attempts to dis-  
cover the money, gave over the search.

They sold his collection of books to a  
London bookseller, and paid the legacies in  
proportion. The singularity of the cir-  
cumstance led them to converse frequently  
about it, and one day it came into the mind  
of one of them that amongst the books  
sold there was a folio edition of "Tillot-  
son's Sermons." The possibility that this  
book might be the "Till" alluded to on the  
piece of paper, made this executor immedi-  
ately wait upon the bookseller who had  
purchased the library. He asked him  
if he still had the edition of Tillotson that  
had been among the books sold, and  
found that the sermons had not yet been  
disposed of. He immediately purchased  
them, and as he turned over the leaves,  
found bank-notes dispersed in various parts  
of the volume, to the amount of seven  
hundred pounds.

But what is perhaps no less remarkable,  
the bookseller told him that a gentleman  
at Oxford, reading in his catalogue of this  
edition, had written to him and desired it  
might be sent to him, which was accord-  
ingly done; but the binding of the book not  
meeting with the gentleman's approbation  
it had been returned.

### The Price

Betty Morean, pretty, flushed, dearly  
lovable even in her girlish resentment,  
looked indignantly at the dean.

"But, Miss Hollis—please forgive me—  
I don't mean to be impertinent—but it  
seems to me that my friendships are just  
my own affair. Even if they make me  
suffer, isn't it *my* life? And if I am willing  
to pay the price, has anybody else a right  
to say anything?"

"Sometimes one has no right not to  
speak," the dean answered, gravely. "If  
I saw a girl with weak lungs exposing her-  
self recklessly, would there be any question  
about my duty?"

"But that's a matter of health," Betty  
objected.

"And you have just acknowledged to me  
that the reason of your failure in your  
French was that you were all 'broken up by  
something' and couldn't study. Don't  
you see, my dear, when it gets to that point  
it has got beyond being a personal matter?"

"I will not speak of the injustice to your  
friends that a 'crush' always applies, since  
you may think that beyond my province.



We'd  
like to  
send you  
a sample of  
this pure es-  
sence of soap in  
flakes, Madame—  
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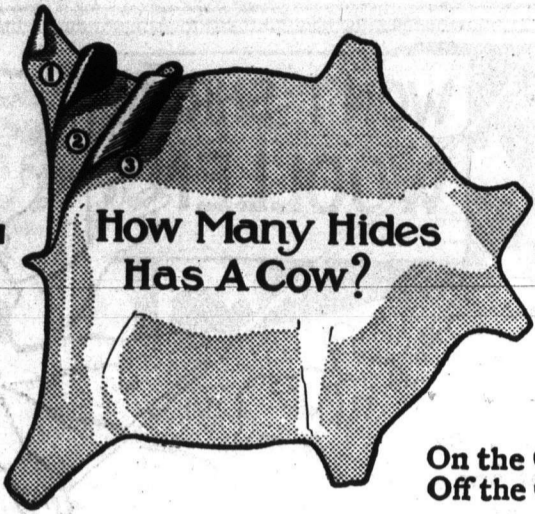
HOW pleasant it is to watch baby grow, to lay away the first little long  
dresses, to put on, in their place, shorter ones so that the wee feet can  
learn to toddle around, to catch the first word lisped by the tiny lips,  
to exult over the first tooth, to—but isn't there an almost endless number of  
things to eagerly point to as baby grows day by day?  
If these events are enjoyable now, how fascinating it will be to have a pretty  
record which can always bring them back to mind, when the soft wee finger-  
clasp of babyhood has given way to the firmer, stronger grip of boyhood and  
girlhood, manhood and womanhood?  
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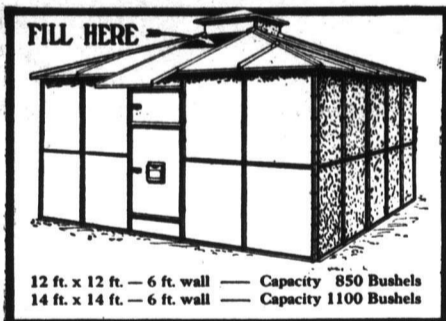
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But I can speak of the effect upon your health, your college standing, and the unfairness to the college by lowering its standard; and I have no right not to warn you of the danger to all your future if you cannot learn to control your emotions.

"A friendship can be as deep as you will, so long as you hold it steadily; the test is not the emotion it excites in you, but the effect it has upon the rest of your life. If it makes you hold your old friends more dearly because of the new love, if it makes you work more eagerly and happily, if it makes all high and beautiful things more desirable, then it is a good friendship, and you need not be afraid of all the love it brings.

"But if not,—if it means narrowing your life to that one person, being absorbed in that one thing to the exclusion of everything else,—don't you see for yourself the life-failure it spells? That is all, Miss Morean. Next term I am sure we shall have a different report."

Betty went slowly down the corridor. She was not wholly angry—all the girls adored Miss Hollis; she even thought that maybe she would try the other way of being friends—perhaps. But she did not. It is not easy to undo old ways, and besides, when it is one's last year of college! But she studied harder. She wanted to teach history, and there were great chances sometimes for the best students.

Then the chance came—and went to Caroline—Caroline Dana, who had not half her brilliancy. Betty, stunned and incredulous, went to the dean. Miss Hollis, like everybody else, loved the girl.

"I am sorry, dear," she said. "But I gave you warning. No one who cannot control herself can control other girls. It would not have been fair to recommend you."

That was the way Betty Morean paid the price.

### The Worn Dime

The afternoon session of the conference was just over. Two ministers, whose ways led them to the same part of the city, left the church together, and began to talk over the happenings of the day as they waited on the street corner for their car.

When it came, they found seats side by side, and continued their earnest conversation. The conductor came through the car, and one of the ministers handed him a ten-cent piece to pay both fares. The man looked at the coin carefully, turned it over and looked at the other side, and then said:

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you for another dime."

"What is the matter with that one?" asked the minister, a little embarrassed at having his money returned. "It isn't a counterfeit is it?"

"I guess not," replied the conductor, "but it's worn down so thin and smooth that I can't tell what it is. The company wouldn't take it from me, I'm sure."

So the minister found another ten-cent piece, a bright, new one this time, and took back the worn one. Then he turned to his friend and said:

"I wonder whether there is not a lesson for you and me in this little incident? Isn't there danger that our methods of presenting the truth may become so outworn and flat by unending repetition that the message itself may grow thin and almost meaningless to our people? Isn't it necessary to fuse it again in the heat of positive conviction, and remind it, as it were, in order that the inscription and superscription may be read and clearly understood by men? The gospel is good for every age and every man. It is only when it is interpreted in ways that are stale and perfunctory that men are doubtful or skeptical. When it is presented in terms fresh and vital, they embrace it gladly."

### Song of the Soldiers

By Thomas Hardy

What of the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away  
Ere the barn cocks say  
Night is growing grey,  
To hazards whence no tears can win us;  
What of the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,  
Friend with the musing eye  
Who watch us stepping by,  
With doubt and dolorous sigh?  
Can much pondering so hoodwink you?  
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,  
Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We see well what we are doing,  
Though some may not see—  
Dalliers as they be!—  
England's need are we,  
Her distress would set us rueing;  
Nay. We see well what we are doing,  
Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing  
Victory crowns the just,  
And that braggarts must  
Surely bite the dust,  
March we to the field ungrrieving,  
In our heart of hearts believing  
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away  
Ere the barn-cocks say  
Night is growing grey,  
To hazard whence no tears can win us;  
Hence the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away.

From The Daily Mirror.

### Little Tim

Warm hearts are sometimes hidden beneath ragged jackets, as shown in the following little story:—

A kit is a box of tools or whatever is needed in any particular branch of business.

It surprised the little shoe-blacks and newsboys around the post-office one day to see "Little Tim" coming among them in a quiet way and hear him say, "Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillings."

"Go in' away, Tim?" inquired one. "Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a florin awfully just now."

"Go in' on a skursion?" asked another. "Not to-day, but I must have a florin," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change, and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the office of a daily paper, put down the money, and said, "I guess I can write if you give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers, he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote—

"Died.—Litul Ted, of scarlet fever, gone up to Hevin. Left won brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the counter and gasped, "I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b-but he had his arms around my neck when he d-died."

He hurried away home; but the news went to the boys, and they gathered into a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefoot boy left the kit on the door-step, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged, but big-hearted boys.

### Can You Learn This by Heart?

A professor has worked out this elaborate table. It is rather pretty to look at, but to the ordinary mind somewhat bewildering if studied with too much concentration:

- 1 times 9 plus 2 equals 11.
- 12 times 9 plus 3 equals 111.
- 123 times 9 plus 4 equals 1111.
- 1234 times 9 plus 5 equals 11111.
- 12345 times 9 plus 6 equals 111111.
- 123456 times 9 plus 7 equals 1111111.
- 1234567 times 9 plus 8 equals 11111111.
- 12345678 times 9 plus 9 equals 111111111.

- 1 times 8 plus 1 equals 9.
- 12 times 8 plus 2 equals 98.
- 123 times 8 plus 3 equals 987.
- 1234 times 8 plus 4 equals 9876.
- 12345 times 8 plus 5 equals 98765.
- 123456 times 8 plus 6 equals 987654.
- 1234567 times 8 plus 7 equals 9876543.
- 12345678 times 8 plus 8 equals 98765432.
- 123456789 times 8 plus 9 equals 987654321.



## The Home Doctor

### The Mouth Breathers

If a family numbers among its children one who habitually breathes with the mouth open, it will do well to realize speedily that the child will remain, at its best, a semi-invalid until steps are taken to remedy the local condition. The child cannot help breathing that way. It has no alternative. In no other way can it get enough air. It is cruelty to nag it to keep its mouth shut.

The nose, which people are too likely to think of as primarily the organ for smelling, has really much more important work to do. It is intended for breathing, and if it is stopped up, the breath must be obtained some other way—that is, through the mouth, which will naturally be held open for that purpose. This, in its turn, will result in the long chain of evil results that may follow when any of the vital processes of the body are interrupted.

The mucous membrane which lines the nose is less delicate than that of the rest of the breathing tract. Its purpose is to catch the air as it first comes in, and warm and filter and cleanse it before it goes down to the lungs. The mouth was never designed to act as a substitute for the nose in performing this work.



Farm House on the Gilles Farm, a few miles from Edmonton. This farm contains 1000 acres and is well equipped with all the advantages that modern and progressive farming can suggest.

Most persons know the exceeding unpleasantness of occasional forced breathing through the mouth, when bicycling against a wind, for instance, or after running to catch a car. The throat puts in its protest immediately. There is a dry, harsh sensation and a general sense of local irritation. This is partly due to the direct action of chilled air, but also to the fact that all the germs and dust particles in the air pass down unfiltered and unchecked.

A mouth-breather may get along with reasonable comfort in the still, warm, moist atmosphere of the house, or of a balmy climate, but will develop innumerable troubles if exposed to wind and dust, as in motoring or bicycling.

The mouth-breather should be examined for adenoids, that is, fleshy growths which block the air-passages, in order that the serious later consequences of this defect may be avoided.

Among these consequences may be mentioned chronic catarrh, deafness, a metallic and disagreeable voice, early decay of the teeth, deformities of the jaw which may mark the patient for life, and an increased tendency to contract tuberculosis.

There are many other symptoms due to the fact that the blood does not get enough oxygen, such as headache, disturbed sleep and mental slowness, all of which often disappear miraculously with the removal of the adenoids.

**For Sprains and Bruises.**—There is nothing better for sprains and contusions than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It will reduce the swelling that follows a sprain, will cool the inflamed flesh and draw the pain as if by magic. It will take the ache out of a bruise and prevent the flesh from discoloring. It seems as if there was magic in it, so speedily does the injury disappear under treatment.

### The Diet for the Fat

The problem of reducing the weight of those who are above the average is not very difficult of solution, provided there were no other elements to be calculated. But whether the process by which our patient is reduced really conduces to the prolongation of his life is quite another matter. What avails it if a man lessen his avoirdupois and then dies of apoplexy? Or, if he gets rid of his surplus fat, his heart stops palpitating, his knees again become visible to his own eye—not in a glass, darkly, but in a true and proper being—and he is dull and stupid in conversation, slow in thought and action, and tormented with the constant headache, catarrhs, indigestion, and hemorrhoids of plethora? Truly, it were better for that man to have clung to his adipose and avoided worse conditions. The great fault of all the dietary methods proposed for the treatment of obesity lies in the neglect of this danger. Banting's method is pretty reliable as a means of committing suicide, and its later modifications are not much better.

Imprimis: In the treatment of this affection, the first step should be an examination of the blood by the haemacytometer, and this should be repeated at

short intervals during the time of treatment. Whenever an excess of red corpuscles is manifest, the supply of albuminoids should be reduced, and the slightly-nutritious, but bulky, succulent vegetables, should be substituted. Indeed, the neglect of these articles constitutes the great fault of the anti-fat dietaries.

