

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

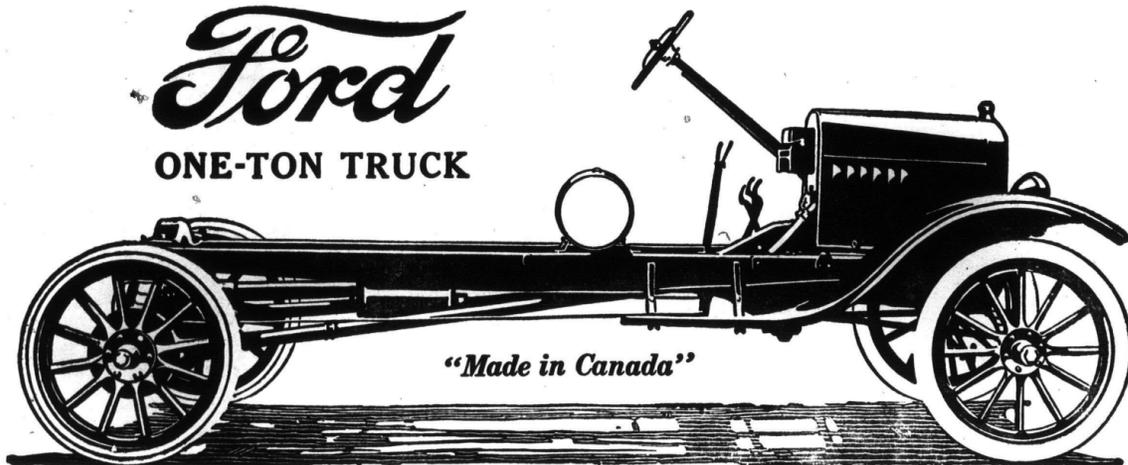


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The Western Home Monthly

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

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year. Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more 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

The cheerful and voluntary expressions of appreciation that reach The Western Home Monthly by every mail are a reward that is very highly valued by the publishers. The fact that the magazine appears to please and interest its readers is gratifying knowledge. The field of this publication is the Western home, with the possibilities that that implies and no effort or expense will be spared in the determination not only to sustain the magazine at its present high standard, but to improve it with every issue. As the only household publication in the West, it covers a great territory, and has a very special field of usefulness. Of all homes blessed with the utmost—those of Manitoba,

expiration, which is February, 1918. I must say we have taken this paper for years, and would very much dislike to be without it. I would call it a clean paper, one that parents are not afraid of their children reading. This I appreciate very much, as I have a family just entering their teens, and I realize it is very hard to always get suitable reading for them. Hoping your magazine will see many years of prosperity, I am, very respectfully yours, C. S. R.

Tuffnell.
Dear Sir,—I am sending you the money for the subscription to The Western Home Monthly. I like the paper fine, and can-

Dear Editor—With your permission, I would like to make some remarks in your pages. I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for probably ten years, and being a reader of the best journals published, and, having the experience for years of travelling over rural Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia to the Coast, I naturally think I know their reading requirements, and I consider The Western Home Monthly the most suitable journal for our western people. There certainly is none more sane or wholesome for the younger folks. As a Canadian, I admire a journal that endeavors to develop a Canadian spirit in its readers—Western Canada is potentially a great country. I suggest that young readers of The Western Home Monthly make a practice of reading western periodicals and books, such books, for instance, as the "History of the Empire of the North," dealing with the exploring and early pioneering of Canada; "Lords of the North," "Pathfinders of the West," "Canadian Commonwealth," etc.—E. J. L.

Alberta and Saskatchewan are wonderfully privileged, and we doubt not that they will be found equal to the task of developing the unsurpassed heritage that is theirs. There are vast resources locked up in the hills and soils of this land. Courage, effort and imagination are necessary in the development of Western life. The mission of this magazine is to stimulate its readers to noble effort through wholesome and helpful reading, and thus render in its humble way a service in the formation of a healthy Canadian citizenship.

From Our Mail Bag

Brandon, Man.
Dear Sir,—I must say that your magazine is a good, clean, up-to-date paper. I have two girls and a boy, and they seem to think a lot of it, because when I am reading it myself and should remark on anything in it, they all know about it, so it is well read. Some years ago I said I would stop a lot of papers, as I had no time to read them. My wife said: "We won't stop The Western Home Monthly." I don't think you could wish anything better than that, on what we think of The Western Home Monthly. I don't see where you could improve it. I have taken it so many years now that it has grown second nature for it to come. The stories are good, the editorials are good, and in fact I read it all through with the exception of the articles on cooking and the ladies' department. I am afraid I am out of it there. In fact, I might have cut out the whole of this letter and said, your journal is all right, and I wish you all success.—Yours truly, W. P. M.

Lonesome Butte, Sask.
Gentlemen.—Enclosed please find \$1.00, for which please send me The Western Home Monthly for one year from date of

not say anything against it, but a great deal for it. My daughter says that she has been taking it since it started, and she would not be without it. It is improving every year.—Cordially yours, Mrs. D. S. L.

Moosomin, Sask., Feb. 16, 1918.
Gentlemen,—You did not take quite all the joy out of my life when you wrote me that my subscription had expired, for I knew as long as I had the price for renewal that I would get more good reading out of it than in any other paper published. We have taken The Western Home Monthly as long as I can remember, and we think it is just fine, and could not be improved in any way. The parts I like best are, The Young Woman and Her Problem, Women's Quiet Hour, and Bonnycastle Dale's stories. Wishing you every success, I am, sincerely yours,—L. E. S.

Little Bay, Nfld., Feb. 20, 1918.
Gentlemen,—Enclosed please find \$1.00 for my renewal subscription to The Western Home Monthly. It is very interesting, and every page is filled with good reading and advice, and I am one of the many who do not intend to do without it.—Yours very truly, Mrs. H. B.

Notice to Contributors

The Editors of The Western Home Monthly will always be pleased to receive manuscripts of short stories not exceeding 2,500 words. All such will be carefully reviewed and when selected for publication, current rates will be paid. Articles of the same length, and dealing with matters of general interest to the West are even more welcome, and it is encouraging to note the large number of Westerners who are developing so splendidly in this connection. Photographs will also be appreciated and promptly returned when not used.

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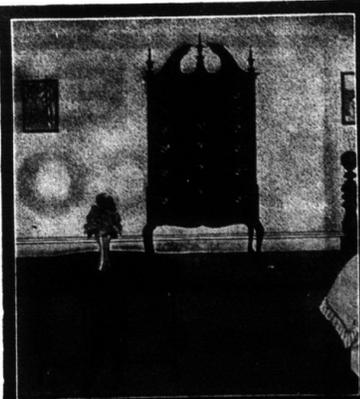
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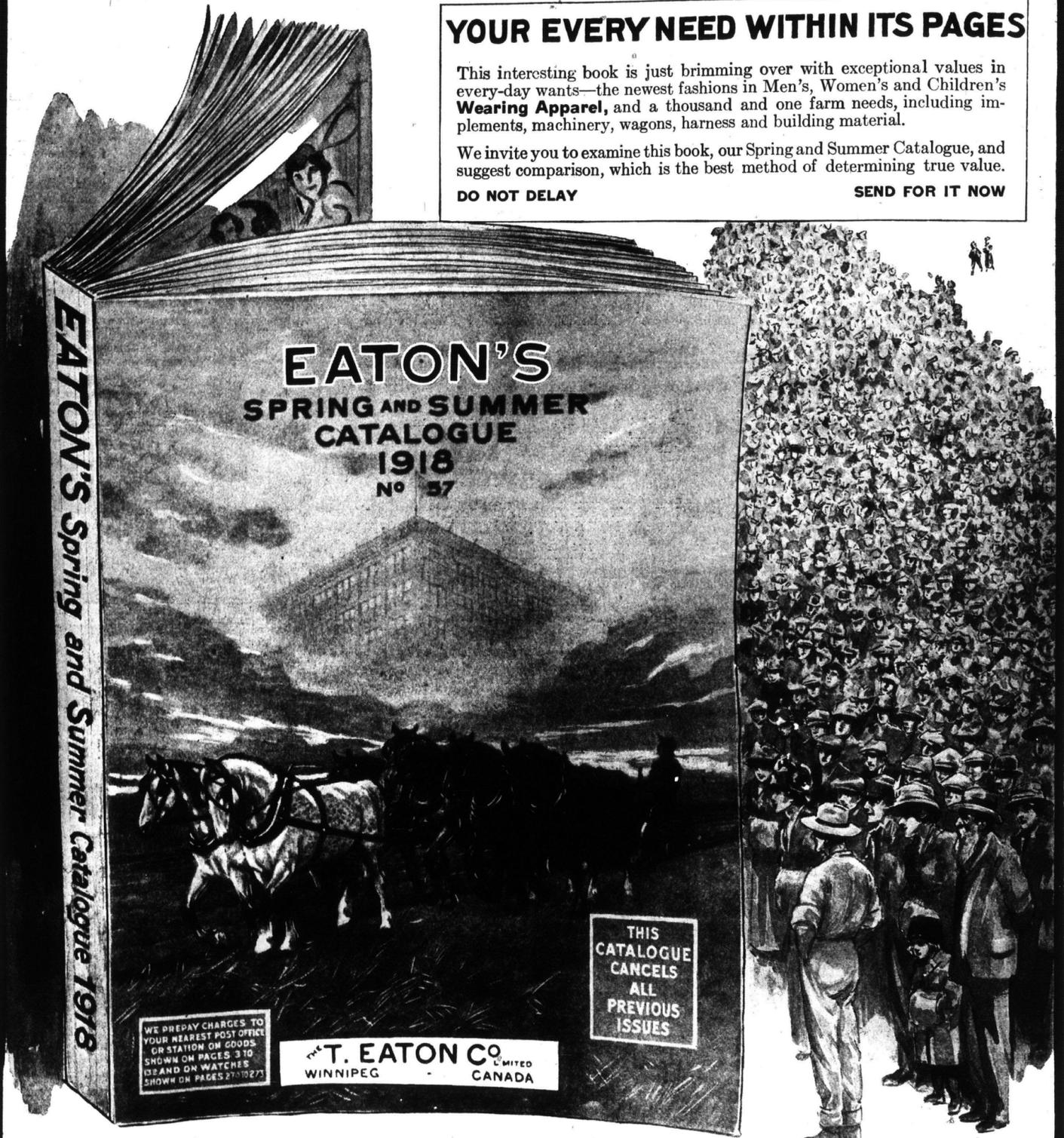
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Editorial

The Responsibility of the Individual

THERE is so much of co-operative effort in these days, and so much assumed by the nation, that we are tempted to forget that each individual has his duties and responsibilities. And in the last analysis it is the action of the individual which counts. We may say for instance that farmers should do so and so, or that manufacturers should do so and so, and we may all agree in our judgment, but there are always bound to be some members of the fraternities who will fail, and their failure may mean disaster everywhere. Where the state controls absolutely, it may be possible to apportion responsibility so that none will escape, and yet even here it is impossible to get justice. A good illustration is found in the effort to enforce conscription. Where the state does not enforce action, and where voluntary effort has to be depended upon, the part played by individuals varies from nothing to infinity. Indeed some people are negative in the contribution while their neighbors work far beyond their powers. One of the most striking examples of this is in the Red Cross work carried on by Canadian women.

Now we cannot get out of this war successfully, nor for that matter can we carry on our national work successfully unless all citizens are enlisted loyally in active service. Not all slackers are among the young men of military age. In every department of life there is an opportunity to serve self or serve the Empire, and he is disloyal and traitorous who at this time takes the narrower view.

The first application of this principle will be found in contribution to patriotic work. If ever there is a time when the action of a man is scrutinized by his neighbors it is in cases of this kind. The wealthy and the poor are being compared, the country and the city are measured against each other, nationalities are weighed and some of them are found wanting. Yes, there are men and women east and west who should be elevated to the rank of saints, and who should receive the highest honors the nation can confer. Some of these are poor people, humble people, yet rich in deeds of love and mercy and proud in the possession of the joy which accompanies sacrifice. Others there are, men with means and women high up in social life, who have given nothing and done nothing beyond that which was necessary to preserve appearances.

A second application of the principle is in the matter of food conservation. Lately a woman in the Motherland was fined five pounds for throwing away the crust of a loaf of bread. How many here on the same judgment would have to pay a fine? The Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba stated the other day that at his table beef and bacon had not found a place for six months. And there are many like him—some because they believe in food conservation, and some because they have not the price. Isn't it right that here in the prairies as in Quebec and Ontario we should deny ourselves everything possible for those who are in distress and who next year may be in want?

The third and last application of the principle to be made just now is in the case of those actually enlisting for service. The actions of some families is wonderful beyond all praise, and the action of others despicable beyond description. What shall we say of a man, a class or a race that will stand to one side while others pay the price of victory? It is even worse than this, for some are planning how they may own the country after the loyal Britishers are all killed off. Let us not be dismayed. There will be enough loyalists left after the victory is won to ensure that for all time our beloved land shall be Canadian and British to the core. Were it not to be so, we might as well go out of the war and out of life.

After all it is a matter of individual responsibility. The testing day is now. The day of estimating our loyalty and devotion is to-morrow. When the showing has to be made, how will you stand, and how shall I?

No Class Rule Wants I

A RECENT work entitled "Inside Russian Revolution," by Rheta Childe has many good things in its pages, and one of the best is contained in the following paragraph:

"I am just as much of a socialist as when I went to Russia in May, 1917, and just as little of an anarchist. I believe that the next economic development will be socialism, that is, co-operation, and the administration of all departments of government for the collective good of all the people. I believe that the world is for the many, not the few. But Russia has demonstrated that there is no advantage to be gained by taking all power out of the hands of one class and placing it in the hands of another."

That is what we have been aiming at in Canada ever since there was a Canada. Thank Heaven, the people are beginning to get together. We trust the good work will go on until there shall be no class distinctions, such as laboring men and capitalists, free traders and protectionists, country born and city born. We hope that the next generation will be the law of Canadian life and that we will all serve each other.

King Alcohol is Dead

ON April 1, Canada goes dry, that is, after that date no more liquor will be manufactured. That is as it should be. Every ounce of grain spent in liquor is an ounce lost for purposes of food, and the great need of the world to-day is food. The only uses to which grain should be put are food for people and for those animals which in turn become food for people. This, of course, is only one aspect of the liquor question. It is a great thing that Canada will be spared from the moral and physical dangers that accompany the use of liquor.

A Farmer's View

A SUBSCRIBER has written to object to one suggestion made in the Editorial page in February. As he expresses with perfect clearness a view that is held by himself and no doubt by others, his words are given the same publicity as the original editorial. The Western Home Monthly will welcome discussion on topics of this kind. It is in the balancing of opinions that the truth is arrived at. The general public is as capable of judging such matters as the few men who politically control our policies.

First, the farmer is a gambler pure and simple, though we must all admit a very necessary one. To begin with he puts considerable money into land, horses and implements, etc., for a start, more often running into debt to obtain them; then he expends considerable time and labor, often hiring a man or men "who must be fed and paid," to help him prepare the soil ready for the seed. Now, again, he takes more good money, otherwise seed, and sows it in the soil, in other words he has bet all this on the weather, and before he gets any return he must wait several months during which time he is taking chances upon drought, hail, rust and frost while waiting for the harvest; any one of which may spell a dead loss at the end of the season instead of profit, also he has various other pests to fight against, well known to any farmer, which take considerable toll of his crops, so that if at the end of the year he has made a good profit, I say he is fully entitled to it, for he has absolutely no guarantee that the next year or even the next three will bring him any profit.

Even with wheat at the present price, flour, and rightly so, has not advanced as much in proportion as nearly every other necessity has, though for this fact I think we have the Food Controller to thank.

Now regarding the hired man, how much does he risk. When ever he works he is assured of plenty of good wholesome living, "because if the farmer does not provide it he does not get the hired man," and at the end of the season no matter even if the crop may have proved a failure, he is assured of his wages, for the law protects him fully in this matter. Now I ask you where will you find the hired man who will gamble on the crop, he may at other things, but he would not bet his board and wages upon a share of the crop, he wants to be sure of that much, therefore, in considering conscription the farmer and the hired man cannot be classed together. The farmer is really a capitalist in varying degrees and should be taxed if necessary upon his bank account rather than upon the grain itself, over the yield of which he has absolutely no control.

In conclusion I would say that in considering the conscription of the farm worker these facts should be noted in comparing him with the soldier, while in no sense does he risk his life in the same degree as the man at the front, neither is he entitled to free doctors, nurses, hospitals and convalescent homes in case of illness or bodily injury, neither can he draw a pension in case of permanent injury, also even though in health his pay is not always assured for 365 days in the year.

Let no one think that for one minute I wish in the least degree to disparage the boys in khaki, for I honor them to omuch to do that, simply I have tried to be fair to all parties discussed."

A Saskatchewan Farmer.

Our Immigration Policy

WE should surely be criminally careless and culpable if we did not learn from this war our duty in the matter of the future settlement of the country. One thing stands out in clear outline. We must have our plains peopled by those who are loyal to Canada and the Motherland. In the past we have given away homesteads for the asking to those who demanded them. We made no stipulation as to language or national sympathy, and took no pains to protect ourselves from that hiving of nationalities which in every country in the new world has been productive of evil. In the future we must sell land only to those of British birth or to the Americans, our first cousins. All others can have land leased to them, their children when grown up to receive free-hold title provided they prove their loyalty and familiarity with our language and institutions.

More than this it is necessary to prevent the hiving

of foreign peoples. Not even the returned soldiers if given land should be encouraged to live in groups. They will be much more valuable to the country if scattered among the other elements of the population. They can always be depended upon in times of trouble.

There should be in Canada, henceforth no possibility of a conspiracy pro-German, pro-Austrian or pro anything else than British. What the United States has experienced, what has been experienced in Russia, Italy and France, we must be free from. There is room on our broad prairies only for those who are Canadian and British through and through

Look Pleasant!

THERE is enough to cause sadness and depression at this time without adding to evil conditions by wearing a perpetual frown. People of the Empire have no reason to feel gloomy for they have done nothing of which they need feel ashamed. And after all it is the feeling of shame and this alone which should cause people to feel badly. He who is fighting for a great cause should feel glorious and triumphant. Let the German frown if he will—he has reason enough to wear a hang-dog expression, but as for a free people, who have in their history over and over again shed their blood for liberty of person and liberty of conscience, why should they be in mourning? The other day I met a mother who had lost two sons at the front, yet she was the true heroine. Her eyes glowed with triumph as she talked about her boys—once so dear to her as children, now so exalted as saints. So let us get the grieved look out of our faces and smile, smile, smile. There are worse things than the death of loved ones. There are two spirits struggling for the souls of our loved ones. One is called death-in-life. It is the spirit of sloth and cowardice. The other is life-in-death. It is spirit of courage and victory. Let the noble spirit possess our souls.

A Serious Problem

TAKE the young men out of a country for four years or more and what does it mean? Among other things that the older men must remain young or do young men's work longer, that boys must assume men's work earlier, and that women must learn to take the place of men. The second problem is the difficult one. It will probably necessitate the opening of a new class of schools—schools in which a measure of vocational training will be given side by side with the instruction in the ordinary branches. It will also mean that continuation schools or part-time schools will be organized throughout Canada—that is, in the provinces which have sent their young men to the front. And when the young men who left us return—no longer so young and so boylike, they will take some time to get back to the old way of living, and they too must have schools of a different kind. The problem of ending the war happily is only one of many, but the people of Canada will face each as it arises in the same brave spirit as they met the first.

A Welcome Change

ISN'T it a change to read the newspapers these days—that is the editorial columns—and find that there is no reference to the old line parties? There has been great discontent with officials of the government—food controllers, directors of asylums and the like, but so far the government itself has escaped attack. Everyone is waiting hopefully for the action that will be taken at the coming session of Parliament. Everything points to something new in the way of legislation and something new in the way of conducting business. New times demand new men and new measures.

Does an Education Pay?

THERE are sound words from "Success Magazine" Boys and girls should read them.
Does it pay an acorn to become an oak?
Does it pay to escape being a rich ignoramus?
Does it pay to learn how to make life a glory instead of a grind?
Does it pay for a rosebud to open its petals and fling out its beauty and fragrance to the world?
Does it pay to acquire a personal wealth, which no disaster or misfortune can wreck or ruin?
Does it pay to learn how to focus thought with power, how to marshal one's mental forces effectively?
Does it pay a diamond to have its facets ground, to let in the light, to reveal its hidden wealth of splendor?
Does it pay to have expert advice and training, to have high ideals held up to one in the most critical years of one's life?
Does it pay to make life-long friendships with bright, ambitious students, many of whom will occupy high places later on?
Does it pay to open a little wider the door of a narrow life; to push out one's horizon in order to get a wider outlook, a clearer vision?
Does it pay to change a bar of rough pig iron into hairsprings for watches, thus increasing its worth fifty times the value of its weight in gold?
Does it pay to experience the joy of self-discovery, to open up whole continents of possibilities on one's nature which might otherwise remain undiscovered?



The Right Way to Shampoo

How this treatment helps your hair



Let your children keep their heritage of soft, lustrous hair. Train them early in the habit of shampooing their hair with the soap that keeps the scalp healthy and vigorous.



DO you think your hair grows from the head like a plant? No, indeed. There is a fundamental difference.

For your hair does not breathe as does a plant. No vital fluid circulates through it as does the sap in the plant. Except at the very tips of its roots, hair has no more life than a silken thread.

The whole beauty and lustre of your hair depends on your scalp. Here the hair forms. Here a network of blood vessels feed and nourish the roots. Here lie the color-supply pigment cells. Here thousands of tiny fat glands supply oil to give your hair its glossy, life-like appearance. This is why caring for the hair is, in reality, exactly the same as caring for your skin.

To keep your hair lovely and abundant you must, by the proper treatment, keep your scalp healthy and vigorous, on the same principle as you give your skin the proper care and treatment in order to have a lovely complexion.

Which of these is your hair trouble?

Is your hair dull and lifeless? It can be made rich and lustrous.

Is it greasy, oily? or dry and brittle? You can correct the condition which prevents the tiny oil glands from emitting just the right amount of oil to keep your hair soft and silky.

Is it constantly powdered with dandruff? Or does it come out in combfuls? Begin at once to keep the pores of the scalp as free and clear as you keep the pores of your face.

To keep your scalp healthy and vigorous as it should be, begin at once to use persistently Woodbury's Facial Soap, formulated after years of study by John H. Woodbury, the famous skin specialist.

Try this famous shampoo

Before shampooing, rub the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers (not the finger nails). Do not let the fingers slip along the scalp, but make the scalp itself move in little circles. This not only stimulates

the blood that feeds the roots of the hair, but loosens the dead cells and particles of dust and dandruff that clog up the pores.

the blood that feeds the roots of the hair, but loosens the dead cells and particles of dust and dandruff that clog up the pores.

Now dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a stiff tooth-brush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub the lather in well and then rinse it out thoroughly.

Next apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes. Clear off with fresh, warm water. Wash all the soap out carefully and finish by rinsing in cold water. Dry very thoroughly. To make the hair fluff out prettily around the face, dry it hanging over the face instead of down the back.

Use this as a regular shampoo. You will enjoy the healthy, active feeling it gives your scalp. You will soon see the improvement in your hair—how much richer and softer it is.

For five or six shampoos, or for a month or six weeks of any of the famous facial treatments, and for general use for that time, you will find the 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient. Around it is wrapped the booklet of famous Woodbury skin and scalp treatments. Get a cake today. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send us 5 cents for a sample cake (enough for a shampoo or for a week of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you, in addition to these, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2404 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



"Laddie's" Letter---In the Convalescent Army

By Bonnycastle Dale

A QUAIN old place Godalming is on some sunny mornings, with its ivy clad homes and clean white village houses, these are all blocked off and cut up by strips of painted wood, its excellent roads and firm pavements. On the former a rustic big wheeled old cart may be rumbling and rattling; on the latter a group of merry red-cheeked English children at play. One would never think this was in the very heart of a world's war, yet within a certain number of miles of it are huge camps of warriors, training as did the warriors of old when this same quaint village town was a name celebrated in English history, to defend this tight little isle.

I came here via Moor Park Hospital in the North of England, on the banks of a beautiful river, then to a huge convalescent camp in Southern England, and now into the Paymaster's Office in the region of the above quaint old town. My "floating rib" is considerable bother. I am well enough to help in such work as I am now on but not fit for the trenches. I am class B, even if Canada did vote for conscription that class C was not reinstated, but one can be as low as 3B, as I am, this should mean a trip home for nursing and full recovery, but I guess not. The air is full of German drives in rumors, and often full of actual raiders. Say! there is a merry hail of shrapnel when all our "antis" get firing. It is truly a wonderful sight to see a flock of these warbirds dipping and curving, dodging the "archies" as we call the "antis" at the front, but the cowards do take their dreadful toll. They might as well try to shoot us with peashooters for all the effect these raids will have on the English people, it just makes the waverers join up.

There comes a crowd of newly returned men, visitors here, singing "Blighty." This is a word cribbed from India, means "corner of home" in the native lingo, and they are certainly letting this corner of home know they are here. If they are not careful with those high notes they will burst something.

Here's the way it runs:

"Please take me home across the sea,
Where the old Alleymonds can't get me.
Cause my, my, my,
I don't wanna die,
I wanna go home."

And it gets you, I tell you, to hear the quaver in this when the boys are singing it under the wine of the shells.

It's wonderful to compare notes with your pals. The chap with shrapnel in the right arm came from a skirmish below Jerusalem; he worked his way from far off Tasmania to join up in Vancouver, B.C. He was on a "reconnaissance in force" over the desert sands, detailed to act as cavalry escort to a bally old cable wagon troupe. They were going single file in the dark when up pops the moon and off pops a lot of Turkish rifles. The escort charged; he tells me he can hear yet the soft throw of the horses' feet and the clatter of the horses' bits and stirrups. Just after the order "Stand to your horses! Mount! Charge!" Away they went right into the low sand trenches of the Turks, a hundred British to a swarm of dark faces, they rode through the line once, then back again, and were just going to clear them, up sideways when his arm "flew away" so he described it. He heard the "crump" when the shell struck, and that was all until he awoke in hospital. He says the heat is worse than the wounds and the flies worse than either.

Here is a boy (come for an hour's chat) from central Canada. He was flying six thousand feet up when "snap" goes a wing. He brought that mad thing down, he does not know how, and bumped on the earth, with his life in, but all shocked up—six months' leave.

There, passing, is a young captain. You and I remember him as a wee bit kid without much fat or muscle, grown too fat as so many of us do. He was hit leading his men, ankle gone. Did he see another chap to help him? Not much. He dragged himself three miles. Say! these heroes here by the company, battalion, brigade, any quantity you like.

Perhaps they can't be busy in a Paymaster's Office! Work every night, stoves for our gluttons for coal and misers for the Canadian Reserve Artillery, to

pay off to-morrow; on top of that a draft from Canada, ledger sheets, pay books all to be fixed, so as to get them off on their "landing leave." I suppose us two-year-old wounded men are ancient ones to them. It's good to hear their merry chatter, and each one is anxious for fear they will not send him over before the war ends!

They are giving medical boards to all B men now, combing the ranks of convalescents for more men for the trenches. I'll be called again soon. If they leave me in this low category I will be here "for duration" unless I get moved up to the London Pay Office. Although there are rumors of mailships being sunk your number 115 arrived O.K. How little I have lost in two years. What are the subs doing?

I don't know if I will ever get this letter done. My speed is so wonderful on this typewriter. I'll be able to beat you

and our wings were cut up in no time, our armor plated seat 'tapped' hard once, if it hadn't been there we would have been goners. Off goes the engine and we climb away up again. We had mistaken the group of trees in the dark; again we make a big, long diving circle, and I could hear our squadron overhead hitting up, evidently to cover any noise we might make, or they may have been off on their own, as Karlshue got it hard that morning. Twenty bombers emptied on it and the squadron had the fight of their lives, 'two of ours' are missing, as the censor puts it. I could see the forest now, we dusted the tops of the trees, shot upwards and I got my signal to prepare to drop. The plane was tilted now and I had my parachute grasped, my carrier pigeon all safe on my breast. Up shot the plane, down I sped like a bullet, then the 'top' filled and I swung steady and got aground with only a few bumps. I buried the chute, and never felt lonelier in my life. Talk about carrying your life in your hand; any German sub officer can stand a spy

our ship floating above, spotting. Telegraphing back, so many yards over, as this shell was, the next gun sang out, then the next, now number four. Many the time I have broken my back and strained my muscles feeding that old pet. Well, she dropped her shell right into a shell hole in front of the pit, enough water flew up to make me a nice wee rainbow. Now the first gun, evidently corrected by the spotting airplane splashed one right into that gunpit, men and timbers and boughs and material went sky high, and right on top of that another of the guns—I had lost all track of the numbers now—smashed one right on to the bull's eye; then I saw our machine diving right down to observe. She came just as I have seen a fish hawk dive, hovered a moment, got her game and climbed, in a shower of white puffs; after that all the guns made close hits until, from where I sat, nothing showed but a scar of yellow clay where so lately a battery had been hidden. Our guns ceased after the next observation and I tied myself firmly to a branch, took a few sups out of my flask and just managed to get in forty winks, so it seemed, before the big red sun went down behind the shattered buildings in the old French village. I finished my chocolate, put my irons on, descended, dug up my flashlight and a bit of extra food, and crept in under a bush within a few hundred yards of my taking off place.

"It was a nice clear bit of meadow once, but the shells had spotted it here and there, not by any means a fair landing place. I woke about every hour. Midnight passed, one o'clock, our appointed time, two, and no airplane. I got nervous and sneaked down to the middle of the field, in my field grey German uniform almost undistinguishable. There was not a sentry within earshot the night before, now I heard a human whistle, I'll bet it was some French peasant boy trying to cheer himself up in this land of horrors; anyhow I took to another bush, then I heard our big bird. Did you ever hear one volplane? Big bird just hits it. The lieutenant ran her along the ground silently and safely, I climbed into the bus, we made a horrid racket getting above those woods, and we woke up some 'archies' on the ridge, and one lucky gunner got me through the chest. When I woke I was in the base hospital. I'll bet that lieutenant had some work getting back as he told me later I flopped all over the bally ship."



Cathedral and Cromwell Statue, Manchester



Fishergate looking East, Preston

when I get back, if I am here about twenty years. I think I can do fully two words a minute now. Well, here comes the stenog. I'll have to get out.

Later I met an old friend of ours. I dare not mention names, even Canadian prairies are not far from Berlin in this aggressive age. He certainly had an experience. You may guess who it was as he was always good at languages. Well, one day he was sitting in his gun pit quite comfortable, and the next he was in a birdcage in Germany. His two years there read vividly, three times he escaped, twice he was re-captured and did hard C.B. for his daring; dark C.B. too, he told me, on high rations, acorn coffee and black bread. He swears some of it grew in Canada, he could taste the Douglass Fir wood in it.

Anyhow, the third time he escaped he dug under the wire into Holland and was a free man once more. As soon as he was fit he joined up again and offered to go ahead for the British, by the "air route," too. It reads like a fable now.

"We went up somewhere near Mars in the darkness and then 'goggle eyes' shut off the engine and began to glide. We evidently came down in the wrong box as an 'archie' group began to sing

against a wall. I got the spire and the woods in line in my mind for to-night's escape and started off to locate batteries.

"I ran bump into a German, God knows if he was or not, anyhow we both were very brief in our 'goot nobben,' and I heard him walk a bit faster when he got further away. I wish I had dared to ask if he had any peas for his pigeon; I feel sure he was one of ours. I crept down a bush covered hill almost right on top of a concealed battery. I heard the voices of the men right beneath me and I got back up there like a ghost. In one hour I had found the wasps nest I was looking for, and within another my carrier was off with a map bound to her body. Now I wanted to see the fireworks, so I climbed into a thick fir tree across the valley. It smelled just like those in the foothills of the Rockies. I made a bit of a nest for comfort, pulled out my glasses and searched that western hill slope in the grey dawn for that battery. No, I could not find it, wait a bit until 'Col. Sam' seven miles away finds it for me—we called our biggest, noisiest gun after the bluff old colonel. I had just finished my chocolate when 'zing' went a shell across the valley in front of me. 'Not bad,' I said. I looked up, and there was

To Egg Buyers

Candle all eggs and buy only on "loss off" basis.

Return all bad eggs to the farmer. Encourage him to produce good, clean eggs by paying less for the other kind.

Store eggs in a cool, sweet and dry place.

Use only clean, dry fillers for packing. Forward eggs to commission men as often as possible.

Do not deliver to railway until shortly before train time.

Keep eggs out of the sun. Do not buy "case count." Have a standard for quality and refuse all eggs not up to the standard.

Do not deal in "spots" and "rots." Arrange separate refrigerated rooms for storing eggs.

Do not allow eggs to remain in a hot car any longer than is necessary.

To Retailers—Buy only properly graded eggs. Do not misrepresent them to purchaser. Buy in small quantities unless you have separate refrigerator for storing them. Keep them away from all odorous substances, particularly kerosene oil, fish, decaying vegetables, etc.

To the Housewife—Buy only candled and properly graded eggs.

Keep eggs in a cool, sweet and well-ventilated place.

Eggs for Home Use

April, May and June are the months when the housewife should "put down" eggs for winter use.

Earthenware crocks are good containers. The crocks must be clean and sound. Scald them and let them cool completely before use. A crock holding 6 gallons will accommodate 18 dozen of eggs and about 22 pints of solution. Too large crocks are not desirable, since they increase the liability of breaking some of the eggs and spoiling the entire batch.

In the Land of William Tell

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

THE Playground of Europe—that was its erstwhile name. What term to-day would most fittingly, in an epigrammatic sense, apply to this amazingly tranquil little republic which has succeeded thus far in preserving its neutrality though surrounded on all sides by the belligerent nations? Tourist travel has ceased and Alpine guides have gone into small farming or entered the factories, while most of the hotels, excepting those in the larger cities have been, long since, closed up. Switzerland is no longer a playground. Yet in the capital city of Berne the population has increased by nearly ten thousand since the outbreak of the war. The reason? Will Irwin says:

"Here dwell citizens and diplomats of all the powers on both sides of the war, in peace if not in harmony. At the height of the past season one of the employees of the chief hotel counted twenty-three nationalities in the dining-room and lobbies. Try as you will you cannot help rubbing elbows with the enemy. Last night I beheld in chairs almost adjacent, a lean, well-tubbed Englishman reading the Times with the aid of a monocle, and a portly German with a mustache that aspired to a place in the sun, reading the Tageblatt through another monocle. This city with its thousands of diplomats, agents open and secret, propagandists, and charity workers, is the one place in all this world to gain a proportionate view of the war, provided you are content to wait long enough to sift out the true from the false."

During the shifting phases of the great struggle popular interest swings alternately from one country to another, but at probably no period in all the kaleidoscopic upheaval has this federation of cantons known as the Swiss Republic been so interesting to the student at large as the present time. With two great, predatory empires lying directly to north and east, here is a small nation, neutral and withdrawn, scarcely sixteen thousand square miles in size, no part of which is within one hundred miles of the sea, a land that is, at least to all outward seeming, as calm and unruffled as one of its own wonderful lakes. Its sympathies may be as varied as its climate but its deportment has been admirably circumspect, and it has looked well to its own interests withal. The Bundesarmee or federal army was long ago mobilized—"for emergencies." There are likewise a Landsturm and a Landwehr but these are called out only in time of actual war.

Switzerland is the anglicised form of Schweiz, the name given to the three original forest cantons which at an early period in history were under the rule of the Hapsburg counts. Before this, the earliest mention of the inhabitants of this country is the account of the subjugation of the Helvetians by the Romans sometime between 58 B.C. and 10 A.D. Under the successors of Charlemagne, Helvetia was divided between France and Germany, ultimately falling to the latter empire, but it was determined to throw off the yoke and led by Furst of Uri, Tell, Stauffer and Arnold, it succeeded in deposing and expelling the Austrian governors. But not for long. The cantons were soon invaded by the Hapsburgs and war followed war. Victory was achieved at last at the memorable Pass of Morgarten and the cantons were joined by others and by the cities of Lucerne, Zurich and Berne. Invasion again, and more struggle for independence. Finally Austria was defeated definitely at Sempach and Nafels, and the federated cantons entered upon an era of great prosperity, which in the year 1841 was so high that all the neighboring courts sought their friendship and alliance, and more and more territory was added, France in 1516 giving to Switzerland the whole of the present canton of Ticino. For about two hundred years this federation of mixed races was torn by internal dissensions, religious and political, but in 1712 the Protestant element gained the ascendancy and for another century there was steady, peace-

ful progress with the number of cantons brought up to twenty-two. Finally the Congress of Vienna proclaimed the perpetual neutrality and inviolability of Switzerland, and the little state was truly independent with a federal government that possessed the exclusive right of concluding treaties of alliance with other countries and of declaring war, sanctioning cantonal constitutions, and taking measures for regulating neutrality and intervention. The federal assembly to-day is divided into the two chambers, viz: the state council and the national council, and in these bodies is vested supreme legislative and executive authority, and the principle of the referendum and of the initiative are in force. The cantons retain individual independence in matters of internal administration, however.