By some mysterious law of our being, it is necessary that the stomach should be comfortably filled, at the meals, with non-liquid substances. Even if the truly nutritious elements of the food be isolated and given in full quantity, without any of the non-nutritious portions, the appetite is not satisfied. Hence, Parkes was compelled to make soup of his cakes of concentrated food, or the soldiers would eat four days' allowance in one. And the dwellers in the extreme North mix sand or infusorial earth with oil, to fill the stomach.

In our lavishly-supplied markets there are at all times to be found an abundant variety of such fruits and vegetables as come under this description; being sufficiently palatable, and supplying scarcely anything to the body, except those fruit juices, whose function we can only guess at by witnessing the results of their deprivation in scurvy. The eating largely of meat is a habit, and one which is not very difficult to break. The fruit and vegetables should be partaken of at the beginning of a meal, until the edge is taken off the appetite; then the meat brought in as an addendum. If an examination of the blood be made weekly, it will be easy to ascertain the proper time to increase the quantity of meat.

The amount and kind of exercise should be strictly controlled by the physician; and the best way to insure this is to lay down the law concerning it, with the same careful attention to detail which is shown in prescribing the diet. In this, the tastes of the patient must be consulted; the cardinal rule being to find some object for the exercise, other than the work itself.

## THIN FOR YEARS---"GAINS 22 POUNDS IN 23 DAYS"

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"Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

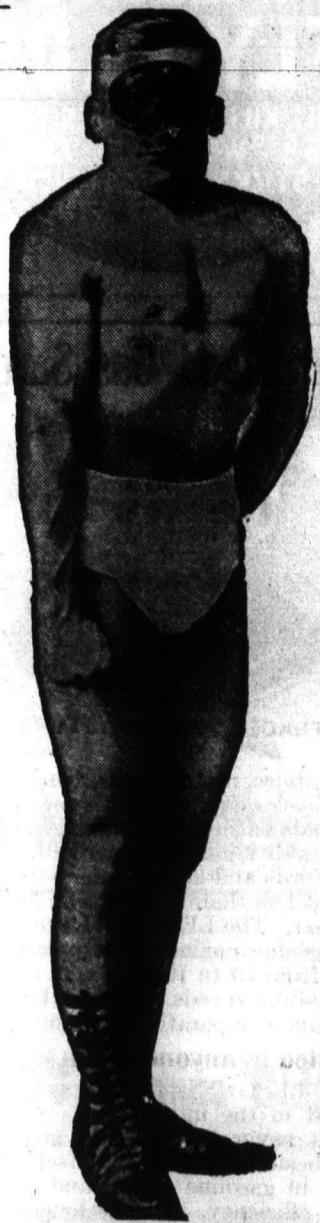
"I weighed 132 pounds when I commenced taking Sargol. After taking 20 days I weighed 144 pounds. Sargol is the most wonderful preparation for flesh building I have ever seen," declares D. Martin, and J. Meier adds: "For the past twenty years I have taken medicine every day for indigestion and got thinner every year. I took Sargol for forty days and feel better than I have felt in twenty years. My weight has increased from 150 to 170 pounds."

When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds, with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land, voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds, given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thin, Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building after all.

Hadn't you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say: "I'd give most anything to put on a little extra weight," but when someone suggests a way they exclaim, "Not a chance. Nothing will make me plump. I'm built to stay thin." Until you have tried Sargol, you do not and cannot know that this is true.

Sargol has put pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh on hundreds who doubted and in spite of their doubts. You don't have to believe in Sargol to grow plump from its use. You just take it and watch weight pile up, hollows vanish and your figure round out to pleasing and normal proportions. You weigh yourself when you begin and again when you finish and you let the scales tell the story.

Sargol is just a tiny concentrated tablet. You take one with every meal. It mixes with the food you eat for the purpose of separating all of its flesh producing ingredients. It prepares these fat making elements in an easily assimilated form, which the blood can readily absorb and carry all over your body. Plump, well-developed persons don't need Sargol to produce this result. Their assimilative machinery performs its functions without aid. But thin folks' assimilative organs do not. This fatty portion of their food now goes to waste through their bodies like unburned coal through an open grate. A few days' test of Sargol in your case will surely prove whether or not this is true of you. Isn't it worth trying?



50c BOX FREE

To enable any thin reader ten pounds or more underweight, to easily make this test we will give a 50c box of Sargol absolutely free. Either Sargol will increase your weight or it won't, and the only way to know it is to try it. Send for this Free Test Package to-day, enclosing 10c in silver or stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and a full size 50c package will be sent by return mail free of charge. Mail this coupon with your letter to the Sargol Co., Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

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**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.**

## "Carry Me"

"Carry me," a small seed said  
To the kind breeze as it blew;  
And the wind the small seed bore  
Far across the ocean blue;  
Dropped it in a desert place,  
Where no other flowers were,  
And it blossoms fair and sweet,  
Shed its fragrance on the air.

"Carry me, O kindly air!"  
Said a sweet and lovely song.  
"I would cheer some saddened heart,  
That has lonely been for long."  
So the kind air took the song,  
Bore it on its light, soft wing,  
Dropped in some lonely heart,  
Caused the weary one to sing.

"Carry me," a dewdrop said  
To a little beam of light,  
Shining in the morning hour,  
"I would reach the sky so bright."  
So the bright beam took the dew,  
When the sun sank down the West;  
Bore it far and far away,  
And the dewdrop was at rest.

ing the summer he had planted such vegetables as he could easily keep without extra work and cost in the winter, as beans, peas, turnips, celery, endive, chicory, kale, cabbage, winter radishes, potatoes and white corn. Even in this short list there is a nice variety of both starchy and succulent vegetables. If this man had taken old or dried peas or beans in trade for his potatoes he would have had a greater food value for his money. Even canned baked beans would have given a good return.

## Harvesting Alfalfa for Seed

By H. M. Harden

The consensus of opinion seems to be that alfalfa should be cut for seed when at least two-thirds of the pods have turned brown. It is impossible to have all the pods at the right stage for harvesting at the same time as there will almost invariably be over-ripe, shattering pods and green pods on the same plant at the same time. A kind of hap-



One of the best investments in mixed farming

## Farmers Should Raise More Vegetables for Their Own Use

In small families I think it is false economy to make dishes that require long-continued cooking, unless these dishes are made when the fire is used for other purposes. For instance, a loaf of brown bread at five cents will answer for a family of four for two meals. It would take six cents' worth of gas or coal to make the bread, leaving out the time and material. It is true that home-made foods are usually made from better materials, and have a better flavor, but where economies must be studied the purchase of long-time foods and those in season is always to be considered. It is false economy to buy canned goods simply because you want something easily cooked. Always buy the fresh vegetables that are in season and cook enough one day to last for two. You will have saved considerable money at the end of the month.

I remember years ago, as I was passing down a street of one of the cities in Iowa, I noticed a country family coming in to market. They had a wagon-load of potatoes and a few turnips. As they stopped at the same grocery store at which I was purchasing I naturally observed the price that they asked for their goods and the manner in which they were paid. This load of potatoes was turned over to the groceryman and the pay taken entirely in canned goods; corn, tomatoes, peas. The poor farmer had sold his potatoes at wholesale price and had taken his money in the most expensive household foods; he had paid the very highest rate of interest on his money. If he had ground upon which he could raise potatoes he could, if necessary, raise other vegetables for drying or canning. It would have been true economy if dur-

py medium must be struck, and experience shows this time to be when two-thirds to three-fourths of the pods have turned brown. The very choicest and best-appearing seed comes from the fully matured pods, and this fact induces many who are endeavoring to market only the highest grade of seed to overlook some shattering and consequent loss of seed in handling in order to secure the greatest possible amount of fully matured seed. The nearly mature but somewhat greenish seeds will germinate and grow well, but are usually more or less shrunken and do not have as good an appearance as the fully matured seeds.

It is particularly impossible to predict with any degree of accuracy what the yield of seed may be, as many factors exert an influence, and but a few days or even hours of unfavorable conditions for seeding may greatly reduce the yield.

Judgment in the field must be exercised in the harvesting of seed alfalfa for no hard and fast rules can be safely laid down.

## How to Cut

Many methods are used in harvesting alfalfa for seed, and circumstances and conditions will dictate which is most practical and applicable in individual cases.

The object is to handle the alfalfa as carefully as possible to prevent loss of seed as it shatters very easily, and to cut it in such a manner that all the pods are garnered in piles or bunches for easy cocking.

Many growers use a grain harvester with binder attachment removed and some sort of a buncher applied in its place. Common flax attachments are much used, as are homemade substitutes. Bunching devices attached to mowing machines prove satisfactory, but the type

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used should be that which deposits the cuttings at one side where they will not be trampled upon by the horses.

Sometimes the alfalfa may be bound and thus handled in a satisfactory manner if the alfalfa is of sufficient weight.

Probably the best and most economical implement with which to harvest alfalfa for seed is the old-fashioned self-rake reaper. This machine delivers the cut alfalfa in convenient sized bunches with the least possible agitation and consequent shattering of seed. Many old alfalfa seed producers are equipped with this implement, and where much seed is produced it is doubtless a paying investment. It is especially desirable where alfalfa is grown in wide rows.

**Curing**

The piles or bunches should dry thoroughly before threshing, and this will require a somewhat longer period than curing alfalfa hay, as there is much less leaf surface through which the moisture may escape. It is customary to pile carefully in medium well rounded cocks with a fork and thresh from the field when dry. It may be stacked if desired, but if this is done it usually soon goes into a sweat which continues for three or four weeks. The sweating process results in brighter appearing seed, but it is not as a rule considered worth while if conditions are good for threshing direct from the field.

In hauling seed alfalfa, it will invariably save much choice seed to use tight bottom hay racks or spread a canvas over the rack bottom.

general seed market is continually flooded. We know a man in northern South Dakota, who has a 10-acre field of Grimm alfalfa growing on his farm for the past 14 years and just last season did he awaken to a realization of the value of the seed from that field and save some of it. That field doubtless might have grown at least enough seed to sow a thousand acres of Grimm alfalfa. If this thousand acres of such alfalfa was growing in that neighborhood to-day land values alone would be increased by thousands of dollars.

By all means save the good home grown acclimated seed.

**Cleaning the Seed**

When you have a surplus of seed to market, let it be real seed and not a conglomeration of trash, weed-seed and shrunken grains. Clean it and reclean it until only the choice seed is put upon the market. Why sell seed for 7 or 8 cents a pound to some seedsman who will run it through a cleaner and sell it for 20 cents? Isn't that easy money just as much at home in your pocket as in his? One of the greatest mistakes that many farmers make who offer seed for sale is their failure to reclean it. It doesn't look good to send out a seed sample full of weed, seed and dirt. It doesn't look good for the grower and it doesn't look good to the intending purchaser. Your lower price for dirty seed is wisely overlooked by the shrewd buyer and he usually pays double your price to the careful seedsman with the clean seed. Quality counts, not sometimes but always, but



Sheep, a good paying side of mixed farming, at present much neglected in Western Canada

**Threshing**

The ideal machine for threshing is a regular special alfalfa huller. These machines are provided with special devices for removing the seed from the dry green pods in the most efficient manner and later thoroughly cleaning the seed from the chaff without waste. However, many large seed growers still use common grain separators equipped with special alfalfa sieves. They figure that the waste of seed is at least compensated for by the greater rapidity with which the work is done. Still in many instances the huller will be able to make wages by re-threshing the straw piles left by the big machines.

The average grower in the Dakotas is not in a position to use a special alfalfa huller, but if he can produce good alfalfa seed he should not permit this fact to stand in the way for when properly equipped and well handled a grain separator will perform very satisfactory service in threshing alfalfa.

First, the machine must be provided with special alfalfa seed sieves, which any thrasher manufacturer can supply, and the concaves should be reversed. The machine should be fed rather slowly and not choked by careless pitching. Thus equipped and handled any good thrasher-man can do satisfactory work.

**Save the Seed**

So extremely valuable is home-grown alfalfa seed that every farmer who is in position to produce it should do so if only for his personal use and the benefit of his immediate neighborhood. Hundreds of farmers have been growing choice acclimated and hardy alfalfa in a small way for many years. The seed from these acclimated and proven fields should not be permitted to go to waste if it is possible to save it. Pretty nearly all the real failures with alfalfa may be put down to the sowing of seed of doubtful acclimated hardiness with which the

it is a moral that some farmers never seem to learn. Dakota and Montana alfalfa seed growers have the world for their market. Let quality be the sure foundation for its permanence.