Three different tongues are spoken—German, French and Roumansch, which is a corruption of old Latin, but in spite of this and of the diversity of the population as a whole, Switzerland has acquired a definite and decided national character and has become a separate people. It possesses the most varied climate in the world, and although nearly thirty percent of its area remains unproductive, the industry and enterprise of the people living on the rest of it more than adjusts a balance. The land is cultivated chiefly by small holders, and these peasant proprietors raise stock, grain and vegetables, and, in the more



The types of French infantry which are holding the front lines on the Western front in France. From left to right, the machine gunner, grenade thrower, complete assault equipment, These men fight from the front lines and they form a line of steel that will withstand any German attempt to break through. They are truly the spirit of 1918.

southerly cantons, tobacco and grapes. Winter lasts but three months in these cantons, but on the St. Gotthard it continues for eight, and on the St. Bernard nine, while it is perennial winter on the Ste. Theodule. The Engadine winter season is about equal in duration to that of western Canada. It may be said that Switzerland is divided into seven regions of vegetation: first the vine-growing area up to 1800 feet above sea level, second the hilly tract which rises to 2800 feet and has luxuriant meadows and walnut trees for its characteristic features, third the upper mountain region producing timber and grain, the extent upward of which is about 4000 feet above sea level, fourth the sub-Alpine, up to 5500 feet, where the wonderful Swiss pine trees grow, and above this the lower-Alpine tract, the home of chamois and goat, and also of the renowned Alpine pastures. The sixth is the upper-Alpine, a region of stunted vegetation where the variation of the seasons is lost. Lastly there is the region of perpetual snow.

Mount St. Gotthard unites the chief watersheds of Europe. It belongs to the Lepontine Alps which with the Pennine and the Rhaetian range stretch east and north-east across the Canton of Grisons into the Tyrol. Everybody has heard of its famous tunnel; in fact there are numerous tunnels of the kind throughout Switzerland, and the railway system is one of the most highly efficient in the world, sections of it reaching to incredible elevations and enabling the traveller to attain quite dizzy

pinnacles before he even essays the mountain-climbing proper. The Jungfrau peak dominates the whole of the Bernese Oberland, is 13,670 feet high and was first ascended in 1811. It is the loftiest calcareous mountain. The Matterhorn, which is 14,837 feet in height, is composed of gneiss or felspar slate, and is sharply conical in appearance, making its ascent a matter of great difficulty and danger. It belongs to the Pennine Alps, rising abruptly from an immense glacier that occupies a vast and desolate table-land. The peak was first ascended by a party of four British travellers and three guides, in the month of July 1865, but three of the party and one guide perished in the descent. In this connection it is interesting to note that our own Mount Robson, 13,700 feet high, has already been conquered, and more than once.

The wonders of Switzerland are endless. Well known to the continental tourist must be these peaks and many lesser ones, and well known the magnificent lakes lying placidly, like half-hidden jewels, amid the rugged mountain fastnesses, Geneva, Constance, Lucerne, the Maggiore, the Riflesea, Brienz, Thun and countless others whose borders lap great cities and yet retain that element of mystic and lonely grandeur that the immediate neighborhood of mighty forests gives. Familiar too must be the beryl-colored turbulent rivers (unnavigable for the most part), the enormous glacier fields, the mineral springs, the cascades and falls, like those of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, St. Moritz, the gay winter resort of a very recent past,

dazzling blue-white rays proving somewhat trying to the eyes at times. We Canadians are quite at home in the way of atmosphere for the winter is much like our own and the pines tower above all about straight as sentinels and massed in close formation; they remind us forcibly, at times, of the way the jack-pines climb up the slopes of the Rockies. We are well treated and almost contented except of course that we have had too little share in the big doings to satisfy us. There are not enough of us to make two baseball teams—which is a real hardship, for the English take no real interest in the only game—preferring their cricket and football. At that we are lucky to find a sufficiently flat acre or so on which to disport ourselves, for this town is reminiscent of that one in the old school reader which started to climb starward and sat down half-way to rest, forgetting to complete the journey. We have been watching a party of school children climbing a peak nearby—nearby in the sense of seeming so, for I daresay they are at least three miles away. They are roped together and are led by two guides and a couple of teachers, one of whom brings up the rear, and the chain resembles nothing so much as a string of jet beads, the bigger figures at the ends being like the clasps of the necklace. I have seen some beautiful wood-carving done by the children and the old people, and ere we take final leave of this land we hope to visit the watchmaking establishments of Geneva of which there are said to be three hundred. A large amount of raw material is imported into Switzerland of necessity, and so manufactures are an important industry. There is abundant water power of course, Zurich, St. Gallen, Basel and the east specialize in weaving (silk and wool chiefly) and the western cantons are almost wholly given up to watch and clock making and similar manufactures. This is a wonderful country. The citizens possess all that boasted efficiency and application to work which is said to be a German monopoly but with this difference, they are under the heel of no autocracy. They have not sold their birthright to mammon. Interlaken is just below us; a truly lovely spot but now as silent as a deserted banquet hall. There are five universities in the Republic, Basel having been the seat of the first, founded in 1460. Education is of course compulsory in the schools of the lower grades."

According to a war correspondent of some note, Switzerland, the neutral nation, presents pleasing and comfortable contrasts to the war-weary France. Its citizens look well-fed. The towns are spick-and-span. There is speculation but no worry. And why not? Fortunate Switzerland that can with honor remain "out of it!"

Eminent Swiss whose names will readily occur to the mind are the historian Sismondi, Pestalozzi, the educational reformer, Lefort and Necker in the realms of diplomacy and finance, Bernoulli and De Saussure, Lavater, De Muller and Bodmer, Dr. Scartazzini (Dante's Commentator), Cognard and Monnier and Tissot, distinguished in letters, but these are only a few, past or contemporary, who have helped to make famous the land of Tell among the nations of the world. One must not forget to include the incomparable Madame De Staël in this galaxy, for although born in Paris, she was the daughter of Jacques Necker, Swiss banker and minister of finance to Louis the sixteenth, and became the wife of the Swedish ambassador to the French court, living in many countries, including Italy, Germany and France, but always retaining her love for, and allegiance to, the land of her fathers.

In this connection one naturally recalls the heroic act of that company of Swiss Guards—"true born sons of the men of Sempach and Murten," to quote Carlyle—who defended the Tuilleries against the Paris mobs during the Revolution, and at the sacrifice of their lives—"these gallant gentlemen in black in the service of a foreign king"—fought a fight that has passed down to history.

Revised Version

Be sure you are wrong, retain the best legal text available, then go ahead.

Love at Last

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Nestor Noei

THREE years ago, Mary Smith had been a governess in England, finding it a very precarious job at best. It had not been a pleasant life either; for when she went as resident governess her life was very lonely, and when she went as non-resident her salary was so small that she could barely make ends meet. So she had taken a course in typewriting and shorthand and had turned to business. This had proved a little better; but she had found that the few friends she knew formerly did not seem to take the same interest in her and, somehow, she, herself, did not make new friends easily. By good luck, about this time some Canadian pamphlets fell into her hands, and the more she read them the more they fascinated her, so she came out to this great country, where she worked in an office for four months. And then, she married a wealthy well-educated farmer in the west and, in time, became the mother of a fine boy.

Life seemed to have nothing more to offer and, as she thought of her friends in England, with their narrow conventionalities and their class distinctions, she wished she could persuade them all to follow her example. One friend's case, Jenny Brown's, interested her particularly. Jenny had worked in a small, back office for years, earning a bare subsistence, and when she went to her tiny room at night, she felt too tired to go out again. So her life passed in the drudgery of work without play, and she had no chance for the fuller, more perfect life of womanhood. Poor Jenny! She was so natural, so spontaneous in the letters she wrote to Mary; and, as each birthday passed, she sighed and lamented her fate, because "the fairy prince never passed her way," and she was now twenty-five years of age and, as she so tritely put it, "she would soon be on the shelf."

There are many girls like this in England—girls who are filled with all the natural instincts of wifehood and motherhood and who would find happiness if they only had the courage to cross the seas and come to Canada.

So Mary Smith knew, and, as she pondered on her friend's letters and contrasted her own life on the farm with that of the London office girl's, a bold thought entered her head.

There was a young man called Edgar Robinson, who was hired to help her husband during haying and harvest. One

hot day, when he came back to the house for a drink of water, he said: "I wish I had a home like yours, Mrs. Smith, and a nice wife to return to every evening."

"Surely there are plenty of girls about, are there not?" smiled the woman. "Not in this country," answered the man. "There are not half enough, and so a fellow has to be a bachelor and waste the best part of his life."

Mrs. Smith turned over the pages of an album she was holding and, looking at a picture said, carelessly: "Here's a pretty girl. How would you like her?" Edgar bent over the book and took a good look at the portrait. The face of a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl smiled up at him as he gazed. He appreciated the depth of character revealed and the dainty little figure; and, perhaps there was a sad wistfulness about the eyes which appealed to the protection of his manhood.

"It's a dandy picture," he remarked. "If the girl's as good as she looks, she'll make some lucky chap happy one day." "She isn't engaged," observed Mrs. Smith. "But she's in England. That's the worst of it. Would you care to write to her?"

Mr. Robinson started. "It's a good idea," he said at length. "But she might be offended." "O no, she won't," said the woman. She scribbled on a piece of paper. "See. Here's her address. Say I introduce you. I'll write myself at the same time, and we'll mail both letters to-night."

"I'm half afraid," pursued the man. "Nonsense," interrupted the other. "Faint heart never won fair lady. Besides, nothing may come of it. Nothing will come of it unless you both wish it. In the meantime, no harm will be done, and life will have an interest for you both."

And so it came about, that Mrs. Smith, like a true matchmaker, started the ball rolling, and like a good fairy-godmother, she encouraged both the girl and the man until she saw the correspondence fairly working and felt her part almost done, as she seemed to stand—an on-looker near by.

After the interchange of a few letters, Jenny found her life had lost its dullness. In the great, overcrowded city of London, she no longer felt alone. The day of the Canadian mail was a red letter day to her, and all life was changed because someone in the far-off West cared for her and longed for her letters.

And then the war broke out, and Edgar Robinson was among the first to enlist. When he arrived in the English camp, he wrote to Mrs. Smith: "I hope soon to see Jenny, who has been writing to me nearly every day, and I to her. We are longing to see each other. I shall soon have six days' leave and then I shall be free to go to London."

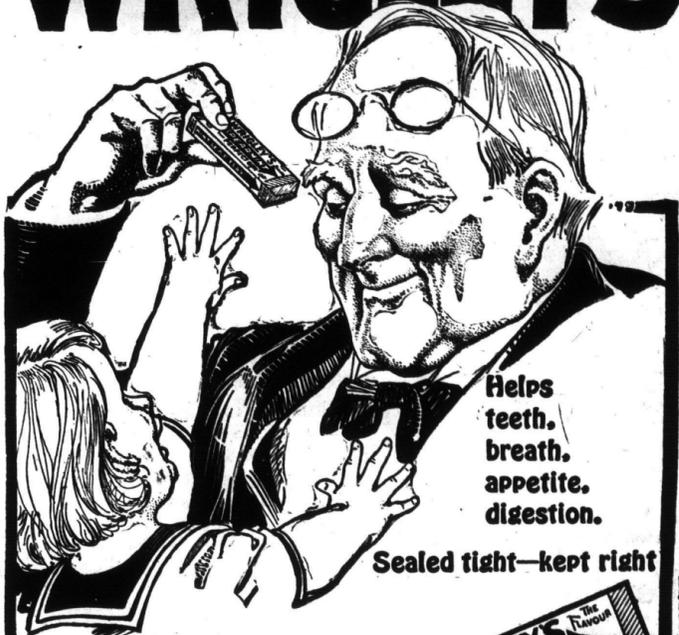
Ten days passed and then came two letters—one from the man, the other from the girl.

Edgar wrote: "We have met each other at last and we can hardly realize it. Jenny is a very nice girl and I love her. I am going to buy her an engagement ring to-day. I see no reason why the future should not be happy, and I must thank you for bringing us both together."

Jenny wrote: "We had a happy meeting. He phoned me, and then we met near Marble Arch, and he said, as if he had known me for years. 'Well, Jenny, how pleased I am to meet you,' and we talked on and on and I was not shy one minute, though I was afraid I should be at first. I could hardly believe it was I, but it was really, and it was great! He is a nice fellow and as true and sincere as he writes. You could not have chosen a better one for me. We are engaged! Soon he is going to buy me another ring—a plain gold one—which he hopes will never come off. We are very fond of each other. I do not know how to express my thanks to you for this most wonderful event. It is great to have someone to love. I hope we shall all meet again in the future. Perhaps you'll see me in Canada one day! I dread him going to the front; but he is so brave, and I wouldn't hold him back. I hope he'll be spared."

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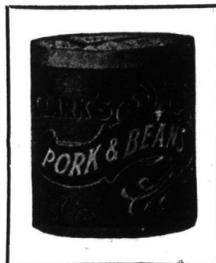
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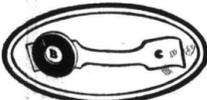
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Edgar: "We were united to-day at 2.30. Jenny is very happy, and so am I. I wish you were here to see us—you who were the instrument of bringing us together. Her address is: 6 Stafford Terrace, Bayswater. We are now one in all things. I do not think the war will last long. We hope to see you in the near future."

About the same time, from Jenny: "I know Edgar has written informing you that we are married; but I am sure you will like to hear about it from me as well, as you probably consider yourself my fairy-godmother. The wedding was solemnized at St. Matthew's Church. There were a few friends, and it was rather quiet. But, all the same, I felt very important. I am now Mrs. Robinson. I can hardly believe it. It seems so strange. I am to have the separation allowance and some money besides from Edgar, so he wants me to have a good rest. After ten years of poverty, worry and hard work, it all sounds too good to be true. At first, when I met Edgar in the evenings, it seemed so funny to be really treated like somebody at last; and not like a piece of furniture. And now I belong to him. He makes a great fuss of me. It is the first time anyone did that to me in my life! Isn't love a wonderful thing? And to think that, if it hadn't been for you, we should never have met. We don't know how to thank you."

Then came another interval, and then from Jenny: "We have had nine happy days together. I have seen his relations, and they like me very much. They say I shall like life on his homestead in Canada. He has bought me heaps of pretty things. You don't know how I wanted things, and how tired I got of never having them. You'd scarcely know me now. I'm growing fat with happiness! The war seems to be lasting longer than we thought. I'm afraid I may lose Edgar any day. It is the only cloud on our horizon; but I try hard to be brave and to remember that I am a soldier's wife! I haven't got used to the importance of being "Mrs." yet! Did you take long to do so? Oh, it is lovely to be really someone, and to belong to someone. I'm afraid I'm getting rather muddled; but you'll understand what I mean."

One week later: "Edgar has left for the front. I feel as if my heart would break!"

Four weeks later: "Edgar seems well. He is 'Somewhere in France.' I write to him so often, I'm afraid you'll think I'm neglecting you; but, you understand, my husband must come first now. I never thought that anyone would fall in love with me. I had no chance till you introduced us. I am so grateful! I read his letters over very often, and it all seems to have worked out so wonderfully from the start. Or, surely we were made for each other, and I shall have him back one day."

Then a rather long silence and a few short lines: "Edgar has been wounded. He is in the Middlesex Hospital. They say he may not live a week. Still, I am thankful to you for bringing me the happiness of the past months; and he is mine now, whatever happens—mine, for all time and eternity!"

Three weeks later: "O miracle! Edgar is recovering! He is invalided to Canada. I am coming too. You will see us both together soon. He is sadly changed; but he fought well, and he has been made a sergeant. He has six months' leave. Pray the war will be over soon. O my dear, dear friend, I shall thank you soon in person. But I shall not come and see you alone. My husband—yes—my husband, will bring me himself. Till then, good-bye."

A Miracle of News Distribution

The phenomenon of modern news distribution has never been so fully demonstrated as it was on Feb. 11, when President Wilson's address in reply to the "peace" speeches of the German and Austrian Chancellors, was sent broadcast over the world. It was furnished with telegraph and cable tolls pre-paid, to every important newspaper in the world, except to the smallest communities, by the Committee on Public Information, of which George Creel is chairman. If it failed to appear in any daily newspaper in the world within twenty-four hours, this fact was due to the refusal of editors, perhaps, to buy orders, to print it.

President Wilson commenced to speak at 12.35 (Eastern Time). At 2.05 p.m. (or shortly after 7 in the evening in Great Britain), the last word had been received in Penzance, Cornwall. From thence it went to all parts of the British Isles; and Reuter's Agency forwarded it to Norway, Sweden, Holland and Denmark. At Amsterdam it was furnished to the Wolff agency, which handles the news for all German newspapers; though what disposition was made of it is at present unknown.

The American Embassy at London, wired it to Petrograd with instruction that if Russian newspapers refused to publish it, it was to be printed and distributed in the form of handbills. Three agencies sent it to every part of France; and the great Havas agency distributed it in Portugal, Spain, Italy, Switzerland and Greece. At Salonica it was transmitted to Jassy, Rumania. The French Government also sent it broadcast by wireless from the Eiffel tower with a view to reaching a Russian station at Moscow, and incidentally all the cities of Germany and Austria. From Mediterranean points it went to Egypt and Northern Africa, and at Cairo was wireless to South Africa and India, where agencies at Cape-town and Bombay distributed it.

Europe, Asia, and Africa having been taken care of by the message to Penzance; the speech was simultaneously telegraphed to Havana, and cabled or wireless to all South American, Caribbean, and Central American cities; while another copy was wired to Vancouver, and there cabled to Australasia; to Reuter's at Shanghai for distribution throughout China; and to the Kokusai and Nippon Dempo agencies in Japan, who forwarded it to Vladivostok and Harbin, for distribution throughout Siberia. The United States, Canada and Mexico, were of course taken care of in the usual way by the Associated Press and the United Press. It took less than twenty-four hours to reach every town in the world that can be reached by telegraphy in its various forms. It was the most complete demonstration of the extent to which electricity has made the world a small place to live in, yet recorded.

Sunday school teacher, at her wits' end to fill in the hour prescribed for her lesson—"Now, girls, I want you all to take a pencil and paper and write down the names of your favorite hymns."

Pause, interrupted by a piping voice—"Please, teacher, is it their surnames or their Christian names we are to write?"

Food That Conserves

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Scarlet Poppies

Written for The Western Home Monthly by S. Galbraith

MYRA KENNEDY paused at the brow of the hill. She suddenly realized that she was hot and tired, so she sat down on a stone by the wayside to rest. She was so lost in thought that she failed to hear approaching wheels, and started when she heard her own name.

"Won't you get in, Miss Kennedy?" the young man in the buggy was saying. "I'm going past your house."

"Thank you," said Myra. "You have a good horse," she added, when they had started.

"Oh, Prince is a very fair trotter. Why don't you drive to your school? I should think four miles each way was too far for you to walk."

Myra flushed. "My sister-in-law thinks eight miles a day is too much for a horse," she explained. "Farm work is coming on, and she wants to keep the horses in good condition."

"Well, I suppose you rest up Saturday and Sunday," John Kerr said. "Swing in the hammock and read a novel, I suppose?"

Myra laughed. "Not exactly," she said. "I have to help Elvira, and then I am studying. I don't want to teach all my life on a second-class certificate."

"Why should you teach all your life?" John Kerr asked, with an admiring glance at the girl beside him. "As for study, it

She ran to the pasture, caught the mare, and was soon on her way to the station. Explaining to the agent that Mrs. Kennedy had made a mistake, she secured the parcel, and turned homeward. When she had left the village behind her she peeped into the box. She had ordered the white leghorn, with its wreath of scarlet poppies, on a recent rare visit to the city. It had looked charming in the milliner's window, but now doubt assailed Myra. The hat looked foolish, impossible. Then she realized what was wrong. Of course the hat looked out of place in conjunction with her black alpaca dress and coarse shoes. Suddenly she straightened up.

"Get up!" she said to Dolly. "And Elvira may say what she likes." With this cryptic utterance she drove home.

After the children had gone to bed, Myra told her sister-in-law that she was going to town shopping the next day. "And after this," she continued, "I do not intend to walk to school—the neighbors are talking. If you cannot spare a horse, I shall get a boarding place near my school."

When Myra got home next evening, loaded with parcels, the children ran to meet her. She had brought them some little presents, and while they were admiring these she escaped to her room, saying she had a headache.



Close to the big firing line, where danger from the big German guns is ever present these women of France are busy cultivating the fields that their country may have a plentiful supply of food. No work is too dangerous for them so long as it is for their country. They are here shown cutting vines along the barbed wire entanglements a few yards from a battery position, and but a very short distance from the trenches that face the Hun across No Man's Land. Food is almost as important as munitions, so as their armies keep moving forward, the French women risking every hazard of war, till the fields right behind the fighting lines.

seems to me you used to beat us all at school, Myra—Miss Kennedy, I mean."

"Why should you call me Miss Kennedy, John?" Myra asked. "You never did at school, I'm sure."

"But that was ten years ago," he answered, smiling.

"True enough—ten years ago, and more. Well, here I am at home. Thank you so much for the ride, Mr. Kerr."

As John drove off he found himself wondering why he had seen so little of Myra Kennedy lately. It was a pity, he thought, that she dressed so plainly; she would be a pretty girl with suitable clothes.

Myra's sister-in-law greeted her from the veranda. "So you've been driving about the country with John Kerr, while I wear myself out darned stockings," she said querulously.

"He overtook me on the road, otherwise I should not have been home for half an hour yet," Myra said shortly. "Was there an express parcel for me?"

"A parcel came with your name on it, the older woman replied. "But there had been a foolish mistake, so I sent it right back to the station."

"What kind of mistake? Wasn't it the hat I had ordered?"

"I hope not. Is it likely a woman of your age would order a white hat trimmed with scarlet poppies?"

"I don't know whether it is likely or not, but I did," Myra said, defiantly. "I'm not a grandmother, if I am twenty-eight."

"A grandmother? No, nor ever likely to be."

"Ready for church before breakfast?" Mrs. Kennedy exclaimed when Myra came down next morning in a pink muslin dress.

"I got this dress for school, and to wear at home," Myra explained.

"Well, I never!" Mrs. Kennedy gasped. "I should think that even if you were determined to waste all your money, you would think of poor Jim when you put on such gay colors."

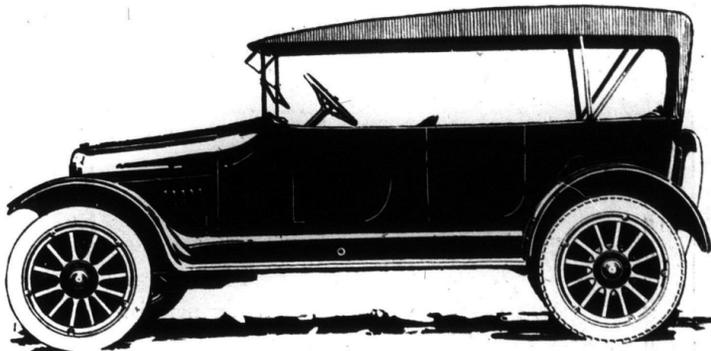
"It is more than two years since Jim died," the girl replied. "He would not have wished me to wear black clothes all my life."

After breakfast Myra washed the dishes while her sister-in-law got the children ready. When she came downstairs ready for church, there was a chorus of admiration from her small nieces. She was simply dressed in white, and wore the offending hat. Mrs. Kennedy compressed her lips, but said nothing.

There was a little flutter of interest as they walked up the aisle of the church. Myra felt it, but tried to look unconscious. It was not until the text was announced that she ventured to steal a glance at the Kerr pew, opposite her own. There was a young lady sitting beside John—a stranger, pretty and well dressed. Myra looked straight ahead and tried to fix her mind on the sermon.

After service she hurried home, but Elvira lingered to exchange gossip with her intimates.

"Lands sake!" she said, when she reached home. "you needn't have been in such a hurry. If you had waited, you might have met John Kerr's girl. She is a Miss Spencer, from the city. Seems pleasant enough, though what a farmer wants with a dressed up wife like that beats me."



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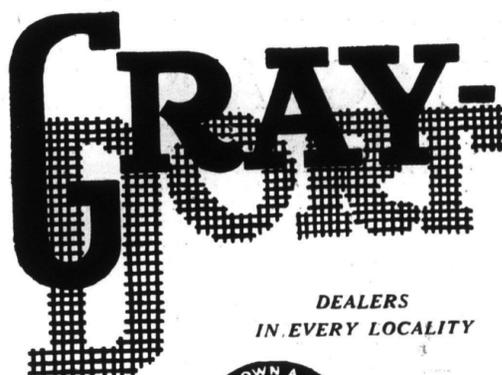
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For several weeks Myra saw nothing of John Kerr. Then she saw him at church again with Miss Spencer. John had greeted her cordially, and would have introduced his companion, but with a cold bow Myra hurried on. John looked rather hurt.

That Sunday Dick Campbell overtook Myra before she was far from the church. One of her nephews was with her.

"You and the kid jump in, Myra," Dick called. "I'm going past your place—going out to my brother's."

Dick had been a widower for some years, and was reported to be thinking seriously of trying his matrimonial luck again.

"I say, Myra," he continued, after they had talked about the crops for a while, "what do you do evenings? there's a dance at Hay's Corners Wednesday night—can't I drive you over?"

"I don't care about dancing," Myra replied, "and just at present I am studying for an examination."

"Shucks! A pretty girl like you doesn't need to bother about examinations. Let me drive you to church this evening; I'll be coming back from Fred's about that time."

"I always walk with Elvira," Myra explained. "She doesn't care to drive after dark, and she would hardly care to walk alone."

Dick muttered something that sounded like "Hang Elvira," but at this moment they reached the Kennedy place. Myra said good-bye, and Dick drove off reluctantly.

"Was that Dick Campbell?" Elvira demanded. "Why didn't you bring him in?"

"I didn't think of it," was the reply. "Besides, he was going to his brother's."

Elvira looked annoyed, and Myra suddenly remembered that for some time gossip had been coupling Elvira's name with Dick's. "He would make her a good husband," she thought, and manage her better than poor Jim did. If he calls to-night, he can drive her to church. So Dick, rather to his surprise, found himself driving Elvira that evening, Myra having availed herself of that old feminine excuse, a headache.

One hot day Myra was walking home; it was the haying season, and all the horses were busy. Again John Kerr overtook her.

"Can I give you a lift?" he asked with distant politeness.

"If you will be so kind," Myra replied. "It is very hot to-day."

"Very," John replied laconically. They drove for some distance in silence, then John turned the horse's head toward cross road.

"I will get out here," Myra said. "My road is straight ahead."

"I have to call at a house on this road," John explained. "I won't be two minutes. Then I can drive you home."

"Really, I couldn't put you to that trouble," was the reply. "I should prefer not to take you out of your way."

"It's not a bit out of my way," John said. "Won't you tell me what I have done to displease you?"

"Why, nothing," Myra faltered. "Why should you think I am displeased?"

"Myra, be honest with me," John said. "We used to be good chums at school, and then we didn't see much of each other, somehow. But that day last spring, when I overtook you just as I did to-day, you seemed so much like the old Myra that I promised myself we should be friends again. But the next time we met you almost cut me—because you were wearing your fashionable new clothes, I suppose."

"Oh, no, John," Myra cried. "It was only— She hesitated, then went on. "I had a quarrel with Elvira about my new hat. She said it was unsuitable for a woman of my age."

"You are two years younger than me."

"But you are a man—Elvira says that makes all the difference. Besides, I was rather shy about meeting Miss Spencer."

"But she is going to be a neighbor of yours, so you must meet her sometime," John said.

Myra forced herself to speak carelessly. "When is the wedding to be?"

"The end of next month. It is to be a big wedding—a church affair. But Albert will send you an invitation, of course."

"Albert? Albert who?" she asked. "My brother, of course. Surely you haven't forgotten him, though he has been away for five years. He has bought

the Browning farm, and he is having the house made over to suit his bride."

"But—but I thought it was to be your wedding," Myra stammered.

"What! Didn't you know it was Albert who was engaged to Amy Spencer?"

"No; each time I saw her you were with her."

"Albert was laid up for a while with a sprained ankle," John explained. "Myself, I don't admire fair girls," he added, with a glance at the dark head beside him.

Myra flushed. "Surely you have gone a long way down this road," she said.

"We can turn at the next corner, and get home in no time," John replied.

"Dick needn't begrudge me this one ride."

"What do you mean?" Myra asked with flaming cheeks.

"Miss Haynes says you are engaged to him."

"The old gossip. She doesn't know what she is talking about."

"But you have been out with him several times."

"Well, he asked me to drive, and—and—"

"And I didn't. Is that what you mean, Myra?" He tried to look into her averted face. "Little school chum, will you come for a long drive next Sunday afternoon? There's a lot I want to say to you. And wear your white hat, won't you? The one with the poppies on it."

Before Myra went to bed that night, she took out the white hat and straightened the petals of the flaming poppies "Dear little flowers," she whispered. "I wonder if it was the touch of scarlet that did it all?"

The Swift Current Trail

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Frances Donaghy, Belmont

Where the prairie stretches westward in a wide unbroken level

Far as fly the noisy wild geese to the lakes so far away,

Where the winds are ever dancing in their tireless ceaseless revel

Where the empty days are silent and the moonless nights are gray.

Where the drifting flocks of wild geese is the springtime's only comer,

Where the air of autumn flutters to the prairie chickens wing,

Where the world is dark with snow-clouds or is bright with verdant summer,

And the ever-blowing winds across the open prairie swing.

Where the barren plains are lying, blank untouched, unsoiled, unbroken,

Where the air is still unvibrant with the modern scythe and flail.

Where the world is as 'twas fashioned when creating God had spoken,

Winds the grass grown, rutty highway called the old Swift Current Trail.

There o'er that deserted roadway went the carts with frantic creaking,

Lade with bales for north, and westland where the wastes were bleak and cold

Past the scrub and o'er the open, when the winter's cold was breaking,

Baek and forth, but ever onward, till the autumn time grew old.

All along the well-worn pathway went the builders of a nation,

Men of calm indifferent courage, facing all the lands unknown,

Who should build the waste an empire, with an empire's wealth and station

Great through hard-won slow achievement, rich in acres tilled and sown.

Widely scattered they are sleeping, on the highland in the coulee,

In the farthest north and southland, and beyond the eastern seas

But they rest and know that others hold the trust they guarded truly

—And the land is great forever with the memory of these.

Now the long deserted highway shows no wear of toil and traffic

Now no carter's evening campfires stud like gems the velvet gloom

But the dozen ruts remaining, tell a story terse and graphic—

And the ghosts of those who travelled, on the night horizon loom.

Spirits! guard your virgin prairie, scene of all your great endeavour;

Let not fires you kindled hardly flicker and be darkened pale;

Guard it, save it, be its helpers, watch it, have it guard it ever,

With prayers or sod or memory of the old Swift Current Trail.

First Civilian Ever Awarded Famous Victoria Cross Medal

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Francis J. Dickie

LAST month the members of the American Club at Vancouver, Canada, made the one-legged soldier, shown in the accompanying photo, a life member to the club and also as a mark of their esteem presented him with the latest model of artificial limb. The soldier in question is Sergeant J. J. Farmer, on active service with the 11th Special Service company of Vancouver. For him Queen Victoria had a specially struck medal, known as the "Civilian's" Victoria Cross; and the Victoria Cross is the most coveted, most famous and hardest to win valor medal in the world.

And Farmer deserved it. G. A. Henty famous author of boys' adventure books dealing with war, at his best, never created a fiction hero half so interesting as Farmer. For thrilling experiences and daring exploits in war few men can equal this man's record. Like most heroes he is modest. But last week an intimate friend told his story at the American Club; and to-day such is the warm feeling between Uncle Sam's residents in Canada

his horse that gradually he saw he was drawing away from his pursuers. But suddenly when safety seemed assured his horse put its foot in a hole, and came down with a broken leg. Seeing escape now was impossible the despatch rider calmly brought out his despatches. Quickly in the face of the oncoming and now triumphant Arabs he committed as much of the despatches as he could to memory. Then tore the whole into tiniest pieces and scattered them onto the sand. He was roughly seized by the Arabs, bound and thrown across the back of a mule. A whole day the Arabs travelled with him to their camp, across a country that was a barren desert with no visible landmarks. From his knowledge of the language he learned as he rode that his fate would be death. But the Arabs made camp late that night, and everyone being tired, the killing of the Infidel was put off. In the night Farmer managed to work himself free from his bonds which had become slightly loosened on the long ride. With death on his heels at every move he crawled out of the tent from between two sleeping guards. Wriggling along he made the outskirts of the camp where the horses were picketed. Fortunately it was dark. Loosening one of the horses he climbed upon its back and rode out into the desert. He pushed his horse till it fell from exhaustion. Then went on on foot. Though the land was barren desert the despatch rider had a good sense of orientation, and, nearly dead from hunger, thirst and exhaustion finally reached Khartoum a week later, and delivered a verbal report of the despatches which had been entrusted to him.

In 1885 he went to Assouan and from there to an outpost station of the government railway far in the desert. One day he learned through a loyal native boy that Dervishes had a few hours before placed a large quantity of dynamite and other explosives on the track about five miles away. There was a heavily loaded troop train due past the point very soon, and only quickest action could save the lives of the hundreds of oncoming soldiers.

Farmer made a desperate race for the spot. The track was here laid across barren desert, and running under the terrible Egyptian sun Farmer was almost exhausted when he reached the spot. But he at once set to work carrying the scattered explosives off the track and removing them to a safe distance where no spark from a passing locomotive and chance-thrown thing from a train could touch them. The Dervishes had scattered a considerable quantity, and thinking their plan quite safe, and not wishing to be in the vicinity when the explosives went off had gone entirely away. Thus Farmer was uninterrupted in his work. But with still quite a lot to remove he heard the rumble of the approaching train, and worked faster. Fearing now to take the time to carry the last so far, he merely took it about twenty feet from the right-of-way. With the last of the explosive in his arms he cleared the track, but in his haste a few steps farther on a small stick of dynamite fell striking a piece of discarded railway metal (or so he thinks). The explosion following, small though it was in comparison to what would have been if all the collected material had gone off, shattered his right leg, broke all the ribs, caved in the side of his face and left him unconscious there on the desert. But the troop train was saved. It rushed by a few seconds later, but no one noted him. Forty-eight hours Farmer lay suffering untold agonies from his wounds, the heat and thirst. He was finally picked up by a reconnoitering party.

For this deed of bravery on top of his other exploits Farmer was recommended for the Victoria Cross by Sir Garnet Wolseley. Then, however, arose a difficulty. This famous valor medal, given only for most exceptional bravery, had also only been designed for men of the British army and navy, and Farmer was a civilian, though his heroic act had been performed in army service. When informed of the matter the Queen got over the difficulty by at once ordering that there be specially struck a silver cross, a Victoria Cross, but to carry the added

(Continued on Page 14)

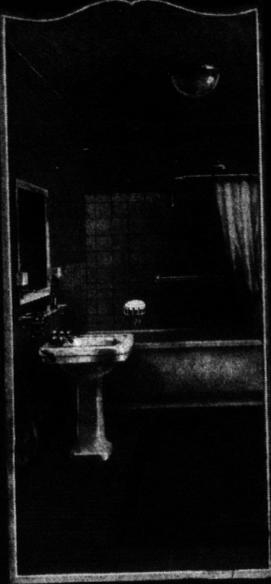


toward their Allies in the Dominion that they took the above method of expressing it.

As Rudyard Kipling knew India, Farmer knew Egypt from boyhood. When the famous campaign under Kitchener against the Arabs began in 1883, Farmer was a boy telegrapher. As a civilian who knew Arabic fluently, he was invaluable to the administration.

With Sir Valentine Baker he was at the rout of Tokar, and carried back the news of it to Suakin at great personal danger. Later with six intelligence officers he helped map the country between Dongola and Khartoum. From Khartoum armed with despatches a short time afterwards he set off for the fort of Gadaref. But in the meantime the famous slave driver, Osman Dinga, had caused an insurrection. The fort was surrounded and in great danger. Disguised as an Arab, however, Farmer from his long knowledge of these people and the perfection with which he spoke the language, made his way through the lines of the slave driver's army. Under cover of the dark he delivered the despatches within the fort and came away again with answering ones for Khartoum. Then he made his way safely through the lines to where he had hidden his horse. On the second day as he rode on his horse he was sighted by a hostile band of Arabs who gave chase. Farmer had a good horse, and a long start and he rode across the desert. So superior was

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strong," Rhoda shook her head. "Aunt Caroline, too, has ambitious designs concerning my future."

"Never mind, I shall find a way to circumvent their plans," Harold spoke confidently. "I will see Mac about it."

"Then you had better lose no time," Rhoda warned. "My uncle is coming from London to attend the Glengowan Athletic Gathering to-morrow. He arrives to-night, and is to stop at the Winston's."

"Then I will see him in the morning, and ask him for your hand," declared Harold. Then, tenderly pressing the fair hand once more and renewing his vows of undying love, the young man turned away and hurried to his castle. Leaving orders for Mac, his trusted chauffeur, to follow him, he climbed a grassy knoll overlooking the castle grounds. With the newly awakened pride he surveyed the noble structure, soon, he hoped, to be graced with the presence of a fair mistress.

Like many of the old feudal strongholds it was partly ancient and partly modern. The lofty, round towers with their high, narrow windows and loopholes for defence, were associated with the troublous times of the old Stuart kings. The MacBayns were ardent Jacobites, and there was a legend that Bonnie Prince Charlie had once slept within its walls. These memories were coursing through the young Laird's brain, when a stocky, alert young man came quickly up the path.