Equip your granary with a fanning mill of up-to-date pattern. Know that it is capable of recleaning alfalfa, clover and grass seeds as well as the grains. Don't put up with a makeshift mill, even be it a gift, for you really can't afford it. Quality counts, not sometimes but always.

**The High Bush Cranberry**

To the Editor of The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

For some years past I have been making a study of the high bush cranberry, which is found growing wild in sections of New York, Vermont, Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota and Canada. The bush closely resembles the ordinary snowball, and is often used as an ornamental shrub; the berries, which ripen in August and September, are a brilliant red in color, and in some localities are used for making jams and jellies. The characteristics of this shrub vary greatly in different localities. I have found it very interesting to study the various types, and have gathered together a fairly large collection of bushes from widely separated localities. I would take pleasure in exchanging information with anyone interested in this shrub, and especially would like to get in touch with persons from whom I could purchase a few hundred wild plants and several bushels of ripe fruit during this summer and fall. I would also like to hear from persons who have tried to raise this shrub for its fruit, and what success they have had.

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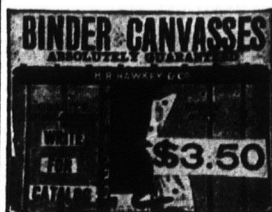
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## The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

It is not good to be one of the travelling public in Saskatchewan in this latter half of the year of grace 1915. Unable to reach the Government the disgruntled hotel keepers are, in many cases, taking their grievance over the closing of the bars out of the travelling public, while at the same time they are raising their rates. Advances in rates run all the way from 50c. to \$1.00 per day. The majority of travellers would undoubtedly be quite willing to pay the additional rate (though it is a little hard to understand why it should be 50c. in one town and \$1.00 in another only a few miles off), but having paid it, naturally they want the worth of their money, but they are not getting it. The writer of this column has just returned from a somewhat extended trip in Saskatchewan, and speaks out of the fullness of experiences many of them far from pleasant. In a number of towns the hotels have been promptly closed without warning to the public, and many an unfortunate traveller has alighted at a station where there is but one train daily, only to find, after the train has pulled out that the hotel is boarded up. In the majority of such towns it is possible to get a meal of sorts, but a decent bed is much more difficult to negotiate.

At very many points, where the higher rates are being charged, porters to meet the trains have been cut out, and the traveller has the pleasure or pain of testing muscle by lugging baggage often three, four or five blocks to the hotel and lugging it back to the station on departure. In very many of the houses there is an air of sullen resentment that is extremely unpleasant.

It seems to me that in removing the bars the Government should have made some provision to protect innocent travellers from so much annoyance, but as a matter of fact the Governments of the provinces have never really protected the travelling public, only those persons who wanted to imbibe "spirituous and malt liquors." While the governments have not done their duty, it is equally true that the organized temperance forces of the West have not seized a very obvious opportunity to make "banished bars" popular by themselves catering to the travelling public. There are throughout the United States and Europe many lines of hotels covering often several states or countries and all under one central management, and very excellent management it is. Why should not the temperance people organize some form of joint stock or co-operative company, and eventually control the accommodation for the travelling public throughout the three prairie provinces, and see that they get uniformly good service at reasonable rates. The amount of stock might, like



Totem Pole, Kitwanga, B.C. G.T.P. Railway

that of the Grain Growers' Grain Company, be limited as to the number of shares that could be held by any one individual, thus preventing the control getting into the hands of a very few. If such

a company was got under way, and went to the governments with a reasonable proposition properly worked out in detail, there would not be much trouble in getting the governments to limit the number of hotels in any one town, to put them under license and to require a certain degree of accommodation and efficiency, which would be ascertained by regular inspection.

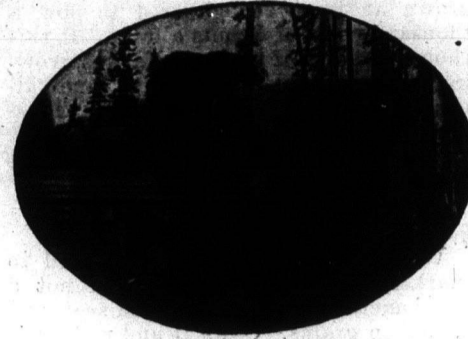
Inspectors of hotels should be properly trained women. In fact the inspectors of all public and industrial buildings should be women. In all the smaller towns and villages the management of the hotels could also profitably and successfully be in the hands of women. After all it is only housekeeping on a little larger scale.



The Allies seem to have won the day in the Balkans and their diplomacy has made its first triumph in Roumania which is said to be ready for a declaration of war against the Teutons and a participation in the campaign against Constantinople. This picture, just received from Roumania, shows King Ferdinand in his quaint costume

In all the smaller towns and villages the hotel, without the objectionable and dangerous feature of the liquor bar might and should become a social centre for the whole community. If a Social Centre would not be difficult, as a rule, even if present buildings were taken over, to secure a small piece of land, either adjoining the hotel so near to it as to be convenient, and have this made into a garden with lawn and possibly tennis courts or similar attractions for summer evenings. A small fee could be charged sufficient for upkeep. The dining room of the hotel could be used for local dances and other festivities, in this way adding to the revenue and furnishing a much more convenient place than the chance hall without proper dressing rooms or means of serving supper. It could also serve as a gathering place for women's meetings which include the women of all denominations. The rest rooms which are in such demand for the women coming in from the farms, could very economically and satisfactorily be located in a hotel without a bar. In fact the scheme opens up wide possibilities for the social life

of the community, and in addition it would serve to stimulate tourist travel through the provinces. In these days of motors what more delightful than to run out to a well kept hotel in some charming prairie village or town for the week-end? People would do it by the score



Emergency Station at Bear Creek, B.C.

if they were sure of clean comfortable rooms and good home meals, plain but well cooked and well served. In this way the country and the cities would be drawn more closely together to the mutual advantage of both. If all the provinces were organized and the business run on a sufficiently large scale it would be possible to have each hotel supplied with its own water works and electric lighting plant in the smaller places where no town supply is available. To the motorist the attraction of the well kept country hotel where a good bath is obtainable after a long run in summer heat is very great. This business of catering to the travelling public and the local requirements of the smaller towns and villages might well become a profitable and highly respected calling for a large number of women. The only way to bring about this much to be desired end is for the women to at once begin agitating for this system to supplant that of the present hotels. It is no use to expect a man who has been engaged on the liquor business, when forcibly deprived of this source of revenue to be very keen on making his hotel pleasant without it. In a great many instances the hotel buildings are owned by or heavily mortgaged to wholesale liquor dealers or manufacturers, who demand interest on their money, or who have had very high rents for buildings as licensed houses, and are not willing to take less. That hotel property has been absurdly inflated there is no manner of doubt. Also many of the hotels erected are far too costly and far too large for the towns in which they are located. The whole problem will take time and money to work out, but if the various temperance organizations wish hotels without liquor to become popular and prevent a clamor for the return of the old system they must be prepared to work hard and take small profits possibly for some years no profits at all, if the good work is to be thoroughly established.

Have had several letters about Red Cross work, and have answered them to the best of my ability. Let me say once more that local organizations in small towns and rural districts would be well to avoid the making of surgical dressings and confine their efforts to those lines of work which require no sterilization. Might I say a word about making supplies of shirts, socks, bed linen, etc. A great deal of the work sent in has had to be remodelled; pyjamas with sleeves upside down are by no means uncommon, and sheets and pillow covers not of regulation size continue to arrive. Regular instructions are issued, and can be obtained by writing the secretary Red Cross for Manitoba, Keewayden Building, Winnipeg, and it is a pity to spoil a fine effort of helpfulness by trifles such as these. There are reasons and good ones for the regulation of sizes, and why not add to your gift the grace of being just exactly what was called for.

By the way donations of money for the Red Cross, sent to any of the provincial centres, such as Winnipeg for Manitoba, Regina for Saskatchewan, are forwarded to England absolutely free of expense. Of course for the looking after the offices, in Winnipeg, for example, there must be a secretary with a stenographer,

and system of books. The answering of correspondence alone is practically two people's work. Then there is the buying of supplies, the cutting out of garments, the giving out to be made and the receiving after they are made, the checking of parcels from the country, the listing and proper packing of all supplies for ocean shipment. This part of the work cannot be done by voluntary helpers, because it must be done regularly and systematically day after day, or else there will be a break in the stream of supplies, possibly just when they are most needed. Salaries for the necessary officials are being paid, but that is all; the givers of money and supplies may rest absolutely content that not one dollar is being wasted, and the Red Cross work is being run so that the minimum of expense is incurred, and the maximum of efficiency attained.

### September

(George Arnold)

Sweet is the voice that calls  
From babbling waterfalls  
In meadows where the downy seeds are  
flying;  
And soft the breezes blow  
And eddying come and go,  
In faded gardens where the rose is flying.

Among the stubbled corn  
The blithe quail pipes at morn,  
The merry partridge drums in hidden  
places,  
And glittering insects gleam  
Above the reedy stream  
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

Ah, soon on field and hill  
The winds shall whistle chill.  
And patriarch swallows call their flocks  
together  
To fly from frost and snow,  
And seek for lands where blow  
The fairer blossoms of a balmy weather.

The pollen-dusted bees  
Search for the honey-lees  
That linger in the last flowers of Sep-  
tember,  
While plaintive mourning doves  
Coo sadly to their loves  
Of the dead summer they so well remember

Yet though a sense of grief  
Comes with the falling leaf,  
And memory makes the summer doubly  
pleasant,  
In all my autumn dreams  
A future summer gleams,  
Passing the fairest glories of the present.

### Legal Formality

Mr. John G. Carlisle tells of a case that many years ago he was called upon to try before a justice of the peace in the mountains of Kentucky.

This justice of the peace was also a blacksmith. He came into court from his smithy, and, retaining his leather apron, mounted the bench with all possible solemnity of manner. The worthy man was very officious in his manner, trying hard to imitate the legal dignitaries he had seen in the surrounding districts. It was plainly to be seen, says Mr. Carlisle, that the good man had determined that in the presence of a "city" lawyer from Louisville, it behooved him, the justice, to assume a judicial air that would be doubly impressive. The case under trial was that in which suit was brought for the payment of feed furnished certain horses. Mr. Carlisle represented the defendant, and the defence madewas that the bill had been paid. When argument had been had, the justice delivered himself of the following:

"The court is very familiar with this case. The court has listened to what the witnesses have got to say and the talk of the lawyers. The court will not decide this case just now. It reserves its opinion. The case goes under advisement for three days, and the court will then decide the case in favor of the plaintiff."

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### The Rainbow and Its Phenomena

The true rainbow, except the lunar variety is so common that its occurrence is seldom reported as a matter of special interest. A rainbow always forms part of a circle the center of which is directly opposite the sun or moon. Lunar rainbows are rare, and we may ignore them for the present. Let us suppose a rainbow is seen an hour before sunset. The sun is in the west, the rainbow in the east. The sun is a short distance above the western horizon; the center of the circle of which the rainbow forms a part is exactly the same distance below the eastern horizon. Suppose, again, that the sun is just setting. If the eastern horizon is unobstructed by hills, trees and the like, the rainbow will form a complete semicircle; or, if observed from an elevated spot, more than a semicircle.

In estimating the dimensions of phenomena of this class the unscientific observer almost invariably uses such expressions as "about ten feet long," "as large as a cart wheel," and the like. Such expressions are purely relative and convey no precise meaning. The phenomena of the sky should always be measured in degrees of a great circle of the heavens. Such estimates can readily be made if the observer will remember that the distance from the horizon to the zenith is 90 degrees; that the horizon is 360 degrees around; that the diameter of the sun, and also that of the moon, is half a degree; that the distance across the top of the bowl in the Big Dipper is 10 degrees.

Measured by this scale, the radius of the ordinary or primary rainbow is from 40 to 42 degrees. Its inner margin is violet; its outer, red or orange. Outside the primary bow there can usually be seen a much fainter secondary bow, the radius of which is from 50 to 54 degrees. This bow has the colors of the primary bow in reverse order: the red is inside, the violet outside. Just inside the primary bow, and sometime also just outside the secondary bow, there may be seen under favorable conditions one or more fringes of prismatic colors, constituting what are known as supernumerary or spurious bows.

Such very briefly are the normal phenomena of the rainbow. This lovely meteor is, however, subject to many variations. For instance, the reflection of the sun in a sheet of water sometimes gives rise to a bow which intersects the one produced by the sun itself. The colors of the rainbow, moreover, vary considerably. Rainbows are always produced by the reflection and refraction of light from drops of water—never from ice crystals—and the coloration, as well as the breadth of the bow, depends upon the size of the drops. The larger the drops the narrower the bow and the brighter the colors. Sometimes we may see on a bank of fog a broad, almost colorless bow—the so-called "white rainbow"—the appearance of which depends upon the fact that a fog consists of very small droplets of water as compared with raindrops. The lunar rainbow is also as a rule, almost devoid of color, but for a different reason—namely, its feeble illumination.

The common saying,

*A rainbow in the morning**Is the shepherd's warning;**A rainbow at night**Is the shepherd's delight,*

is on the whole, well justified for the following reasons: We see the rainbow where rain is falling, while the sun is shining on the opposite side of the sky. Our rainstorms usually come from the west and pass away to the east. A morning rainbow can be seen only in the west, and indicates that the rain is approaching us. An evening rainbow is seen only in the east, and shows that the rain area is receding from us, giving place to clear skies.

### The Children's Eyebrows

It is a great mistake to neglect the eyebrows. Many children begin life with beautifully pencilled eyebrows, which through carelessness are allowed to come out, making all the difference to the appearance. In the case of little girls especially, where the growth of the hair is less marked, vaseline should be applied to the eyebrows with a soft tooth-brush several times a week. If the eyelashes tend to come out, ask the chemist for a little golden ointment for the eyes, and apply it with a camel hair brush at bedtime.

### The Tour of a Smile

My papa smiled this morning when  
 He came down stairs, you see,  
 At mamma; and when he smiled then  
 She turned and smiled at me. I went  
 And smiled at Mary Ann  
 Out in the kitchen and she lent  
 It to the hired man.

So then he smiled at some one, who  
 He saw, when going by;  
 Who also smiled and ere he knew  
 Had twinkles in his eye;  
 So he went to his office then  
 And smiled right at his clerk,  
 Who put some more ink on his pen  
 And smiled back from his work.

So when his clerk went home he smiled  
 Right at his wife, and she  
 Smiled over at their little child  
 As happy as could be;  
 And then their little child, she took  
 The smile to school, and when  
 She smiled at teacher from her book,  
 Teacher smiled back again.

And then the teacher passed on one  
 To little James McBride,  
 Who couldn't get his lessons done,  
 No matter how he tried;  
 And Jamesy took it home and told  
 How teacher smiled at him  
 When he was tired and didn't scold  
 But said "Don't worry Jim!"

And when I happened to be there  
 That very night to play  
 His mother had a smile to spare  
 Which came across my way;  
 And then I took it after a while  
 Back home and mamma said:  
 "Here is that very self-same smile  
 Come back with us to bed!"

—N. Y. Times

### It's Mighty Comfortin'

Oh, it's mighty comfortin' when your  
 hair is gettin' thin,  
 And the wrinkles in your face have  
 come to stay,  
 Just to feel her little hand smoothin'  
 out each silver strand,  
 While you meet her lovin' look and  
 hear her say:

"John, my dear, it seems as though  
 every day you live you grow  
 Handsomer than in the olden days."  
 And you smile back at your wife while  
 you think in all your life  
 You never heard a sweeter word of  
 praise.

Then, somehow, the teardrops rise, to  
 your dim old fadin' eyes  
 When you kiss the tender hand, still  
 white and small,  
 And you try to tell her how you loved  
 her then—you love her now,  
 But, bless me, if the words will come  
 at all!

For just then it comes to you to think  
 of trials she's gone through,  
 And borne without a murmur for your  
 sake;  
 You can only bow your head at the  
 loving things she's said,  
 And your poor old heart can only  
 ache and ache.

But she knows what ails you then, and  
 she kisses you again,  
 While you hear her gently whisper,  
 sweet and low;  
 "Life has brought more hopes than  
 fears; we have known more smiles  
 than tears;  
 You are the dearest dear of dears,  
 John Anderson, my Joe."

So it's comfortin', I say, when your hair  
 is getting gray,  
 And you're slipping down life's hill  
 a mighty fast,  
 Just to feel her little hand strokin' back  
 each silver strand,  
 While she whispers that she loves you  
 to the last.

—Eugene Field.

The Man with Asthma, almost longs for death to end his suffering. He sees ahead only years of endless torment with intervals of rest which are themselves fraught with never ceasing fear of renewed attacks. Let him turn to Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy and know what complete relief it can give. Let him but use it faithfully and he will find his asthma a thing of the past.



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Dressing

There are many mothers who can dress themselves, but who cannot dress their children. Many mothers have the false idea that it doesn't matter a bit how the children look as long as they are strong and healthy. Certainly health should come first, but clothes have a tremendous effect on the health of the normal happy child. Every child is born with a longing to make the best of itself in every way.

In some children this instinct is stronger than in others, but everyone has got it originally, so that we handicap our children terribly when we put them into clothes that don't suit them.

Pride in Appearance

We know ourselves how important dress is in every walk of life, how "pride in appearance" helps to keep people respectable longer than anything else, and yet we don't think it worth while to cultivate this "pride in appearance" in our children, for some old-fashioned and absurd reason that it is "pandering to their vanity."

Self-Respect

It is not vanity that makes the child want to "look nice," it is self-respect. We should do well to help this self-respect and

ment, she held her own little frock towards me.

Poor child, I didn't know what to say. It was the ugliest frock for a child I had ever seen, a dirty mustard yellow that made her golden curls dull and lustreless.

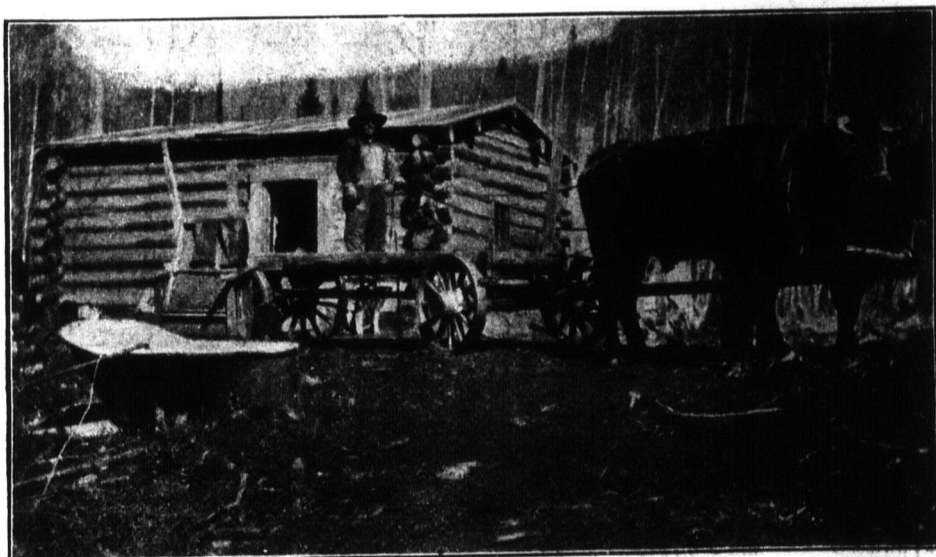
That child's face haunted me the whole evening; it was the most miserable little human countenance I had ever seen.

The Effect on Children

Even the bright child will be brighter if she is dressed or dresses well. There is no doubt that the girl who is "clever at school" is rather apt to neglect her personal appearance, and the inclination to think little of the "pretty side" of life stays with her through college days.

It is such a shame that the "social" side of them, that is the "dress" side, should be so totally neglected, when its cultivation, in conjunction with their undoubted talents, would make them such irresistible women. From every point of view slovenly dressing has a deteriorating effect on our children, whether we indulge in slovenly dressing or they do.

A little boy was fishing; and, drawing in his line, found that the bait had been taken off without result, whereupon he burst into tears and said: "It's cheating!"



An amusing feature of an Englishman's homestead. Far from civilization but true to tradition, he brought the big zinc bath tub along with him. When not in use it was left outside, owing to the smallness of the quarters.

not retard it. We do not want to turn our children into fashion-plates, as the French mother does, nor dress them in the hideously healthy "reform clothes," as the German mother does. But we want to do a little of both.

We want to realise, as the Frenchwoman does, that our children's dress is a most important "affair of life"; to realise, as she does, that the children are entitled to being tastefully clothed, while, at the same time, we borrow a little of the common-sense that characterises the German mother, and which makes her dress her children in clothes that give the children the minimum of discomfort.

A kind of uniform—say sailor suits—is often very effective for the dressing of a mixed family of boys and girls, but only if the children are very much alike.

Certainly in the dressing of both boys and girls, simple clothes, with the "right cut," are infinitely more effective than any amount of over-elaboration.

Slovenly Dressing

The shy child will become much more shy if it is badly dressed. The shy child is generally a sensitive child, too, and what it means to a sensitive child to wear ugly clothes only those who have experienced it in childhood can possibly tell. I remember going to a party one day, a children's party, and helping with the festivities.

There were not enough chairs, and I went to fetch one from an ante-room. In a corner of it, with her face buried in her hands, was a little girl sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Why, Doris, my dear," I said, "whatever is the matter?" "I ca-can't tell you," she replied. But, after a lot of persuasion, I got at the truth. "All the girls have such pretty frocks," she told me, "and look"—with a dramatic little move-

The Stream

'Tis hidden deep beneath the boughs  
That droop from banks so brown and high,  
Yet strewn with last year's beechen leaves  
That rustle when the winds go by.

Its voice is soft and seems to soothe  
The fret and hustle of the day,  
It seems somehow dull care slips by  
And with its eddies drifts away.

Oft when the tall trees whispering  
Drop down a yellow leaf to float  
It seems sometimes a golden thought,  
And then again a fairy boat.

'Tis just the spot to rest a while,  
To idle hours and dream, aye dream,  
And let the cares of the to-day  
Drift with the eddies down the stream.

She Followed Directions

After a month's work in intensely warm weather a gardener in the suburbs became ill, and the anxious little wife sent for a doctor, who wrote a prescription after examining the patient. The doctor, upon departing, said: "Just let your husband take that and you'll find he will be all right in a short time."

Next day the doctor called again, and the wife opened the door, her face beaming with smiles. "Sure, that was a wonderful wee bit of paper you left yesterday," she exclaimed. "William is better to-day."

"I'm glad to hear that," said the much-pleased medical man.

"Not but what I hadn't a big job to get him to swallow it," she continued, "but, sure, I just wrapped up the wee bit of paper quite small and put it in a spoonful of jam, and William swallowed it unbeknownst. By night he was entirely better."



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## Fashions and Patterns

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9999.—Ladies' House Dress, with Long Sleeves—Closes in coat style, with the entire fronts overlapping. This assures easy and practical adjustment. An ample pocket is arranged over the side front. The pattern is good for gingham, percale, lawn, seersucker, soisette, madras, dimity, drill or linen. It is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6½ yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the lower edge. Pattern 10c.

1379.—A Comfortable and Practical Dress for Mother's Girl—Girls' Dress, with Bloomers, and with Sleeve in either of Two Lengths—This becoming little model has raglan sleeve, which may be

of Two Lengths—This model is charming in lavender and white crepe, with pipings of lavender satin. It would be nice in pale pink china silk or blue dimity. The neck finish is unique. It may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 5½ yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

1370.—A Practical Model—Ladies' Petticoat, with Gathered or Habit Back, with or without Yoke and Flounce—This style shows several ways of development, each equally practical and attractive. It may be made with habit back, with or without yoke, or with or without the flounce, and if desired with gathers at the back. It is cut

The designs are good also for taffeta, tub silk, gingham or percale. The waist pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material for the waist, and 4½ yards of 44 inch material for the skirt, for a medium size. The skirt measures 2½ yards at the foot. Two separate patterns, 10c. each.

1189.—A Practical Comfortable Garment—Girl's Apron—This neat and simple model is so easy to develop, and such a "dress saver." At play or while helping mother, habits of neatness and care may be established, and a pretty apron such as this will gladly be worn by a little girl who likes to keep her frock clean. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 1¾ yards of 36 inch material for a 6 year size. Pattern 10c.

red it would be very attractive. If desired the skirt could be of contrasting cloth or wash material. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5½ yards of 36 inch material for an 18 year size. The skirt measures about 2¾ yards at lower edge. Pattern 10c.

1393.—A Practical, Comfortable and Stylish Model—Ladies' Maternity Dress with Stay, and with Sleeve in Wrist or Elbow Length—Taffeta in a new shade of green was used for this design, with cluny lace for trimming. The lines are simple and becoming, and the stay is a practical feature, since it provides for widening the garment, without making alterations at the waistline. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, and requires 6½ yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3¼ yards at the lower edge.



finished in short length, in flowing or gathered style, or in wrist length with a band cuff. The dress is a one piece model and has a convertible collar and fronts, so that it may be closed high or rolled open at the neck edge, in real "grown up fashion." The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It is good for linen, linene, galatea, percale, taffeta or tub silk, crepe, pique, corduroy, gingham, seersucker or chambray. It will require 2½ yards of 44 inch material for the dress and 1¼ yard for the bloomers, for a 6 year size. Pattern 10c.