Murdoch MacFadden was the son of a Scotch mother and an Irish father. As a boy he went with his parents to America, and there learned many useful accomplishments. His ready wit and ingenuity made him a general favorite. His hair was auburn, and his face, flushed with exertion, was also of a ruddy hue, but his blue Irish eyes twinkled with kindly humor as he asked his employer why he was wanted.

"The Honorable George Hardwicke," the Laird explained, "is going to refuse a request that I am going to make of him to-morrow, and I wish to be in a position to bring further pressure to bear upon him to carry my points."

"And what does the Honorable George object to?" The young chauffeur was well aware of his chief's matrimonial aspirations. "Except Queen Mary herself there will be no lady in the kingdom more honored than the Lady of Glengowan."

"But he wants his favorite niece to be a duchess," the excited Laird loftily replied. "No duke in England can compare with the Chief of Glengowan!" declared Mac.

"Of course not, but how to convince the Honorable George Hardwicke of that fact is the question," said the Laird, with an anxiety he could not conceal. "We'll find a way, my chief, never fear."

A scheme soon formulated in Mac's fertile brain. He unfolded it to the Laird, and, having secured its approval, he hurried away to put it into practice.

Mac held a small commission in the Glengowan Rifles, a territorial defence force, of which Laird Murray was commander. At a meeting of the company officers, to arrange for some field manoeuvres on the following day, Mac proposed that the exercises should be concluded with a sham battle, to take place in the evening on the ground of Glengowan Castle. This proposition was promptly accepted by the officers, who believed in the old Highland axiom, "anything to please the Laird."

Meanwhile two honored guests arrived at the Winston mansion. They were the Honorable George Hardwicke and the young Duke of Elsmere, who had long been devoted to the fair Rhoda Wynne. His aspirations were heartily indorsed by the anxious guardian.

At nine o'clock the following morning Harold Murray, of Glengowan, called at the Winston mansion, presented his card, and requested an interview with Mr. Hardwicke. He had to wait but a short time. The Honorable George Hardwicke, a large ruddy complexioned gentleman, soon entered the room and, seating himself opposite the young Laird, inquired his business.

With all the eloquence at his command, Harold told of his love for the fair Miss Wynne, and asked permission to press his suit for her hand. With equal promptness and asperity his request was denied. In his turn the ardent Laird demanded the reason for this refusal.

"Reason!" sniffed the honorable gentleman. "Reason why I refuse you! 'Pon my word it is you that should show me the reason why I should not! The idea of a small 'bonnet laird' aspiring to marry my niece, with her substantial fortune! How dare you presume to match your few acres of hill pasture with the rich Surrey estates of the Duke of Elsmere!"

"You have never seen the extent of my possessions," returned Laird Murray, hotly. "Come with me, in my car, and in a few hours I will show you something of their dimensions."

The honorable gentleman rather ungraciously accepted the invitation, which was also extended to the charming young Duke of Elsmere. But that distinguished gentleman pleaded fatigue and retired to his room.

Seated in Laird Murray's high-powered car, and looking admiringly at the beautiful scenery on all sides as they rolled along, the Honorable George Hardwicke was forced to change his impressions of a Highland estate. The rich, fertile valley with its broad, rolling fields, gave no indication of poverty. Still his prejudices were immovable, and, as usual, he soon worked himself into a temper.

To all the young Laird's friendly advances he turned absolutely a deaf ear. "It won't do, Glengowan!" he raged at last. "My niece would pine away and die in your cold, northern climate! So tender a flower needs a hothouse, not a bleak hill side! Actually, you highlanders are only half civilized! How long is it since your clans were at war with each other? Not a great while! And it might happen again. With old sores still rankling in your minds, you are ready, at any time, to fly at each other's throats! No, no, Glengowan, my niece is better fitted for the Queen's reception room than for the clashing of broad swords and the smoke of battle."

"My dear sir," said the proud Laird, with a pitying smile, "you must be woefully ignorant of the trend of modern affairs if you do not know that there is, perhaps, no people on this broad, green earth more peaceful and law abiding than the Highland clansmen."

Here the resourceful chauffeur leaned back and spoke a few words to his chief in their native Gaelic, the purport of which was that Harold, by following his present line of argument, might endanger the success of their proposed experiment.

Instantly the attitude of the Laird underwent a change. "We have few enemies, at this late date," Murray resumed, "except the Clan MacNabb. Our feud with them has been going on from time immemorial. I felt sure that I should uncover the cloven hoof after all," cried the Honorable George Hardwicke, triumphantly. "Your veneer of civilization, Glengowan, is as thin as paper."

"Well, when the MacNabb's steal our cattle, when they refuse redress and defy all law and order, what are we to do, Mr. Hardwicke?"

"Fight, Glengowan, fight it out, as the savages of old did!"

But when the drive was ended, and the crusty visitor was left at the Winston mansion, the young Laird complimented the faithful Mac on his ready wit.

Harold Murray felt that he had scored one important point. He had secured the promise of Mr. Hardwicke, with Rhoda and the Duke of Elsmere to attend a banquet at Glengowan Castle that evening. And he determined that nothing should be wanting to make it a success.

Promptly at six o'clock the feast was waiting, and soon the guests were all seated around the table in the great hall. The sight of the lavishly decorated walls of this historic old castle was most impressive. All around the walls were ranged the spears that were wielded in the battles of old. Higher up were crossed swords, dirks and even the historic bow and arrow. In angles of the walls were suits of armor, trophies of the chase, and curios enough to stock a museum.

"A most wonderful and impressive display of arms, Glengowan," Mr. Hardwicke remarked. "Yet it smacks of barbarism after all."

"It is well to have these things convenient until we reach a higher standard of civilization," replied the Laird, with meaning emphasis.

The feast having been disposed of the ladies retired, while wine and cigars were brought for the gentlemen.

Rhoda Wynne, pleading fatigue, expressed a desire to return early to the



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Winston mansion, so Laird Murray summoned his car to convey his fair guest to her home. Bidding her a lingering good night he watched the car speeding down the avenue of birches, piloted by faithful Mac, and containing the one he held dearest on earth. Sighing, he returned to his company.

Big Dugald, the piper, was playing a stirring march on the bagpipes, when a fusillade of shots was heard outside, and Red Rory, the trusted henchman, rushed into the hall, shouting:

"The MacNabbs! The MacNabbs! The war is on!"

"What, in Heaven's name, has happened, Rory?" Laird Murray exclaimed.

"Oh! MacNabb sent the fiery cross around to call his clansmen to war on us to-day, so I did the same, and the lads are even now ready."

"Why did you not tell me, Rory?"

"Our lads will make short work of the MacNabbs, my chief, and I did not want to spoil your pleasure at the games, whatever."

Instantly the company became excited and confused. The Laird began to give orders. The English guests flung down their cigars, and rushed for their hats and canes. But to their surprise and dismay they learned that the last train for London, that day, had already left.

From the hall windows the MacNabbs, in their bright, red tartans, could be seen crouching behind boulders and fences, ever drawing closer to the historic old castle. As the rifle fire grew hotter, Glengowan led his English guests into a small, vaulted room, at the base of the great tower, where the enormously thick walls and narrow, barred windows, promised the most secure protection. Then, assuring them that he and his whole clan would protect them while life lasted, he asked them to remain there quietly until the danger was past.

The Duke and his enraged companion bitterly reproached their host for leading them into this dangerous situation, but Glengowan cut short all controversy by locking the door from the outside, thus securely making his visitors prisoners. However, from the high narrow window in the corner of the room, the distinguished guests had an excellent view of the field of operations.

Dusk was falling and red streaks were beginning to show through the white puffs of the rifle shots, when Glengowan discerned his car returning by a circuitous route to the castle. Mac had been unable to reach the Winston place, and with Rhoda still in his charge, was making a dash for the safety of the castle walls.

"Dear God!" he cried, "the MacNabbs are preparing to attack the car!"

It was true. The enemy had formed a line across the turnpike road.

"Saddle our horses!" shouted the young chief.

The command was instantly obeyed. At the head of a troop of horsemen the dashing laird galloped from the courtyard, straight for the point of danger.

His assistance was needless. The faithful Mac was not caught napping. Turning in his seat he spoke a few words to the young girl, who instantly dropped to the floor of the car. Then, just before reaching the red line of the enemy Mac swerved the car from the highway, dashed across a field, plunged into a clump of wood and, threading his way among the trees, with unerring skill, he emerged again on the road and swung into the courtyard of the castle with safety.

Firing one futile volley at the retreating car, the MacNabbs charged madly on the small party of MacBayn horsemen. The Chief of MacNabbs, on a white charger, engaged Glengowan in single combat, but, after a furious exchange, MacNabb was unhorsed, and the young Laird and his friends rode back in triumph to the castle.

Rhoda Wynne had been conducted into a safe place in the castle interior, and Mac was actively directing the defence, exploding mines which he had planted earlier in the day at various points in the castle grounds.

While the din was at its loudest, and the blaze of rifles, and explosion of mines at their most frightful pitch, the young Laird suddenly thought of his imprisoned guests. Unlocking the door he was startled to find that the Honorable George Hardwicke, his nerves racked by terror, had fainted. The young Duke was bending over him, and quickly the anxious

host called the faithful Mac to bring restoratives. After a time there were signs of returning consciousness; suddenly opening his eyes the awful situation came upon him, and the terror struck guardian of the fair Rhoda Wynne exclaimed:

"For God's sake, Glengowan, get me out of this place alive, and you can have Rhoda or anything else on earth that I possess!"

"You poltroon!" exclaimed the Duke of Elsmere, with a look of contempt, but the remark went unnoticed.

"You're a witness to this compact, Mac," Glengowan said, hastily, and the triumphant Mac promptly replied, "Indeed I am."

The ambitious guardian was now thoroughly subdued and, as the MacNabbs blew the signal of retreat, a wild cheer arose from the gallant defenders of the castle. Even the Honorable George Hardwicke could not refrain from joining in it. Presently arose the stirring bugle call, summoning the clansmen to "rally around the colors." And on the wide green in front of the castle where the banner of the MacBayns was unfurled, the brave clansmen gathered from all quarters, around the color-bearer and their young chief, and with spears, bayonets and broad swords pointing outward, formed a ring of steel calculated to daunt the heart of the boldest foeman.

It was nearly midnight when Mac drove the high powered car unmolested to the Winston mansion, with the English visitors and their fair charge. The Winston party were still discussing the magnificent spectacle of the review and sham battle of the Territorials, in highland costume, which had been fought on a scale never before attempted; but whatever their feelings were as the truth of the deception came upon them, the good breeding of the Honorable George Hardwicke and the Duke of Elsmere prevented any expression of resentment.

The following morning as the two guests departed for the early train to the South, the ambitious guardian of the fair Rhoda Wynne declared that he would not spend another night in the Highlands for one million pounds sterling. The young Duke of Elsmere agreed with him.

The peaceful vale of Glengowan was rejoicing in the beauty of the morning when the young Laird sought the winding path by the stream. By a ruined homestead, gazing regretfully upon the deserted fireside, a fair young girl stood, leaning against the ivied wall. The early sunbeams glinted in the ripples of her fair hair, and shone in the crystal drops that trembled in her drooping lashes.

"Poor MacRanald," she exclaimed, as Harold drew near, "he must bring his wife and bairn back here, and you will rebuild this cabin for them, won't you, Harold?"

The young man stood speechless. There was only one subject that interested him then.

In her sweet enthusiasm Rhoda continued: "You will promise, will you not, dear?"

"Yes, darling, I will promise anything now. Your uncle has given his consent, and you are to be mine to hold for evermore."

"Oh, Harold! the world seems full of love and beauty this morning."

"Yes, darling, and we two shall keep it so. And in all Bonnie Scotland there shall be no spot so happy as the birthplace of our love, the beautiful vale of Glengowan."

First Civilian Awarded the Famous Victoria Cross Medal

(Continued from Page 11)

title of "Civilian's Victoria Cross." This is seen on the breast of the wearer. Farmer was commanded to return to England, and in July 1880, at Buckingham Palace received his medal, the first of its kind ever presented. Only one since of this kind has been donated, and Farmer bears the proud distinction of being the inaugurator of and the first man to wear it.

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The Law of the White Man

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Francis J. Dickie

OUTSIDE the fierce sun of a torrid Alaskan summer day beating down through motionless air had turned the little log courtroom of Nikoli Village into a fiery furnace of stifling heat. The entrance and only door stood wide open, but the four small paned windows, a pair on either side of the narrow, box-like building, had proved themselves immovable to the two sweating lawyers, endeavoring to raise them a few minutes before, on entering for the trial. So the room, robbed of any current of air, grew ever closer from the very breathing of the fifty odd gathered men.

And into the still atmosphere came creeping the odors of smoke tanned moccasins, of greasy buckskin coats, and of the forever unwashed bodies of their fifty Indian wearers, huddled close packed and perspiring on the backless lumber benches that filled three-quarters of the building's small floor space.

The heat, from sun of early afternoon, was at its zenith, and though the trial was just beginning, four of the five white occupants of the room were already limply listless in its grip.

The judge, bound by no strict rules of etiquette in this lonely place on fringe of far frontier, sat bared of official robes, retaining only his pongee shirt, and that, too, wide open, collarless, laying to view a bit of the silk underwear beneath, he sat slouched far down in the battered armchair, feet stuck out full length beneath the rough board table behind which, on a slightly raised platform, he sat.

Before him on the opposite side of another rude lumber table directly below his dias, sat the attorneys for the prosecution and defense. They, too, following their superior's example, were in shirt sleeves. With sweat pouring from face and brow and the stench of wild humanity in their nostrils, they sat counselling together upon the case in hand.

Beside the prisoner's box, directly at the left of the judge, Deputy Marshal Sherrin sat, occasionally tugging abstractedly at the ends of a long black mustache. Under the spell of the heat he had removed the dragging weight of the two long barreled army service colts from gun belt holsters on to the floor beside him. Only the reporter from the Seattle paper, accompanying the judicial party on its yearly trip through the lone stretches of the Alaskan frontier, was alert. Neither heat nor vitiated air could lessen his enthusiasm. Seated at the head of the lawyer's table, so he might view with equal ease the courtroom, the prisoner and the judge, he watched with wide, interestedly eager eyes this new and strange canvas of life now spread for his viewing.

And Samake, the central figure of all the scene, the first smoldering resentment that had been in his eyes for the first few days after his arrest, three weeks before, was gone. Now he sat slouched a little forward in the crudely built prisoner's box of rough lumber and stared straight before him with lazily wondering gaze, the while listening apathetically to the unintelligible murmur of these queer white men before him.

But though his face was stolid, deep within his untutored Indian mind many thoughts took shape once more, as they had often in recent weeks. Tentatively they questioned for the reason of all the strange happenings of these recent past days. But Samake could not answer. A vast fog of bewilderment lay upon him. Nothing in his savage experience, or instinct or knowledge was equal to answering the problem. Yet, though he could not answer, he fell again to asking himself the same things over again. Why had the long black mustached white man, who now sat in a chair close guarding him, come to the lonely little Indian village far up on the Kuskokwin river, where he had lived in peace all his days, and put strange iron things upon his wrists, and then brought him many days' journey across country to Nikoli Village?

Now for a very occasional passing for the wanderer prospector, Samake had previously seen few white men. They came not often to the wide stretches of Alaskan wilderness along the upper Kuskokwin. Samake did not understand English. True, old Tacotne, the chief of the village, could speak a little. But

even old Tacotne, it seemed, did not understand this action. In a dim vague way Tacotne knew that the land of his tribe belonged to the white men but until three weeks before they had never bothered him or his. Still, when the big man with the black mustache had come and demanded Samake, the chief's realization had been sufficiently strong to make his obedience unquestioning.

Samake's lodge he had pointed out. And then Samake had been made prisoner and brought three hundred miles overland to Nikoli Village where, for the first time, the law of the United States, in the form of Deputy Marshal Sherrin, had come to dwell permanently, some three months previously. But sitting here now in the fetid courtroom Samake bore no ill-will toward the odd white man, nor to Tacotne for yielding to his whim. At least, Tacotne and all the hunters of

the tribe had come also to Nikoli Village to see the outcome of this most strange proceeding.

Of course, during the week of waiting before these other four white men had come from their far away city of Seward, Tacotne had talked often with the black mustached man, and Tacotne had told the tribe of these talks; had come to the little jail and told Samake what the white man said. Yet, after all, none of them were any nearer an understanding of the mystery than before.

"Samake had killed a man—had killed Nitluk of his own village. The white men must hear all about it and talk over it together." So said the black mustached man.

Certainly Samake had killed Nitluk! Samake, through the chief, had proclaimed the fact not a little proudly. The whole tribe, in similar fashion, had vouched for the correctness of the Marshal's information, brought to him the month previously by a white kloochman of a nearby tribe. During one of the

long lazy days of waiting for the judge's party to come, Samake had with pleasure given graphically to the Marshal the ghastly details, all of which same Tacotne had laboriously translated that the white man might write them down on many pieces of paper.

But what of it? For the hundredth time Samake again asked himself the question, only to grow more baffled at this further propounding. Why was it necessary that the white man come all the way to his village and bring him here to Nikoli for that? It was all very absurd. But, then, Tacotne had said that the ways of the white men were always so—and Tacotne must know, for had he not in the days of his youth lived near to the white traders far to the westward?

Momentarily Samake raised his eyes from unseeing contemplation of an odd shaped knot hole in the floor before him to the lawyer's table. Here, again, was more of the strangeness of the white men. The one with the black mustache had told him that because he was not

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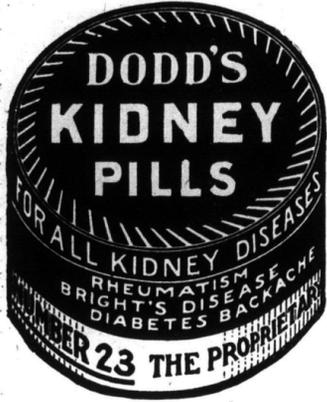


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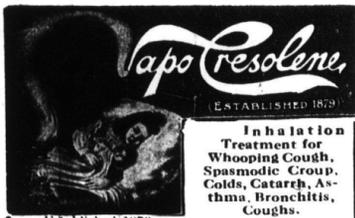


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rich as the white men were, the great white chief who ruled in the world outside, would send a man to speak for him at this meeting. Now he eyed them curiously, wondering which of them it was going to be. As far as he was concerned it really did not matter. There was no reason why the man should do so; for that matter, there was no sense or reason to anything the white man had done. Still, if they wished to go to all this trouble to hear about the killing of Nitluk, he was content. Despite the vastness of his bewilderment Samake felt an odd thrill of pride as his eyes swept the room. Never before had one of his people been the centre of so much attention. It was almost as good as a potlatch. Then a vague chill crept over him with the memory of those hard steel bands that had held his hands, and the barred door of the little building in which he had sat these past days while waiting the coming of the four white men. Certainly that had not been pleasant. Perhaps the white men were angry at him for killing Nitluk. For the first time the thought came to him, but quickly he put it away.

Ah, no, no, that was impossible. How could the white men be angry at so just a deed? Was not Toowalik, his oldest son, dead, and had not Nitluk been to blame? And was it not the tribal law that when a boy went hunting with a grown man the man was responsible for his safety? And had not Nitluk taken Toowalik moose hunting, and had not Toowalik been drowned? Certainly all these things had happened. And Nitluk had gone far away in fear of his life. But not far enough that he had not found him. Samake's eyes glowed momentarily with remembrance of that spring day when he had come upon Nitluk, and from ambush fired the shot that avenged the death of Toowalik. Again he saw himself gathering up Nitluk's gun and outfit, for to the victor belong the spoils. And returning to camp straightway had he gone to the lodge of Tacotne, the chief, and told his tale.

And Tacotne had listened, and when the tale was done, passed him the pipe in token of approval and said: "It is well this which you have done. Nitluk was the keeper of your son and when he failed in his duty his life was forfeit to you. That is the law. The debt is now cancelled. So go you to the wife of Nitluk and see she has food sufficient to last till the salmon run again, for until that time another man may not claim her for wife."

Samake smiled softly to himself. He had kept the law. Nitluk's wife lacked for nothing, and Toowalik was avenged.

No, it was impossible that the white men could be angry at this. He shook his head. Then looked up sharply, his reverie broken by the sound of chair leg scraping upon the rough floor. One of the men at the table was pushing back from the table and rising to his feet.

It was Bateson, the prosecuting attorney. "Your honor," he said, with difficulty stifling a yawn. "In the case of the territory of Alaska versus Samake, my learned friend, the counsel for the defense, and myself have been discussing the matter, and, with your honor's consent, would dispense with the regular routine of procedure usual in such cases. The Marshal informs me that none of the men of the tribe, who would be the main witnesses in the case, speak English except the chief, and that his is of a very limited scope. Under these circumstances, and in view of the fact that I have here before me a statement obtained by the Marshal from the accused, wherein he admits the murder, which fact is corroborated by the chief and all these assembled men, my learned friend for the defense has consented to enter a plea of guilty for his client, and without further going on is willing you should pass sentence."

Concluding the listlessly rendered speech, Bateson sat down, and Judge Byers catching a nod of assent from Reardon, defending counsel, turned slowly in his chair toward the prisoner's box.

Judge Byers was very glad it was all over, and that their visit at this new and last place on their annual tour, should be so quickly ended. "Tell the prisoner to stand up, Marshal, and you had better bring up whichever one of his friends that speaks English to translate the sentence to him after I get through."

When Samake had come to his feet, and Tacotne been brought forward, the judge, clearing his throat, fastened stern

eyes upon the prisoner, and proceeded: "You have admitted to the most serious crime of murder, the facts of which are so corroborated as to predispose the necessity of going farther with the case." He paused.

That his phrasing was far beyond the comprehension of the interpreter's mind did not occur to the judge, nor would it have mattered if it had, for out of the corner of his eye he was making sure the reporter was getting down every word. The judge was very new and very thirsty for a place in the sun, and publicity was such a desirable thing. Assured the paper's representative was missing nothing, he went on: "While wishing in my judicial capacity that I might extend clemency, I feel that in the present case I would only be doing wrong, in that such clemency might lead your fellow tribesmen to further deeds of a similar nature. The great and good laws of the United States are very sacred things that must be observed by all, and only by meting out to you the law's severest penalty, do I feel that a sufficient object lesson will be given to prevent a repetition of such occurrence among your people."

He stopped abruptly, suddenly remembering that he had left his black cap in his valise at the stopping house. Oh, well, it didn't matter, it was only an Indian, and there was no one here to eevil. Yielding to the thought Judge Byers proceeded: "And to-morrow you shall be taken out from the jail in which you are confined to the gallows and be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

"I beg your pardon, your honor," the Marshal was on his feet speaking "but d'you mind just changing that sentence to the day after to-morrow, that'll give me time to build a scaffold. You see I've only been here three months and this is the first time I've had any call for one."

"Oh, very well," the judge acquiesced, "just carry it out when you get ready, Marshal. I set it immediately, in hope that the rest of the tribe would hang around and witness the execution. It would have had a most salutary effect upon them, I'm sure."

"That's all right, judge. Don't worry. They've been hanging around for a week now, so never fear, they'll be here till it's all over, and"—with proud and rising inflexion—"when they do go I'll bet they'll be fully impressed by the justice of the white man and understand there's to be no more killing among them around here in the future."

Lady of House: You say you are in the Army. Then why aren't you dressed as a soldier?

Ragged Rogers: It's de army of de unemployed, lady, an' dis is me fatigue uniform.

On His Guard

"I see by the papers," the store-keeper remarked, over his evening paper, "that the Government has some difficulty finding quarters for the soldiers."

"I know just how the Government feels about it," remarked the passive plodder, suspicious of a call for contributions. "I have a powerful lot of trouble finding quarters and dimes and even jitneys for my family."

And he sadly searched in his "bacey pouch for a few crumbs of comfort.

Mrs. Briggs' Speech

If brevity is the soul of wit, one of the wittiest speeches on record was made by a woman. Mrs. Briggs lived a long distance from any village. Hearing that a well-known minister was to preach in a town some twenty miles distant she resolved to be present, and as no other way offered, she walked the twenty miles.

The minister heard of this, and was so pleased at the appreciation which it showed that at the close of the sermon he mentioned the fact to the congregation, and called upon Mrs. Briggs to tell them how she came.

Rising slowly, she looked across the audience with great solemnity and said: "I hoofed it."

Then she sat down again.

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The Quitter

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mart. King

THEY had laughed him into it. He knew himself that he hadn't the pluck to stick it. But they, his own crowd, had been talking that day of March in Kelly's saloon, and he had told them he was going to join up. There was no compulsion about it, but the bands and uniforms, mixed with a few drinks had gone to his head, and his boyhood ambition, to become a soldier, took the mastery over his native precaution, and he declared himself open for enlistment.

His previous career had not been very fruitful with success, except you called a few lucky dollars now and then, which were quickly spent, success. His jobs had been more or less temporary, pool-marker for a few months, bartender for a few more, with a crack now and then at the "tables" or at the races. His ability to pick a winner here and there had kept him from being always broke, and as he knew horses his mind ran to the cavalry.

That had been some months previous, and now he was cursing, his luck he called it, that had brought him into his present position. Only this morning he had been "paraded" before his commanding officer, and he hadn't got over it yet.

"Do you know that drunkenness is a crime that can be very severely punished?" snapped the colonel.

"Yes, sir." This rather doubtfully, as he knew nothing of the kind. He had not been educated to complete knowledge of rules and orders.

"And this isn't your first offence, either."

"No, sir." This more assured, for he remembered being rather sternly cautioned before.

"Well, this being your second appearance before me, you will be put under arrest, and will be put on fatigue parties for the remainder of this week, until Saturday, 5 p.m."

That was the end of it, but Steve remembered that this was only Monday, and fatigue parties until Saturday meant dirt, and grease, and sweat, and overbearing corporals, and brooms and shovels, and a thousand other indignities. For this reason his outburst against his luck.

"I won't stick it, that's all. I'll beat it," he mumbled. "They will never find me. I'll get to Winnipeg, and then hit west, and the dirt from my heels will blind the gum shoe men they stick on my trail. They may not notice I'm gone for a couple of days, and by that time I'll be so far away a bloodhound would take four years to catch me."

His thoughts hadn't been with his work, and so were rudely jolted by Corporal Brown, who shouted, "A little speed with those poles, Archer, you bandy legged hop fiend, or I'll bump a brick off that paper-mash dome of yours."

"Dam it, those guys think they own you body and soul," he growled. "But I'll get out of it all, if it breaks a leg."

And he did get out, safe and sound. There had been the fear at first that somebody might have seen him, but this gradually was lost, as nobody followed him. He had grabbed a freight as it went through Camp Nedrob, as a car of poles had made an exceedingly safe riding place. Comfortable enough, too, when you get used to it.

The gang didn't expect him, so when he walked in to their meeting room he was greeted with a welcome worthy a conqueror.

"Well, Steve, you old horse thief, how is she logging?"

"For the love of Mike, he's out again."

"Have they fired you at last?"

"Yes, I'm fired," he snarled, "I fired myself. Me for freedom. Can any of you wops get me a suit of clothes? I'm going west, out around Calgary, somewhere. All I want to get away is a change for these rags. I hate the look of them. They'd catch me in these things before I get as far as you can throw a bear by the tail, so all one of you guys come across?"

He knew they would, but it was always better to ask. Demanding a thing didn't get it.

"Sure, Steve, I can get you a rig out, but why the haste? Don't you like the army, or did she say she wouldn't have anything to do with a soldier?"

Lyons knew that for all his good looks and good appearance, Steve had never fallen, as he himself stated, for any of the dames. They weren't made that could catch him, he had often said.

"No, I'm just sick of the whole show. All I've heard is, do this, or don't do that, a bugle tells you to go to bed, and at some gosh awful hour tells you to get up. I've eaten sand, slept on a tickly thistle, worked like a coon for a measly dollar-ten a day, and then got handed a dose of hell for taking a drink a day ago. I'm just sick of it."

Then he had rode the bumpers west, until at a side station he had been hailed by a farmer who needed a man. Four-fifty a day he had been offered, good grub, and at nights a comfortable bed. Hard work in plenty he had had, but he now had his freedom, and the comforts almost made up for the labor. There was another reason that kept him working there, not the good wages, or the good grub, but something far

more binding and holding. But why think of anything like that, he had never fallen for them, so why begin.

He wasn't sure what there was that was so appealing about Beth Snider. Liza, her mother called her, but he knew she had been named Beth. It just suited her. Maybe it was because she played the piano so nicely, or because she sang so sweetly, or a mixture of several things, but he was firmly convinced that she was all that was good. He had proved it once, much to the discomfort of Pete, the other hand, who had suggested something else.

People get to know each other pretty well on a farm in a few weeks, and the Sniders were no exception to the general rule. The hired men were made pretty much of the family, but they seemed to be just a trifle cool with Steve, but not with Pete. He couldn't explain it, unless that it was because Pete was older than he was. And they never told him who the Jim was that they spoke about so often, until one day he asked Beth.

"Why, he is my brother, or was, until some few months ago, when he was killed over there. George is in England now, and expects to go over soon, he said in his last letter. We all feel pretty badly about George having to go, too, for he is just a boy, only twenty. Jim

was twenty-three when they got him."

"And that must be the reason why you people have been kind of cool with me, is it?" he asked.

"Well, you see," she replied, "you seem to be quite well, and you are young and have no one depending on you. We just wondered that you hadn't gone, and having my brothers over there prejudiced us a little, I guess. What has kept you from going, Steve?"

"I'm just a coward, I guess. I have thought of going, but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. Nobody cares whether I go or not, so why should I take a chance when it's so mighty slim, of ever coming back?"

He saw that she was hurt by what he had said, but the idea of going into that mob again was too much for him. Then they might find him, and he had read that if found, deserters could be given two years imprisonment. The sentence that he might get was just as strong a barrier to his rejoining as a brick wall would be. Forget it.

Work and more work kept him from speaking to her very often for more than a few minutes at a time, but when Jackson's finished their new barn they decided to hold a barn dance, and everybody had been asked. It was to

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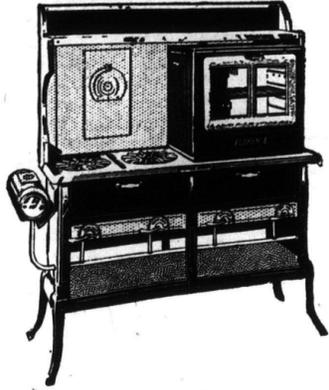


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be an all-night affair, with fiddles and a mouth organ or two, everybody was going, even to the babies. And Beth had said that she would go with him.

It was a glorious success from start to finish, from music to lemonade. But the drive home in the dawn was the best of it all.

"It sure was a great time, wasn't it, Steve? And you do dance so well, that it was just wonderful for me. I could dance for hours and hours, with you, and I don't think I would get the least tired."

He didn't tell her that beer and painted women had formed the major factor in his becoming an accomplished dancer, but said, "Well, I ought to be able to dance, I've been at it long enough." He had wanted to say that she danced divinely, as he had arrived at that conclusion early in the evening, but the words wouldn't come for him.

Silence held them for a long time, the calm of the morning, the gradual blotting out of the stars by the rising sun, the rustling of the willows along the creek and the chirp of waking birds being quite too absorbing to allow of mere conversation. Then he gradually became conscious that his thoughts were entirely centred on the girl beside him, so pretty, yet natural, so winsome and alluring, yet not daring. Suddenly he knew—he had fallen for one of them. But the reason for it was simple she was not one of the dames, she was just a sweet, innocent, capable maiden, and he

fallen mighty hard. So when I come to earth, don't let the bump be too hard but tell me that I can at least hope for something worth while."

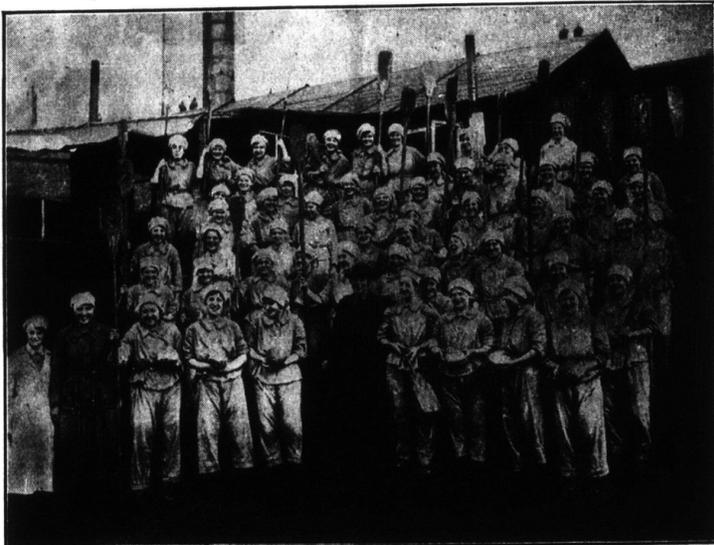
"Someway, Steve," she said, "I have been expecting this, I don't know why, and now I don't know what to say. There is only one thing I can say against it, and I don't want to say that."

"What is it, Beth," he asked, "Surely I can change it if it lies in my power, and heaven knows I would do anything to please you. Won't you tell me, please?"

"Well, Steve," she replied, having suffered him to put his arm around her, "As soon as you tell me you will go over there and help George and the rest of the boys along, I will give you my answer. I am sorry to put it that way, for you do mean something to me even now, but there is a duty that calls every young man forward, and leaves every young woman behind, and I can't ignore that duty."

"Thank you," he said, that was all.

Things went along much the same after that evening, the crops were threshed, the fall plowing done, and sundry repairs made in readiness for the winter, while over "Somewhere in France" there had been advances made by the British, brilliant, courageous and conquering, but exhausting and taxed by the toll of human lives. Families throughout the Dominion were saddened, homes and hearts were broken, and still the men were called on. The papers



The Tommy "Waacs," as the members of the British Women's Army Auxiliary Corps are familiarly called, are an important part of the British army, and they are doing great work behind the Western front in France. This British official photo shows a group of the women bakers who make the bread the Tommies relish so much. They surely supply the right sort of "staff of life," and the Tommies eat bread now with a greater appetite than ever before, because this bread made by Tommy "Waacs" somehow is different. This picture was taken on the Western front.

—why, he was a healthy, strong capable young man. So why not begin?

"I wonder if I could live down all the things that have gone before?" he thought, half aloud. "I wonder."

"I beg your pardon," she said, "I didn't hear you."

"Oh, I was just thinking," he said, "Nothing very important."

"Tell me what it was you were thinking," she coaxed him. "Was it the weather, or the amount of plowing you could do to-morrow?"

Something told him to keep quiet, but he blurted, "I was thinking about you, just wondering if a poor farm hand like myself could ever mean anything to you. You know what I mean, something more than a mere friend."

"Do you mean that seriously?" she asked, somewhat taken aback. "Why, Steve, we hardly know each other."

"Know each other?" he said, questioningly, "why, I know you and your moods as well as I know my own. I have watched you, and talked with you, and thought of you, and admired you, from a distance, ever since I came here, and I didn't know till this minute that I loved you. I used to say that I never had fallen for a girl, and that I never would, but just now something seemed to wrap up and tell me that I had fallen, and

were optimistic in their editorials, and the advances having been so gloriously attempted and won, but only the mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers who had sons or kin over there knew the price of it all.

Then one day the home of the Sniders was again darkened, and Steve heard a supper that George was "missing." One word, but one that conveyed a world of meaning. Fear, hope, despair, doubt, an overwhelmingly uncertainty, did it mean prisoner, killed, wounded, unrecognizable, blown to pieces, or was it a mistake that would be rectified later? But after days then weeks of yearning, their second son was listed officially as "Missing, believed killed."

The thought of all this suffering and anxiety that had been brought to the house that he now called home, gave Steve nights of unrest and days of worry. Was he afraid to go back and face the music, or would he take a chance for Beth's sake, as well as for the sake of Jim and George who had gone before him? They might never recognize him now, it was so long ago that he had deserted. But never could he gain the courage to do as he knew he should until—

Reading the weekly paper one evening he noticed the heading, "Will be given

one more chance," and going further read, "All deserters who give themselves up to the authorities of their own accord will not be punished, but will be reinstated as though they had never been absent without leave. It is expected that many will take advantage of this offer, as they left on the spur of the minute, and will welcome the opportunity offered." The type seemed to blur before his eyes, for now within his reach was everything that he desired. No, not exactly a desire prompted him to rejoin, but the knowledge that she would be pleased. The thought of all the hardships, and dangers that he would encounter unnerved him, and he detested the idea of having to come at the beck and call of every non-com. or subaltern, but then the prize he would win was worth any sacrifice. He would do it.

"Beth, can I speak to you a few minutes please?" he had begged that evening, after the dishes had been washed and the floors properly cleaned. "I have something of importance to say to you."

"What was it Steve?" she enquired later, as they sat together on the back stoop.

"Just this, I am going to enlist. Something happened to-day that made me think that I should go."

He waited a few seconds for an answer, but receiving none he turned to her as she sat beside him, and was surprised to find her sobbing. He

rest of the boys call him "Devil" Archer, which they explain is short for "Daredevil." And that ribbon goes with the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Steve says that the only thing he is afraid of now is that she may make a scene when he gets home, either that she will cry, or lecture him for staying away from home so long.

Nobody around here would dare call him a "quitter."

Physical Inheritance

When people use the word "heredity" they are very likely to mean some dreadful bugaboo of a supposed natural law, which they have invented for themselves, through which the poor human race comes in for all the ailments and weaknesses of its forbears, with none of the compensations.

One hears constantly such phrases as "her mother had consumption," or "his uncle drank himself to death," but there is much less frankness in returning thanks for the physical benefits that also come down so abundantly from the past.

It must not be forgotten that diseases are not directly inherited, but only the tendency to them. This is a very comfortable fact, for it constantly offers a reward for well-directed effort. If one knows from the start which are the avenues open to danger one is forewarned and forearmed. Those who have that knowledge will not take the children in whose families there have been many instances



Boys of 'teen age signing up for the "Soldiers of the Soil" movement at the Immigration and Colonization Office, Winnipeg

couldn't explain it, and didn't even try to, but knew that there was one thing that should be done in such an emergency. So he did it.

And so when she had snuggled her head down on his shoulder, he asked, "Why are you crying, dear? I thought I was doing what you wanted me to do. Ah, tell me what's the trouble."

"I wa-want you t-to g-go, Steve, in one way, b-but I don't want you t-to g-go in another way," she sobbed. "I only w-wish this d-darn war was over."

"It will be over some day," he said, "and when it is I am coming back. Will I come back here?"

"Yes, dear, come back here, back home, where I will be waiting for you. God bless you, boy, for being so brave, and willing. I will never do anything but think of you, and pray for you."

And Steve told me the other day that he had never felt such a "quitter" as when he took her in his arms that night and kissed her for the first time. He said that it felt like taking something for nothing, and that he wanted to tell her what a piker he had been. But he was afraid that it might spoil his own and her happiness, so kept still about it all.

But since he came to France he has made up for it all, is now Sergeant Turner, and wears a little strip of red and blue ribbon on his left breast. The

of tuberculosis and shut them up in stuffy places or give them a diet containing too little fat. They would be too wise to let the excitable child of nervous parentage lead a life of overstimulation or be pushed in its studies, or to offer sips of wine at the table to the small boy whose father is a heavy drinker.

Just as a predisposition to a disease may be inherited, so also may an absolute inability to have it. One sees this proved by persons who pass unscathed through epidemic after epidemic. This shows that their inherited tendency toward the disease, if they have any, is so much weaker than their inherited resistance to it that they are virtually unable to catch it.

Nature herself shows constant preference for the normal, and is always working to that end; therefore a tendency to disease is the punishment for disobeying her, and a tendency to health is the reward for obeying her. Neither is she implacable, so that if one will only work long enough and hard enough to correct one's mistakes there comes a time when nature gives a clean bill of health. It would be a tragic world indeed if only the sins of the parents were visited upon the children.

Humps and Mumps

When Willie saw a camel He marveled at the humps "It is," he said to Samuel. "A funny place for mumps."

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Fashions and Patterns

A Smart Dress for Mother's Girl. 2169—This style will prove both comfortable and practical. The fulness may be confined by the belt, as in the large view. The sleeve is cut in one with the back portions of the dress, forming a deep and comfortable armhole. Linen, drill, gingham, chambray, serge, gabardine, lawn, challie, batiste and crepe are nice for this model. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. It requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Dress for Elderly Ladies. 2191—This style is lovely for satin, silk, crepe, gabardine, serge and broadcloth. The fronts are finished with vest portions. The skirt measures 2½ yards at the foot. It is gathered over the sides and back. The sleeve is new in its shaping. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6½ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style. 1973—Dress for Misses and Small Women. This style may be made with the sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The pocket is unique in its shaping. This dress is easy to develop and nice for serge or gabardine, velvet or satin. Braid or embroidery will form a suitable trimming. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5½ yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt portion measures 2½ yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Play Suit for Mother's Boy. 2166—Boys' Overall or Play Suit. This is a splendid style for khaki, gingham, chambray, linen, lawn, corduroy, galatea, poplin and drill. The blouse may be of lawn, cambric or linen, and may be finished with long or short sleeves. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires 1½ yard for the blouse and 2½ yards for the overalls, of 27-inch material, for a 3-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A New and Popular Style. 2162—Ladies' Two-Piece Morning or House Dress (with sleeve in either of two lengths). Percale, seersucker, lawn, linen, crepe, silk, washable satin, flannelette, challie and cashmere may be used for this model. The skirt measures about 2½ yards at the foot. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size, 5½ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style. 2165—Junior's Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Linen in white, natural or other shades is nice for this model. Khaki cloth, drill, gingham, chambray, percale, serge, gabardine, poplin and corduroy are also desirable. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 4½ yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Popular Garment. 2164—Women all over the world are now wearing overalls and "trouser aprons" for outdoor and indoor work. Pattern 2164, here illustrated, furnishes a suitable suggestion for this class of garment. It is cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Set of Baby's One-Piece Long Clothes with Front Closing. 1260—Including a wrapper, saquee, barra coat and slip. The practical features of this set will at once appeal to every mother of a baby. The body portions of the garments are cut in one piece, which makes it an easy matter to quickly sew the little things, and the front closing, consisting of slip and barra coat, will save the baby from much discomfort and annoyance in dressing. Cambric, long lawn, or lawn may be used for the saquee, flannel or flannelette for the barra coat and wrapper and saquee. It requires 1½

For sack, ¾ yard of 27-inch material; for slip, 2¼ yards of 36-inch material; for wrapper, 2½ yards of 27-inch material; for barra coat, 1½ yard of 40-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Dress for the "Little One." 1978—Child's Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. This is a splendid model for serge, percale, voile, gabardine, galatea, albatross, lawn, gingham and chambray. The front is full, in panel effect, and the fulness at the waistline is held by a belt. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Comfortable Apron Model. 2333—This style is nice for percale, lawn, gingham, chambray, drill or khaki. The apron is in one piece, with added straps that cross over the back and are buttoned at the waistline. The pattern is cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Sleeping Garment. 2352—This is a fine model for linen, cambric, flannel, flannelette, silk and crepe. The waist and trousers are joined at the shirring. The sleeve and waist are cut in one piece. The pattern is cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size 38 or medium requires 6½ yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Comfortable Model. 2350—For the waist, cambric, muslin, drill, jean or cotton flannel may be used. The bloomers may be of serge, saten, alpaca or of material to match the dress with which they are worn, they are circular in shape and take the place of petticoats. Bloomers are an ideal under garment for growing girls. They give freedom in walking and running, are neat and easy to launder. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 66-inch material for the bloomers and 1½ yard for the waist. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Very Attractive Gown. Waist 2334, skirt 2335—This model is excellent for the soft silks, velvets and crepes that are now so popular. The waist and skirt could also be finished separately. The style requires little trimming. A bit of lace or embroidery being quite sufficient. Combinations of material would be fine for this design. The waist pattern, 2334, is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern, 2335, is cut in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. For a medium size the entire dress will require about 8 yards of 44-inch material, with 3¾ yards of silk or ribbon, 6½ inches wide, for the sash ends of the waist. The skirt measure about 2¼ yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Smart Dress for the Growing Girl. 2347—Serge, gabardine, voile, satin, silk and all wash goods are nice for this style. The blouse waist is mounted on a body lining. The skirt is straight and gathered with plaits at the sides. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

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Buying Shoes

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Grace G. Bostwick

FOR many years I've promised myself that I'd show that shoe clerk—they are all alike—up to the public in his true light—dandified, dapper, little dude, with his air of superior knowledge that makes a mere man squirm with shame of his ignorance.

"Eights, please!" I demanded ingratiatingly, "and wide. I have a short, broad foot."

"Short!" he exclaimed in the utmost surprise; "Why, you have an unusually long foot, and nine is surely your size. I have an English last here now—a long, graceful effect, and the very latest thing, that was made for you."

I struggled into it under protest, squirming at the pressure on my old bunion and the unnatural appearance of the thing.

"If you'll show me something with a shorter vamp," I began.

"No one wears short vamps any more," he remarked sadly. "They're not made. But, here's your shoe!" He brightened visibly as he brought out another daschshund affair, and I viewed it in alarm as he attempted to fit it to my sprawled and ungainly toes. I didn't like it and it failed utterly to conform to the lines of my foot, but his condescending air awed me in spite of myself.

"I didn't want a brown shoe," I murmured uncertainly.

"Black's away out of date." His pitying smile was almost a sneer, as he calmly laced the shining leather and smoothed away its wrinkles regardless of tender spots beneath.

"How much? But I don't want it at any price," I muttered under my breath.

"Ten dollars."

"I can't afford—" I began hurriedly.

"You can't afford to buy a poor shoe with leather going up the way it is," he interrupted. "Why, those shoes have gone up four dollars since they came out a few weeks ago. I don't know where we shall land if the price keeps on rising. I'll tell you something—we are making ninety cents on that identical shoe at that price. You know yourself that ninety cents, the way things are soaring, doesn't begin to pay expenses." The tone of his voice was so doleful that I began to wilt with depression.

"These shoes will give you double the wear of a cheaper pair," he declared. "There's nothing that pays a man like an investment in good footwear. That leather is the very best that the market can get hold of. Since this war—"

But the other was laced and I was stretching this way and that to see how they looked.

"They're not comfortable," I grunted miserably.

"Of course, for a day or so they will feel stiff." His patient tone plainly expressed his opinion of my disposition. "No one expects solid comfort from a shoe until it's been worn a bit, but they will give you no trouble. Best shoe made. You're making no mistake." He received my ten with indifference.

Those shoes have tortured me beyond anything the inquisition had to offer, and passing the shop the next day, I saw the identical thing I wanted, in the window—a comfortable, broad affair, marked six-fifty, exactly what I could afford to pay. I swear I shall never go back to that store, but they are all alike. Now, you would think—but, what's the use? Ouch, Lizzie, that bunion!

The Lilt of a Laugh

I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,

As I've toiled with the men who failed;

I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,

And I've toiled with the men who wailed.

And this is the tale my soul would tell

As it drifts o'er the harbor-bar;

The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,

But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

And that one smiles, until in truth

You fail in keeping track.

And since a smile can do great good

By cheering hearts of care,

Smile and smile, and not forget

That smiles go everywhere!

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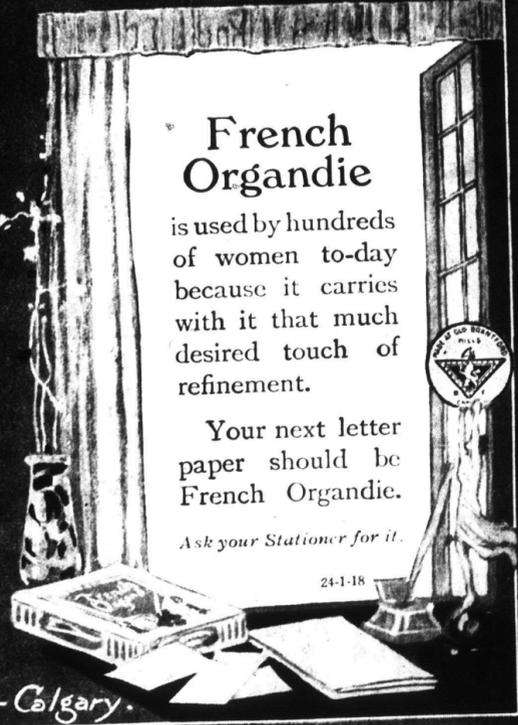
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THE Food Control Department has told us that flour must be conserved for the use of the Allies. Try some of the baking powder breads which use a part substitute for wheat flour. You will find them very palatable and generally enjoyed by your family and friends. This recipe for Oatmeal Bread is very satisfactory:

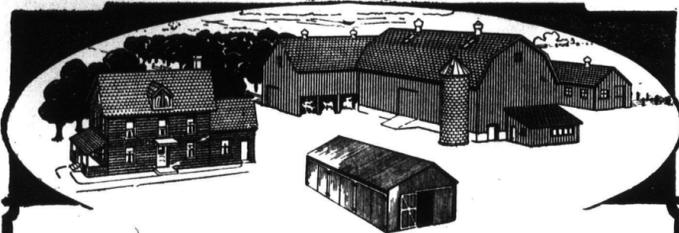
1 cup flour, 1 1/4 cups corn meal, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons Egg-O Baking Powder, 2 table-spoons sugar, 1 cup cooked oatmeal or rolled oats, 2 tablespoons shortening, 1 1/2 cups milk. Sift together flour, corn meal, salt, baking powder and sugar; add oatmeal, melted shortening and milk. Bake in greased shallow pan in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

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If your grocer does not sell Egg-O, send us 10 cents and your grocer's name, and we will send you a trial tin (1/4 lb. net weight) of Egg-O Baking Powder, and the book of Reliable Recipes as well.

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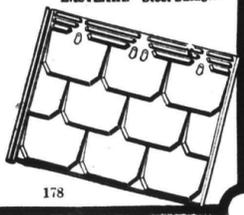
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The Evolution of Lucy Dale

By Lilian Searth

LUCY Dale sat on the back doorstep of the farmhouse and watched a buggy turning a bend in the road—not the front doorstep for it faced a grove of trees and a wire fence and the locks of the door were rusty. The warm evening light fell on her and over the fields and buildings that in the day were bare, dusty and unlovely. The house was narrow, two-storied and unpainted. Close to its side leaned the little stone milk house. A short distance away were the barn and outbuildings and beyond these the garden with rows of waving corn and potatoes in blossom. Past the pig sty, granary, incubators and brooders came the buggy into the yard, and Lucy rose to greet the occupant.

"Hello, Perc, how are you this evening?"

"Pretty well, thanks. Boys up at the barn? I'll just take the horse up then."

Lucy waited, her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand. Lucy was bonny and healthy and young, with the tan of eighteen summers wind and sun on her cheek. Her eyes were very bright as they followed the buggy. The owner of it returned in a few minutes and sat down beside her.

"Well, how've you been getting along since I saw you last?"

"Fine. It isn't so very long ago surely."

"It seems long. Nearly twenty-four hours. Didn't we have a swell picnic? Awful hot but good for the Box Templars booth. They did a good business. Did you hear what they made? Well Sam Turner told me this morning, six seventy-five on the ice cream alone, and took in twenty-seven dollars all told."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Lucy. "What are they going to do with the money?"

"Buy some lamps for the school and a set of dishes and spoons ready for the socials. The rest goes to Green Meadows ward in the hospital. Say, it takes some money to run that hospital, don't it? Ever been through it?"

"Yes, we drove in on opening day to donate some chickens and preserves. The Green Meadows ward looks fine. Mrs. Hilton gave a beautiful picture called 'Alone,' of a girl asleep in a boat. She certainly knows how to paint."

"She certainly can't do much else though, said Perc. cynically.

Lucy looked rather shocked. "She's got a nice lively way about her that you can't help liking. I went over last week to show her how to make butter, but I doubt if she's any the wiser. They buy all their butter and bread and eggs. Every one of their chickens got frozen last winter. You could see through the walls in a dozen places."

"Here comes your father and the boys. Is your mother indoors?"

A little later the same evening Perc proposed to Lucy in the parlor. When she retired to her bare little room she was the happiest girl in the country side. The sweet night air came in at the window, the call of a whip-poor-will in the woods and the singing of the frogs in the hay-meadow mingled with the vision of a home in the future, and the lord of the house a superior being answering to the name of Percival Green.

They were married after the threshing in the fall. The night before Lucy and her mother stood in the parlor, sighing with tired satisfaction. The little room had been transformed. The old cream wallpaper had been changed for a new cream one, the long closed windows forced up to drive out the stale coolness and admit the breeze of the prairies. The family album, sea shells and the hand-painted lamp were transferred to the corner beside the crocinole board, and the centre tables covered instead with white cloths in the middle of which bowls of sweet peas and mignonette breathed fragrance. Father and mother in enlarged photographs gazed benevolently down from their frames on the wall.

"There's very little left to do now," said Lucy tranquilly.

The weary little woman smiled sadly. "Yes, very little, and to-morrow will soon come, my child."

Lucy's eyes sought her mother's.

"Are you tired or just lonely?" she asked.

"It's a little of both, Lucy. I'm a rather sad that mother's nose lose their

children just when they get old enough to be a comfort to them, be left just as they were, before they came. I'm not grumbling for it's the way of the world from man down to the birds. It wouldn't do for us all to grow old in the home nest."

But Lucy understood. The new maid promised by the father and expected the following week would be more or less capable in helping with the housework, but she could not make up to the mother for the loss of her young companionship. She put out her arms as she said good-night. Her father and brothers had not kissed her since she was a little girl in short frocks, but she would kiss them all to-morrow.

To-morrow came and went, and Lucy Dale left the home farm for one eight miles away as Lucy Green. The wedding trip was to come a little later when the winter excursions began. This was practical economy.

Eight years later and a stormy night in January. Lucy Green put the last pan in the cupboard after the evening meal and the straining of the milk—a Lucy who had grown a little older in face, in figure and in spirits. There was a slight droop in her shoulders, and her hands were coarse and shiny from hard work. At the table reading the local paper and The Western Home Monthly were two men. One was Percival Green and the other Pat McConachy, the new hired man.

Pat was a handsome young Irishman with a cultured accent and a respect for the King's English. His table manners were rather different also from the Dales' and Greens'. He had a little trunkful of treasures upstairs in his ugly bare room—pictures of his mother and sister in Ireland who were coming out to him when he got a farm of his own; views of his home and the surrounding country; a collection of Irish flowers which his sister had pasted beautifully into an album for him; some curious little nicknacks and bog oak souvenirs; lastly, a few good books which he would bring down in the winter evenings and read over and over again. One evening Lucy became interested in one of the books he had left on the table, "David Copperfield," and it finally led to new vistas of thought and feeling for her, for the little library was immediately placed at her disposal.

Under the sympathy of her face one evening when Perc was in the village, the pictures came downstairs for a few moments and Pat talked to her about the two pretty women across the sea, one old and the other young. Somehow Lucy suspected that occasionally he got very lonely. She was lonely and sad herself. Her two children had died the winter before, leaving an empty house and an ache in her heart.

The fire glowed cozily through the grate and the kitchen smelt of green wood burning in the stove and the bacon which had been fried for supper. Lucy read a little of Elaine from Pat's volume of Tennyson then closed it, dreamily letting its pictures run through her mind and repeating some of the lines to herself. She read slowly for her education was poor, but her memory was excellent and she had a faculty of assimilating what she read. The wind sighed drearily around the house corners driving little scurrils of snow against the panes, but Lucy was out in the Briton woods, her heart stirred with the simplicity of the lily maid and the sorrows of Sir Lancelot.

"And peradventure had he seen her first, She might have made this and that other world"

Another world for the sick man; but now The shackles of an old love straiten'd him, His honor rooted in dishonor stood."

So it was in the poem as it was in life—its love neglected or misplaced or slighted, the threads that ran crookedly upsetting the whole weave. "God must get weary of the sulky, sorrowful tangle, and was it God's fault or ours that it was so?"

The clock struck loudly and she broke off, her glance sweeping the two men at the table. Unconsciously she compared them and the result was dissatisfying, master and man they were but the man had much that the master lacked. Her husband had grown red and stout, careless of his personal appearance

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and manners and speech. He was proud of his farm and his stock, he was sober and industrious, but the eight years had added to his reticence, lack of humor, want of tolerance and his inherent economy until it had become parsimony. He had almost forgotten how to kiss his wife, and he had been awkward in demonstrating affection for the children.

It was nine o'clock and he was sleepy. He rose silently, his footsteps echoing on the bare stairway till they reached his bedroom and ceased.

On the heels of Lucy's reflections came an idea. In the bank were three hundred dollars left to her by a deceased aunt two years before. At first she planned to spend the money on a piano and a new bedroom suite, but her husband scoffed at the piano proposal as being useless expenditure in a house where no one could play, and she let the matter rest. She then decided that he was well enough off to have got this and several other things himself. But to-night came a new resolve. She would spend the money in her own way, foolishly beautifully. Her head was full of plans as she fell asleep.

One evening two weeks later she made an announcement that caused her husband's mouth to fall a little open. "Perc I am going to-morrow to visit Aunt Hester and Alice for a month. I've prepared things as well as I could and mother and Martha are coming over a couple of times to do baking and see how you are getting along."

"When did you think all this out?" demanded her better half.

"Two weeks ago."

"You needn't have kept it so dark then. What was the object o' that?" he asked sternly.

"I liked planning it and thought if I told it the charm would break and I might have to stay home," said Lucy.

He turned away. "I won't trouble you then since it seems I've nothing to say in the matter."

"I'll tell you all about it in the morning, Perc," she said, and then to herself. "I must keep in mind how he used to look and talk eight years ago. It's better worth remembering than anything he says now."

A few days later a train puffed into the city bringing a nervous shabbily dressed young country woman who descended in haste standing bewildered for a few minutes till a porter took pity on her, and finally directed her through the gates. Once inside she was seized by a handsome stylishly dressed girl and her mother who said with quiet cordiality. "We knew you at once, Lucy. You have changed so little. The man will take your bag and we will drive home at once. Are you very tired?"

Lucy was tired and shy and embarrassed but the women did not appear to notice it, nor her cheap, old-fashioned clothes. They rattled along through beautiful streets and avenues until they reached a moderate-sized, comfortable looking brick house, and stopped.

"I hope you will enjoy it, Lucy," said the stately old lady.

"I'm sure I will, thanks." Lucy was already stimulated by the easy good breeding of these relatives who were almost strangers. Her mother had been very good to this younger sister, Hester, the best looking of the family, who was given all the advantages denied the older ones by lack of money. Hester married well, went to live in the city, added to her accomplishments and cultivated the society of people of culture, but she never forgot her sister's devotion.

The house fitted with every possible convenience, some attempt at luxury, and all in good taste, was a source of delight to Lucy, and the two women enjoyed her evident pleasure.

Three days after her arrival she expressed a wish to do some shopping, and her cousin volunteered her services at once. "We'll make a day of it to-morrow, mother," she said, "and buy much finery."

"Then I think I will leave it to you two," returned the old lady. "A day's shopping is too strenuous for me. Tell me what you are going to buy."

Lucy drew her thick brows together, then said a little wistfully, "Alice will know. I haven't an idea of what's fashionable and what isn't but I'm sure of this. I want a suit, a real nice one, that, a good silk dress and two light ones for summer."

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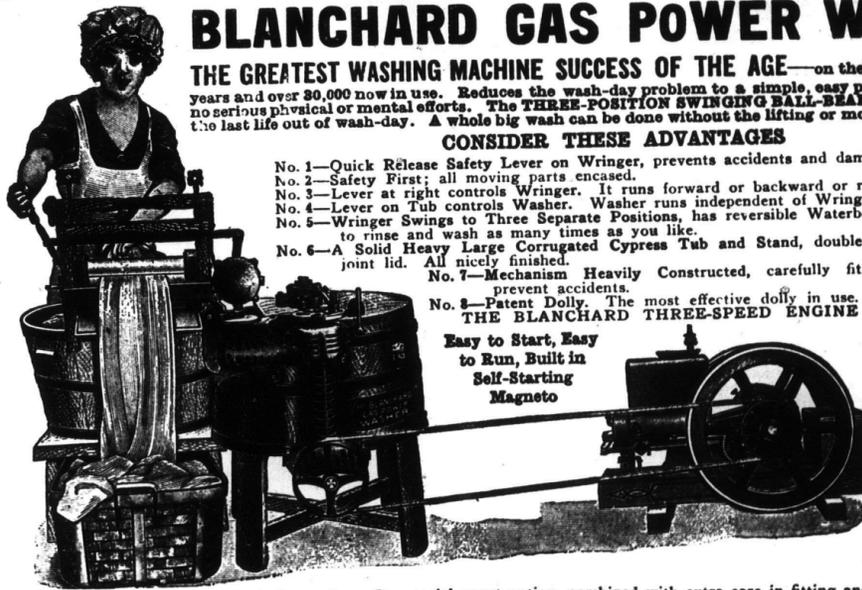
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 - No. 4—Lever on Tub controls Washer. Washer runs independent of Wringer or at same time.
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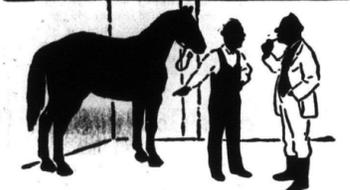
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They fell to planning, and the old woman said approvingly, "You do right to get good clothes, Lucy. It's a duty which many country women neglect." "Don't be hard on them, Aunt Hester. It isn't so easy as you think."

"No, but it is almost always possible." Lucy did not reply.

A week later she was viewing the effect of the newly arrived suit before a mirror in her room. Alice watching her, caught her eyes and said with a little bow.

"Behold a very stylish young woman! Aren't you proud of her?" Lucy looked back into the eyes in the mirror and said thoughtfully.

"It certainly makes a difference but there's something more wanted. They would have a different air on you. What is it, Alice?"

Alice came over, put her hand on Lucy's shoulder and the two cousins looked at each other in the glass. "Shall I say some very frank things to you?" "Say what you like. I don't mind it from you."

"Well, then, Lucy, look at us. You are twenty-six and I am twenty-six. When we were six we looked very much alike, but twenty years have done something for both of us. There is this difference between us. I know I have good looks and how to make the most of them, some few accomplishments with plenty of self confidence in showing them off, and my cousin, Lucy Green, has the

this is the first time I've been further than twenty miles from home so it will keep me busy learning the rest of my life."

Alice smiled and said, "Should you like to take off your suit and have me do your hair like mine? Then we'll show up before the mater and go out. It's a glorious day."

That night Lucy rubbed in some cold cream like Alice's, practised holding her shoulders straight, took her hair down carefully to make sure she would know how to arrange it that way herself, and wondered if Mrs. Hilton was to be censured for applying a little powder to the shine on her nose. The next morning she got some books to put in the bottom of an extra trunk and a few copies of famous pictures. Above these she placed a soft heavy silk dress and a dainty hat with a touch of lavender in it. These were for her mother, and near them was a bottle of Mary Garden perfume for Lucy herself. Her trunk gradually filled with carefully thought out articles for the ones at home, and she remembered everybody.

It was a very busy month for Lucy. Each day long with enjoyable novelty. There was a good deal of shopping with hasty little lunches down town in big cool places filled with the crowds who possessed no end of interest for her. Often a matinee afterwards where Lucy lost herself in a little heaven of delight, then home to dinner tired and happy.



The Salvation Army workers have been doing many things to make the life of the Tommies at the front more comfortable, and now they are doing the same for the American fighters. In the photograph two Salvation Army lassies are paying a visit to the Tommies at their billets where most of them are busy tidying up. Visitors are always heartily welcomed by the Tommies, but these women even more so, for the Tommies realize the greatness of the debt they owe these workers for their comfort. On the evening of January 26th it is reported four Salvation Army women workers entered the front lines now held by the American Expeditionary Force, and that they are now mending socks, serving hot drinks, etc., to the soldiers actually engaged in the fighting in the trenches. The women working in the American camps are equipped with gas masks and it is reported that most of them are within range of the German guns.

same amount of good looks without proficiency in displaying them, and much ability, with much diffidence in showing it. In short Lucy you are in the embryo, and I in the blossom, but there are more possibilities in the embryo."

And Lucy answered earnestly. "It is better to have come to bloom, many flowers never get past the bud."

"It is a most interesting time in the plant's life, Lucy. I have had more advantages than you to be sure, but you can grow more than I. Try it and see how interesting it will be to develop your own self. It is amusing and liable to move the sympathies of others. There will be no more stagnation even on the prairie farm. Go on reading a little from your good books and the newspapers, train yourself to express your ideas, join a society that's worth while, dress well and make your husband and friends think you have the brightest home in the community. Happiness is only a matter of adaptation. To get down to your clothes again, they fit you perfectly but you do not yet feel it. As soon as you do they will realize that they were made expressly for you."

Lucy laughed. "They will be very clever clothes to find all that out. I'm going to think over what you've been saying. I haven't any education hardly,

At these times Lucy sat with little to say, a quiet Lucy, outwardly calm, inwardly quaking with nervous shyness. She was, however, taking mental note of the customs, manners and ideas of these people whose ways of life were so unlike her own and her judgments and comparisons were usually sound.

"There's a good deal of froth about her, but she makes it look so nice you are in no hurry to dive below," was one of her silent comments. "I can see this, to get very far you've got to look after the inside and the outside, too, for so many people don't see both."

The train that brought her to the city took her back again and deposited her at the little home town, rather weary from the journey, but very bright and with fifty-five cents in her purse. Her husband, her mother and Pat were waiting for her and her face grew rosy with pleasure. The visit had been splendid but the homesickness was good also, and she had plenty to do and think about now. Here on the prairie where Providence had planted her she would grow upwards and outwards, strong on her own merits, perhaps but of the same kind and benefits the world. The things she would not all that could be done, but she would all kinds of things, and she would, but it would be worth while to try, and,

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(Special)—"I tell every one that suffers from kidney trouble to take Dodd's Kidney Pills." These are the words of Mr. Henry Burkhart, of this place.

"I took Dodd's Kidney Pills for eight months," Mr. Burkhart continued, "and now I feel as well as ever I did in my life. I also sent one box to a friend who lives in Dakota, and who I knew suffered from his kidneys.

"My friend wrote me to get him some more of Dodd's Kidney Pills, as the doctors could do nothing to help him. He said Dodd's Kidney Pills were the best medicine he had ever taken.

"I would not be without Dodd's Kidney Pills."

In the sparsely-settled parts of the West, where doctors are few, Dodd's Kidney Pills have long held an honored place in the family medicine chest. The conditions which are common to newly-settled prairie countries makes kidney trouble one of the most prevalent ills, and the settlers early discovered the splendid results to be obtained from Dodd's Kidney Pills. Ask your neighbor about them.

Great Discovery in Drugless Healing

The human body is a chemical composition of 14 elements (calcium-phosphorus-sulphur-sodium-chlorine-fluorine-iron-potassium-magnesium-silicon-oxygen-hydrogen-nitrogen-carbon) and one of these elements is missing, disease sets in and early death will follow. Iron is needed to make rich blood. Lack of Calcium means a small frame, deformity of bones, decay of teeth. Phosphates are important constituents of all tissues, no creative power, no lustre of the eyes without it. Potassium for generating of electric force. Sodium to eliminate syphilis, and malarial poisons. And so every single element has to perform a certain duty.

These blood-and-tissue-building mineral salts can be supplied only by food, but our daily "Soup-Meat-White Bread-Potato-Streets-Pie-Coffee" diet does not contain these mineral-salts in sufficient quantities and during the process of cooking most of them are lost or made unassimilative.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton

At The Agricultural College

One of the most pleasant evenings of the whole year is the few hours I spend with the girls at the Agricultural College. The college atmosphere is charged with ambition and achievement. Every year I am convinced of more advancement in all lines of training necessary for the development of all round womanhood. Efficiency which is only another term for progressiveness is the slogan of success to-day. We cannot stand still either, we go ahead or we fall behind and give place to others.

In the first place the teachers are fortunate on having such a superior type of girls to work with, clean, responsive and energetic, with minds capable of concentration they are all there to make the most of their course in school, and every cent spent on them in their education will return value a hundred fold. These girls will return to their communities prepared to give their best to meet the needs of to-day.

The training that gives a girl clear vision is the most valuable of all. I remember when I was a little girl my grandmother insisted on clean windows. Sometimes I cleaned the place around the centre and left the corners dirty. One day she called my attention to a beautiful bush of flowers and convinced me that the flowers were more beautiful when I looked through a perfectly clean window—that a dirty window obscured the vision. I often think of that window now. The world is beautiful if our soul is clean. There must be no dirty corners in the soul else the world will not be lovely to us for our eyes are mirrors of the soul—and any training that develops clear vision of our work as women is patriotism that is spiritual and practical. It is knowledge that makes us human and gives us character. If we have character we need have no fear of our condition for character will draw condition after it.

The girls in the Agricultural College are influenced by teachers nobly fitted for their position. I know only two of them personally—Miss Kennedy and Miss Edie. Miss Kennedy has been with the College since the beginning of the courses for girls, and I really wonder if any woman in the west has influenced girls in economy of dress as much as has Miss Kennedy. For seven or eight years she has taught them to design and make their own dresses and hats and underclothing. The girl who can dress the best at the least cost is the one who wins the highest honors. Girls with training are prepared for any emergency. It is not unusual for a girl to make her own hat for a special occasion. Indeed I learned of one who was coming into town one day and made her hat in the morning before she started for the city. Then Miss Kennedy teaches house decoration and furnishing—and the girls tell me this is most helpful for they go to their homes anxious to make them as attractive as possible.

But more than this training is the influence of Miss Kennedy's own personality—the girls feel this and love her for the true woman that is in her and the ideals she inspires in them. all this assures me that Miss Kennedy's influence is a large factor in the development of western young womanhood. I trust she will remain in her position many years for our girls need her.

Miss Edie, too, is most helpful in her position. The girls love her and she understands them for she herself has the heart of a girl.

I noticed a fine spirit of loyalty to all of the teachers and to the college itself. The girls are there to make the most of their opportunities and the teachers are eager to give them the very best.

Last year I mentioned on this page the athletic sports of the girls when they won the silver cup from the city team in basket ball.

Last week they won the cup again. It was a contest that required considerable training.

I believe that out from the Agricultural College girls will go equipped for great service to rural communities.

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FROM FACTORY TO HOME

They are learning the value of their own community, and will revitalize it.

Indeed their work already has been productive of splendid results. Last year Miss Thompson did excellent social service work, Miss Henry spent six weeks on the Saskatchewan train teaching first aids in nursing, Miss Ethel Moore taught very successfully a school during the summer vacation, several girls worked on farms and took the places of men, while other girls did splendid service in their own homes.

During the evening I noticed every girl's face brighten as a motherly woman entered the room—the kind of woman girls love. After the meeting was over they introduced her as the wife of the president. Mrs. Reynolds is a great favorite among the college girls.

The mission of the ideal woman is to make the whole world homelike—I believe this is the mission of the girls training at the Agricultural College.

Margaret

There really must be something in the name of Margaret. Two or three months ago I told you about Margaret. This month I want to tell you about another girl named Margaret. I know so many girls by the name of Margaret who have made good. The Margaret I am going to tell you about this time is a real Missionary. And, by the way, she first came to me through The Western Home Monthly. Our readers are unusually fine girls for I have found so many of them full of inspired ambition.

Margaret is a teacher and lives in a little cottage built for the teacher near the school house. A younger sister keeps house for her. Margaret teaches in school and she not only teaches from text books but she shows the mothers in the community how to sew, and cook and keep their homes clean. One time she walked five miles to see a child who was absent from school and found the child had put ink on the burn and the mother had put ink on the burn. Margaret's knowledge of first aid has helped her in this community work. She held night school this winter in the little school house and taught the men to read and write.

This week in a letter to me she says: "You know my whole heart is wrapped up in this work. To me nothing is of greater importance in Canada to-day than the educating of our non-English. The teacher cannot do it alone. She must have the co-operation of the people, the strangers within our gates must be made to feel they are not strangers but one of us. Not until then, will they be good citizens—not until they begin to feel this is their land as well as ours, will they take a proper stand by our side. Our foreigners with the right guidance will become good citizens. They have the backbone, they are sturdy, persevering, used to hardships, but alas for centuries they have been kept down, down in such misery and subjection that they hardly know how to act here. They do not know how to make use of their opportunities here; they are content to hoard their hard earned dollars and live in miserable dirty hovels, breeding their children in insanitary degrading misery. These are future Canadians and we must not stand by inactive but we must educate them to our standard of good citizenship. To-day is but the threshold, no one can dream of what lies beyond." "Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them."

I wish I had room to quote the entire letter but this noble girl who was offered last fall a better position with a higher salary said, "No, I am going where I am most needed." I have watched her work with a great deal of interest. She is working a transformation in that community because her heart is in her work.

One courageous woman, whose brave husband is a prisoner of war in Germany, wanted to help her country still more and she is living alone in one of these cottages and is eighteen miles from an English speaking family.

Then another girl of my acquaintance is doing excellent work in one of these schools. By the way she too came to me through The Western Home Monthly.

I wonder if more of our readers would write us about their work. No matter what the work is, let us have it. These experiences help many.

you know what Margaret told me when I asked her how she could accomplish all she did? She replied: "I remember your motto—'With God nothing is impossible.'"

Biography of Women

"Beautiful thoughts make beautiful lives; For every word and deed Lives in the thought that prompted it. As the flower lies in the seed."

Never before have so many girls written me for lists of helpful books as have this year. Some want helps in the study of English, others ask for complete reading courses—while many would like biography of women. I have answered some personally because I do not want this department to savor of advertising by the contributor.

In regard to biography of women—I am glad to know our girls are eager to learn more of successful women. The books of biography by Sarah K. Bolton are very helpful. They are Girls Who Became Famous, Famous Types of Womanhood and Famous Givers and their Gifts. Historic Girlhoods by Rupert Holland; Notable Women in History by Willis J. Abbott and Occupations for Women by Frances E. Willard are instructive books for girls desiring good biography.

The best biographies on Biblical women that I have read are Women of the Old Testament by Horton, and Women of the New Testament by Adeney. I class them as my choicest books on the biography of women. I do not know where they can be purchased as I sent to England for them ten years ago. Lives of Good and Great Women by Chambers and Eminent Women and Tales for Girls also published by Chambers in Edinburgh are splendid.