1378.—A Comfortable Beach or Outing Suit for the Small Boy—Boys' Blouse Suit.—Linen, drill, khaki, galatea, percale, gingham and chambray, are all suitable for this style. The blouse has a new feature, the short sleeve, and a jaunty flat collar. Corduroy or pique would be nice for this suit. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 1¼ yard of 36 inch material for the blouse, and 1¾ yard for the trousers for a 3 year size. Pattern 10c.

1377.—A Fascinating Negligee—Ladies' Kimono with or without Epaulette Collar, and with Sleeve in either

in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 5½ yards of 36 inch material for skirt with flounce or 3¾ yards for skirt without flounce. For flounce of embroidery 3¾ yards of 17 inch material will be required. The skirt measures about 2½ yards at the foot. The flounce about 3¾ yards. Pattern 10c.

1394.—A Pretty Summer Style—Junior Suspended Dress, with Waist, As here shown Scotch dimity in blue and white was used on the free skirt, with pipings of blue on the free edges. The guimpe was made of white batiste. The pattern is good for taffeta, tub silk, chambray, gingham, batiste, crepe, ratine or challie. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5½ yards of 36 inch material for a 14 year size. Pattern 10c.

1389-1388.—A Splendid Costume for Outing, Sport or General Wear—This attractive combination was developed from Ladies' Waist Pattern 1389, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1388—As here portrayed gray voile was used for the skirt, with figured crepe in blue tones for the waist. Linen or corduroy could be used for the skirt, with crepe de chine, lawn or batiste for the waist.

1385.—A New and Popular Blouse—Shirt for Boy's and Youths—This design is good for madras, soisette, gingham, percale, chambray, pique, linen, linene or silk. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material for a 10 year size. Pattern 10c.

1384.—A Charming Model—Girls' Dress.—In white, lawn or batiste, with trimming of embroidered, banding this style will be very pretty. It is also good in combinations of materials. The sleeve is good in wrist length, and very comfortable and stylish, in bell style. The skirt is cut with five gores and has plaited fulness at the seams. The pattern is in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3¼ yards of 44 inch material for an 8 year size. Pattern 10c.

1390.—A Popular Serviceable Costume—Middy Dress for Misses and Small Women with Sleeve in either of Two Lengths and Convertible Collar—As portrayed, white linen was employed, with pearl buttons for a finish. With a touch of color this style will be equally attractive in ratine, pique, taffeta, crepe, lawn, batiste, serge or tub silk. In blue gingham, with pipings of white or

1365.—An Attractive Apron Model—Ladies' Apron—This practical design is cut with a three piece circular skirt, and a bib gathered to the belt in back and front, and made with shoulder seams and round neck edge. The apron is good for gingham, percale, lawn, cambric, sateen or drill. If desired the back portion of the bib may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 4½ yards of 36 inch material for a medium size.

1259.—A Simple and Attractive Tub Dress—Brown and white checked gingham was used for this style, with white corduroy for collar and cuffs. It is fine for drill, linen or linene, and also good for serge voile, or poplin. It will make a nice neat business suit. The right waist front is shaped over the left, and the low comfortable neck is finished with a deep collar. The sleeve may be long or short as preferred, with a neat cuff finish. The skirt is a four gores model, cut on new lines and with ample fulness. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6½ yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 2½ yards at its lower edge.





*Have you ever really  
seen your skin—as others see it?*

**T**OO often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our vanity cases, and—congratulate ourselves that our skins are passing fair.

If we never came under any closer inspection than we do in our own mirrors, this method would be well and good. But who of us does not have to face every day—when we least dream of it—eyes that are bent on us in critical inspection?

#### **Really see your skin**

**G**O to your mirror now and examine your skin *closely*. Really study it! Find out just the condition it is in. Look for tiny rough places that make your skin appear scaly when you powder, for conspicuous nose pores, for excessively oily skin or a shiny nose. Perhaps your skin is tender and sensitive, sallow and colorless, or unduly tanned.

Whatever condition you find, *it can be changed*. Make the following Woodbury treatment a daily habit and it will gradually but surely bring to your skin—as it has to thousands of others—that clearness, freshness and charm you long for.

#### **Use this treatment once a day**

**L**ATHER your wash cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always using an upward and outward

motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. Always be particular to dry your skin well.

#### **Your skin changes every day**

**Y**OUR skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As the *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is just the opportunity this treatment wants.

Every day it frees your skin of those tiny, old dead particles. *Then*, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. This keeps your skin so active that the new delicate skin which forms every day *cannot help* taking on that greater loveliness for which you have longed.

#### **Use persistently—the charm will come to stay**

**I**T is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment *persistently*, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and charm which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this famous skin treatment. Tear out the illustration of the cake shown here and put it in your purse as a reminder to stop at your druggist's or toilet counter and get a cake today. Remember, for

every day you fail to start this treatment you put off for another day the satisfying of that longing for greater attractiveness that is bound to come to you again and again.

#### **Write to-day for a week's-size cake**

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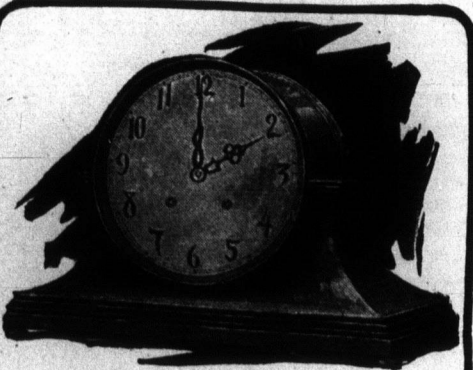
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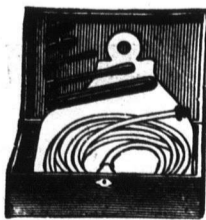
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1110.—A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl—Girl's Over Blouse Dress, with Guimpe (Sleeve in either of two lengths)—Plaid woolen in soft brown tones combined with tan cashmere is here portrayed. The design would develop well in other combinations. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2 3/8 yards of 40 inch material with 1 7/8 yard for the guimpe for an 8 year size. Pattern 10c.

1380.—Ladies' Apron in Sask or Belted Style—This style is good for seersucker, for gingham, lawn, sateen, denim, drill, jean or alpaca. In belted style it may do service as a "slip on" house dress a style much favored for warm weather. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

1373.—A Unique and Dainty Dressing Sack—Ladies' Dressing or House Sack—

and 4 1/4 yards for bolero and skirt for a 12 year size. Pattern 10c.

1387.—A Popular Style for the Growing Girl.—As here shown, striped percale in brown and white was combined with white linen. In checked or plaid gingham combined with chambray of a plain color to match, this design is also very attractive. It is good for linen, lawn, crepe, taffeta, pique or corduroy. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 7/8 yards of 36 inch material for a 10 year size. Pattern 10c.

1375.—A Simple but Becoming Dress in "Robe de Tailleur" Style—Ladies' Dress, with Sleeve in either of Two Lengths, and with Eight Gore Skirt—As here shown, white taffeta was used, with black and white striped silk for trimming. In voile, crepe, lawn, gingham or ratine, this style would



The sleeve is lengthened by a flare cuff, slashed over the arm. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It is good for challie, cashmere, albatross, china silk, poplin, crepe, lawn, dimity, batiste, organde or crossbar muslin. It will require 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. Pattern 10c.

1376.—A Charming Frock for the Growing Girl—Embroidered crepe and white organdie are here combined. The dress may be made with overblouse and guimpe joined to the skirt or the overblouse may be finished separately. The skirt is cut with six gore sections, that flare graceful, and has a lap tuck at the centre front. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 2 1/4 yards of 27 inch material for the guimpe,

be equally smart. The gored skirt flares gracefully at the foot, and makes this style especially suited to materials of narrow width. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 8 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size, which measures about 3 3/4 yards at lower edge of the skirt. Pattern 10c.

1381-1391.—A Popular Summer Dress—Comprising Ladies' Shirt Waist 1381 and Ladies' Skirt 1391—Suspender skirts are much in vogue, and with a neat and becoming waist are practical and nice for outing or business wear. As here portrayed golfine was used for the skirt, with crepe de chine for the waist. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Two separate patterns, 10c. each.

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Correspondence

**W**E invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

"Picked up Courage"

Wawota, Sask.  
Dear Editor,—I have now taken your paper The Western Home Monthly, off and on for three or four years, and find it very interesting, especially the correspondence column. I have been going to write before, but did not have the courage, and hope that my first letter escapes the W.P.B.

I am a bachelor, a little over 30 years of age. I work at bricklaying and cement work, and am doing all right at that. I have property in the village town here. I am able to do anything around the building of a house, except the carpenter work myself. I have a nice garden on my lots in town. I am English by birth. Have blue eyes, dark hair, height about 5ft. 7in. Weight 150. Good temper. Do not drink anything strong. Neither smoke nor chew. I am considered quiet and good natured. I am an ex-member of "16th Light Horse." Was willing to go to the front, but failed to pass on account of a small matter that did not amount to much. I would like to exchange correspondence with "Girl from England." Will sign, "Geordie."

Not an Old Maid "Yet"

Sask.  
Dear Editor,—Could you spare a little space in your valuable paper for a girl from the prairie. My father has taken your valuable paper for eight or nine years, and we all find it very interesting. I like the stories the best, but always like to read the correspondence column. I think some of the letters are very good, though some of them are foolish. I live on a farm, and can do almost any kind of work inside of the house or out, and I don't think it would hurt any woman to do a few chores to help her husband, and I believe she would if she thought very much of him. Don't you think "Sunset Bill" is a flirt? As this is my first letter I will close telling you all that I am not an old maid, as you might think, for I have not reached twenty yet. I will sign "A Prairie Rose."

"Desires to Exchange Music"

Sask., May 24, 1915.  
Dear Editor and Readers,—I have been a silent reader of your valuable paper for some time, and must say I enjoy reading it very much, especially the Correspondence Column. I live on a farm, 30 miles from town. 1/2 mile from the Big Stick Lake. I like to live on the farm, and I feel lonesome sometimes, although there are quite a few bachelors around here too. I don't think they felt as lonesome as I did last winter, as I was at home most of the time, only on Sundays, when I would go to church. I am very fond of music and reading, and I do a lot of fancy work. Would anybody like to exchange music with me? I would like to get "Meet me to-night in Dreamland," "American Soldier," or "When I Marry You," vocal, and "Red Wing," instrumental, or any others. I would send in return "Just a Chain of Daisies," "Are you lonely now my Darling," "Marry a Yiddisher Boy," "Tickled to Death," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and many others. Well I must close. Wishing The Western Home Monthly and its readers every success. My address is with the Editor. I will sign, "Minnie."

"Correspondence Page for Me"

Manitoba, June 8th, 1915.  
Dear Editor,—I have been a subscriber for some time now, and will be as long as I can raise the price of subscription. I think The Western Home Monthly should be taken in every home, as there is so much valuable information in it for both young and old. I am a young farmer, and find lots of helpful hints in its pages, but I think the correspondence page gets first consideration from all the young folks. I know it's about one of the first pages I turn to when it comes. As I have said I am a farmer, and bachelor. I own and work a half section of land. Crops look very good here, so far. It's to be hoped we get better crops than we had last year. They were almost a failure in these parts. If any young lady cares to write to a bachelor, I should be pleased to hear from a few. My address is with the Editor. Will sign myself, "Canadian."

An Ancient Proposal

May 3rd, 1915.  
Dear Editor and Readers,—Once more I would like to see a few words if I

might. You know it is summer time now, and everybody seems anxious to give their opinions. The grass is green, and the little birds and frogs are doing their best to tell the people summer is here. The war still goes on as fierce as ever. What a terrible battle was fought not long ago. So many lives lost.

I wish to thank all who were so kind as to take the trouble to write me. For there were so many. I could not think of answering one-half of them, although they were all worthy of an answer. Some of them were splendid. Would have answered more of those letters, but things were rather upset in my home about that time, so I only wrote a few of them.