Heroines of the Scottish Covenanters by J. Meldrum Dryer contains splendid inspirational courage—and is good reading just now. A set of magazines under the title of Women of All Nations edited by T. Athol Joyce and N. W. Thomas Fellows of the Royal Anthropological Institute, I have bound in two large volumes and find in them valuable material on the effect of habits and environment. A beautiful biography of Florence Nightingale has been published recently. The Pioneer by Dr. Anna Shaw is a splendid book of biography, and the Life of Clara Barton by Epler is good. These are a few that I have selected from my own library, including ninety books on Women and Women's Work. Good biography on women is not easy to find. I have been a long time collecting what I have. There is so much trash and some is superlative biography. I have just finished reading two large volumes entitled "Women Through the Ages," by Emil Reich. I do not know what I shall do with the books. Most assuredly I shall not put them in my library. Viciously written—they leave the reader with a mind heavy and angry with the writer. I like to read biography filled with constructive inspiration.

The Manitoba Sunday School organization has a pamphlet on reading matter for girls that is the best I have read. The organization worked it out for the "teen age" girls, but it is equally helpful to older young women. Heroines of Canadian History by Herrington; Twelve Notable Good Women of the 19th Century are two of their best books. I would advise our girls to write to the Sunday school organization for their booklet for "teen age" girl.

I cannot refrain from adding that The Book of Knowledge is my most helpful set of books—have used it five years.

This is a wonderful day for girls—so many new professions and occupations are opening to them, and the efficient girl need never fear anything, for efficiency is a girl's best protector. We all need to study our English more. Ten minutes a day would be time enough to learn a new word with its meaning. Then let us use the word during the day as often as possible. This will mean three hundred and sixty-five words added to our vocabulary in one year. No matter what our vocation may be our knowledge of the English language will increase our ability to succeed. There is nothing training more important

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The final test of culture and refinement is one's use of English. Our Shakespeare, our Scott, our Dickens are all books that every home needs in bringing up intelligent boys and girls.

This is a very incomplete suggestion but perhaps it will help us on the way. We realize that the more we train the mind the more are we prepared to do our life work—which means a freer step, a fuller love, a wider grander view, a finer content, and a larger thought of God—enough to make us progressively human.

Spineless Specimens

The time—the place—and the girl. At eight o'clock in the evening she met him at the corner of Main and Portage. After the theatre they went into a restaurant for a late dinner. He was married but said he had married one who was not congenial so the girl felt sorry for him—and a flush of foolish pride answered his flattery. Some time later she came to me—wrecked on the strand of the sea of deception—alone—deserted—a poor struggling soul aching for sympathy. Meanwhile he meets others girls at eight o'clock on the street corner. Which is the spineless specimen?

When We Do Our Best at Home

Often when I see a girl aimlessly drifting along with no definite purpose in life save to wear a pair of silk stockings and a top heavy hat, the question comes to my mind "What are you doing for your country?" Are you denying yourself of something you like very very much for your country? I know a very fine girl who has pledged herself to eat no candy so long as the war lasts. A girl who makes a pledge to herself of that kind proves she has in her a character that will be of great service to humanity. While writing this page the idea comes to me—that if every reader of this department would deny herself of candy until the war is over? She would not only help in the conservation of sugar but every time she refuses candy she is thinking this—"For my country." These words burnt into her heart will strengthen her. It is no sacrifice to do without that which we do not like, but it is a test of character to deny ourselves of something we crave.

It is a tremendous asset to the country to have as many high-spirited, loyal-hearted girls anxious to render service as we have in western Canada.

I am anxious for every girl who reads our page to learn this poem quoted from the manual of the Girl Guides. The word Canadian is substituted.

"What will you do for Britain, Dear Canadian maid?
You might be poor, weak and obscure
Still you can lend your aid.
It matters so much to Britain
What you will try to do,
You can if you will make her greater still.
It lies my girl with you.

"In a woman's hand lies the fate of our land,
It is her's to mar or save.
For a strong girl sure grows a woman pure,
To make men good and brave.
We British ne'er shall kiss the rod,
Come our foes by land or sea.
If our women be true to themselves and to God,
Oh! Great shall our Britain be.

"This shall you do for Britain,
This—girls may each one give,
Fearless and free, pure shall you be,
Give her the life you live;
So make you great our Britain
Girls there is much to do.
You can if you will make her greater still,
It lies my girl, with you."

The above I have quoted before but I want to emphasize the poem until every girl in our land will make it part of her—let it be a guiding inspiration. Remember, a fine, clean, pure girl, is a part of eternity.

"Responsive to our Nation's need,
We shall not fear the baser breed
Who ever trample, when they can,
The laws of God, the rights of man,
Let's do our best that we may be
Helping our boys across the sea.
They can more freely go and come,
When we do our best at home."

Proved by Actual Experiment



This experiment will always interest the children, and will provoke a good deal of thinking. The explanation, of course, is that the lighted piece of paper which is inserted into the inverted glass drives out most of the air, so that when the mouth of the glass is quickly put down into the water there is very little air and consequently very little pressure above the water within the glass. Hence, the weight or pressure of the air on the water outside of the glass drives the water up into the glass to occupy the space from whence the air was driven by the burning paper.

A practical demonstration of this kind is always more convincing than any mere statement. This is particularly true of medical remedies.

The effects of the anti-toxin treatment for diphtheria is noticeable within a few hours, so that everyone must believe in its virtue. In a similar way, the treatment known as Orange Lily, gives a practical proof of the progress it is making in curing women's disorders, and that, too, within a few days after commencing its use.

All authorities agree that in every case of women's disorders there exists a congested condition of the woman's organs. The circulation in these parts is sluggish or stagnant, and the result is that the broken-down tissue or waste matter which should be carried off if the blood was circulating freely, remains in these parts, causing inflammation, irritation, oppression of the nerves, etc. Orange Lily is not taken internally, but is applied direct to the suffering organs. It is absorbed into the circulation, and its antiseptic properties at once act on the waste matter referred to above. The consequence is that this waste matter, which is causing the inflammation, ulcers, nervous troubles, etc., begins to be discharged, and it continues to be discharged until all the foreign matter is removed from the circulation. At the same time the blood vessels and nerves are toned and strengthened, the nervous trouble disappears, the circulation is restored and good health follows.

Toronto, Ont., June 2, 1914.
Dear Mrs. Currah,—I wish to tell you that Orange Lily is doing me a great deal of good. Those ulcers came away one or two every week, and I have less pain and fewer headaches. I feel sure I will be perfectly cured in a little longer time. Mrs. D. S. T.

The explanation of the wonderful cures performed by Orange Lily is very simple. It is a scientific remedy, based on the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister. The conditions existing in all female troubles are alike in character, differing in degree and development only, so that a positive remedy, as Orange Lily is, acts with all the certainty of a chemical experiment. In order to convince every suffering woman that Orange Lily will cure her, I make the following

FREE TRIAL OFFER

I will send without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the Orange Lily treatment to last her 10 days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give very noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself, to your family, and to your friends to take advantage of this offer, and get cured in the privacy of your home, without doctor's bills or expense of any kind.

Should any lady desire medical advice or information on any special feature of her case, I will be happy to refer her letter to the eminent specialist in women's diseases, Dr. D. M. Cooney, Pres. of the Cooney Med. Inst., and he will answer her direct. Dr. Cooney is the discoverer of the Orange Lily, and has had over 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases. No charge will be made for this medical advice. Address, enclosing 3 stamps,

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To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

Study British History

In these days, when our race is battling for its life, not simply for its primacy in the world, but for the very ideals of civilization that it has labored throughout the centuries to make prevail, the young people of Western Canada should turn with new eagerness to the study of our national and imperial history. Why should the long evenings of our Western winters not be spent in reading the great volumes of Green's "History of the English People"? What is worth fighting for is surely worth reading about. Any young man dreaming of politics should steep himself in British history.

German and Englishman

One of the first things that you will learn if you accept this advice is that the Englishman is at bottom a German. German and English are cognate tongues. That is they were born together. Their infancy was passed in the same cradle. English bread is Germañ Brot. English father is German vater. English mother is German mutter. English home is German heim. English God is German Gott. English love is German liebe. These are only a few elementary examples.

An Irony of History

The continental home of our English race was in Schleswig and the part of Germany lying south of it. Is this not one of the ironies of history? Our forefathers started out to conquer Britain from the very district that Germany tore from Denmark in 1864. The chief wasps' nests of the Germans to-day—Kiel, Cuxhaven, Wilhelmshaven, Jutland, Heligoland—are located in the original homeland of our Anglo-Saxon forbears.

The Representative Principle

What has differentiated the modern Englishman from the modern German? That is doubtless a long story. One thing sure, the resulting products are very different. The Englishman has been the most successful politician in the big sense in history. Prince von Bulow, one of the ablest of contemporary Germans, says in his book "Imperial Germany" that the German people are politically inept. The way they have thumbed under to the Hohenzollerns certainly lends point to his words, though he does not go on to admit this. I wonder if the representative principle has not something to do with it. Green says that our ancestors from the very outset were deeply imbued with the representative idea. "The four or ten villages who followed the reeve of each township to the general muster of the hundred," Green says, speaking of the English in their homeland on the continent, "were held to represent the whole body of the township from whence they came." What wonder that England proper later became "the mother of parliaments." The separation of our forefathers from their common race may have meant the expatriation of those steeped in this idea. In our own country the enterprising elements of many Eastern communities have come West. They have transferred their aggressiveness to the western prairies. Many of these eastern communities have suffered in consequence. To-day they seem sucked dry of energy. What they were forty years ago they are to-day. It may be, as communities, they are worse. Western Canada is piling up wealth far faster than the East, save in the single matter of manufacturing. France suffered for centuries industrially because of the exodus of Huguenot artisans consequent upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. May the exodus of Jutes, Angles and Saxons from Germany not have meant the withdrawal of practically the whole of this representative instinct? Only in the midst of this war, and because of it, are the Germans beginning to feel the real stirrings of this instinct. The German chancellor has hitherto not been responsible to the Reichstag. He has been the nominee solely of the Kaiser. A change is dawning, though. The present chancellor, the Catholic von Hertling, is said to have accepted office only after a promise of support from the socialists and the Centre or Catholic parties. If this is so, it looks like the beginning of the end of irresponsibility.

Interesting Words

Many of our commonest English words carry us back to the German homeland of our race. Town, reeve, sheriff, hustings, moot, and so on, are examples. The sheriff was the reeve of the shire—shire-reeve. A moot was a meeting. Our forefathers were great believers in the efficacy of speaking, of discussion, as a way of settling things. Parliament—a French word, parler, to speak—is really a speaking, a talking place. When we joke fun at the length of Hansard,

let us not forget that parliament is essentially a place to talk things over. The Witenagemot was originally the meeting of the wise men of the tribe or kin. To moot a matter is to raise a question in a moot or meeting. Every time a western farmer moots a new matter in a board of school trustees he is doing something that carries us right to our national origins. Many of our most honorable words were extremely humble in their beginnings. A steward was originally the warden or keeper of the pig-sty. A steward was once literally a sty-ward(en).

The Passing of Words

Language is mobile and shifting. Quite a few words that were common when I was a boy have practically gone out of use among us. Though dollars and cents had come in by the time I was born, my father said shilling far oftener than quarter. My father always called a shaft a fill. How often does one hear fill in that sense to-day? I fancy the western farmer speaks far often of tugs than of traces. Trace, I suppose, is French. "Tug is native English, that is, Teutonic and German. The German word ziehen means to draw. Its past tense is zog, which looks very like tug. To give an instance of another sort. When I was at college twenty-five years ago, the nearly universal word for a dandy, an elegant dresser, was dude. Whoever uses dude to-day? Nobby, is another example. Nobby, twenty years ago was a common word in the window, say, of a hatter. Three words connected with liquor that were rather common when I was a boy I have not heard so far as I know for twenty years. I refer to grog, toddy and highwines.

The Origin of Words

The origin of a word often throws a most interesting light on its significance. Take a little word like win. It practically always has a joyous connotation. It is connected with gratifying things—glory, honor, success, victory, laurels, prizes. But what a profound lesson there is in its origin! The oldest literary form of the Teutonic languages is the Gothic. That is, the oldest literary monuments to be found in any Teutonic speech were composed in that dialect. Portions, at any rate of the New Testament, were translated into Gothic in the fourth century. That antedates our oldest English poem, Beowulf, for example, by four centuries. Well, in Gothic there was the word winnan, which is our word win, and which meant to suffer. Thus the word win teaches us the lesson that nothing is to be gained save by suffering. Without labor, without sacrifice, without agony, without expenditure of essential force, no real or lasting triumph is possible. Shylock, in *The Merchant of Venice*, says: "Suffering is the badge of all our tribe." He referred, of course, to the Hebrews; but the remark is true in a much wider, nay in the widest, sense.

Another Little Word

Some of the smallest words are the most interesting. I have just spoken of win. Take another word of three letters: Kin. How often one hears the combination, kith and kin. We have many groups of words that stick together because of the alliterative consonant. Examples are: Kith and kin, bed and board, man and mouse, time and tide. Kin comes from the Anglo-Saxon, or rather I might say from the Gothic kuni, which meant a tribe. So that kin really means tribe. In this connection I may recall that as able a man as Carlyle made a mistake about the meaning of the word king. The great Scotchman was much impressed with the power of commanding personalities. He loved the strong man. That was one reason why he lavished homage on Frederick the Great. He thought that king was connected with can. And so that the king, to begin with, was simply "the man that can," "the man that is able (to do things)." You see how this squares with his worship of "the strong man" as such. A better etymology shows us that king is related not to can but to kin. The king originally was simply "the man of the tribe."

Frederick the Great

Frederick the Great is rightly in disfavor among us to-day. He is properly regarded as the source of much that is worst in Prussianism. The Americans have a statue of him in front of the war college near Washington. Emperor William made a present of it to the American Republic. A good many years ago now his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, was sent on a mission to the United States. That visit was part of the German propaganda. The prince, as noted by the German societies of the United States. At the conclusion of his visit arrived the statue. I have already referred to it. I should not have done so.

surprised if the Americans now were to pitch the statue into the Potomac. Frederick was a rascal among princes. He was a pupil of Machiavelli, the author of "The Prince." Before Frederick came to the throne he wrote a book against Machiavelli. He got Voltaire, the great Frenchman, to edit it for him. But when the Prussian prince came to the throne, he suppressed the book. Now that he had the power, he set roundly to work to carry out the principles of the Italian politician. The fruits of this policy were seen in the Rape of Silesia from Maria Theresa of Austria, and in the Partition of Poland. An American scholar has recently been giving publicity to some of the lesser known maxims of Frederick. They are cynical in the extreme. Among them I recall this one: "No ministers at home save clerks; no ministers abroad save spies." One can see how exactly that tallies with current German policy. Von Bernstorff at Washington and Von Bulow at Rome were simply glorified spies, spies on a large scale.

The Progress of Woman

The status of women in modern society has changed with enormous rapidity. Women now have the franchise in a large part of Canada. They will come increasingly into their own. The government of Canada recently called a number of women to Ottawa for consultation on war problems. Millions of women in the British Isles are now being given the vote. As late as the middle of the 19th century the position of laboring women in England was terrible. In his "History of our Own Times," Justin McCarthy points out that along about 1845 women were employed in the mines of England to draw trucks of coal underground. They had to draw these cars along passages so low that they could not stand upright, all of which sounds terrible in these comparatively enlightened times. I think the best book I ever read on the woman question was Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labor." One of the old arguments against equal suffrage was that since woman cannot fight to defend the country, she should not expect to vote. Olive Schreiner calls attention to the fact that for every child that comes into the world some woman has to go down to the gates of death. This is one of those arguments that are simply decisive. It seems to me that, for any man with an open mind, there is nothing more to be said. It has always been the lot of woman to suffer should she not get every return possible for such suffering. De Quincey, in his essay on Joan of Arc refers to woman's supremacy in suffering. She may not have creative power equal to man's. There are no women artists comparable with Phidias, with Homer, with Shakespeare. But in suffering she has far outgone man.

University Extension

The University of Manitoba has carried out this winter quite an extensive series of extension lectures. More than eighty addresses have been delivered in different parts of the province by representatives of the university. Everywhere that I have heard of the reception accorded the lecturers has been most cordial. The university is very anxious to serve the whole province to the full extent of its ability. The university bears all the expense involved, save simply the providing of the hall where the meeting is held. Prof. A. A. Stoughton acts as secretary for the extension department. The time is of course now over for this year. But the university is disposed to develop this idea as much as possible. If your community is interested in this matter for next winter, have someone write a letter of inquiry to Prof. A. A. Stoughton, University of Manitoba.

The Evoking of Talent

The great hope of the nation lies in its boys and girls, in its young people. They hold the destiny of the state in their hands. One of the major objects of education, in fact the grand object, is the evocation of talent and capacity. Indeed that is what Education means. Educate comes from educere. Educere means "to lead out." That man is educated whose powers have been brought out. Any process or experience that "brings out" a man's powers is an educative process or experience. Practical life is itself an educator. Suffering is an educator. One big point about these university lectures to which I have been referring is the fact that you do not know when your words may be falling on the ear of a boy or girl, a young man or woman, of exceptional potentiality. I remember hearing of a lecture once given in Ontario by the late Principal Grant. Among his auditors was a young lad who was inspired by the address. That boy turned out to be Adam Short. He has since become Canada's foremost economist. His address was certainly well worth while, even if it had done nothing else.

Lighter Vein

"The Next Counter, Ma'am."

A certain proprietor of a shop is very strict, says a writer in the Woman's National Daily, about teaching his employes not to be indifferent in the matter of possible sales. One day, hearing an assistant say to a customer, "No, we have not had any for a long time," the proprietor, unable to countenance such an admission, attempted to take a hand himself.

Fixing a stern eye on his clerk, he said to the customer:

"We have plenty in reserve, ma'am— plenty down-stairs!"

The customer looked dazed, and then, to the amazement of the proprietor, burst into laughter and quitted the shop.

"What did she say to you?" demanded the proprietor of the clerk.

"She said, 'We haven't had any rain lately.'"

"The Gentle Art"

It is told by a writer in the Brooklyn Citizen of a well-known novelist, that he recently left his city home for a time, and took a country house not far from the estate of a millionaire jam-manufacturer, retired. This man, having married an earl's daughter, was ashamed of the trade whereby he had piled up his fortune.

The jam-manufacturer one day wrote the novelist an impudent letter, vowing that it was outrageous the way the author's servants were trespassing on his grounds. The novelist wrote back:

Dear Sir. I am very sorry to hear that my servants have been poaching on your preserves.

P.S. You'll excuse my mentioning your preserves, won't you?

His Memory System

A small boy went into a South Boston drug-store, wrinkled his face, rubbed his head and rubbed his left foot up and down his right leg in an effort to remember something that had escaped him. A Boston Record reporter describes the conversation that ensued.

"Say," he began, "will you tell me the name of the place where we Americans have so many soldiers?"

"Fort Sheridan?"

"No. It's a new place."

"The Philippines?"

"That ain't just it, but it's somewhere around there."

"Perhaps you mean Manila?"

"Manilla! That's right! I knew I would get it after a while. I want a bottle of Manila extract for flavoring. They're going to have ice-cream."

The Class Smiled

If Jennie Jones had obeyed the teacher's command literally, she would have subverted the discipline of the schoolroom far more than by her original offence. A writer in the New York Times tells the story:

One of the girls in a Brooklyn teacher's class was busily chewing gum, in defiance of school law. To make her crime the more heinous, she was sitting with her feet sprawled out in the aisle.

The teacher, entering the room suddenly, was quick to call attention to the misbehavior.

"Jennie Jones," she said, sharply, "take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"

Wasted Time

Mrs. Newrich was growing accustomed to power. She enjoyed it, and was irritated when any one presumed to differ from her in opinion. When the sailing-party of which she had been a member landed on the shores of the lake, rain-soaked and frightened, Mrs. Newrich was the only one who cared to talk.

"It could all have been avoided if that captain had done as I told him," she said, between the chattering of her teeth, as the party stood huddled under a small shelter.

"When I saw that cloud coming from that corner of the lake, I said to him, 'I think you'd better make straight for home, and not spend any more time talking, but he paid no more attention than if I hadn't spoken!'"

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

Written for The Western Home Monthly by E. Cora Hind

I wrote the page last from Ottawa, the day before the first session of the Women's Conference. The conference proved intensely interesting, though up to the present time it does not appear to have borne any fruit, so far as the Government adopting any of the suggestions made by the women, but there is no doubt that it will prove a lasting benefit to the women themselves, as the representatives from the various provinces got an understanding of each other's difficulties, that never heretofore has been possible.

A feature of the conference which was very interesting, was the unanimity of opinion on the subject of help for the farm kitchens. The women from the farms in every province were unanimous as to the need of help of this kind; moreover, they expressed the earnest belief that could the farm kitchens be properly supplied, that a great many of the women now on the farms would be ready and willing to do outdoor work during seeding, and as they are all more or less accustomed to this work, help of this kind would be of much greater advantage than completely untrained help.

We know that the Government have absolutely ignored the suggestion of the women that all other sources of labor should be exhausted before the boys of teen age were taken out of school to work on the farms, for already all over the country the "Soldiers of the Soil" are being organized. When we really know that this war must go on for years, it seems nothing short of a crime to take a lad of fifteen away from school if there is anyone else to take his place, either man or woman. The women from Ontario, where this scheme of employing boys had been carried out to a considerable extent last year, were very strong in their disapproval of it. They said that the boys came back thoroughly worn out, were dull and listless at their lessons for weeks after they returned, and in some instances, they had been ruptured by the heavy work.

One of the facts to which women from Ontario and Quebec drew attention was the large number of farmers who had left their farms and had gone to work in munition factories, because of the high wages. The women pointed out that the work that these men were doing could be done by women, and the men sent back to the farm, but in the meantime these men have joined the union and now rank as skilled mechanics and union labor must not be touched; it must not be compelled to do anything that it does not feel like doing. That fact was made very clear to the women by Senator Robertson, who is head of the new Registration Board. He tried, but without success, to tell the conference of women that women could not possibly take the place of these men, because the men were skilled mechanics, but he might as well have saved his breath, because the women present knew from actual experience that there were many hundreds, if not thousands of these men who two years ago never dreamed of mechanics; besides, as

they pointed out, why not immediately give the women a chance of becoming skilled mechanics? They have proved in the Old Country and in the United States that it takes a remarkable short time for any woman who sets her mind to it to master any and all of the details of making munitions.

What seems so very difficult is to arouse the Government to the need of supplying opportunities of training for women. Now that Germany has secured all the best farm land in Russia, the hope of a speedy termination of the war has utterly vanished, and every man that Canada and the United States can supply will be needed, and the places of thousands of them must be taken by women, both in mechanics and on the land.

Training Needed

The recommendation of the agricultural committee that the experimental farms, farms in connection with agricultural colleges and also in connection with Government institutions, such as asylums, etc., be used as training schools for women in agriculture, was surely sound and sane.

The conference was fortunate in its agricultural and production committee, the only matter of regret was that Mrs. Ralph Smith, M.P.P., from British Columbia was not able to attend, as she is very well informed on agricultural conditions in that province. However, Mrs. Davies was able to give some interesting general information as to the extent women had been employed in British Columbia last year. From Alberta, there was Mrs. Parbly, President of the United Farm Women; Miss McIsaac, Secretary and Organizer of the Women's Institutes, and Nellie McClung, who has perhaps more than any other woman, a general knowledge of farm home conditions in that province. Saskatchewan farm interests were represented by Mrs. Haight, the new president, and Mrs. John McNaughton, ex-president of the Women Grain Growers. It was a matter of regret, that there was no official representative of the Homemakers' Club of that province. This was a grave oversight on the part of whoever made the selection of representatives from Saskatchewan. However, these clubs were not wholly unrepresented, as Mrs. W. C. Murray, wife of the President of the Saskatchewan University, was a member of the committee, and she has always kept very closely in touch with the women of the Homemakers' Clubs.

Manitoba was represented by Mrs. Dayton, President of the Home Economics Societies, and Mrs. J. S. Wood, President of the Women Grain Growers and the editor of this page, who feels that she may claim a general knowledge of farm conditions, not only in Manitoba but throughout the West. Quebec was represented by Mlle. Antille, who is an extension lecturer in Home Economics, and who evidently knew her province very thoroughly. Ontario was represented by Mrs. Buchanan, President of the Women's Institute, and Mrs. George Brodie, of Newmarket, a prominent officer of that body. Miss Winnifred Harvey, who has charge of the placing of the

women on the land in connection with the Ontario Labor Bureau and who, last year had the placing of 1200 women to work at fruit picking and on vegetable farms; Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, who has a fruit farm on the Niagara Peninsula, and who had for many years before the war interested herself in getting women to go out on the land.

Perhaps one of the most surprising discoveries made by the Western women at the conference was the fact that there are some hundreds of women out of employment in Toronto, Hamilton and other cities in Ontario. These are factory employees, and they are out of work because of the shortage of raw material has limited the amount of manufacture along many lines, and also fewer munition contracts are coming to Canada than was the case last year. Of these women, very few are accustomed to housework, and would, therefore, be of no use to send out to farms unless some preliminary training was given them. One suggestion made was that training schools be at once established for these women where they could get the rudimentary training of housework under farm conditions, and that a certificate of efficiency be given them, on which the farmer would base the amount of wages to be paid them, and that their board during the training period be absolutely free, and in return, they pledge themselves to remain in housework on farms for at least a year.

An extremely interested visitor at all sessions of the conference was the Duchess of Devonshire, wife of Canada's Governor-General. She did not take any part in the discussions, but she came promptly on time for each session, taking her seat and following the proceedings with the greatest interest, and taking rapid notes.

Duchess of Devonshire

She was usually accompanied by two of her young daughters. That she is keenly interested in rural conditions was evident from the fact that Mrs. John McNaughton had not been in Ottawa an hour before Her Excellency's secretary communicated with her, asking her to take tea with the Duchess, as she wished to consult her about a certain matter. When Mrs. McNaughton reached Rideau Hall she found that Her Excellency had read an article on Rural Hospitals which Mrs. McNaughton had written some time ago, and she wished to consult her about the hospitals in rural communities.

It was learned within the last few days that the various government agencies in the United States for obtaining farm help had utterly failed to announce that help for farm kitchens was urgently needed, and that women willing to undertake this work could secure a rate of 1c. per mile such as is given to men. This difficulty has now been remedied, and in future Canadian Government labor bureaus in the United States will post the fact that women help in farm kitchens is urgently wanted, and possibly some relief will come through this source.

Help from the South



Women's Win-the-War Conference at Ottawa

Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. E. Vialoux, Charleswood, Man.

AS successful incubation commences in the breeding pen take the best of care of all breeding fowls. The cockerel or cock mated up with 12 to 15 hens, well matured pullets or yearling hens needs to be very well fed. Coop him up every week by himself for 12 hours or more and give him extra food and care. A good bird is usually a very gallant fellow and will let the hens eat their fill, while he struts about and crows. Often I notice at night the rooster's crop will not be half filled, while the hens are "chuckfull" in the crop, as the boys say.

In selecting eggs for hatching pick out smooth, medium sized eggs, discarding any egg with a rough porous shell; very large eggs are apt to contain double yolks and usually do not hatch anything, though I did hear of a St. James man setting a double yolked egg and out came a three-legged chicken, a nuisance to himself and every one else. Keep hatching eggs at a moderate temperature, say 50 degrees in a covered vessel, turning them once or twice in the 10 days they are being collected. Try, if possible,

to put no eggs over 10 days' old in the incubator. The fresher the eggs the better the hatch, as a rule. During the first week the machine is set where it should run at 102 degrees. Handle the eggs very gently, as this is a critical time to the embryo chick. A jolt or jar to the machine or rough handling of the eggs may result in crooked legs or other deformity in the chick when hatched. Turn the eggs when they have been in the machine 48 hours. At first the eggs cool sufficiently whilst they are being turned. After four or five days cool 5 to 10 minutes.

The testing or candling takes place the seventh or eighth day when "dead-heads" are noted and discarded. Clear eggs or "infertiles" should be saved to boil hard and feed with breadcrumbs to the young fry later on. After the candling is done the temperature should be kept at 103, and the ventilator of the machine opened. Cool eggs from seventh to eighteenth day from 20 to 40 minutes. Whenever the machine runs high take the eggs out and cool them, just running the hand over them to shuffle them around each time.

All machines have directions in regard to moisture and provide a pan for water, but our climate is so dry I like to keep a pan of water in the room where I run the machine, all the time. A dampened sheet can be hung in the room but it is more trouble than a basin of water.

During the third week 104 degrees will be registered; about the seventeenth day test for dead chicks again and also test for moisture, watching the air cell in the egg, if too large the egg is drying out too much and more moisture is needed. Warm water poured in the moisture pan or a piece of flannel wrung out of hot water will increase the moisture very soon. When the first "peep, peep" is heard shut up the machine, keep the lamp flame burning as usual and do not feel alarmed should the thermometer register 104 when hatching is the order of the day. When a person sees one empty egg shell capping on a piped egg, of course, you feel you must open the machine and pull out the offending shell, but it is much safer to have the drawer shut. The imprisoned chick will generally roll the egg over and over until he breaks his way out. When the chicks are quite spry and running about inside the hatching chamber some of them can safely drop down into the nursery below, which they will readily do if the front of the glass door is darkened all but one corner. Where chicks are weak and but half dried they are better on the "top flat," a chill will only weaken them.

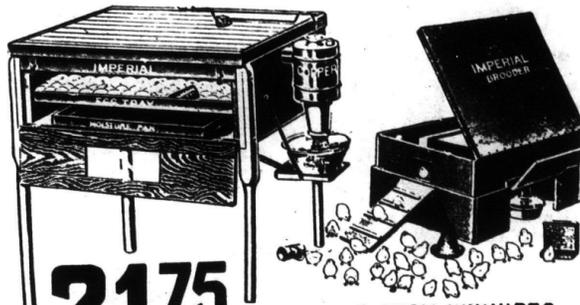
In 24 hours from the first arrival of a peeping fluffy chick, the hatching should be finished. However, if the machine has not maintained a proper degree of heat or the eggs are a little stale the process may be delayed somewhat, so remove all egg shells as quickly as you can, and keep the lamp turned up as usual for another 12 hours. The chicks in the nursery will come to no harm if the ventilator is open. They are only gaining strength. The warmth means more to them than feed for 36 hours at least.

In my next chat the care of setting hens and chick feeding will be discussed. Little points to remember in artificial incubation:

1. Set the machine perfectly level.
2. Keep the lamp clean at all times.
3. Set only fresh eggs.
4. Do not have strong currents of air in the room where machine is set.
5. Have moderate ventilation in hatching room.
6. Test the thermometer each season before using.

Most of the "Free Offers" that appear in advertisements do not pan out very well. There is usually some string attached or some conditions to be complied with that amount to a good price for all you get. A notable exception, however, is the offer made by Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, of Windsor, Ont., as stated on page 27 in her ad. entitled "Proving by Actual Experiment." She sends, absolutely free, a box of Orange Lily, an expensive, concentrated remedy, put up in pure gelatine capsules which is sufficient for 10 days' treatment, and which is worth 45 cents. Mrs. Ladd finds it pays to do this for the reason that being a strictly scientific preparation, its good effects are noticeable from the start, and almost all who give it a trial continue its use until completely cured.

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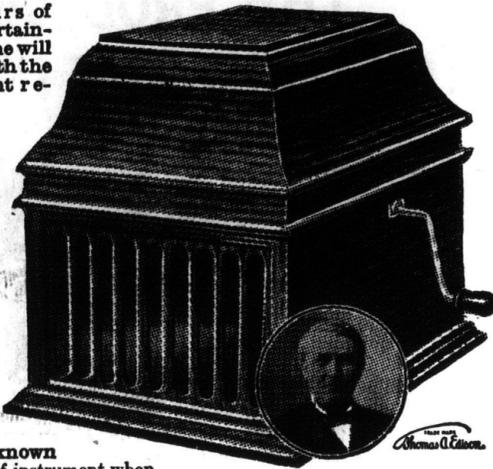
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FAWN AND WHITE RUNNER DUCK EGGS—\$2.00 per 10, \$5.00 per 30. Winners at Winnipeg, 3rd drake, 3rd duck, 1st young drake, 1st & 2nd young duck. Order now. R. D. Laing, Stonewall, Man. 4-18

BUFF ORPINGTON HATCHING EGGS from three pens unsurpassed in Western Canada, \$3.00, \$5.00 and \$7.00 per setting. Book orders now. J. Yellowlees, 525 Craig St., Winnipeg. 4-18

BRONZE TURKEYS—Eggs, \$5.00 per 9, from selected stock; also Barred and White Rocks, and Rose Comb Brown Leghorns, \$2.00 per 15 or \$10.00 per 100. J. H. Rutherford, Albion, Ontario. 4-18

ELECTRIC INCUBATORS AND ELECTRIC HOVERS—Also 50-egg lamp incubator, \$9.00. Guaranteed sure hatchers. Made in 60, 120 and 240-egg size. Write for full details and prices. The Brett Mfg. Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Man. T.F.

FOR SALE—Twenty White Wyandotte cockerels, the low, blocky kind, and 35 nice black pullets; speak quick as I cannot hold them for a choice of room. Pullets, \$2.00 to \$10.00; cockerels, \$3 to \$20.00. W. T. Beirnes, Box 98, Viceroy, Sask. 4-18

SOME RARE BEAUTIES—A snap in cockerels. Rose Comb reds, White Rock, Dulmage strain, 10 to 12 lbs., great layers, \$3.00 to \$5.00; eggs, \$2.00 for 15; two turkey pullets, \$5.00 each; \$9.00 for two. A. M. Crandell, Crandell, Man. 4-18

EGGS FOR HATCHING—Barred Rocks only, open farm run, vigorous, much greater fertility than confined fowl, \$75 new blood, both sexes, Canadian-American prize stock; best procurable; \$2.00 for 15, \$5.00 for 45, \$12 for 144. Florence Graham, Melita, Man. 4-18

PURE-BRED ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND REDS—Trap-nested strain. Eggs from a choice flock, \$1.50 per setting, or \$8.00 per hundred. Two pens, all very fine birds; eggs, \$2.00 and \$3.00 setting. All eggs packed carefully and guaranteed. Mrs. J. H. Stanley, Carnduff, Sask. 4-18

THE BIG FOUR—R. C. Reds, 4 pens; White Orpingtons, 2 pens; Barred Rocks, 8 pens; Speckled Sussex, 2 pens. Eggs, \$3.00 and \$5.00 per setting. Infertiles replaced free. These are all the finest in stock. J. H. Beavis, Crystal Poultry Farm, Crystal City, Manitoba. 4-18

POULTRY THAT PAYS—If interested in poultry that really does pay, drop postcard for descriptive booklet of the plant. Price list of baby chicks, eggs for hatching, and stock from Conestoga bred-to-pay Barred Rocks, S. C. W. Leghorns, White Wyandottes. Conestoga Egg Farm, Arthur, Ont. 5-18

Fruit and Farm Lands

IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR EXCHANGE YOUR PROPERTY, write me. John J. Black, 14 St., Chippewa Falls, Wis. 4-18

IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE TO SUIT ALL NEEDS in one of the best wheat-growing districts in Saskatchewan. Enquire H. J. Reid, Perdue, Sask. 12-18

Stamps for Sale

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

Patents

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—The old-established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. T.F.

Educational

HAVE YOU SELF CONFIDENCE?—Our Mind and Memory Course will build you up mentally strong in memory, concentration, etc. Quarter of a million students prove it. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Pelman Dept., W. H. M., Toronto, Canada. 4-18

WOMEN AND GIRLS WANTED TO fill good positions. You can qualify in spare time and become a stenographer, bookkeeper, office clerk, journalist, story writer, government clerk, etc. Our courses have proved their merit. Ask about what interests you. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. W. H. M., Toronto, Canada. 4-18

For Sale

FOR SALE—Silver black and patch foxes. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, Kings Co., N.S. 3-19

WANTED—1,000 Male and Female, can earn \$50 week easily in your own town. Samples, full particulars, 10 cents. M. Manufacturing Co., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 5-18

Miscellaneous

J. D. A. EVANS, Teacher of English Composition, etc., Crystal City, Man. T.F.

LADIES—Our spring samples "Wash Material" now ready. Booklet free on application. Harry Tolton, Kitchener, Ont. 8-18

BLUEALL LAUNDRY BLUE—Best made, 13 squares, 15 cents coin. W. Davidson, 216 Wolseley Street, Port Arthur, Ont. 4-18

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts. Gillette, 35c. per dozen; Ever-ready, 25c. per dozen. Mail to Albert Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ont. T.F.

BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary. The game of kings, \$50.00 up, easy terms. J. D. Clark Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

PRIVATE NURSES—Earn \$10.00 to \$25.00 a week. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, 7091 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

PRIVET, BARBERRY, CEDARS, Spruce, Pines, Oaks, Chestnut, Walnut, Mulberry, for hedges, windbreaks, timber, mailing size prepaid. Dozen, same variety, \$1.00; 100, \$5.00; list free. John Downham, Strathroy, Ont. 4-18

A RANCHER'S LIFE IN CANADA, and Guide to Rural Industries, fruit growing, poultry keeping, caponizing ducks, geese, turkeys, guineas, pigeons, hares, goats, bees, flowers, 25 cents postpaid. By C. H. Provan, Langley Fort, B.C. 5-18

FARMERS' SUPPLIES—Factory to consumer at factory prices, sugar, salt, cement, plaster, lime, lumber, fence posts, fence wire. Best of paint at less than half usual prices. Write McCallum Lumber & Supply Co., Merchants Bank Bldg., Winnipeg, Man. 6-18

DO YOU WANT WATER?—I have an instrument with which I have located over 400 wells in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Registers only on springs, no soaking shown. Terms moderate. This instrument not for sale. E. A. Hobart, Water Expert, Brandon, Man. 4-18

Book of Knowledge

We have pleasure in publishing the following appreciation of this valuable work by a leading educationalist of Winnipeg.

"This is a set of books which every family that can afford it should possess. It is known as The Book of Knowledge. There are no books published to-day that combine the useful and the interesting in the same way. They are the most popular books in every school, even though they are not books of fiction. They contain good live information, such as every boy and girl desires to have. They are indeed a young folk's encyclopaedia, for they give information in such a form that children appreciate. And the books are not for children alone. The articles appeal to men and women as well as to children. They are helpful to all. This is all cheerfully written by one who has used the books and who has had his children use them. They are on the whole the most popular books in the library."

The Group Society, publishers of this valuable work, has its offices in the Tribune Building, Winnipeg.

DUNLOP TIRES

Make a Comparison

Assume nothing in a tire that you cannot see.

It is easy to measure "Traction's" big corrugations, or "Special's" big "buttons," with any competitive anti-skid.

Dunlop Tires go Further and go Better.

"SPECIAL" - "TRACTION"

A. 87

Music in the Home

Amused at Seeing Man with Violin String Coiled up in His Hat

A high school student laughingly confided to his chum that he had heard of women keeping a roll of money in their stocking; he has seen a boy stick his gum under the desk for safe-keeping; but never until that day had he seen a person in a music store buy a violin string and carry it off coiled up in his hat. Yet that is often done. The violin string is similar to a piece of fine steel wire. It cannot be doubled or kinked without injury. And for that reason some find it safe and convenient to carry home the strings in their hats.

Strings have been ruined by thoughtless persons carrying them around in the pocket where they become crumpled, bent and spoiled from the effect of perspiration. It may not be generally known to those who do not play the violin that to get the finest results, each instrument needs strings of a certain size. To be sure of getting the same sized string every time, the violinist has a gauge which is calculated to measure four different sizes. With this he tests each string before purchasing.

Essence of Leadership

The qualities that make for leadership are born of infinite experience, the most pointed adjectives can scarcely describe them. How do we know the leader? Not by what he said, but how he acted. He touches the common mind and it flashes a new glory. His manner reveals a definite line of cleavage between current doubts, vague apprehensions and positive faith and assurance. He soothes to a wiser conviction. Fear has no place in his calculations. There is no "to-morrow" in his vision. His message is for all time. The universal energy speaks through him. Everything conspires to bring him success. He understands his brother man. He kindles the latent forces that hunger for self-expression. He laughs at obstacles. He creates new conditions. Nature aids and abets his program. God is his ally. There are but few of him at one time.

A conductor of a chorus must possess leadership qualities, at least in part, before he can make good. He must recognize success and nothing but success. He must never be discouraged. The moment he loses confidence in himself, blames conditions, shifts responsibilities, relies on mere magnetism or physical personality to carry him forward, he is lost. Consciously or unconsciously, he must reflect a spiritual ideal far above and beyond passing conditions. He must be a practical idealist. Expertness in musical technique alone does not suffice.

Placing Music Next the Three R's

It is rather to be expected that those directly interested in music should advocate a greater place for musical education. Indeed it would be a surprise and thought rather unprofessional for a member of the profession not to remark, at least occasionally, that the time should be looked for when every child would be taught music. But when school teachers themselves can no longer refrain from pressing the importance of music in education, the case is very materially strengthened.

At a recent convention of teachers from the state of Pennsylvania an address was given by Mr. C. F. Hoban, superintendent of public schools for Dunmore, a town in that state. In the course of a lengthy review of the musical advancement of his state, Mr. Hoban took occasion to include some pithy remarks on music in the public schools. "Personally," he said, "I would place it next the three R's."

After defining education as the preparation for complete living, Mr. Hoban made the application to music in these words: "Being necessary to complete living it should have a vital place in every curriculum. At least twenty minutes every day should be devoted to music. This properly distributed will prove a great time saver. Introduced when children are tired or when the atmosphere is depressing it will give refreshment, renewed inspiration and put them in the proper attitude of mind for what is to follow. Some music—when things are at

a high tension—will serve as a safety valve through which the excess pressure will escape and the atmosphere be made pleasant.

"Given its place in the course of study, pupils should be required to pass music just as they are required to pass other subjects. Proper credit should be given for music work done in and out of school. It should count toward graduation just as geology, botany and Latin count. I have always felt that the boy who can play the violin or the girl the piano—thus having the power to give joy to others; or the student who can hum Rubinstein's "Melody in F," Schumann's "Traumerei," or recognize the "Soldier's Chorus," "The Anvil Chorus," Schubert's "Serenade" or the "Hallelujah Chorus"—thus being utilizers of the beautiful—is more highly educated, and better pre-

pared to live completely, than those who cannot do these things. I believe that the teachers who introduce into the classes the folk-songs of the people when studying England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, etc. teach geography more effectively than those who do not. Music should be correlated with every subject with which it has any connection."

It looks as if the teachers were pretty much alive to the urgency of giving greater attention to music in the schools. But the school boards throughout Canada need to be brought face to face with the question to obtain definite action.

Singing First—Then Piano Study

Mothers who think they are doing but a small thing when they teach the little tots in the home, snatches of songs should be heartened by the declaration of Harold Bauer, the pianist, that with

every child who is to study music or in whom the musical feeling is to be awakened, singing should be the basis upon which future progress is founded. This is because singing is the medium offering least resistance, a method of expression which can be inculcated in a child almost simultaneously with its beginning to talk.

Give the child a sense of melody, which is of more or less interest to all, urges Mr. Bauer. Beginning with the simplest of little tunes, proceed gradually to these more elaborate, and finally to the dramatic ones. Then let musical expression follow. Study of notation comes when knowledge of what they are doing can be explained. Sense of rhythm which is so vital may be developed through rhythmical movements of the body associated with the musical spirit. This is the way Mr. Bauer would teach all the beginners for then there is a basis to start from without the baffling keyboard where first steps are stumbling and seemingly uninteresting.

THE ADVERTISING MAN WHO WON THE \$1000 PRIZE

Text of the Prize Winning Advertisement

"THE most marvelous machine can never be a person, but Thomas A. Edison, the inventive wizard, has at last mastered a human voice reproducing instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artists."

"It is a wonderful thing to see and hear an instrument Re-Creating a human voice that is right there beside it, the singer thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality. The problem 'to hear ourselves as others hear us' has been solved by the Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph."

"Miss Christine Miller, the noted concert contralto, demonstrated in a recital at Symphony Hall, Boston, how thoroughly Edison has made it possible to reproduce all shades of tone and sweetness of the human voice. Miss Miller, standing beside one of the phonographs, sang in unison with herself, it being impossible to distinguish between the singer's living voice and its Re-Creation. She sang a few bars and the instrument blended perfectly with her voice. She ceased and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality. Had Miss Miller attempted such a concert in Salem, in the early days of this country, she would have been hanged for a witch."

"The large audience of music-lovers sat enthralled under the spell of the wizardry which reproduced a human voice, the most delicate violin tones and the blare of a brass band with such fidelity that no one, hearing also the same music at first hand, could tell which was the real. The instrument was a stock phonograph, intended solely for the home."

"Perhaps the artistic merit of Mr. Edison's invention can in no way so well be attested as by the fact that 600 members of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston were present."

Earle Inley, Nanuet, N. Y.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS IN THE EDISON WEEK PATCHWORK ADVERTISEMENT CONTEST

First Prize—\$1000
Earle Inley, Nanuet, N. Y.

Second Prize—\$500
Edward Crile, 337 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Third Prize—\$250
John P. Kelly, 318 S. Water St., Crawfordsville, Ind.

Fourth Prize—\$100
Miss Leta Worrall, 1034 W. 17th St., Des Moines, Ia.

Fifth Prize—\$50
Gordon Diver, 888 Girouard Ave., N. D. C., Montreal

Ten Prizes of \$10 Each

Mrs. Florence Bassett, 430 N. Beaudry Ave., Los Angeles
Jesse G. Bourne, 513 Washington St., Olympia, Wash.
Miss Katharine Gest, 1253 Second Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
Harold H. Hertel, 56 Loomis St., Naperville Ill.
Mrs. Ray Keegan, 407 Gore Blvd., Lawton, Okla.
Alphonse Kirchner, 234 E. 34 St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Vida Laughrey, 444 N. Market St., Okla. Ia.
Mrs. A. E. Peterman, Theodore, Ala.
Miss Katharine Bartello, 419 Sterling Pl., Madison, Wis.
Josephine A. Sheehan, 33 Gage St., Fitchburg, Mass.

IT is safe to say that no such advertisement as the above has ever appeared before. The man who received \$1000 for preparing this advertisement did not write a single word of it. The words were written by representatives of various newspapers, who after hearing a direct comparison between living artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their work, pronounced the Re-Creation in every case an exact counterpart of the original music. The music critics of approximately 1500 newspapers have described these remarkable comparisons and are unanimous in their favorable verdict. The prize-winning advertisement illustrated on this page is composed of extracts taken from newspaper accounts of these daring comparisons.

The NEW EDISON
"The Phonograph with a Soul"

is positively the only sound reproducing instrument capable of sustaining the comparison described.

You owe it to yourself to hear the New Edison and to learn more about it. Our dealers will be glad to give you a complimentary concert. We shall be glad to send you the booklet "What the Critics Say," the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and a complimentary copy of our musical magazine "Along Broadway."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, New Jersey.

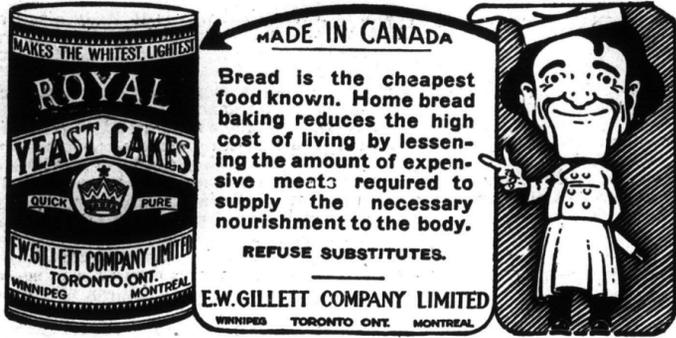
For Catalogues and Easy Payment Terms Write:

The Home of The NEW EDISON

WINNIPEG PIANO CO 333 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG.

DIRECT FACTORY REPRESENTATIVES

STEINWAY, GERHARD HEINTZMAN, NORDHEIMER, CHICKERING, HAINES, BELL, SHERLOCK-MANNING, DOHERTY, CANADA AND LESAGE PIANOS. EDISON, COLUMBIA, EUPHONOLIAN AND PHONO LA PHONOGRAPHS



ROYAL YEAST CAKES
MAKES THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST BREAD
QUICK PURE
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL
WINNIPEG

MADE IN CANADA

Bread is the cheapest food known. Home bread baking reduces the high cost of living by lessening the amount of expensive meats required to supply the necessary nourishment to the body.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL



BLUE RIBBON TEA

Poor tea adds to life's troubles—

BLUE RIBBON TEA

to life's joys

2

Both for
One Year
for
\$1.25

**SPECIAL
WINTER OFFER**

Both for
One Year
for
\$1.25

Western Home Monthly and Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer

THE WEEKLY FREE PRESS enjoys a large circulation in the Prairie Provinces. All the important news is given in length from the various theatres of war, domestic news, and also latest grain prices. Use this coupon and secure a very remarkable bargain.

COUPON:

The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG

Enclosed find \$1.25. Send me THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY and WEEKLY FREE PRESS AND PRAIRIE FARMER for one year.

Name _____

Address _____

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

Being brought at the outset face to face with the keyboard, a something so new and disconnected with everything previously learned accounts very largely for lack of interest in beginners. Trained, however, first in singing, in sense of rhythm, in expression and then learning musical notation, children approach the piano or any instrument without the fear of a something strangely novel and unlike anything before encountered.

National Music

National music has been defined by an eminent critic as that music which, appertaining to a nation or tribe whose individual emotion and passions it expresses, exhibits certain peculiarities more or less characteristic which distinguish it from the music of any other nation or tribe. Taking this definition as a standard or measure of our musical productiveness up to the present time, it can hardly be maintained that we have as yet produced any music which could properly be called distinctively national; and for this reason, perhaps more than any other, we have not as yet produced any music which, with propriety, might be called great. In those countries where music, however simple in form and structure, has been a part of the everyday life of the great majority of the people, an inheritance which has come to them with their national traits and characteristics, where it is a means of expression for a feeling or emotion more strongly marked than ordinary, that have produced the greatest musical minds. In such countries the composer has become, as it were, the mouthpiece of the feelings of his contemporaries, and has voiced the unexpressed emotions and impulses of many generations.

Big Patriotic Sale at Melfort, Sask.

Melfort is the progressive town in the centre of the famous Carrot River Valley, and is considered to be one of the richest mixed farming communities in Western Canada. Since August, 1914, the town has shown in many ways its patriotic enthusiasm. Over two hundred young men have enlisted from the town, and the splendid contributions to the Red Cross and Patriotic funds placed the town high in the published reports.

Recently a number of men were discussing a special effort for patriotic purposes which resulted in the big patriotic sale which took place in the town on Saturday, Jan. 19th. The sale was the result of a suggestion made by Mr. Farrin, who offered to give a horse to start the scheme. Four other men immediately responded to the idea and each contributed a horse. These men became enthusiastic and interviewed some farmers of the district with the result that from a single suggestion evolved the scheme for holding the big patriotic sale.

The executives of the Patriotic and Red Cross societies got behind the scheme and decided to hold daily meetings to hear reports from the canvassers and to direct affairs. The district was divided into half townships and prominent farmers appointed as canvassers. The whole system of canvassing being ably superin-

tended by Messrs. R. Haddon and J. Cameron.

The day of the sale was an ideal one from every standpoint. It was beautifully mild and large crowds gathered in the town from all parts of the Carrot River Valley District.

Rev. C. Barnes and Mr. O. D. Hill opened the sale with short addresses, the former referring to the splendid manner in which the citizens of the district had come forward with their donations and help; and Mr. Hill, after complimenting workers and donors on the undertaking, informed his hearers not to give credence to street reports of the manner in which the patriotic fund was being handled. If anyone desired full knowledge as to how the fund was being managed, they should come to him and he would be only too pleased to give them the information wanted. Every cent donated went to the fund and distributed among the wives and dependents of soldiers, not even the cost of postage being taken from the fund.

The auctioneers were Mr. H. A. McEwen and Mr. H. Farrin, who were assisted by a competent staff of accountants, clerks and helpers. A splendid system of sale had been arranged by Mr. H. A. McEwen, by which the articles were placed into five divisions.

The articles varied from horses, cattle, hogs, poultry, seed grain and potatoes, power washer, pianola, farm machinery, lumber, household furniture, heaters, ranges, sewing machines, guns, rifles, Ford automobile, McLaughlin automobile, oat sheaves, fur coats, cured meats, patriotic cushions and quilts, and a large number of other articles too numerous to mention.

To add to the patriotic nature of the occasion the soldiers' mothers served lunch in the town hall.

The total proceeds amounted to nearly \$7,500, and are to be divided on a 50-50 basis to the Red Cross and Patriotic funds. Much of the success of the sale was due to Mr. H. A. McEwen (chairman of the sales committee) to Mr. J. T. Beattie, president of the patriotic committee; to Rev. C. Barnes, president of the Red Cross Society; to Mr. Farrin, who started the ball rolling; to Messrs. R. Haddon and J. Cameron, who superintended the canvassing, and to the two executives of the local patriotic societies.

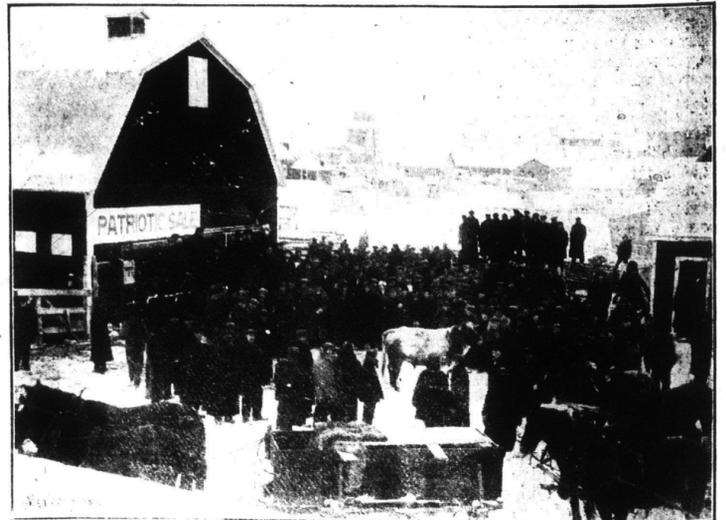
Too Expensive

It is an elementary although a genuine kind of humor that prompts a man to make a ridiculous remark in a serious manner. The fun increases if the remark is taken at its face value. A case in point is that of a gentleman, who, according to a writer in the *Twiggs County Citizen*, was talking to a crowd on the street about shingling a house.

"The old rule," he said, "was to allow six inches of the shingle to show to the weather, but that is too much. You really oughtn't to let more than four inches show."

Some wag asked in a matter-of-fact voice:

"How would it do not to let any show?"
"I've seen roofs made that way," replied the other, not thinking, "but it takes a great many shingles."



Patriotic sale in progress at Melfort, Sask. This sale realized the sum of \$7,500

Observations by a Winnipeg Major in Old London

A Quiet Revolution

On February 25th, ten million people in London and the adjacent counties participated in one of the greatest "revolutions" that has ever taken place in England—a quiet and entirely peaceful revolution of the habits of generations. London on that day was placed on rations. It is astonishing how smoothly everything has gone, and how cheerfully everyone has accepted the new regulations. There will be some hardship and a considerable amount of unavoidable inconvenience, but the great majority are glad that a necessary step has now been taken, and are more than ready to do their share to make the Food Controller's scheme a real success.

To the housekeeper there is relief. Relief from the perpetual nightmare of hunting meat supplies—relief from the interminable queues. She may have little meat to give the family, but that little is assured. By careful manipulation there will be no very serious scarcity of meat on the family table, and many nutritious substitutes are still quite plentiful.

To the man of the household, who is away from home all day, it is simply a matter of discarding meat at his mid-day meal—and nearly every married man is doing so, thus saving his ration for the family pot. The city restaurants are discarding meat dishes wholesale, and the quiet revolution will be nowhere more apparent than in the menus of many an old-established caterer, famed all over the world for the generous dishes of days gone by.

The care-free bachelor is not quite so care-free nowadays. He must carry his meat card wherever he goes—or his meal is meatless. He must content himself with very minute portions of meat at that, and the proprietors of eating houses seem strangely opposed to the popular view that potatoes are cheap and plentiful. In the restaurants they are dear, often ill-cooked, and served in none too generous measure. The chance customer can still secure a little butter, if he is lucky, without his butter card, but he can have no sugar unless he brings it with him. So he brings it, or uses saccharine.

There will be further stages of this quiet revolution yet. But the first step has been taken, and taken successfully. Britishers are not yet experts in the gentle art of tightening the belt, but they can master this as well as any other exercise.

With one arrangement of the Food Controller everyone is satisfied, and that is the regulation that soldiers and sailors on leave shall have substantial rations, something like three times as much meat as the civilian portion. That is as it should be—"fighting men first" is the wholesome rule.

Many are the changes these new food rules bring to conservative old England. For one thing, every man, woman, and child who can by hook or crook find a piece of vacant ground and a spade is digging for dear life. Garden produce may be used by the person who grows it, and many a household is determined this year to be independent of the potato dealer at any rate. And folks are learning how very excellent are many articles of food they have hitherto neglected. They are learning to cook vegetables as they should be cooked, and are finding out why a Scotchman swears by porridge. They are realizing what a mighty good thing it is that Canada and the United States are just across the ocean—for practically all sea-borne supplies are coming from there. They are filled with grateful amazement when they learn that the bulk of the meat and bacon and much of the wheat coming into the country during the last few weeks has been taken from the very plains of North Americans—the sheer result of self-denial. They have reason to realize something of the difficulty winter with its blizzards and snow-storms brings to the railroads of America, hindering the shipment of so badly needed supplies. And the nation has never in its history before, that it had must again become a land of plenty, or its economic safety can be secured.

Many changes are everywhere apparent. There is less visiting nowadays, or, if friends visit, they take their own food with them. Ladies, and even some men, carry small cases, with divisions for sugar and butter and biscuits. That aged institution, the railway-buffet sandwich, has died of old age. It was never worth the money—it is certainly not worth a precious meat ticket.

Food kitchens are springing up everywhere, and in them, no doubt, will eventually be found a sound solution of rationing problems. The English do not take easily to new ideas, especially in matters that affect the home—the Englishman's castle. But these communal kitchens are coming, and coming to stay. It is even proposed to establish one in that sanctuary of conservatism, the Inns of Court, those ancient chambers of the law.

And the Englishman is finding, as his colonial cousins have found long ago, that he can do without one old-established function, the late supper. Many a weary housewife silently blesses its banishment, and hopes never to see it return.

Many blessings come in camouflage, and not the least of the compensation for shorter commons is the remarkable health of the nation. Folks walk instead of ride, they eat lightly and sleep well. They have other things to think of than their petty ills, and they are in abounding health. And health means cheeriness—never more needed than in these difficult days.

A Bolt From the Blue

He was standing in front of the hotel, smoking a long, fat cigar, with a gold sash about its corpulent waist. The creases in his trousers were new and pronounced, his shoes were freshly laced, and all about him proclaimed a man who had finished his work for the day, eaten a good dinner, and was now in the frame of mind to regard the world as a good place to play in.

A rather shabby-looking young fellow, with a stubby beard and a hat that may have cost ninety-five cents several seasons ago, glanced at the comfortable-looking man, passed on a step or two, hesitated, and went back.

"I beg your pardon, mister," he began, "but—"

"Ah!" the other interrupted. "What is it this time? I suppose you would like to have a little assistance toward buying a ticket to the course of lectures on 'Creeds that have moved the World,' in order—"

"No, excuse me, mister—"

"No? Then it must be that you want the price of admission to the address before the Mycological Center, on the 'Edible Mushrooms of the Middle West,' so that when you order mushrooms—"

"Say, mister—"

"What, wrong again? You don't mean to tell me that you have just buried your father and mother, and that your youngest child is—"

"No, I just wanted—"

"Oh, now I have it! You have walked all the way from Pittsburg to get a job at—"

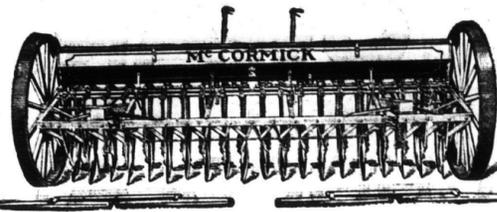
"You needn't think—"

"I don't—after office hours. I can't afford to. But is it possible that I am mistaken again? It cannot be that you want a nickel to buy a drink? That you would accept anything so sordid as money?"

The young fellow had his chance at last. With a grim glint in his eye he took it.

"I don't want anything," he said, "only if I could make chin-music as fast and easy as you do, I'd have my clothes made to order by a good tailor. There's a tag on the back of your coat that says '40, stout. Price: \$15.' I thought 'mebbe you didn't know it.'"

Miller's Worm Powders can do no injury to the most delicate child. Any child, infant or in the state of adolescence, who is infested with worms, can take this preparation without a qualm of the stomach, and will find in it a sure relief and a full protection from these destructive pests, which are responsible for much sickness and great suffering to legions of little ones.



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McCORMICK drills drop the seed in front of the disk bearing, where it goes directly to the bottom of the furrow before any dirt can fall in. The seed is securely planted at just the right depth to give it the best possible start.

The disks are held at uniform depth in hard and soft soil by front pressure springs, which give the disks a great range of motion, and prevent neck weight on the horses.

Whether the drill is working up hill or down, with the hopper full or almost empty, makes no difference—the slanting feed run openings force the seed to drop evenly. It cannot bunch or be crushed.

A McCormick drill gives you a better chance to harvest a bumper crop of high-grade grain. It is easy to buy. See the local dealer, who will show you all about furrow openers, feeds, bearings, and attachments, and will take your order for just the style and size you need. We will send you catalogues if you will send a card or letter to the nearest branch house listed below.

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A Message For Every Home

Is to be found in the Splendid Picture The Dispatch Rider

By Malcolm D. Charleson

The Dispatch Rider is one of the finest water color art productions of the year 1917.

It depicts a trooper of the 34th Fort Garry Horse Regiment in France.

It is from the brush of Mr. M. D. Charleson, a well-known western Canadian artist, and was produced by him while a member of the famous Fort Garry Horse.

Many months ago Mr. Charleson was commissioned by the management of The Manitoba Free Press Company, Limited, to create a watercolor that would make a suitable premium for the subscribers of The Free Press Prairie Farmer, Western Home Monthly readers, by taking advantage of this special offer, can also secure a copy of this picture.

The writer of this announcement cannot hope to picture in cold type the expression on "The Dispatch Rider's" face as he dashes along the old Roman road, with a century-old village just behind in the fierce grip of the red flames of war.

There is something about the peaceful valley and the exploding shrapnel that is inexplicable, and both the horse and rider glaringly convey the absolute necessity and the urgency of the situation existing in the background.

The Free Press Prairie Farmer has had this watercolor painting reproduced in eight delicate colors on photochrome paper by the best lithographer in Western Canada. The size of the picture itself is 13 inches by 18 inches, and including the mount is 21 by 28 inches.

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to boiling point, and kept at this temperature over night so that it may be ready to serve in the morning. Where soft coal, wood or gas is used for cooking purposes, it will be necessary to put the oatmeal over the fire at noon, when the luncheon or dinner is being prepared. Put four heaping tablespoonfuls of the steel-cut oats into one quart of cold water; add half a teaspoonful of salt, and put it over the fire in a double boiler; cover, and cook continuously for one or two hours. Then it may be put aside until the night meal is being prepared, and cooked again as long as the fire is burning, and then put aside to be reheated at breakfast time. The kettle should be covered closely, and the oatmeal must not be stirred from the beginning to the end of the cooking, otherwise the grains will be broken. Stirring oatmeal seems to destroy its flavor.

Put one cupful of cracked wheat into one quart of cold water; add half a teaspoonful of salt, and cook precisely the same as oatmeal. This may be served with cream.

Cornmeal, being rich in fatty matter, is usually served with milk. Grits in the process of manufacture having parted with a portion of its nitrogenous principle, milk makes it a more perfect food. For this reason hominy grits is served with milk, and cooked in milk as well. Put half a pint of fine grits into one quart of milk. Soak over night; next morning cook in a double boiler without stirring until the grits have entirely absorbed the milk, and become perfectly soft and tender; this will require at least one hour. Hominy, containing a little more starch than oatmeal or wheaten grits, is not palatable when cooked the day before.

Cooking Wheatlet and Rice

Put one quart of water into a saucepan; add half a teaspoonful of salt, and when it boils rapidly, sprinkle in half a cup of wheatlet, stirring all the while. Stir constantly, and boil rapidly for five minutes; then push it to the back part of the stove where it will remain at boiling point for at least twenty minutes. It is then ready to serve.

Where rice is served as a vegetable it should, of course, be boiled in water so that each grain will stand out separate from the other, white and dry. Where it is used as a breakfast cereal, especially for children, it is much more nutritious when cooked in milk. Half a pound of rice will absorb one quart of milk without being pasty or heavy. Put the milk in a double boiler; wash the rice and add it to the cold milk; beat quickly and cook for three-quarters of an hour. The flake rice, which is steamed rice rolled flat, will cook in from ten to fifteen minutes, as it has been partially cooked before rolling. This is also true of flaked barley or wheat.

Cornmeal Breads are Digestible

Many of the cornbreads may take the place of cereals. Being baked, they must be masticated, which insures better digestion. Mush bread will take the place both of bread and a cereal, and is, perhaps, the most attractive of the simple breakfast foods. Put a pint of milk in a double boiler. When hot, stir in two-thirds of a cupful of white cornmeal; cook for five minutes, take from the fire; add a tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and the yolks of four eggs. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, stir them in carefully, turn the mixture into a baking-dish, and bake in a moderately-quick oven for thirty minutes. This double cooking makes the bread digest more easily than it otherwise would.

Cornmeal Mush and Pone

While cornmeal mush forms an admirable breakfast cereal, it is not good warmed over and requires thorough cooking. The white cornmeal, however, cooks more quickly than the yellow. Put one quart of water into a saucepan on the fire. When the water boils rapidly take in your left hand the cornmeal, opening your fingers sufficiently to allow the meal to sift down gently into the boiling water, while you keep constantly stirring with a wooden spoon. As soon as the meal ceases to sink into the water and floats on the surface, stop adding, but stir, and boil

rapidly for five minutes. Push the kettle over a moderate fire where it will remain at the boiling point for at least an hour. If the mush becomes too thick in this time, thin it just at serving time with milk. Serve this the same as other cereals—with milk, and without sugar.

To make cornmeal pone, separate two eggs, and add to the yolks half a pint of milk, one cupful of meal, half a cupful of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat until smooth; then add a tablespoonful of butter, melted, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and beat again. When smooth, stir in carefully the well-beaten whites of the eggs; stir quickly. Bake in a greased, shallow pan in a quick oven for thirty minutes.

Hot breads, such as griddle cakes and quickly-baked muffins—a common article of diet in certain parts of the United States—are more difficult of digestion than even the underdone cereals. They are baked quickly on one side and turned, perhaps only three minutes given to the entire cooking; even the finest starch particles, made into a batter or dough, to be digested at all should be cooked fifteen minutes.

"The Day" When Peace Comes Our Way

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. W. E. Walker, Irma, Alta.

Peace is coming our way—I can see it afar! This thought brightens each day, as one glorious star Shines out in the gloom of a dark dreary night; And tho' still we must pray, and still they must fight, Peace is coming our way, Peace is coming our way— (God hasten "The Day.")

Peace is coming our way, but oh, what a cost! When we count o'er the loved ones that sad hearts have lost, And the hosts of those maimed, who must go thro' this life, Bearing ever the marks of untellable strife, All because of the lust for world-glory and power Of one misguided man—(describe him who can?) But still we can say "Peace is coming our way, Peace is coming our way." (Dear God, hasten "The Day.")

Peace is coming our way, and oh, when it comes, How proud we shall be, mid the roll of the drums, And the glad notes triumphant, of the bands as they play, As Our Boys march along, some young and some gray, But all with the light in their eyes to see "Home," And the prayer in their hearts that ne'er more need they roam To maim and to slay—yes it's coming our way, Peace is coming our way, (Oh God, hasten "The Day.")

Peace is coming our way! Shall we have perfect joy In that glad hour of Triumph, unless we employ Every power we possess to help on our great Cause To that glorious end? Ah no, Friend, because If we know that we have not done all that we could To bring out of this Evil, the ultimate Good For all of mankind, with less joy then will say, "Peace is coming our way, Peace is coming our way." (Oh, praise God for "The Day.")

Peace is coming our way, but oh, dare we withhold Aught of our possessions, tho' more price-less than gold, When they're needed to help the Brave Lads at the front, Who with courage unfalt'ring, have taken the brunt Of this battle betwixt Wrong and Right? Ah, no, give your help—speed the fight! Give your wealth, or your time, or your men, with your might— Then with clear conscience say, "Peace is coming our way, Peace is coming our way." (Oh, thank God on "The Day.")



50c per 1,000 Calories 6c per 1,000 Calories

Meat Meals Compared With Quaker Oats Meat Costs 8 Times As Much

Madam, here are some facts which deserve your attention in these days of high food cost. First, let us compare foods by calories—the energy value—the general unit of nutrition.

Quaker Oats yields 1810 calories per pound. Meats, eggs, fish and chicken—ten kinds of them—average 750 calories per pound.

Then let us compare them by cost—

Quaker Oats costs less than 6 cents per 1000 calories. Those same ten kinds of meats, eggs, fish and chicken average 45 cents per 1000 calories. That's over eight times as much.

Comparisons based on prices current at time of writing.

In flesh-building elements Quaker Oats is practically the same as lean meat. In lime it is ten times as rich. In phosphorus Quaker Oats supply three times as much as beef. And all the beef and iron mixture you could drink at a dose would not supply so much available iron as a dish of Quaker Oats. So Quaker Oats—at one-eighth the cost—vastly excels by every food measure. It is the supreme food in all-round nutrition and flavor. It is the age-famed food for energy and growth. Make it your basic food. Make it the entire breakfast. Mix it with your flour foods to add flavor.

Quaker Oats Flaked From Queen Grains Only

The reason for Quaker Oats is superlative flavor. They are flaked from queen oats only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. When such extra flavor costs no extra price it is due to yourself that you get it.

35c and 15c Per Package Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterboro, Canada (1905) Saskatoon, Canada

Quaker Oats Sweetbits The Oat Macaroon

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 tea-spoons baking powder
- 1 table-spoon butter
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 1/2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)



Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 40 cookies.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

3/4 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1 1/2 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 2 table-spoons hot water. 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2 1/2 cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 table-spoon sugar, 1 or 2 table-spoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats overnight in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Muffins

3/4 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level table-spoons baking powder, 2 table-spoons melted butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 table-spoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Young People

Young Robin's Selfishness

It was spring time in the south when Young Robin said to his bird friends one day: "I am going North to-morrow." "Going North to-morrow?" they questioned; "why, the snow has not melted yet and the rivers are all icy and the ground is all frozen and the buds have not appeared and everything is bleak and wintry. You should wait until the rest of us are ready to fly northward and go with us."

Robin made no argument with them, but when he was by himself he said: "That was just what I wanted them to say. I don't want them to fly North with me. I would rather be alone, so I can pick the best place for a nest, and I will be the first robin of the season and everyone will admire me." You see, Young Robin was led to fly away not by any good motive, but because he was selfish and wanted to get the best there was all for himself.

On the following day he smoothed all his feathers, and having eaten a very hearty breakfast of worms and some crumbs which he found in a nearby yard he set out for his flight.

The first day he did not fly very far, and when it came night he was not yet out of that part of the country where it was still warm, and he found a good many robins to keep him company for the few hours before he went to sleep. When they asked him where he was going and he told them he was on his way North, they were much surprised, and cautioned him about getting too far from where the sun was bright and warm and the ground free of frost. But Young Robin in his selfishness thought he was wiser than

they, and early the next morning was on his way again, without even stopping to say good-bye to the friends with whom he had spent the night. "For," said he, "perhaps if I stopped to say good-bye some of them would want to go with me, and I would have to divide the worms and all the other good things that are waiting for me."

The second day of his flight was not quite so comfortable as the first had been, and toward night he began to feel a little chilly and missed the warm rays of the sun. "But I won't mind a little cold," he said to himself alone in a tree, "I have plenty of feathers."

When he awoke the next morning he was shivering, and it took him some time



The Coon ready for the offensive.

hopping about before he got all that he wanted to eat, for the worms were pretty scarce, and the ground was rather frosty for his tender feet. At last, however when the sun was up he flew away, still headed northward.

Early in the afternoon the clouds began to gather and pretty soon they covered the sun. And not long after that he began to see white things that looked like feathers floating through the air, and although he tried to fly above them, the higher he flew the thicker the curious feathery things got until they almost blinded him, and he was not sure in which direction he was flying. Finally he began to get frightened, for the air was so thick that he could not see the sky above him nor the ground beneath.

"I guess that I had better fly down," he said, "and find out where I am, for I cannot see anything up here, and besides I am getting altogether too cold to be comfortable." So, dipping his wings, he slid down through the snow flakes toward the earth. When he got near enough to see what was below he found that he was over a great forest, which stretched as far as he could see in every direction.

The trees were all covered with the snow which was falling, and Young Robin had never seen a sight so uninviting nor a place which promised so little comfort to a lonesome bird. "I wish I was back home," he began to think. "I wish I was where it was nice and warm and where I could get a good supper, but I certainly cannot fly any farther tonight."

He flew down between the trees to the ground, but when he alighted his feet sank into the snow almost up to his body. "If I sleep in this snow, I will surely freeze my feet," he said and he began hunting for some place where the snow had not gathered. At last in the

end of a hollow log he found a place free from snow and hopped in, very much discouraged and very lonesome and hungry.

Outside he could hear the wind blowing as he had never heard it before, and occasionally snow would blow in around him, although he got as far back in the log as he could. He slept very little, and when the sun came up in the morning and he looked out there was nothing to see but snow. "I couldn't live long here," he said, "for if I didn't freeze I should starve. I don't see anything for me to do but turn around and fly back South."