Hello "Freda," you have been having some correspondents too I see. Did any of those bachelor gentlemen pop in black and white after this style:

"Madame—most worthy of admiration!—After long consideration and much meditation on the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation, on your approbation of the declaration, I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station, to profess my admiration, and if such oblation is worthy of observation, and can obtain commiseration, it

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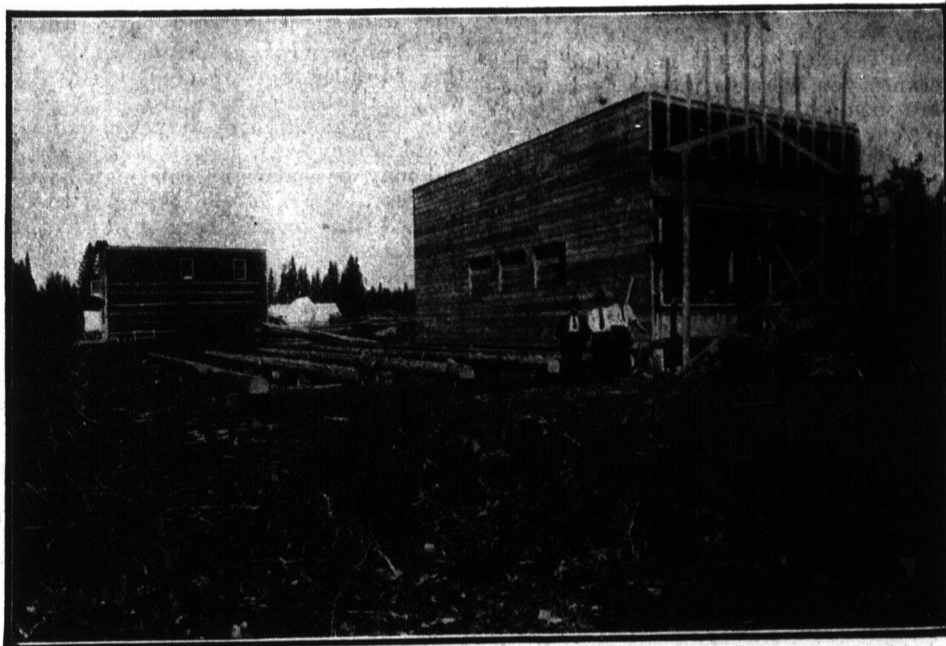


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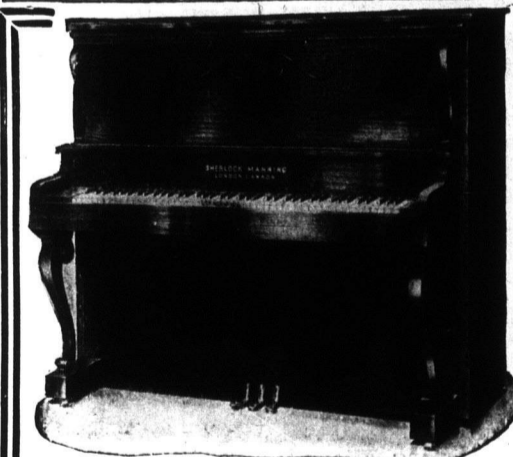
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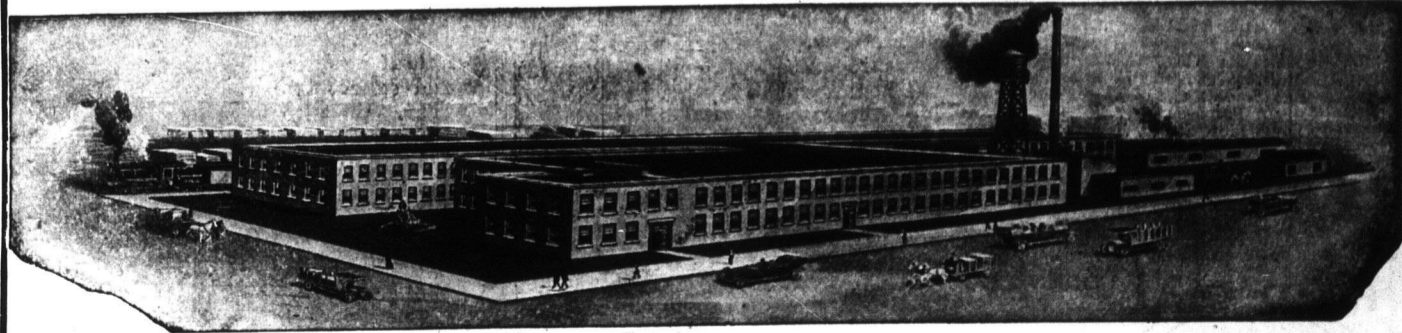
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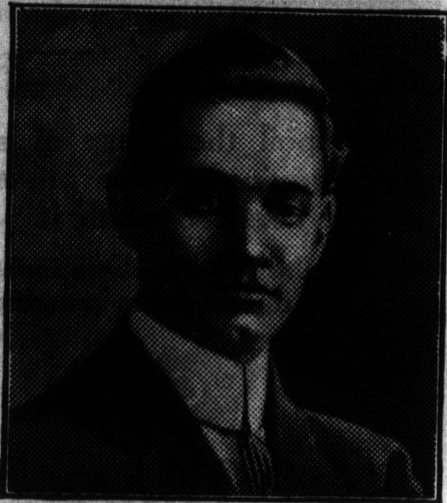
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A friend advised me to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and from the outset, they did me good. After I had started the second box, I felt I was getting well and I persevered in the treatment. I can truthfully say that 'Fruit-a-tives' is the only medicine that helped me.

LOUIS LABRIE.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is the famous  
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## HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

With Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen, that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression under the skin you which defies all the have tried. Perhaps swollen, the joints same with the the skin may be dis- may be wounds; allowed to com- you of the You may have hospitals and is hopeless, or to amputation, I can cure you. I don't say perhaps, but I will. Send to the Drug Stores for a Box of

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ointment and PILLS, which is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Hands, Ulcerated Joints, Housemaid's Knee, Carbuncles, Snake and Insect Bites, &c., &c. English Prices, 1/6 and 2/9 each. See Trade Mark of a Grasshopper on a Green Label. Prepared by ALBERT, Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England.

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will be an aggrandizement beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation of yours."

"Sans Dissimulation."

Pray don't think this is a love letter of mine. I only happen to have a copy of it, the real letter was written in 1820. I also have the answer. Will send it later. Was sorry to disappoint "Hotcake Pete," but as my bill was full I know he won't mind much. "True Blue's" letter in the April number was good. I quite agree with her in a great many things she wrote. One was, some girls getting so untidy after marriage. I have seen that myself, and it must surely be a sad time for the "good man" of the house.

Well, Mr. Editor, if I don't soon get out you will be putting me out in the rain, and I don't like that much.

Again I wish to thank those letter writers, but will not ask for any more correspondence at present.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, and best regards to everybody.

"Handy Sue."

### "Facts About Masculine Cooks"

Melville, Sask., June 7th.

Dear Editor,—Hello everybody. Many thanks for the kind letters, and such of them as I have not answered yet I will attend to shortly.

"Just Me," I think you're right. I like the way you talk. Come again soon.

"McTavish," you get me "riled" a bit because you were so unjust as to compare men-cooks to women-cooks, ending up your remarks with a flourish as if to say, "There now, I've got you all!" Listen here—when a masculine cook goes to work he dons a white cap and apron, enters a clean kitchen and does nothing but cook. Why shouldn't he produce the best of eatables? If he had to jump and run to answer the bell, or to see that the baby didn't fall into the well, or to stand and talk to tiresome callers while his pies scorched, or to go and set the table or hustle around and sweep three or four rooms I guess there would be a big "holler" from him. I've seen men cooks at work and they always had a raft of women to clean up after them. Their cooking no doubt is the best, but why shouldn't it be under such pleasant circumstances?

Well, Western lasses and lads, I guess you're all pretty busy now watching the wheat grow. We have a garden, and I work in it every day. Oh you weed-lets! It reminds me of my farming days down East, for you know though I am an ex-teacher I am a farmer's daughter, and am quite accustomed to thrashing the big yellow pumpkins.

My brother-in-law farms just west of here, and he and his wife and two children have proved up on a lonely homestead, and have had their hard times like everyone else, but are now fairly comfortable. They like the prairies. I was up to Saskatoon last week. Any of the members come from round Colonsay? Can't say I like Eastern Saskatchewan, but up round Prince Albert they say it's real nice. I was at a real Western hop. Say, it was great, and we never broke up until "daylight did appear." Pretty soon the threshing will put a stop to all our loafing, etc. I expect to help my brother-in-law then. My brother works nights down at the railway, but he expects to quit in August, and go out on the homestead to try his hand at threshing wheat.

Hello, "Dido," excuse me for not writing sooner in answer to your last, but I've been away. When are you going to call again? Also "Bert"—I forgot the last part of it, for I've mislaid the letter—come again.

I heard two fellows discussing this magazine on the train. They were taking turns reading it. One said: "Say, ain't this the best little old paper going!" And the other one said "You betcha. My wife counts the days between its monthly appearance, and it's a scrap who's to get it first when Benny brings it from the P.O."

For myself I just love it, and I've got about a dozen friends who say the same. One of them keeps the W.H.M. on file from year to year. Another one sends it around to relatives in Ontario, and

it's "read to rags" by the time it reaches its last recipient. Good luck to the good old W.H.M.!

Have any of you girls had serious ideas of taking up homesteads and working them? Now I say it's all O.K. if we didn't have to do both indoor and outdoor work. There was a lady wrote in to the Free Press about this scheme, but it struck me at the time that she must be well off and able to hire good kitchen help. Otherwise she must have the strength of a horse, to be able to do it all. I know a few women like that who are strong as oxen, and who expect that all other women should do as much heavy work as they do.

"Good bye all." I've just let my glasses fall, and "bust" 'em, so will quit. Best of wishes to everyone.

Freda.

### "Views on Patriotism"

Edmonton, Alberta, June 10th, 1915.

My dear Mr. Editor,—As one of your first subscribers, and not having written you for some time, pardon me for occupying a small space in your next issue. I have enjoyed exceedingly the letters in this issue, particularly "Right Ho! Thistle" who expresses my own sentiments along those lines. There is more in patriotism than swinging swords, flying flags and singing national anthems. While these are factors let us see to it that our patriotism is along the right lines and agreeable with our faith.

It seems most unfortunate, that in this so-called age of civilization, that we should be in the midst of a great war, in which the great powers of the world are involved. Let us hope that the end may be soon, and this may be the last war. Canada has responded to the call with the best of her sons and other assistance.

Knowing Saskatchewan as I do I would advise "Farmer's Son" to apply to Dominion Land agent at Regina for land in the Indian Head, Qu'Appelle and Sintaluta districts. These have for years been recognized as the best farm belts of that province, not belittling other portions where first class crops are grown.

What do the readers think about the temperance movements in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Would like to have some discussion. Is it not time that we should have prohibition?

Thanking you, and wishing you every success

"McDuff."

### "Making Himself Heard"

Alberta, June 9th, 1915.

Dear Editor,—I have been a silent reader of your excellent paper for some time, and think it's about time to make a noise. I like your correspondence column best. Then the stories, which are always good. I do not see many letters from "Sunny" Alberta, though it is anything but "sunny" to-day. A good number of the correspondents have been having some inky battles about the question of girls and men, and their merits and blemishes. I have three cousins and two uncles in the army; one was wounded at Ypres.

Say "Bill and Jake" were your heads aching often, grinding out that sentimental poem. Alberta can grow apples too. We have ten trees bearing this year and four last. We had three and a half bushels off four trees last year, and expect two and a half off one this year. We also have one bearing plums. I think that apples can be grown in Alberta if proper care is taken. It is the hot sun and cold nights of March and April that scorches the south side of the tree. This can be avoided by wrapping the tree trunk in newspapers during the winter.

This is a great country for mixed farming. The land is a heavy loam, and is about half clear and half wooded. We grow wheat, oats and barley. They all grow well, but wheat is likely to be frosted, but the Marquis is better than the Red Fife for that.

Should any of the members care to write they will find my address with the Editor.

I think "Farmer's Son" ought to come to Alberta. I will sign myself

"Sunny Sam."

## Entire Family Stricken With Cholera.

### Youngest Child Died.

The chief symptoms of cholera are vomiting, and purging occurs either simultaneously or alternately, and are usually sudden and very violent, and the matter ejected by the stomach has a bilious appearance and a nasty bitter taste. On the first symptom appearing Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be taken, and the trouble cured.

Mrs. E. Slade, 376 Logan Ave., Toronto, Ont., writes: "When I first arrived in Canada, nearly four years ago, my entire family was stricken with cholera, from which the youngest child died. Soon after a friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and acting on this advice I administered it to all who were suffering, with the most gratifying results. Since that first attack my children have been subject to stomach troubles, but on the first symptoms I resort to "Dr. Fowler's," and it always brings relief. I have immense faith in this medicine, and always keep a bottle on hand. Also I never fail to recommend it to anyone who is similarly troubled."

When you ask for "Dr. Fowler's" see that you get it.

It has been on the market for the past 70 years.

There is nothing "just as good."

Manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Price, 35 cents.

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THE CUTLER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.



Good Chance for Girls in B.C.

Waldeck, Sask., June 12, 1915.

Comrades All,—I enjoy reading The Western Home Monthly very much, and I have just been reading the letters on the Correspondence Pages in the June number. So I thought I would try and write a letter, too.

It seems that "Scout" has been getting into trouble with the fair sex. Hope he gets a real good talking too. Won't hurt him a bit. Then perhaps he'll mend his ways. Eh?