He pecked at the snow, but it made a pretty poor breakfast, and after the sun was well up he flew through the trees and started southward. As the air began to grow warmer he knew he was getting back toward where the robins he had left were still living and he began to be ashamed when he thought of the selfish motives which had led him to leave them and go northward by himself. On the evening of the fourth day he came in sight of the place where all the robins he knew lived, and, although he dreaded to see them, he was so tired that he flew down and lighted on a tree where three or four of his friends were already half asleep.

"Hello," said one of the robins, opening his eyes, "you back here? I thought you had gone North several days ago."

"I did," said Young Robin, "but I decided to return and wait for the rest of you."

"Was that the real reason," asked an old mother robin, whose years had given her wisdom, "or did you find that there was such a thing as a bird being too early if he gets up before the worm does?"

Treed by a Snowslide
By John H. Hamlin

It was a sultry afternoon in the Nevada mountains, and the campers lolled at their ease in hammocks swung beneath the pines. So when Anne, the energetic one, appeared at the flap of the girls' tent and suggested a trip to Rock Lake, there was no burst of enthusiasm from the lazy ones.

"It's just cloudy enough for good fishing. Won't some one join me?" entreated Anne, as she adjusted the strap of a fish-basket about her shoulders.

At these words Elliott Noxon's tousled head appeared above the edge of a hammock. "Besides," continued Anne, "the climb to the Rock Lake will give one a fine appetite for supper."

Noxon, the ever-hungry one, sank back with a sigh. "Oh, it's too hot to be strenuous, Anne, and I'm famished right now. Let's wait till evening."

But the girl shook her head, picked out a fly-rod from the assortment leaning against a tree trunk, and set forth for the lake. "Rags," the setter, followed close at her heels.

Rock Lake lay about a mile from the camp site. The trail leading to it crossed a mountain meadow, on the border of which, and embowered in huge fir and pine trees, snuggled the tents of the camping party. From the far side of this meadow bluffs rose in massive, volcanic terraces; high up towards the summit, in a crudely sculptured basin, the waters of Rock Lake shimmered like a purple gem.

Anne was no novice at mountaineering, neither was she an inexperienced fisherman. When she topped the last bluff that hid from view the lake, she uttered a little cry of delight at the scene below. The surface of the lake was rippled just enough by the slight breeze to make the flies skim over the waters in most alluring fashion.

The girl lost no time in gaining the shores, and in the excitement of casting her flies to the "gamey" trout, she was totally unconscious of all else. But Rags, the dog, who had chosen to act as her guardian, suddenly set up a long-drawn howl.

Heavy black clouds were rolling over the mountains. Rumbblings of thunder were each moment growing more distinct.

Anne paused in her fishing long enough to scan the approaching storm-clouds. They looked ominous indeed, but the trout was rising to the flies so beautifully that she could not resist another cast. A fine lustrous trout leaped for the flies before it touched the water;

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Can you translate this scrap of paper?

MESSAGE SENT BY GERMAN SPY?



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ARRESTS FOLLOW KITCHENER'S DEATH
(Continued from Page 1, Col. 7.)
and among the papers seized was a torn folded and worn "scrap of paper."
Inspector Donlan for the first time in his many years of service bowed his head in defeat. He was completely baffled and the hidden message of the uncanny jumble of letters remained a profound mystery.

Noted Criminologists Suggest Solutions for this Difficult Problem

Can you unravel it?

Selecting a capital letter as a starting point and counting every second or third letter until all the letters are used up would surely produce some result.—Inspector Scott.

Watson and I would procure a mirror and reflecting the "scrap of paper" endeavour to decipher the hidden message.—Sherlock Holmes.

Beginning at a selected one I should read every other letter or every third letter. I believe I should soon solve this mystery.—Arsene Lupin.

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The first reward will be awarded to the contestant who obtains the largest number of points. For instance, 50 points can be obtained by sending in the correct answer to the mysterious message. Then there are 30 points given for general neatness, handwriting, spelling, punctuation, etc., and when you comply with the other con-

ditions and rules as below 50 points additional can be gained. 130 points is the maximum number. "Canada Weekly" (formerly Canada Monthly, established 1906), has created a great reputation for its excellent fiction, its great national articles about Canadians and things Canadian, its broad editorials

as well as for its artistic covers and illustrations and its high grade printing and general appearance.

You can help us advertise this magazine should you like it, and when you enter the contest you will be asked to write and tell if you are willing to do so.

We frankly tell you of these simple rules in advance. There is no obligation on your part to subscribe or take the magazine if spend any money in order to compete in this contest.

- 1 Write your solution of the mysterious message on one side of the paper only. Put your address in the upper right hand corner.
- 2 Boys and Girls under fourteen years of age are not allowed to compete, nor are employees of "Canada Weekly."
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- For these services the publishers guarantee to pay each contestant in cash or by a prize selected by him or her in advance. Such guaranteed reward will be entirely in addition to any competitive reward which may be won. Address your reply to:

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for ten minutes Anne stubbornly played him. Rag's frequent howlings hardly interrupted the girl's tussle with the fish. By the time she safely landed the two-pound trout, the dog lost all patience. He caught the edge of the girl's short skirt in his teeth and gave it a sharp tug.

"O Ragsie, isn't it a beauty?" Rag's response was a more vigorous pull at her skirt.

"Yes, Rags, I am satisfied now. We shall run for camp this very instant."

A clap of thunder punctuated this remark. Anne realized that she would have to hurry to escape a severe drenching. She hastily wound up her line, slipped the reel in the pocket of her jacket, and as she unjoined her fly-rod, a warm drop of rain fell upon her hand.

"O dear me, Rags, why didn't I obey your warning long ago? We shall have to take the short cut to camp."

The short cut was down a deep gorge that cleft the western wall of the mountain. Although it was midsummer, the altitude was so great that the gorge was choked with a huge drift of snow, which completely filled the upper portion and terminated in a wall of dripping ice half-way down the canon.

It was a quick but dangerous descent. The campers had used it but once before, only to find the way round by the longer trail preferable.

A flash of lightning decided Anne's course. She scrambled through a tangle of manzanitas, climbed up a rocky gully to the mountainous rim encircling Rock Lake, and followed a faint trail that took her straight to the glacier-like mass of snow that dipped downward at an astonishing angle. Rags ran ahead of her, whining pitifully at every thunder-clap. The rain came down in big warm splashes. The heart of the storm was roaring across the lake and hurrying on its drenching way hard after the fleeing girl.

A blazing glare of lightning, followed by a terrific report of thunder, frightened Anne so that she broke into a run down the hard-packed snow. She seemed to be flying along with fearful velocity, and alarmed lest she should lose entire control of herself, she dug her heels in the crust—lost her balance in so doing, and fell backward upon the snow. She sat up and was about to regain her feet, when she discovered that the canon's sheer walls were sliding uphill!

The sight made her dizzy. She closed her eyes to shut out the unnatural spectacle, only to feel beneath her an undulating movement of the snow pack.

Then it dawned upon Anne that the huge drift of snow had been started from its bed by the storm. She opened her eyes and screamed with terror as another thunderbolt crashed overhead. It seemed to rock the very mountainside and give fresh impetus to the avalanche.

Anne staggered to her feet, impelled by a wild desire to seek safety in flight. She took but half a dozen steps when the careering mass upset her, rolling her over and over in the rumpled, broken drifts. She was almost smothered, terribly frightened—and when she felt herself dashed against the projecting limbs of a tree and wedged roughly among the thick branches, she nearly lost consciousness. But with fierce tenacity she clung to the bending, cracking boughs while the avalanche boomed past with a roar that drowned even the peals of thunder.

The pine-tree, in the top of which she had been lodged, stood near the side of the gorge, and luckily escaped the full force of the snowslide. But every vestige of a branch, save the topmost cluster, was sheared off by the grinding mass of snow, ice and debris.

Anne was too badly scared to notice this; too dazed to move a muscle. She had miraculously escaped awful death from the crushing avalanche, yet she was far from being assured of her safety, perched as she was, high above the bed of the canon.

The storm, too, followed furiously in the devastated path of the snowslide. The wind swayed and rocked the tower of pine. A long branch that had been saved by the avalanche was torn from the tree trunk and hurtled far down the

Anne to the skin. Through it all she kept her arms locked about the tree trunk. The thunder grew less heavy. From her elevated position Anne saw the black storm-clouds sweeping past the camping-grounds. For a moment she forgot her own plight in thinking of the danger of her companions; then she shivered with cold as a blast of wind gave the big pine a farewell twist.

The storm had spent its short, fierce career. The rays of the sun penetrated a rift in the clouds. Close to the horizon was this rift, but the welcome sunshine was none the less comforting to the cold, marooned girl.

At camp they were greatly worried when the storm-clouds broke over Rock Lake. The dull roar of the snowslide caused a panic among the women. It sent the men post-haste to find Anne.

When they had gone half-way across the meadow, they saw Rags, wet, bruised, and running on three legs. He was coming over the short-cut route, and yelping at every limping step.

The men were sick at heart. Rounding the shoulder of the mountain, that cut off their view of the gorge, they saw a mass of snow, earth, and uprooted trees scattered over the mountainside.

"Do you suppose she started home that way?" asked Tom Sanders.

"I—I hope not. Why, oh, why didn't I go with her!" moaned Elliott Noxon.

A faint halloo seemed to echo this plaint. It was repeated with more emphasis.

In a very few moments Anne's whereabouts were discovered by the astonished searchers.

"Well, of all things, Anne! Do tell us how you ever got up in that tree?" shouted Elliott Noxon.

"Oh, I can tell you that, Elliott," came



Our mountain friend—the Rocky Mountain goat.

the somewhat hysterical reply, "if you will first tell me how I am ever to get down!"

It did appear to be a difficult problem to solve. The pine's big, smooth bole soared up sixty feet, with never a branch for a foothold. The floor of the canon was a ragged bed of boulders. A fall from the tree meant death.

"If we could get a rope up to you, Anne—" suggested Elliott.

"If? Why, we must!" asserted Tom Sanders.

"O boys, I have it!" cried the girl, with sudden cheerfulness.

From the pocket of her fishing jacket she produced her reel, with its one hundred and fifty feet of oiled silk line. She fished a lead sinker out of the same pocket, attached it to the line, and then began carefully unreeling.

"Run for the picket-ropes, somebody!" shouted Elliott Noxon.

Anne superintended the details of her own rescue with exceeding calmness. She drew up the spliced picket-ropes hand over hand, and knotted an end securely round the tree. She made the descent according to the most approved gymnastic methods.

The moment she felt the touch of arms uplifted to steady her and solid ground beneath her feet she indulged in a good cry. But then she said she was entitled to at least that bit of feminine comfort, and the boys thought so, too.

Praises this Asthma Remedy.—A grateful user of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy finds it the only remedy that will give relief, though for thirteen years he had sought other help. Years of needless suffering may be prevented by using this wonderful remedy at the first warning of trouble. Its use is simple, its cost is slight and it can be purchased almost anywhere.

How I Make Big Money Out of "Ornery" Horses

By J. A. BUTLER

ABOUT two years ago I witnessed up in New York State an exhibition of horse-training that opened my eyes. A man by the name of Mackley took a devil of a mean, vicious mare that hadn't been harnessed for seven months and in a few days had her gentle enough for a school girl to drive. Mackley had taken the mare off the owner's hands for \$50 and just ten days after sold her for \$175.00. A clear profit of \$125.00 in ten days!

That started me investigating. I learned that Mackley had simply used the methods introduced by the famous horse trainer, Jesse Beery. Beery, I learned, used to go about the country giving wonderful exhibitions in colt-breaking and horse-training; but realizing that he could accomplish more by teaching his methods by mail, had given up his exhibition work to spread his horse-training secrets by mail-instruction. Mackley had studied Beery's Course in his spare time and in a few months was able to accomplish magical results with green colts and horses with bad habits.

Other Successes

Mackley's work showed me a way to make some nice money and I determined to take Prof. Beery's Course in horse-training—but before doing so I made further inquiries. Here are what a few of Beery's students said. I'll let them tell of their success in their own words.

Mr. S. L. Arrant writes: "Just to test Beery's methods, I bought the worst balking, kicking, fighting horse I could find. Paid \$65.00 for him. After handling him only a few hours according to Beery's system I sold him for \$135.00."

Mr. Dell Nicholson, Portland, Mich., writes: "I have trained a four year old mare that was given up by everybody. Bought her for \$35.00, and now have her so gentle, my little boy handles her. Wouldn't take \$200.00 for her."

Dean L. Smith, Findley, Ohio, writes: "By following Beery's instructions have changed a worthless, dangerous balker into a horse worth \$225.00."

Everett McBlock, Elkhart, Ill., writes: "Have just broken a pony to drive and taught it some tricks. Owner bought it for \$17.50. Paid me \$40 to train it. He just sold it to a show company for \$150.00."

How I Work

The big source of my income is in buying up

"ornery" colts and horses at bargain prices, and after training the animals, selling them at a good profit. However, I also pick up good money handling colts and training horses for others on a fee basis. For instance, a farmer had a beautiful driving bay that had the bad habit of shying. A piece of paper blowing across the road would set the horse crazy. The owner thought a great deal of the animal, but couldn't take chances on the shying habit. A friend of his for whom I had done some work put this man in touch with me and in a few hours I had the horse completely cured of the habit—for which job I received \$50.



Curing Bad Habits

You can see from this that my work consists not only in breaking colts and "gentling" vicious horses, but in curing the various bad habits a horse can have—such as shying, balking, fear of automobiles, etc., pulling at hitching strap, pawing in the stall, etc. etc. Beery's methods of colt breaking are particularly amazing. Under the old way of handling green colts one usually had to half kill the horse as well as himself to

accomplish anything—and then the colt was usually spoiled or hurt in some way or other. But, when you apply Beery's principles, there is no hard, long work or injury to the colt.

No one should have a biting, kicking or balky horse when it is so easy to cure these vicious habits. No one should attempt to break in a colt the old fashioned way when Beery's methods make the task so easy. To every horse owner, to every lover of horseflesh, my advice is to get acquainted with the Beery principles. You can not only make money for yourself, but you can do a world of good, particularly at this day when war-demands have placed a premium on horses.

Wonderful Book Free

I have been requested to state that Prof. Jesse Beery will send his remarkable booklet, "How to Break and Train Horses" free to those interested. It is a booklet well worth having as it reveals some startling information on horse-training. I have heard men who considered themselves expert horsemen say that the booklet was a revelation to them. There is no use in my going into details on the booklet when you can get it free for the asking.

Just drop a line to Prof. Jesse Beery, Dept. 264, Pleasant Hill, Ohio, and the booklet will be sent free by return mail. A postcard will do as well as a letter.



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About the Farm

Keeping Up the Grain Land
Legumes in Rotation with Grain
Crops Give the Soil New Life

By E. E. Miller

My neighbor, James Brown, who is a pretty good farmer, said to me the other day: "Last spring you experts asked us farmers for a bigger corn acreage, and got it. This fall you are asking for a bigger wheat acreage, and are getting it. Next spring you will want still more corn and next fall again an even bigger wheat crop, perhaps. Well, how long do you think you can keep that up and not run down the land so that your bigger acreage will give you no more bushels of grain than now comes from the acreage we have been tending? Don't you think that it is ever possible to plant so much land that you cut down the size of the crop?"

It may be well to say just here that when James Brown wishes to be sarcastic he speaks of "you experts," and when he is inclined to be good-natured he says "them experts."

Disclaiming the title of expert, I came back at him with a question or two: "You put out more corn than usual last spring, didn't you, and more wheat than

usual last fall, and are going to do the same thing next year if asked?"

He grunted assent.

"Well, how are you managing it?"

"That's just it. I'm not managing it."

I just went and did it, and it's got me to thinking. Last spring I plowed up some land that I had meant to leave in grass, and a field of clover that ought to have gone over till next year. Last fall all my corn land except that one clover field has gone into wheat. If I put out as much corn next year as I did this I'll have to plow up another piece of blue grass. And if I put out as much wheat next fall as I've put out last I'll have to put in a lot of stubble land that ought to be left for grass and clover. And next year my land won't be in so good shape to make wheat and corn as it is this year, and if I keep this up any longer it will be getting poorer all the time."

"Cutting out the clover, then, are you?" I asked.

Sow Clover Everywhere

"No, sir. Not a bit of it. Every foot of my wheat land will have clover on it. And on the field that I'm leaving to go in corn the second year next spring I'm

sowing rye to turn under. I've figured it out that the growing of stuff to turn under must be about the best way to keep up the land while I am doing this wartime farming. So everywhere I get a chance, winter or summer, in goes a legume of some kind, and where I can't put in a legume I'll sow rye or something else."

James Brown handles his manure pretty well. When he can he hauls it direct to the fields. When he cannot do this it is put into a concrete pit under a shed. He uses plenty of bedding for his horses and mules, which still stand on clay floors. He even takes good care of the manure from his hogs—a thing few farmers do.

The waste of manure on the average farm is criminal. It has been criminal all along, but it is worse than that now. There can be no question that if more attention is not given by the mass of farmers to the maintenance of soil fertility any large increase in the acreage planted to grain will in the course of a few years defeat its own end—the increase of the total production of grain. Increase in the average acre production is just as important as increase in the acreage planted.

The two most obvious methods of increasing average acre yields are the more liberal use of fertilizers and better prepara-

tion of the soil and cultivation of the crops. Unfortunately, the very fact that we are at war makes both these means doubtful.

The fertilizers are simply not to be had in many cases. Neither is the labor necessary to prepare and cultivate the larger acreage demanded. No farmer should neglect either of these methods of increasing yields, but the majority of farmers will be unable to profit greatly by either of them.

Three of the other things that can be done James Brown is doing. Probably nine-tenths of the farmers could get more than they are now getting out of their manure. Some farmers need manure sheds and pits badly; others need to put in concrete floors or gutters; many others could add anywhere from ten to two hundred per cent to the results they now get from their manure by the simple process of taking decent care of it.

Right in this connection, too, may be noted the waste of leaves and other humus making materials that goes on on so many farms. Southern farmers especially are perpetually destroying possible future crops by the burning of vegetable matter that would soon decay if left alone. They are no worse though than the wheat growers who burn straw or leave straw-stacks to rot down in the fields. Too much fire on the farm means a lessening of its productive capacity. This should be remembered.

Another thing in which James Brown is setting a good example to other farmers is the planting of legumes with increasing liberality. He said that some of the clover he had sown last fall and possibly some of that he means to sow in the spring may have to be plowed up next fall, but he is going to take a chance on it. In taking this chance he is on the safe side; for, as he said, "If it can stay another year I'm to the good; if it has to go under it will do some good anyway."

The planting of legume crops should be increased and not decreased in this time of stress. This is doubly true of quick-growing legumes, such as cowpeas and soy beans, that may be used to fill in odd corners and short intervals between crops.

Bare Slacker Acres

The third thing James Brown is doing—the growing of winter cover crops—is of special importance to the southern half of the country. It is an old story, but a true one, that the soils of the Cotton Belt have suffered more from winter exposure than from summer cropping.

The planting of winter-growing crops for the benefit of the soil has always been a profitable practice in that section. As a wartime measure it is almost imperatively demanded by both self-interest and patriotism. The Southeastern farmer who willfully or carelessly leaves his land bare in winter is something of a "slacker," no matter what else he does.

Two other things that my neighbor did not mention as part of his program he may yet make use of. Many farmers are using phosphate rock more liberally than ever before, and they are doubtless wise in so doing. When it can be used in liberal quantities in connection with stable manure or green manures, or on land very rich in organic matter, it is almost certain to return a profit.

It is not likely that it will pay in most cases to substitute this material for the more readily available phosphatic fertilizers, and it is doubtful if the full profit from it will be secured in any one year or any one crop; but as a means to permanent soil fertility it is a thing to be considered carefully. One way of using it to advantage is as an absorbent in the stables. It is probably made more available when so used, and it saves much fertility that might otherwise be lost from the manure.

Numbers of farmers, too, think that they see in the increased use of lime, preferably in the form of ground limestone, a chance to meet part of the draft made upon the soil by wartime farming. They are unquestionably right about this when the lime is used as it should be—chiefly for the growing of the legumes.

"Lime is the road to clover, and clover

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is the road to rich land," is a saying that is generally true. The use of lime on a legume crop means the addition of more nitrogen to the soil, and in perhaps a majority of fields nitrogen is the limiting element of plant food. I have never yet known a farmer to fail to profit by the liberal use of lime for this purpose or to encourage the growth of grass.

Some farmers may be more fortunate in a way than is James Brown: they may not have to break up their rotations as he has done. The farmer who can find increased grain acreage without breaking into his rotation or lessening the proportion of the legume crops to the grain and other crops should certainly find that way and keep in it. The farmer who must spoil his rotation in whole or in part should follow Brown's example of planting legumes wherever they can be used as catch or supplementary crops, and of growing winter cover crops if he is in the southern part of the country. These are the essential features of any effort to increase grain production without impairing soil fertility.

Four things are pointed out as more than usually important because of the war:

First, the most careful saving of the farm manures and of farm wastes that will add to the fertility of the soil.

Second, a similar saving of all organic matter, with a lessened use of fire in the fields.

Third, a more liberal use of phosphate rock as a supplement to the manure and to commercial fertilizers, but not as a substitute for either.

Fourth, a largely increased use of lime, preferably to promote the growth of legume crops and of grass.

Full-Bloods vs. Grades

An impressive object lesson in comparative profits in feeding grade and full-blood calves is had in the outcome of two boys' and girls' calf club contests in central Illinois. There is a little story of local rivalry that enters into these contests and for this reason the community in which they occurred is not indicated.

A certain bank decided upon a contest and invested in 50 registered Shorthorn heifer calves. Upon their receipt they were appraised by a Shorthorn breeder and were distributed, by drawing lots among the boys and girls who formed the club. The conditions of the contest obligated the banker to advertise a public sale and dispose of the calves in that way at the close of the season the last week in October. Each boy and girl was to take care of his or her calf and grow it out during the season and was to receive the margin between the purchase price and the selling price for profit; or in the event the animal sold for less than the original price, they were to make up the loss.

A rival bank also decided on a contest with similar conditions, but selected grade calves for the purpose. It happened that this bank held its sale a week before the date announced for the full-blood heifers and the event was regarded as a real success, the grade calves selling for an average of \$65 per head.

The registered calves cost the boys and girls an average of \$117 a head, and when sold in the sale averaged \$235 per head—an average gross profit of \$118 for every boy and girl in the contest. In other words, the margin of profit received by the boys and girls who fed the registered heifers was almost double the actual selling price of the grade heifers in the other contest. An interesting fact is that there was not one animal sold among the full-bloods that did not make a profit for its owner, and in one or two cases the profit reached \$300.

But there is another and more important fact that comes out of this contest, and that is that it has resulted in the starting of a number of full-blood herds in that community. The inspiration received through the various stages of this experience and its conclusion has started a goodly number of boys and girls along the road of producing registered Shorthorns.

As an advertising force this contest has been tremendously effective in attracting attention to this community in a wide territory. The sale of these registered calves brought an attendance of over 2,000 people and a number of

bankers from over the state were on hand to watch the outcome and study the effects of this enterprising undertaking.

A feature of the contest was the showing of the most worthy of the calves for prizes. This display was made on the main street and competent judges made the ratings. Beautiful rosettes were provided by the American Shorthorn Breeders' Association for the prizewinners.

These calf club contests are becoming popular and are proving a useful and definite force in the growing of better standards of livestock.

Selecting a Sound Horse

The soundness of a horse should be as much the first consideration of a buyer as it should be that of a breeder. This is a sound maxim, and it has been followed out by the issue of some very useful hints bearing on it by the Bureau of Animal Industry. In these it is pointed out that if the animal is not sufficiently sound to withstand the use for which he is intended, the proper time to learn of this is before the purchase, and the selection should be based primarily on a thorough systematic examination, and this examination should be again based on a clear knowledge of desirable and undesirable qualities.

The advice given may be summarized somewhat as we give it here. Not only the presence of unsoundness, but also the condition or seriousness of the unsoundness, should be carefully noted. Temporary unfitness should be distinguished from permanent unsoundness. When these two matters are considered it will easily be seen that a hurried examination is likely to prove a disappointment. In the examination itself quite a number of points must be kept well in mind. Blemishes, vice, faulty conformation, unsoundness, and general characteristics must all be observed and noted. Common blemishes are scars from old wounds, poll evil, scratches, shoe boils, and small ruptures.

Common vices are halter pulling, cribbing, kicking, stall walking, weaving, and biting. Common faults of conformation are straight shoulders, crooked, weak, or improperly set legs, ewe neck, long, weak back and drooping croup. Common unsoundnesses are splints, thoroughpin, spavin, curb, extreme fistula, ringbone, side bones, extreme atrophy of muscles, contracted tendons, and broken wind. General characteristics include fleshing, temperament, quality, color and age. After all these matters have been looked for the final selection must be made by weighing the good qualities against the defects.

The mere enumeration of these points to be observed shows how great must be the knowledge of a horse to anyone who would be perfect as a purchaser. This is well brought out in the general conclusions arrived at on the whole subject. In this we are told that "experience gained by examining large numbers of horses will aid in quickening the eye and judgment, thereby making it possible to perceive readily any unusual condition; but it should be remembered that a hurried examination is likely to prove a disappointment, consequently plenty of time should be taken in making the examination, because time is much cheaper than money tied up in an unsatisfactory horse. In some cases nine days are allowed by law to the purchaser in which to learn the serious forms of unsoundness or vice in a horse, so that it would seem fair to allow a day at least for a fair trial when practicable. If possible, get a history of the animal from the person having it for sale. So many defects may be covered up by such unfair methods as drugging that it is a good plan to make purchases only from those with good reputations."—Live-Stock Journal.

Gardening for Sports

By George Ethelbert Walsh

The remarkable achievements of Luther Burbank in improving common wild plants and changing the characteristics of those which have been cultivated for years have stimulated interest in one of the most fascinating features of country life.

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stands every test. Made by the open hearth process, all the impurities are burned out of the metal, thus removing one of the greatest causes of rust. The wire is also galvanized so thoroughly that it will not flake, chip or peel off. Every intersection of the wires in our farm and poultry fence is locked together with our Peerless lock. While these locks



hold the wires securely together, yet this fence can be readily adjusted and perfectly stretched over uneven ground. It's easily erected and on account of heavy, stiff stays used, few posts are required.

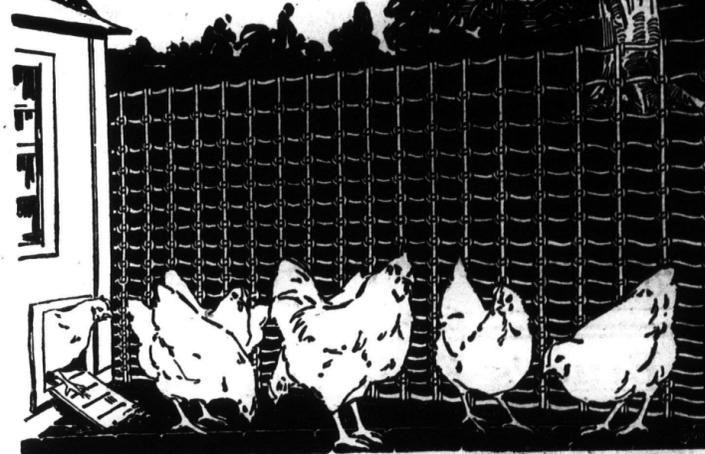
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Listen To Mother

She is right! She doesn't want you to take such chances. Strychnine is dangerous stuff to handle. She ought not to let you mix it anywhere on the farm.

She would very well go a step farther and insist that you use poison you can depend upon to kill the gophers. She would save you big losses, if she could induce you to use Kill-Em-Quick, the poison that is guaranteed to kill the gophers.

Mother wouldn't use a baking powder that might or might not raise her biscuits. No sir! She doesn't want to take all that trouble of making them and then have them turn out no good and be wasted. She doesn't take chances.

Why should you?

Why should you go to all the trouble of mixing strychnine and then very likely have the gophers turn up their noses at it? Isn't it better sense to use a poison that they always eat and that always kills? A poison that is guaranteed with a money-back guarantee printed on every package?

Hundreds of Growers' Associations and Municipalities buy Kill-Em-Quick year after year, because they know we wouldn't agree to pay back the money, if it were likely to fail. The Manitoba Agricultural College says it is the "most effective gopher killer." The Dominion analysis shows it to be the strongest, most concentrated gopher poison sold in Canada.

Per gopher killed it is far cheaper than any other. Cheaper in first cost. Cheaper in the amount of grain used. Cheaper in that it is better protection to the crop. Why waste time, money and grain and take a chance on a ruined crop when you can use Kill-Em-Quick for a cent an acre and be absolutely sure gophers will not injure your crop?

Better be safe than sorry. Get



Why Use a "Perhaps" Poison? Kill-Em-Quick Will Increase Your Crop 1 to 5 Bushels per Acre.

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Mr. Burbank's name is closely associated to-day in the popular mind with "plant wizardry," but the magic which he uses is within the reach of all.

A young botanist had mounted and classified nearly all the plants within her region. Unable to travel to distant parts to conquer other worlds, she was induced to make experiments in transplanting the wild growths to her garden.

At first she experimented in a limited way with wild daisies, violets, swamp-honey-suckles, goldenrod, and similar common plants.

Then she noticed in her tramps in the woods and fields that many plants showed a great variation in size, coloring and form. The difference between the poorest and the most perfect of these was so great that she was induced to inquire into the cause. This led her to experiment with soils, seeds, sunshine and shade. The result of it was that she established a garden of sports.

These sports are the result of many pleasant tramps. They have been transplanted in pots from their native swamp or woods. The soil in which they were first reared was taken up with them. The pots in which they were transplanted were plunged in the soil of the garden, and as the plants became established in their new quarters, the earthen sides were broken and removed.

There is a feeder to this garden of sports. On an acre of rich soil seeds from choice wild plants are sown in great profusion. From those seeds a few plants that show promise are developed each year.

These are carefully transplanted to the garden of sports, and the others are destroyed to make room for another crop of seeds.

Intelligent selection of seeds and plants is carried on from year to year. Sometimes, after two or three seasons of work with a few plants, they are all thrown away, for the expected improvement does not appear. But the novelty of the work and the anticipation of discovering a new plant worthy of culture keep the interest keen, even in the face of apparent discouragement.

In the last two summers a new feature of the work has been tried. It is difficult always to duplicate the conditions of soil and moisture which swamp plants flourish in, and if not supplied with these, perfect growth and development are checked.

The enterprising botanist has therefore established "swamp and meadow gardens." Where a promising plant has been discovered in some obscure corner, it is not disturbed in its growth, but encouraged to do its best. Weeds, plants and vines which threaten to encroach upon its field are cut down or rooted up. Branches of trees and bushes which cast too much shadow over it are removed. A space of a foot or two round the plant is cultivated and kept free from all enemies. Two or three times a week the gardener visits these swamp resorts to cultivate her favorites.

She has obtained some of her best successes with plants in this way. In their natural home the flowers have reached a size and degree of perfection which make all others appear commonplace in comparison. From these swamp gardens the young experimenter has shipped ferns which have taken several prizes at the autumn exhibitions.

There is no garden or wild plant or flower too common or humble to be overlooked in such modern cultivation. Persistent culture and selection may develop the commonest type to unexpected glory and beauty for garden and house culture.

How Would Your Seed Grain Test?

By the Cerealist, Man. Agricultural College, Winnipeg

The spring of 1917, being very late, resulted in a late harvest and a considerable amount of frosted grain. There is no method of measuring with the eye the amount of damage likely to result from frost, especially with oats and barley. In many cases plump, bright appearing samples, to all appearances only slightly frosted, germinate less than 20 per cent. The only reliable means of estimating the value of damaged grain for seed is a thorough germination test.

A number of tests have been made to date by the seed testing department of the Manitoba Agricultural College, and the following is an analysis of the first eight-five samples received of the 1917 crop. Number of samples germinating:—

| | |
|--------------------|----|
| 91 to 100 per cent | 12 |
| 91 to 90 per cent | 12 |
| 61 to 80 per cent | 24 |
| 41 to 60 per cent | 15 |
| 31 to 40 per cent | 8 |
| 21 to 30 per cent | 4 |
| 11 to 20 per cent | 7 |
| 0 to 10 per cent | 3 |

From the above figures the following facts may be noted:—

1. Only 14.1 per cent of grain received will make first-class seed.

2. 14.1 per cent grades as second-class seed.

3. 28.2 per cent grades as third and fourth-class seed.

4. 43.6 per cent is unsuitable for seed purposes.

There is a great need for seed testing this year, and the seed testing department of the college is prepared to test samples of all kinds of grain for Manitoba farmers. All samples are tested free, the only cost to the farmer being the postage on the sample of grain. In forwarding the samples of grain the following suggestions should be observed:—

1. Send at least two ounces of seed.

2. Be sure to have your name and address placed inside the package of seed. Do not depend upon placing it on the outside of the package, as it may be removed or blurred during transit.

3. It is an advantage to state in a brief note accompanying the sample, whether or not it has been damaged by frost, heating, etc. It aids in making a more speedy test.

4. Samples do not come postage free to the college, consequently, care should be taken to see that enough postage is attached to the package. Samples, with insufficient postage, are subject to delay in transit, and often lost.

Profits from Barnyard Manure

One by-product of most prairie farms that is only utilized to a small extent is the barnyard manure. In order to determine the amount of profit that can be derived from barnyard manure applied on the rich prairie soils, an experiment was started on the Scott Experimental Station in 1914. Three years' results are now available and the figures quoted in this article are an average of the increased yields, from the application of manure, secured during the past three seasons.

The soil on the Scott Station is a rich chocolate clay loam with a clay subsoil. In all the experiments manure was applied with a spreader at the rate of 12 tons per acre. All plots were plowed six inches deep. The rotation that is being followed is two grain crops, summer-fallowing every third year. Three methods of applying manure are given in this article:

Method No. 1—Method No. 1, consisted in spreading manure direct from the barn in the winter on fall plowed land. The manure was worked into the soil in the spring with a disk harrow. Wheat grown on land treated this way only gave an average increase of 2 bushels and 10 pounds over plots receiving no manure. Oats appeared to make better use of the fresh manure and showed a gain of 10 bushels and 24 pounds per acre, while barley showed an increased yield of 8 bushels and 32 pounds per acre.

Some difficulty in sowing the manured plots was experienced, as the straw manure prevented the disks of the drill from going down to a full even depth. In addition the manure appeared to make the surface soil more open and consequently favored its drying out.

Method No. 2—The second method followed was to apply rotted manure on the growing crops after the spring seeding had been completed. This did not prove so profitable, owing to the damage to the crops from the spreader and also to the fact that in dry seasons such as the one just past, there was little rain to wash the available plant food from the manure, down the root zone of the plants.

Method No. 3—The third and most profitable plan consisted in plowing rotted manure under in the autumn. This method gave an additional average yield for three years of six bushels and 20 pounds of wheat, 21 bushels and 20 pounds of oats, 15 bushels and 20 pounds of barley per acre over plots receiving no manure.

Dizzy

Are War That

Those fe spells and which com to time an unheeded, weakened disordered

Those v Milburn's their case no equal and invig

Mrs. E N.B., wr winter I headaches A friend and Nerv taken twi lief. I h who suffe

Milbur 50c. per direct on burn Co.

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Dizzy and Faint Spells

Are Warnings of Heart Trouble That Should Be Heeded.

Those feelings of weakness, those dizzy spells and "all gone" sinking sensations, which come over some people from time to time are warnings that must not go unheeded. They indicate an extremely weakened condition of the heart and a disordered state of the nerves.

Those who are wise will start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills before their case becomes hopeless. They have no equal for strengthening the heart and invigorating the nerves.

Mrs. Emil Brooks, Upper Gagetown, N.B., writes:—"All last summer and winter I had dizzy and weak spells, headaches and fainting and blind spells. A friend recommended Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to me. I had only taken two boxes when I found great relief. I highly recommend them to all who suffer from heart trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Secret Of A PERFECT BUST And Form Sent Free



Madame Thora's French Corset System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used by leading actresses and society ladies for twenty years. Book giving full particulars sent free. Letters sacredly confidential. Write to-day.

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A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It To-day.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON

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Send free trial of your method to:

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BECAUSE I LOVE YOU

The Book of Love, Courtship and Marriage

200 Pages

It fully explains how maidens become happy wives and bachelors become happy husbands in a brief space of time and by easy methods. Also complete directions for declaring intentions, accepting vows and retaining affections, both before and after marriage, describing the invitations, the dresses, the ceremony and the proper behavior of both bride and bridesmaid, whether in public or behind the nuptial curtain. It also tells plainly how to begin courting, the way to get over bashfulness, the way to "sit up," the way to find a soft spot in the sweetheart's breast.

This is the treatise to be in the hands of every young man or maiden, every married man or woman, every widow or widower, young or old—in fact, every complete marriage guide. Write for catalogue.

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Woman and the Home

MOTHER O' MINE

Gertrude Morrison

"It is a wonderful thing, a mother; Other folks can love you, But only your mother understands you. She works for you, Looks after you, Loves you, Forgives you anything you may do, Understands you, and then the Only bad thing she ever does to you Is to die and leave you."

—Baroness von Hutten.