I notice that a lot of people wish information regarding homesteads. If any of you write to me I can give you information concerning homesteads and pre-emptions in Sask.; also about homesteads in B.C. Father was in there last winter (in the Peace River district), and likes the place fine; in fact we are going to move in next winter. He says it is an ideal place for ranching, as well as farming. I can also give you information about it, also addresses where you can send and secure maps and booklets about it. Girls there's a good chance for us in B.C.; we can obtain homesteads there at the age of eighteen. I intend to get a homestead when I go. Dad tells me if I do he will give me a registered mare and two head of cattle. So I think it is worth it. Don't you?

Aren't the wild prairie roses lovely now? Around our place the prairie is nearly covered with them. I am very fond of flowers, and sometimes when I get lonely I take a walk. They seem almost like companions.

Don't you think it would be nice if we discussed music and books in the Correspondence Column?

Well, I hope I shall see this letter in print, dear Editor, and hoping some of you people will write to me. I will sign myself

"Miss Grace."

P.S.—My address is with the Editor.—M.G.

The Magnet of Faith

A crew of fifteen men once left a burning ship in mid-Pacific. They were thousands of miles from land. They left the ship so hastily that they had no time to take oars, or sail, or any other tackle or gear with which to produce motion. They were only able to snatch at some food and water. They lived for six weeks in that boat, and the last three and twenty days they dreamed every night of feasting, and woke every morning to the same starving comrades, vacant waters—for they passed no ships—and desolate sky. Yet these men never lost their courage, because they perceived from the outset that their boat was in the current of an equatorial ocean, a current which those who knew the geography of the sea were aware would slowly but surely carry them at last to land, which it did. Sometimes the patience of hope in the Christian life has to be exercised in that way. No oar and no sail; no strength and no light; for many days neither sun nor moon, nor stars appearing, but only the magnet of faith pointing steadily to the Rock of Ages, and the current of eternal nature of His who is what He is, bearing us on to the promised land.—John Laidlaw, D.D.

What Makes Milk and Butter Yellow.

That the rich yellow color demanded by the public in dairy products is primarily due to the character of the cow's feed is demonstrated by recent experiments carried on by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the Missouri State Experiment Station. For some years dairy experts have been studying this question. Their conclusion is that, although to some extent a breed characteristic, the intensity of this yellow color may, with certain limits, be increased or diminished at will by changing the animal's rations.

Chemical tests show that the yellow pigment in milk consists of several well-known pigments found in green plants. Of these the principal one is carotin, so called because it constitutes a large part of the coloring matter of carrots. The other yellow pigments in the milk are known as xanthophylls. These are found in a number of plants including grass, but are especially abundant in yellow autumn leaves.

These pigments pass directly from the feed into the milk. This explains the well-known fact that fresh green grass and carrots increase the yellowness of butter, the only standard by which the average person judges its richness. On the other hand, a large proportion of these pigments is deposited in the body fat and elsewhere in the cow. When the ration is changed to one containing fewer carotin and xanthophyll constituents, this hoarded store is gradually drawn upon and in consequence the yellowness of the milk does not diminish so rapidly as it otherwise would. This yellowness increases, however, the instant the necessary plant pigments are restored to the ration.

Green grass is probably richer in carotin than any other dairy feed. Cows fed on it will therefore produce the highest colored butter. Green corn, in which xanthophylls constitute the chief pigment, will also produce a highly-colored product. On the other hand a ration of bleached clover hay and yellow corn is practically devoid of yellow pigments and the milk from cows fed upon it will gradually lose its color. It is, of course, indisputably true that the breed does influence the color of the milk fat; but vary the ration and there will be a corresponding variation in the color of the milk fat in each breed.

In cows of the Jersey and Guernsey breeds the body fat is frequently of such a deep yellow color that some butchers and consumers look with disfavor upon beef from these breeds. For this prejudice there is absolutely no justification.

The yellowness of the fat springs from the same causes as the yellowness of the milk fat and there is no reason for objecting in one case to the very thing that is prized in the other.—U. S. Dept. of Agr.

Father and Child

You are so helpless and I so strong,  
Oh, but the way is so lone, so long!  
Would I might fare with you thus always,  
Down to the dusk of your latest day,  
Wee little wanderer out of the dawn;  
Would I might walk with you on and on,  
Even as now, in the day's decline,  
Holding your frail little hand in mine,  
Guiding your steps o'er each rugged mile,  
Greeting with kisses your childish smile,  
Kissing the tears from your dimpled cheek—

I am so strong and you are so weak.

You are so helpless—am I so strong?  
Oh, but the way is so lone, so long!  
Would you might fare with me thus always,

Down to the dusk of my latest day,  
Brave little waif of the vanished dawn;  
Would you might walk with me on and on,

Even as now, in the day's decline,  
Still with your warm little hand in mine,  
Guiding my steps o'er each rugged mile,  
Soothing my fears with your trustful smile.

Kissing the tears from my with'ring cheek—

You are so strong and I am so weak!

E. O. Laughlan.

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.—The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly effective, is mild and agreeable. No violent pains or purgings follow their use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are, therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.

# NURSE'S KIDNEY TROUBLE

Glowing account of the efficacy of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the great British remedy of world-wide renown

Two years ago Nurse Dowdeswell of 37 Alfred Street, Gloucester, England, wrote to say that Dr. Cassell's Tablets had cured her of acute kidney trouble, and saved her from operation, and she now tells her story for the benefit of fellow-sufferers in the Dominion. She says:—

"I am pleased to say that I have had the best of health since I told you of my cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets some two years ago. People remark on how well I look. When I think of what I suffered before I knew of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, I feel I can never sufficiently praise your splendid medicine. Kidney trouble had reduced me to such a state of helplessness that I could not walk alone. I had undergone two operations, and taken endless medicine, but nothing helped me. Often I was in frightful pain, pain that lasted for hours at a time. I was also a martyr to dyspepsia, and so weak and spiritless that I used to wish I could die and be done with suffering. Although, as I have said, I was twice operated on for kidney trouble I got no relief at all. I was urged to undergo a third operation on my left kidney, but by that time I was taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and the benefit was so apparent that I refused the operation and persevered with the Tablets. Then I mended rapidly, I had no more pain, the dyspepsia, too, was cured, and I began to gain flesh. In a remarkably short time I was thoroughly well and strong.

"Now, if ever I feel a little run-down—and my work as a nurse is sometimes very trying—I take just a dose or two of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and they never fail to set me up again. They are just splendid."



Nurse Dowdeswell.



## Dr. Cassell's Tablets

This cure is a personal story, the accuracy of which is beyond doubt. It is given freely and gratefully with a view to pointing a way of relief to fellow sufferers. Try Dr. Cassell's Tablets to-day and know at first hand their remarkable power to renew health and fitness. Take them for

Nervous Breakdown, Neurasthenia, Kidney Trouble, Malnutrition,  
Nerve Failure, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Wasting,  
Infantile Weakness, Anaemia, Stomach Disorder, Palpitation,

and they are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. All druggists and storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

### SEND FOR A FREE BOX

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents, for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, H. F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.



## Household Suggestions

## BREAD

**Milk Loaves**—Two pounds of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, three-eighths of an ounce of yeast, a pint of milk. Warm the milk and water, add the salt and yeast, and make into a smooth dough with the flour.

Put in a warm place for three hours, and over with a clean cloth. Turn on to a board and knead thoroughly, sprinkle a little flour over the top, and cover in warm place again. Leave for an hour.

Then divide into small rounds, cover them on the board with a cloth, and leave a little longer to rise.

Brush each little loaf over with beaten egg, and bake in a moderate oven.

If milk and water mixed is used, it is better to melt an ounce or so of butter in it to add to the fat value.

**Norfolk Rolls**—Sift a pound of Vienna flour with a teaspoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of baking powder, one and a half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and a pinch of salt.

Rub into these with the finger-tips an ounce of fresh butter. Mix to a dough with about half a pint of buttermilk. Roll out two or three times, form into small rolls, and bake for ten minutes in a quick oven. Serve hot with butter.

**Hot Buttered Scones**—Put a pound of flour in a basin, add a tablespoonful of castor sugar, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a pinch of salt.

Mix all together, and rub in three ounces of either butter or lard. Mix to a stiff paste with half a pint of milk, cut in rounds with a small cutter, and bake in a very hot oven for ten minutes. Cut open and butter.

Sugar can be omitted if liked. With honey these little scones are particularly good.

**Oat Cakes**—Put into a basin one breakfast cupful of fine oatmeal, the same amount of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda.

Stir these together, and mix in two ounces of melted dripping. Beat up the yolk of an egg, and add with a little water to the mixture.

Mix all well together, turn on to a well-floured board, and roll out thinly. Cut into small rounds with a cutter, and bake quickly in a hot oven.

**Good Old Irish Stew**—There are few people who have not tasted an Irish stew that is insipid and flavorless. Yours will never be so if you use this method of preparing it:

Two pounds of potatoes, four onions, one pound of mutton, half a pint of water, pepper and salt.

Peel and slice the potatoes thinly; peel and cut up the onions. Cut up the meat into small, convenient sized pieces.

Place a layer of potatoes in the casserole, then a layer of meat, then onion, and so on. Season between each layer with pepper and salt, and add the water.

It is better to finish with a layer of potatoes. Cover with the lid, and simmer for two hours on the side of the stove.

Stew will need an occasional stir, or the potatoes are apt to stick. But food seldom burns in a casserole; that is one of its many virtues.

**Pineapple Ice**—Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of gelatine or 1 package of jello in one half-pint of hot water. Add one pint of sugar, three pints water, one teacup shredded pineapple and the juice of four lemons. Stir all together and freeze.

**Ice Cream**—Three quarts of cream, whites of four eggs, one pint of fresh milk, one and one-fourth pounds sugar, two tablespoonfuls of jello dissolved. Flavor to taste and freeze. This makes one gallon of cream.

**Lemon Ice**—Juice of six lemons and grated rind of three, one large sweet orange juice and rind. Squeeze out all the juice and steep with lemon and orange rind two hours; strain, add one pint of water and two cups of sugar; stir until dissolved, turn into can and freeze. Let stand longer than ice cream.

## Food Values of Vegetables

Tomatoes rouse torpid liver and do the work, ordinarily, of a doctor's prescription.

Lettuce has a soothing, quieting effect upon the nerves, and is an insomnia remedy.

Celery is an acknowledged nerve tonic, and is more and more used in medical prescriptions.

Onions are also tonic for the nerves, but people will be for ever prejudiced because of their odor.

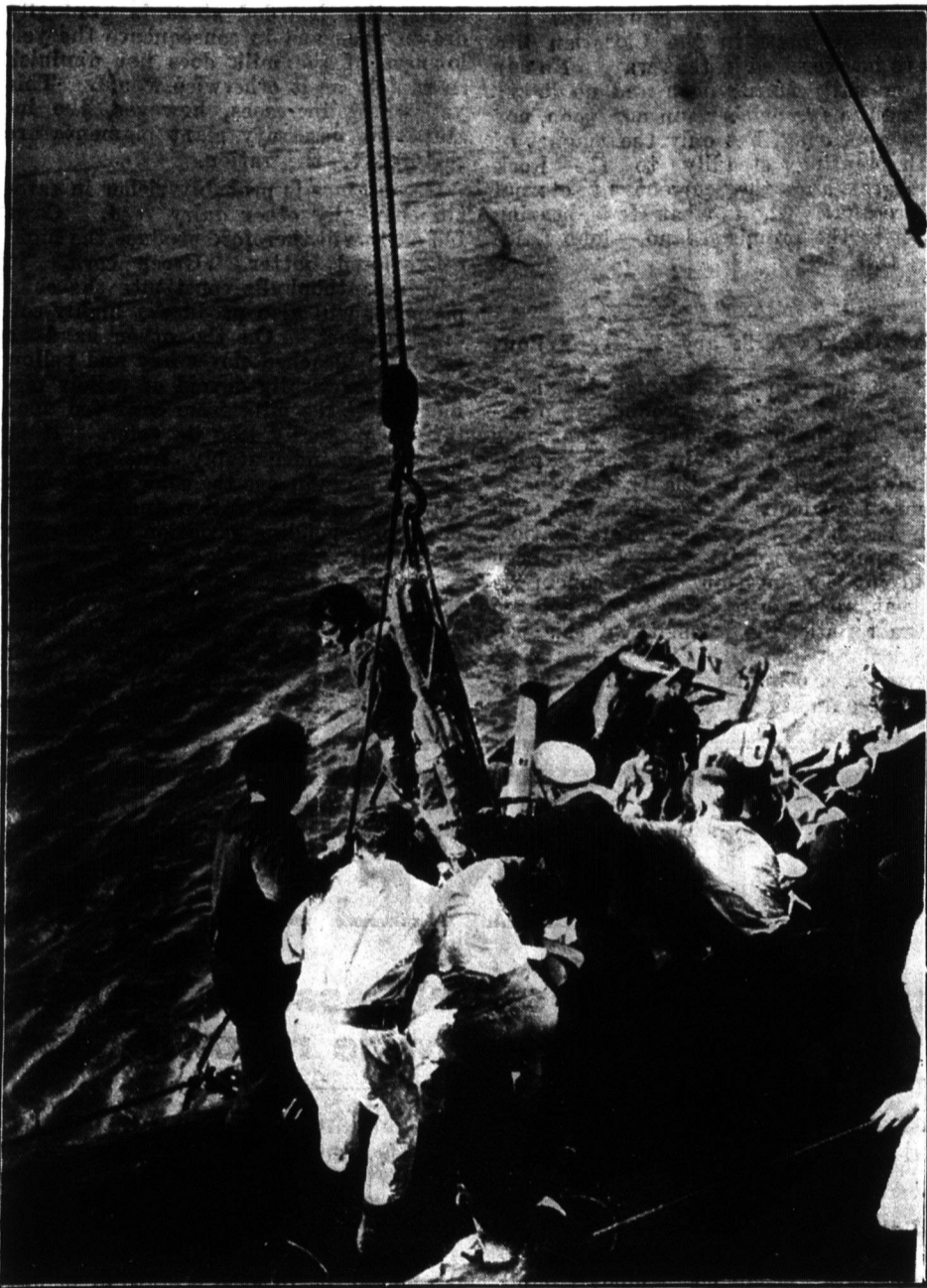
Dandelions purify the blood and generally are declared to tone up the system.

Watercress is a "good, all-round" brace-up for the system.

Pumpkins are an ingredient in a patent medicine that is guaranteed to cure quite a variety of ailments flesh is heir to, but the world is increasing in inhabitants who do not believe all they hear.

## Time for Cooking Vegetables

Potatoes, half an hour, unless small, when rather less; cabbage and cauliflower, twenty-five minutes; peas and asparagus, twenty to twenty-five minutes; carrots and turnips, forty-five minutes when young, one hour in winter; onions, medium size, one hour; beets, one hour in summer, and one and a half or two hours (if large) in winter; French beans, if slit or sliced slantwise and thin, twenty-five minutes, if only snapped across, forty minutes; broad beans if very strong, half an hour; old, forty to



Hoisting Wounded Allies aboard a Hospital Ship

The photo shows a wounded soldier being raised to the ship in the Dardanelles. He is strapped to the jacket of stretchers. Through a loop in the jacket the hook of a pulley is passed and then the wounded soldier and jacket are hoisted up by the crane.

Potatoes should be eschewed by those who "have a horror of getting fat," as that is the penalty of eating them.

Spinach has medicinal properties and qualities equal to the most indigo of all blue pills ever made.

Parsnips, it is now contended by scientists, possess almost the same virtues as are claimed for sarsaparilla.

Beets are fattening, and even a moderately learned man will explain because of the sugar they contain.

Ordinary lima beans, some one has said, are good to allay thirst, but the same can be said with equal truth, of a pitcher of water.

Asparagus is efficacious in kidney ailments to an extent that is not yet perhaps, thoroughly appreciated.

Cucumbers, aside from sunbeam emitting properties know to readers of facetious paragraphs, contain an acid that is helpful in some cases of dyspepsia.

Cabbage, in Holland, is regarded as something of a blood purifier, but the authority is vague. In German, its efficacy is purely sauer kraut.

Parsley will assist food digestion. Like cheese and nuts, but a quantity in excess of ordinary capacity has to be consumed. Therein lies the joker.

forty-five minutes. All vegetables should be put into fast boiling water, and quickly brought to the boiling point again, not left to steep in hot water before boiling, which toughens them, and destroys color and flavor.

## An Odd Charity

"A friend of mine has the oddest little charity," said the woman. "The other day my visit to her house was cut short by her abrupt announcement that she had to get down to the railway station by four o'clock."

"Friends coming in?" I asked.

"No," said she, "going out. Do you want to go with me?"

"I did not want to go, but I had nothing else to do, so I went. Arrived at the station, the woman made straight for a corner where a bunch of children, all in the same clothing, were huddled together."

"It is these little folks I came down to see," she said. "They are waifs and strays who have been collected by a Society, and are being emigrated to Canada. Every time a band of the children is sent away I come to bid them

good-bye. Do you know, I think it must do their hearts good to go away knowing somebody outside the Society that has been taking care of them thought enough of them to come to the station and say good-bye."

"Then she passed among the lot of children, kissed each one, patted him, and gave him a keepsake. I tried to butt in with a 'gracious lady' act of my own, but my voice was so shaky that I am afraid I didn't do much good!"

Here is the opportunity for some others. Dr. Barnardo's Homes are frequently dispatching children from Euston and St. Pancras, and the Salvation Army sending away emigrants of other kinds. Why not give them a send off?

## Discussing the Minister

Rev. John Watson, better known to the world as Ian Maclaren, the author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," was a fascinating talker, says Mr. William H. Ridging, in "Many Celebrities and a Few Others." In the quietest way he dramatized any trifling incident that amused him.

Once I was lunching with him at his house in Liverpool. He was about to resign from the Sefton Park Church, and he speculated as to how he might be estimated after his departure. In an instant the table and those round it vanished, and we were listening to two elders with whispering voices, discussing a retiring minister.

"A good man, a verra good man," one of them was saying.

"Aye, he was that. There'll be nobody to deny it. But Aw'm thinking—weel, no, I'll no say it."

"Aw'm thinking the same masel'. Was he no a bit off in his sermons lately, did ye say?"

"Weel, perhaps."

"And no so keen as he used to be."

"Puir man!"

"Aye, he did his best, nae doot."

"Ye minded him in the Sabbath-school? Strange, verra strange, hoo the attendance dropped. I canna account for it. What'll you be thinking?"

"I've heard creticism, aye, severe creticism, no that I agree with it, or disagree with it. Mackenzie was telling me we'll be lucky to be rid of him, and Campbell opines that he was ruining the kirk."

"Aye, and Ferguson was saying—but I'll no speak ill of him."

"Aw'm thinking it's for the best he will be going."

"Maybe. The new man's fine—another John Knox, Mackenzie was saying."

One could hear their undertones, as they damned with faint praise and condemned by innuendo; one saw them in their decent blacks, askance, timorous, insinuating. Watson's features hardly moved, nor had he recourse to gestures. He did not act the little scene, but seemed to visualize it to us almost by hypnotic suggestion.

## The Making of a Suffragist

The Equal Suffrage League of Centerville sat discussing the results of the recent canvass to interest women voters in the school board election. "Mrs. Crane will never vote, I know," said the chairman, in a dejected tone. "I talked with her for nearly two hours, and didn't make the slightest impression on her."

"You never can tell," said a hopeful member. "She may think over what you've said, and—"

There came a knock at the door, and in walked little Mrs. Crane, flushed and breathless.

"I'm going to vote, after all," she announced. "You must tell me all the things I have to do."

"My dear!" the chairman beamed on her. "I'm so glad! After all, I did use some arguments which convinced you."

"No, you didn't," said little Mrs. Crane, stubbornly. "But this morning I looked at the weather-vane and the thermometer, instead of waiting for my husband to tell me about them, as usual, and I said, 'Wind northeast, mercury stands at seventy-one,' to him, just the way he says it to me."

"And I said to him, 'Henry Crane, if it's come to the point that you think your wife isn't as capable of looking at the weather-vane and the thermometer as you are, I'm going right off to register as a voter, and show you!' Now what shall I do first?"





# ROBIN HOOD FLOUR

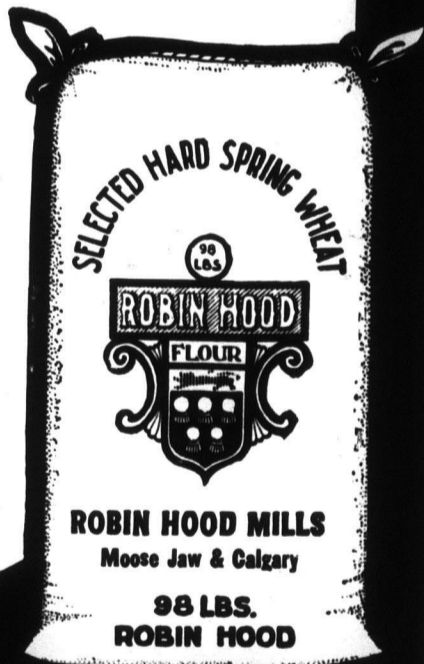


## True Economy--

After all is said and done, Flour, although slightly dearer than usual, is the cheapest food to be obtained. If this is a fact, to reduce the high cost of living, buy the best flour and in that way have your bread and other bakings so tempting and delicious that the family will demand and require less meat and other expensive foodstuffs.

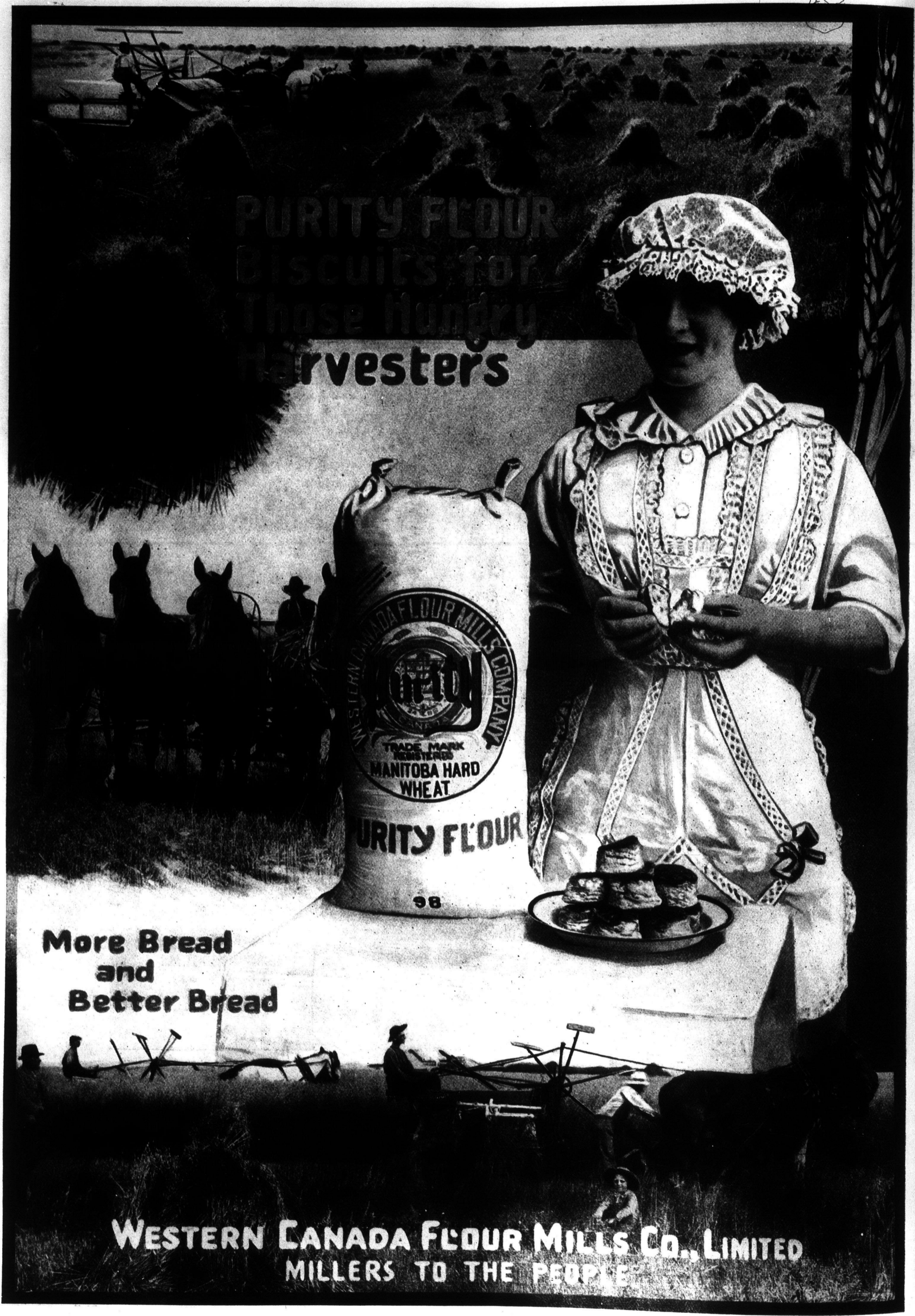
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