That mothers have ever had their day in the hearts of their children has called forth verse tenderly reverent, warm with love for the living, passionate in its cause for grief. Julian Fane, who collaborated with "Owen Meredith," was accustomed to write a sonnet to his mother upon her birthday.

Ad Matrem: March 13, 1862

"Off in the after days, when thou and I Have fallen from the scope of human view, When, both together, under the sweet sky We sleep beneath the daisies and the dew, Men will recall thy gracious presence bland Conning the pictured sweetness of thy face; Will pore o'er paintings by thy plastic hand, And vaunt thy skill, and tell thy deeds of grace. Oh, may they then, who crown thee with true bays, Saying, 'What love unto her son she bore!' Make this addition to thy perfect praise: Nor yet was mother worshipped more! So shall I live with thee, and thy dear fame Shall link my love unto thine honored name."

Of the last of these—that dated in 1870, Lord Lytton says, in his "Life of Fane": "On the evening of the 12th of March, 1870, his physical suffering was excessive. The following day was the birthday of his mother. She found what she dared not, could not, anticipate. There lay upon the table a letter with two sonnets. They were the last words ever written by Julian Fane."

Ad Matrem: March 13, 1870

"When the vast heaven is dark with ominous clouds That lower their gloomful faces to the earth; When all things sweet and fair are cloaked in shrouds And dire calamity and care have birth; When furious tempests strip the woodland green, And from bare boughs the hapless songsters sing; When Winter stalks, a spectre, on the scene And breathes a blight on every living thing; Then, when the spirit of man, by sickness tried, Half fears, half hopes, that death be at his side, Out leaps the sun, and gives him life again. O mother, I clasped Death; but seeing thy face, Leapt from his dark arms to thy dear embrace."

George Washington Bethune, the son of parents eminent for their piety and philanthropy, himself an eminent divine, wrote a touching "Memoir of Mrs. Bethune," his mother—

"I've pored o'er many a yellow page Of ancient wisdom, and have won. Perchance, a scholar's name; but sage Or bard have never taught thy son Lessons so dear, so fraught with holy truth, As those his Mother's faith shed o'er his youth."

From the control voice in that sincere reverence, men have given way to grief that swept their hearts as they stood by the grave of a mother, to the longing from which even the most restrained are not exempt.

Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective cure is Mother Graves' Worm Expeller.

A Mother -Song

"Mother, O Mother! forever I cry for you. Sing the old song I may never forget; Even in slumber I murmur and sigh for you,— Mother, O Mother! Sing low, 'Little brother, Sleep, for thy mother beids over thee yet!'"

"Mother, O Mother! the years are so lonely Filled out with weariness, double, and regret! Can't you come back to me—for tonight only, Mother, my Mother!"

—Riley

"Backward, turn backward, O Time. In your flight; Make me a child again just for tonight; Mother, come back from the echoless shore, Take me again to your heart as of yore Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair; Over my slumbers your loving watch keep; Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

—Elizabeth Akers.

"Preach on of woe; the time hath been I'd praise the world with shadeless brow: The dream is broken—I have seen A mother die.—I'm silent now."

—Eliza Cook.

"There's the dear old home once more. And thers' mother at the door— Dead, I know, fer thirty year, Yet she singin', and I hear."

—Riley.

"I never shall forget the summer day When mother died. If I but close my eyes It all comes back to me, as, after dreams Remembrance of them haunts our waking hour. I hear the low, soft twitter of the birds Whose nest was hidden in the cherry tree Beside the window, as they talked about Their little brood. I hear the summer wind—

—I used to sit and think Of what must be—I saw dear mother's face Grow thinner, paler, like a sail that fades in the gray distance, and I knew full well In the gray drifting out upon the tide

The robin by his nest sang all at once.

Who shall say He did not hear some echo of the song The angels sang when mother went away. And sang because the music was so sweet That he could not be silent? Ah, who knows?"

—Eben Eugene Rexford

"There was a gathered stillness in the room: Only the breathing of the great sea rose From far off, aiding that profound repose. With regular pulse and pause within the gloom Of twilight, as if some impending doom Was now approaching—I sat moveless there, Watching with tears and thoughts that were like prayer, Till the hour struck,—the thread dropp'd from the loom; And the Bark passed in which freed souls are borne. The dear stilled face lay there; that sound forlorn

Continued; I rose not, but long sat by: And now my heart oft hears that sad sea-shore When she is in the far-off land, and I Wait the dark sail returning yet once more."

—William Bell Scott.

We need that pain, ever potential, if as yet happily unrealized, to attain the universality of soul that looks out for the "Mitherless Bairn," "Somebody's Mother," the silent mothers. Jean Paul has said, "Blessed is the man whose mother has made all mothers beautiful."



Comfortable

Easy Fitting

Enduring in Wear

Moderate in Price

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The Crompton Corset Co. Limited
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HAIR GOODS

Our 1918 Catalogue contains full particulars and prices of Transformations, Wigs, Toupees, Curls, Switches, etc., also a high grade line of Skin-Foods and Cosmetics. Write To-Day for a Copy Switches Made Up from your own Combing.

Seaman & Petersen
NEW YORK HAIR STORE
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FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

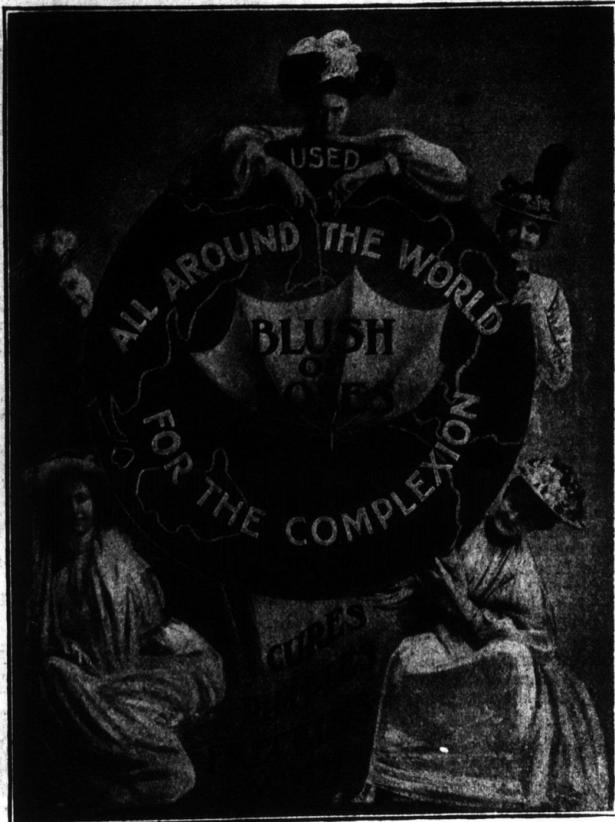
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Can be permanently removed by the proper use of the Electric Needle. A skilled operator will not fail in giving satisfactory results. I have made this work a specialty, and after over twenty years' steady practice in the city of Winnipeg, I am in a position to assure my patrons that they will make no mistake in giving my safe and sure method a trial.

Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars.
CONSULTATION FREE

Mrs. COATES COLEMAN
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Ladies! Better Than Powder



Costs less than one cent a day for a beautiful complexion. The most perfect face preparation and skin beautifier. Whitens the face soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. Blush of Roses is as clear as water; no sediment to clog the pores; it takes the shine from the face, removes all impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure, harmless face preparation made. Blush of Roses will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver-spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Remember this, no matter how dark, rough or sallow your complexion may be you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. It is fine to use after shaving. When used in place of powder a bottle lasts six months. Interesting circular free.

FOR TRIAL a full-sized \$1.00 bottle sent for 75c.
Address—LYDIA W. LADD, WINDSOR, ONT. Also for sale by

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
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Abolish the Truss Forever

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch
You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it?
FREE TRIAL
Stuart's PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. Soft as Velvet—Flexible—Easy to Apply—inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and swore that the Plapao-Pads cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long standing. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.
FREE TO THE RUPTURED
Trial Plapao and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or ever; nothing to be returned. Write today—NOW. Address, Plapao Co. Block 696 St. Louis, Mo.

When writing advertisers, please mention *The Western Home Monthly*

"Her spirit that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha' couthlie deal wi' the mitherless bairn."
—William Thomas.

"At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
'I'll help you across, if you wish to go.'"

"She's someboy's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow,
And someone, sometime, may lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand?—
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
And her own dear boy so far away."
—Anon.

The imagination of her children has ever loved to play around the image of the mother. Cowper has endeared himself to us in his "Lines on the Receipt of My Mother's Picture."

"Oh, that those dear lips had language!
Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine; thy own sweet smile I see—
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away.'"

With delicate touch Ellen Louise Moulton has pictured her mother's face—

"How shall I here her placid picture paint
With touch that shall be delicate, yet sure?
Soft hair above a brow so high and pure
Years have not soiled it with an earthly taint,
Needing no aureole to prove her saint;
Firm mind that no temptation could allure;
Soul strong to do, heart stronger to endure;
And calm, sweet lips that uttered no complaint."

More beautiful only by its smile is Alice Cary's—

A lady—the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon—you must paint for me.
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while!
I need not speak these foolish words,
Yet one word tells you all I would say:
She is my mother. You will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away."

Not alone a picture, but anything that suggests "Mother" has been inspirational in its hallowed memories. Mother's chair! the honored guest of how many firesides.

"I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell?—a mother sat there!
A sacred thing is that old arm-chair."
—Eliza Cook.

To His Mother's Spindle

"And when Death beheld
Her tribulation, he fulfilled his task,
And to her trembling hand and heart at once
Cried 'Spin no more.—Thou then wert left half filled
With this soft downy fleece, such as she wound
Through all her days, she could spin so well.
Half filled wert thou—half finished when she died!
Half finished? 'Tis the motto of the world!
We spin vain threads, and strive, and die
With sillier things than spindles on our hands!"
—Robert Blair.

And mother's room, which she has long untouched

"I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe:
He's the boy that lives with his aunt, you know,
And he says his house is filled with gloom
Because it has got no 'mother's room.'"
—Mary D. Brine.

There is in a boy's conception of his mother a note so spontaneous as to supply in enthusiasm what it lacks of the true appreciation into which only the years can initiate him.

"My Mother, she's so good to me,
Ef I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!
Can't any bcy be good as her."
—Riley.

"By my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss!
Whatever Time detroys, he cannot this—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel."
—Washington Allston.

"Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!"
—Thomas Hood.

With what childlike simplicity and bubbling affection Heine recalls his dear old mother—

"How swiftly speeds each rolling year!
Since I have seen my mother dear.
Twelve years have passed away; the longer I wait,
My yearning grows the stronger."

"My yearning's growing evermore;
That woman has bewitch'd me sore!
Dear, dear old woman! with what fever I think of her!
May God preserve her!"

"The dear old thing in me delights,
And in the letters that she writes
I see how much her hand is shaking,
Her mother's heart, how nearly breaking!"

"My mother's ever in my mind;
Twelve long, long years are left behind,
Twelve years have followed on each other
Since to my heart I clasped my mother."

"For Country I less should care
If my dear mother were not there:
My fatherland will never perish
But she may die, whom I most cherish."

But it is Kipling who, with the simplicity of genius, says—all!

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!"

"If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!"

Just a Trifle

"What is your idea of absent-mindedness?" asked Dick, who was somewhat troubled with the malady.

"Well," Jack sought for an illustration, "if a man thought he'd left his watch at home, and took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go home and get it, I should say he was a little inclined to be absent-minded."

A long-headed Scotsman had won a six-to-one bet on the horses. The sporting man begrudgingly handed him seven sovereigns. The Scot looked at each one very carefully before placing them in his pocket.

"Well," said the bookie, with a snarl, "are you afraid they're bad?"

"Oh, no," said the Scotsman; "but I was just lookin' to mak' sure the bad 'un I g'd be wisna among them."

... surgical operation is necessary in removing the corns if Holloway's Corn Cure be used.

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SUFFERED WITH HACKING COUGH

COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT.

The constant hacking cough that sticks to you in spite of everything you have done to relieve it, is a source of danger. The longer the cough stays, the more serious menace it is to your health.

It is easy to check a cough at the outset with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. If you have let it run though, it takes a while longer to cure, but Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will cure it even then after other remedies have failed.

Mr. J. Henry Landry, South River, Burgois, N.S., writes:—"I received such great benefit from Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup that I cannot help expressing my thanks. I suffered with a hacking cough for over a month, and could not sleep at night. I used many kinds of remedies, but they didn't do me any good, until I used 'Dr. Wood's,' and found great relief right from the start. I only used two bottles, and was completely cured. I will never be without it as long as I live."

There are a number of substitutes on the market for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, so when you ask for it see that it is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c., and that it bears the name, The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Work for Busy Fingers

All Crochet Doyly

The back loop at top of stitch is used throughout the work. Ch. 2, make 12 s. c. in 1st ch., join, ch. 1, turn. 1st row: * 1 s. c. in 1st st., widen by making 2 s. c. in next st. Repeat from * until you have 5 widenings, 1 s. c. in next 2 s. c., join, ch. 1. 2nd row: * 1 s. c. in 1st 2 s. c., widen in next s. c. Repeat from * 4 times, 1 s. c. in last 3 s. c., join, ch. 1, turn. The widening must always be made in 1st st. of widening in previous row and each successive row will have 1 st. more between widenings. Do not widen in last st., the joining and ch. 1 are same as a widening. Continue as in 2nd row until there are 11 ribs, join. For insertion, working round and round, ch. 5, 2 d. c. in joining, * ch. 2, skip 4, 2 d. c. in next s. c. using both loops, ch. 2, 2 d. c. in same place. Repeat from * and if necessary skip 1st. more or less to have a group on each corner, 1 d. c. in joining at beginning of row, join. 2nd row: Ch. 5, 1 d. c. in loop of ch. 5, * ch. 3, 1 s. c. in loop of ch. 2, ch. 3, 2 d. c. with 2 ch. between in next group. Repeat from * ending with 1 s. c. in ch. 5. 3rd row: * ch. 3 and 1 s. c. in same loop) 3 times, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in next loop. Repeat from * ending with 1 s. c. in 1st ch. 3, ch. 2. 4th row: 1 s. c. in

A Business Woman

The American magazine relates an interesting description of a business woman born in Canada. She is Mrs. Bertha M. Rich who makes \$8,000 a year. Mrs. Rich lives in New York. She had her first business experience selling groceries to retailers. Later she sold drug specialties. From this work she engaged in the advertising business—writing, designing and soliciting. She says: "I became an advertising solicitor because, when at twenty-two, it became necessary for me to earn my living and that of my little girl. It wasn't easy, this breaking into the business world, but one of the first resolutions I made was that I would never let anyone know how difficult it was. I would never let anyone know that I was not prosperous, or meeting with success. I would always appear prosperous. Men do not trust their business to a person who does not look as though she were successful in managing her own affairs."

Mrs. Rich dresses in a plain well-made suit. She places great emphasis on appropriate business dress. This is the advice she gives on dress for the business girl:

"Study your style, and choose what is becoming to you—inconspicuously becoming. Don't try to look like a fashion plate. Try to look like a wholesome,

NO MORE NERVOUS HEADACHES

Since She Tried "FRUIT-A-TIVES", The Famous Fruit Medicine.



MISS ANNIE WARD

112 Hazen St., St. John, N.B.

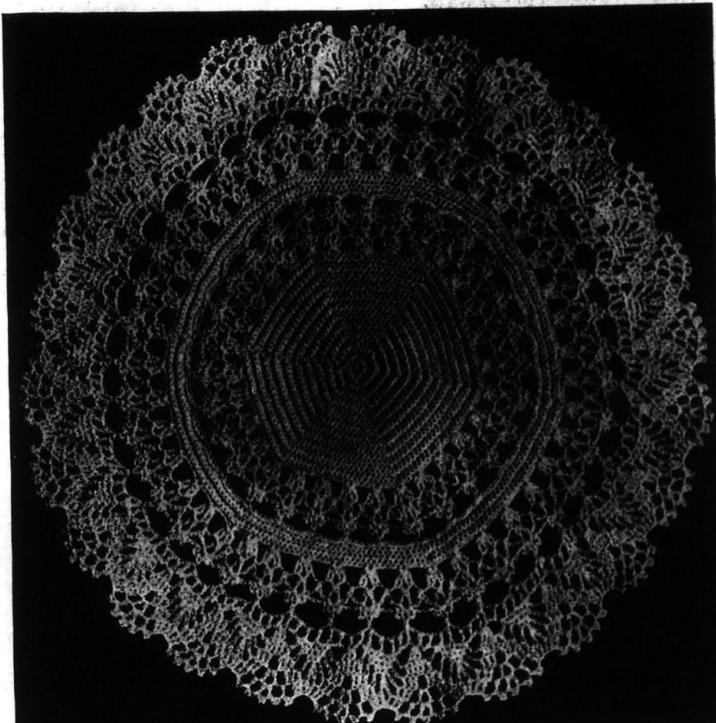
"It is with pleasure that I write to tell you of the great benefit I received from the use of your medicine, 'Fruit-a-tives'. I was a great sufferer for many years from Nervous Headaches and Constipation. I tried everything, consulted doctors; but nothing seemed to help me until I tried 'Fruit-a-tives'.

After I had taken several boxes, I was completely relieved of these troubles and have been unusually well ever since."

MISS ANNIE WARD.

'Fruit-a-tives' is fresh fruit juices, concentrated and increased in strength, combined with finest tonics, and is a positive and reliable remedy for Headaches and Constipation.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. A tall dealers or Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



next loop of ch. 3, * ch. 7, 1 s. c. in centre loop of ch. 3 on next group. Repeat from *, join. Make 5 rows of s. c. same as in centre, making the widenings to correspond with centre. Make another insertion, skipping 5 s. c. in making 1st row and ch. 6 between s. c. in 4th row. For lace, 1st row: Ch. 4, (1 d. c. and ch. 1) in every 2nd st., join. 2nd row: Ch. 3, 2 d. c. in joining, * ch. 5, skip 1 d. c. and 1 ch., 7 s. c. on next 7 st., ch. 5, skip 1 d. c., 3 d. c. in next d. c. Repeat from *, join. 3rd row: Ch. 3, 1 d. c. each on 2 d. c. and 1st ch., * ch. 5, 5 s. c. on centre 5 s. c., ch. 5, skip 4 ch., 1 d. c. on next 5 stitches. Repeat from *, join. 4th row: Ch. 5, 3 d. c. in last 2 d. c. of group and 1st ch., * ch. 5, 3 s. c. in centre 3 s. c., ch. 5, skip 4 ch., 1 d. c. on next 3 stitches, ch. 2, skip 1 d. c. on next 3 stitches. Repeat 1 d. c. in * join. 5th row: Ch. 5, * 1 d. c. in loop of ch. 2, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in same place, ch. 2, skip 1 d. c., 1 d. c. on next 3 stitches, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in centre s. c., ch. 5, skip 4 ch., 1 d. c. on next 3 stitches, ch. 2. Repeat from *. 6th row: Ch. 6, 1 d. c. in 3rd ch., * (1 d. c. in next space, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in 1st ch.) 3 times, skip 1 d. c., 1 d. c. in next 3 stitches, skip 9 stitches, 1 d. c. on next 3 stitches, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in 1st ch. Repeat from *.

healthy, clean-bodied, clean-minded business woman, and express it in your clothes." Mrs. Rich had been photographed in proper dress for business by the side of a model whom she called poorly dressed for business. The contrast is exactly the contrast we see in our own city between the successful business woman and the girl who wonders why she cannot keep her position. I feel badly when I see a girl who is not progressive. I feel badly when I see a girl with natural ability who comes to a standstill—who buys long ear-rings, expensive light colored boots to match her dresses and flimsy waists—when I see our business colleges and night schools beckoning to her to put some of that money inside of her head—even though it may be a little difficult to penetrate through the paint and make-up.

Then there is the cigarette habit. I wish there were a course in hygiene and physiology in every grade of our schools—public, private and business colleges. I can see now the little interested faces of five and six-year-old boys and girls when I explained the charts on hygiene to them in my own days of teaching. The pictures of the effect of cigarette smoking on their brain cells and stomach convinced them of its destructive powers.

This is the day of the business woman and the successful will be the survival of the fittest—the women with clear heads—the women who build physical, mental, moral muscles.

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Correspondence

"Laddie in Khaki" Words Wanted

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader for a long time. I certainly enjoy the stories and correspondence page, but this is the first time that I have had courage enough to write.

I am, like most of the others, wishing the war over. I have a brother in France and relatives in the war.

I, like "Khaki Girl," think that conscription should settle who should enlist and who should not, but it seems everybody cannot be satisfied. I am under eighteen, and am still going to school. I live on a farm and have nearly three miles to walk to school, so it is some walk. We have had a fairly nice winter here, but will be glad when summer comes.

The girls around here have organized a club for the purpose of getting money for the Red Cross and other patriotic purposes. They are planning to have a concert soon.

Would any of the readers send me the words of "Laddie in Khaki"?

I would like to correspond with any soldier in France from Northern Manitoba.

My address is with the editor. I will sign myself

"Khaki Lily."

Will Farm

Dear Editor:—I have been a silent reader of your paper. We have had your paper in our home for a long while, and I wonder if you could find room for another member. I live on a farm, and I am a slacker, as "Spitfire" would say. But, anyhow, we will forgive "Spitfire," as I believe she is sorry by now for all the callings down she has given us poor farmers. I don't suppose we would be fit to take "Pocahontas" to a show. I certainly admire the boys in khaki, and would like to be with them, but cannot. So I will farm, farm, farm, and that is so much. I am a lover of books. Also of nearly any kind of outside sport. Well I could write a lot more, but do not want to take too much room. I will close, hoping this escapes the W.P.B., although it may not deserve it. I will sign as

"A Sport."

Wants to Become a Member

Dear Editor:—The correspondence column in the February number is rather brief again, so I thought I would see if I could have my letter in print, or if it would reach the W.P.B. We have had The Western Home Monthly in our home for years, and the correspondence has always interested me. I like several of the January letters very much, and quite agree with "A Mere Boy" in the February number about the farmers. I would like very much to become a member of your page. And now I must stop before my letter gets too long. I will sign myself

"Daisy."

Lover of Horses

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have been taking great interest in the correspondence page of The Western Home Monthly for some time. I am now taking the liberty of writing you a few lines.

By way of introducing myself, I am of medium height, with dark brown hair and fair skin.

I enjoyed those girls' letters very much, who were plucky enough to help on the farm this year. I have often helped to do the same work. I am very fond of horses, especially wild ones. I love riding horseback, but of late I have not had a chance, as I have been in town. I often long to be back on the farm. I am learning to skate this winter, but do not like it quite as well as a good Old Country square dance. I also like a nice quiet game of cards in long winter evenings. I am very fond of music and play a little myself.

Well as this is my first attempt I will not waste any valuable space. If any lonely girls or boys care to write I will answer all letters promptly. I would also like to exchange cards.

Pain in Shoulders PAIN IN HEAD LIVER BOTHERED HER.

Miss A. Windsor, Peterboro, Ont., writes:—"I have been sick for about four years with pains in my head and pains in my shoulders which I always thought were caused by working outside in the sun on the farm.

People told me that it was my liver bothering me, so I bought three vials of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, and found that they were doing me good. I continued taking them until now I am well and strong. I am very thankful to you for my recovery."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are a specific for all troubles arising from a morbid state of the liver, so keep it active by the use of these easy-acting, non-irritating little pills.

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In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bed-ridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 335D Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

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Advertisement on Page 42

Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success.
My address is with the Editor.
I will sign myself

"Rosie."

Is It Right?

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to your interesting paper. I do not take it myself, but my friend does. She is also writing to you.

I think the letters are very interesting. I want to subscribe for the paper soon myself.

I am very much interested in the war on account of having so many friends and relatives in it. There is many a time I walk a mile or so to get the paper off the train when I know that there are a bunch of returned soldiers coming to Winnipeg to see who they are.

I have gone to every dance around here this winter, so am fairly good at dancing. Do any of the readers think there is any harm in having dances to raise money for patriotic purposes? Some people around here think there is. I would like the readers' opinion through the correspondence page.

I live on a farm not very far from town, but spent most of last summer in town.

The girls here have a baseball team and we play against other teams.

How many of the readers enjoy riding horseback? I like it fine. I very seldom use a saddle either.

Hoping to see this letter in print. I will sign myself

"Miss Farmer."

Keeping The Home Fires Burning

Dear Editor:—In looking over The Western Home Monthly for February I notice the correspondence page is almost a thing of the past. I believe the war is responsible, as every one is too busy to write. One thing this war is teaching us, that the Canadian men and women are noble and brave. The men are gone to fight for liberty and righteousness, the women are bravely keeping the home fires burning, and in every spare moment are knitting. Formerly on the streets of any city you would meet women with a dog under their arm, or led by a string. But now it is the knitting bag. But there are still occasionally to be seen the silly fashion crazy ones. But where you see one woman mincing along on high heels and pointed toes, with bare neck and chest in the middle of winter, you see at least five sensibly clothed walking with a sure tread and an earnest look in the face, as though life meant something more than following the latest fashion these days. What do the correspondents think of feeding useless dogs when there are so many starving children in the world to-day? If this escapes the scrap basket may write again.

"Isabel."

Wants More Correspondence

Dear Editor and Readers:—For several months I have taken great interest in the correspondence column of The Western Home Monthly, but have always been too bashful to write.

I think the correspondence column great, but was so very disappointed when I found only three letters in the February number. I do hope it isn't going to be left out for good. Come along all you old-timers, "Kentish Hop," "Mere Bachelor," "Kentish Hog," "Lonely Bachelor," "Freda," and "Pocahontas," and many others, where have you gone to; surely not forgotten the dear old Western Home Monthly!

I am keeping house for my brother on a farm, and like it very well, but being used to town I get lonesome at times and try to forget my lonesomeness by reading or writing. I am very fond of all kinds of good literature and think it is a very great help to pass one's lonely hours. I am very fond of writing letters, but I have not had enough correspondents. Won't some of you boys and girls cheer me up by writing to me? I promise to answer all letters I receive.

I like all kinds of sport, horseback riding, dancing, skating, motoring, playing cards, etc.

Isn't this war a dreadful thing? I want to train as a nurse as soon as I am old enough. I think there would be nothing better for me than to go as a nurse and do my little bit towards relieving the poor suffering soldiers.

Looking forward to hearing from some of your readers, and wishing The Western Home Monthly all success.

I do hope this letter will escape the W.P.B. My address is with the Editor.

"Bashful Wild Rose."

Overalls are "Jake"

Dear Editors and Readers:—I have just been reading the correspondence page in The Western Home Monthly, and thought I would try my luck at entering your merry circle.

I agree with "Tomboy Ted" about wearing overalls. As I have often worn

them, too, and, believe me, they are "jake."

I was helping to stook a little last fall, and hauled grain to the elevator at threshing; but did not use the overalls then; the skirts had to do.

I live on a farm a little way from a village, and don't get lonesome very often, as I have enough to do to keep busy.

I will close, wishing the club continued success.

"Raindrop."

It is only within the memory of living man that legislation has undertaken to protect domestic animals from the cruelty of their owners. Ownership was held to be absolute by most, but there was one man in England a hundred years ago who could demonstrate the untenable nature of this theory. This man was Thomas Erskine, one of the greatest lawyers and advocates of his age. A tradition sur-

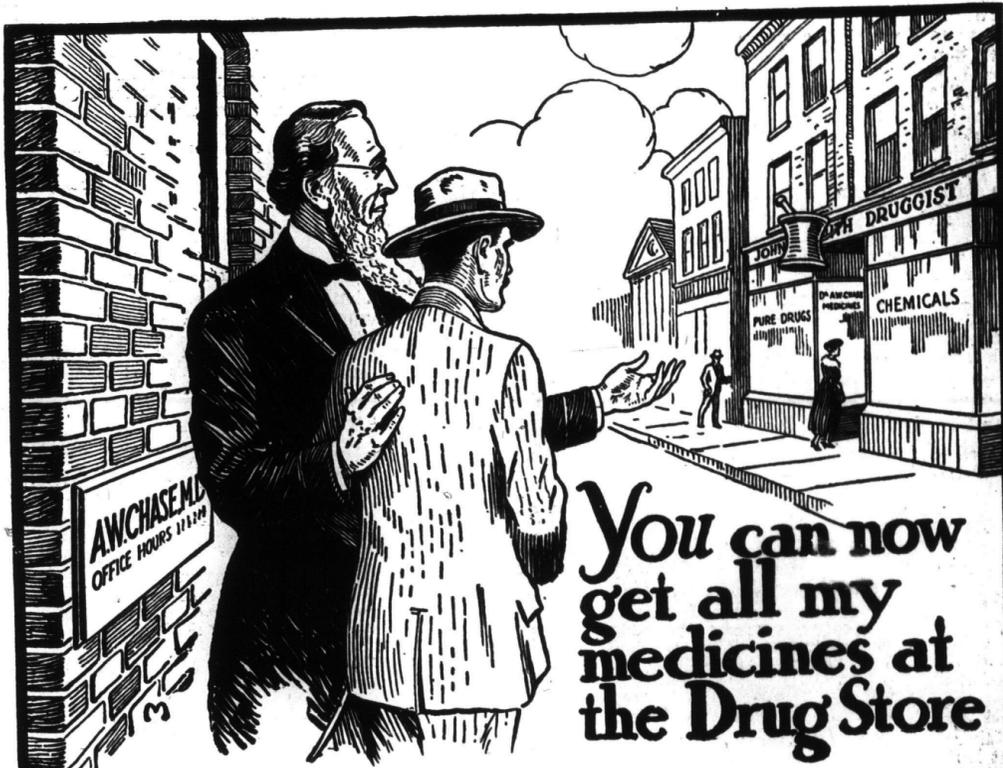
vives at Hampstead, the residence of Lord Erskine, which Mr. Charles G. Harper has put into his book, "Rural Nooks Round London," and which shows how this legal authority would have administered more recent laws.

It is related that the celebrated Lord Erskine, walking one day on Hampstead Heath, saw a ruffianly driver shamefully thrashing a miserably ill-cared-for horse.

My lord remonstrated with the driver on the cruelty of it; whereupon the fellow retorted, "It's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" and started whacking the wretched animal worse than ever.

Erskine, greatly annoyed, laid his walking-stick over the shoulders of the offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked my lord—this is the drawing-room version, not a verbatim report, which would read rather differently—what business he had to touch him with the stick.

"Why," said Erskine, "the stick's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"



You can now get all my medicines at the Drug Store

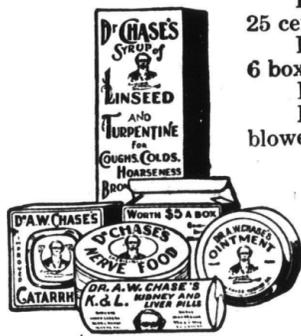
AFTER the publication of his Receipt Book Dr. Chase found himself overwhelmed with the demand for his services and his medicines. Not only did patients come from many miles to throng his office, but the mails were filled with letters ordering medicines.

Rather than disappoint his patients and admirers, and always anxious to relieve suffering, the doctor decided to give to the people the great prescriptions which had been so thoroughly tested and so remarkably suc-

cessful in his private practice.

And so it came that Dr. Chase's Medicines were placed on public sale at nominal prices. To-day you can scarcely find a drug store that is not stocked with a full line of these medicines, and that home is the exception where there is not one or more of them in use.

Like most articles of exceptional merit and large sales Dr. Chase's Medicines are widely imitated, and substitutes are frequently offered in their place. On this account it is very important that you should see the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on the box you buy. They are printed on every box for your protection, and imitators do not dare to use them.



- Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, 5 boxes for \$1.00.
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 - Dr. A. W. Chase's Liver Cure, \$1.00.
 - Dr. A. W. Chase's Backache Plaster, 25 cents each, 5 for \$1.00.
- All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

What the World is Saying

The Preciousness of Wool

Wool is so high, these days, even the black sheep is assured a warm welcome home.—Dundee Advertiser.

A Safe Prediction

After the war Germany will need the good-will of other nations in her business, but she will not recover it in this generation.—London Truth.

Where Hun "Efficiency" Works Best

It is generally noticed that German efficiency works best against the notoriously inefficient, like the frightened Bolsheviks, for instance.—Paris Gazette de France.

Revised Version

The British force commanded by General Allenby on the road to Jericho fell among thieves—and the thieves got the surprise of their lives.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

A Whale Meat Jest

This whale meat diet has its good points. There is plenty of cold-storage up north for the whales while awaiting their turn to be eaten.—Toronto Star.

The Crown Prince and Canada

The German Crown Prince says he would like to visit Canada after the close of the war. He has managed to keep at a safe distance from the Canadians participating in the war.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Will Not Be a Crowded Route

It is not probable that Lieutenant and Mrs. Perry, who took their honeymoon trip in an aeroplane, have set a fashion that will be widely copied for some time.—Philadelphia Ledger.

One of the Results of Bolshevism

As one result of Bolshevik devotion to "the self-determination of nations," Turkish marauders are again massacring Armenians in regions where the Russian arms for a time meant mercy and safety.—Toronto Globe.

He Will See It Yet

With nauseating reiteration and unctuous hypocrisy the Kaiser continues to proclaim that he "sees the hand of God" in each new success achieved by German treachery and corruption. What he shuts his eyes to is the handwriting on the wall.—Rome Giornale d'Italia.

No German Silver Peace

The Kaiser deliberately misstates the fact when he says that his enemies do not want peace. They do want it, and intend to have it, but not a German silver peace.—Providence Journal.

A Wrecked Steam Roller

Let us see—wasn't it along about this time three years ago that we were all hopefully saying: "Wait until the great Russian steam roller really gets going."—Glasgow Herald.

"Out of the Frying-pan—"

Courland's exchange of Bolshevism for Prussianism is like the cheerful old gentleman who ceased to be troubled by his rheumatism as soon as he became paralyzed.—Ottawa Citizen.

Unsuccessful Concealment

The Kaiser's olive branch, with lemons growing upon it, is the horticultural wonder of the age, but as German camouflage it is a flat failure. The foliage fails to conceal the fruit.—Calgary Herald.

A Necessary Preliminary

The German Colonial Secretary says, by way of comment on a speech by General Smuts, that "Germany will militarize the colored races." General Smuts is in a position to tell the German Minister that he must "catch the hare before he cooks it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Quite So

The Berlin Tages Zeitung thinks Germany is in a position to destroy the whole of London. Nothing but human kindness, apparently, has kept the Germans from doing it long ago—the same sort of human kindness that was so much in evidence at Louvain.—Paris Liberte.

He Will Not Escape Retribution

Well, the Kaiser has lived into the forty-third month of the war. Thus another group of long-haired prophets fade away into a hole in the horizon, and draw the hole in after them. But, for all that, the Kaiser will get what is due him for his crimes.—Halifax Herald.

The Hun Theory and Practice

A German's idea of fraternizing is that you fraternize while he stabs you.—Paris Figaro.

Wolves Out-wolved by the Huns

Italian shepherds are fighting wolves which have come down into the Roman Campagna and killed sheep. If the wolf tribe realized how antiquated its methods of destruction have become it would sink back to the wilds in shame.—Saskatoon Star.

Germany and Mexico

"Nowhere," says a German industrial organ speaking of friendship and commerce with Mexico after the war, "do the two countries compete." They compete in the region of ideas, if nowhere else, Mexico maintaining that a small nation has rights and Germany that it hasn't.—Monetary Times.

Airplanes vs. Forest Fires

It is prophesied that in the near future we shall be able to put out our forest fires with gas dropped in bombs from airplanes. Before the war such a suggestion might have seemed absurd, but the war has taught us that almost anything is possible with the airman.—Montreal Gazette.

We Should All Eat More Fish

It seems almost a crime that possessing as it does the richest fisheries in the world, Canada eats less fish in proportion to its population than any other nation. Every family that consumes more fish will be assisting in the defeat of the Central Powers.—Victoria Colonist.

Influencers of the Kaiser

Emperor William says from childhood he has been influenced by five men—Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Theodor II, Frederick the Great and Napoleon. Self-appraisements are always defective. The indications are that he was influenced by Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, Ananias and Judas Iscariot.—Lethbridge Herald.

Germany's Bill Against Uncle Sam

All that Germany asks of Russia in the way of a cash indemnity is \$4,000,000,000 in gold. Taking into account the greater wealth of the United States, it must be evident even to a schoolboy that if the Prussian freebooters can conquer the United States they will want about \$100,000,000,000 from us as a peace offering.—New York World.

The Hun Reptile Work

It has taken the world, even the world of Germany's enemies, a long time to understand that the war back of the battle line is just as much a part of Germany's general military scheme as the war in the trenches, but the lesson is finally beginning to soak in. Indefatigable, alert, unceasing combat of the direct and indirect propaganda is necessary in America.—Minneapolis Journal.

Oily, Lying Chancellors

Von Hertling is even an oilier hypocrite than von Bethmann-Hollweg. He is tearful over the blood being shed because poor, innocent Germany is defending herself against her ravenous foes, and he preaches of justice and humanity. Like Belial, his tongue drops manna, but "all is false and hollow."—Aberdeen Free Press.

No Canadian Complaints

Australia's girls complain that their soldiers are too fond of marrying Old Country lassies, says the correspondent of The London Daily Mail in Australia. The continued silence of Canada's girls on this vital point might be hard for us to explain without appearing boastful, so we simply refuse to commit ourselves.—Hamilton Herald.

German War "Tobacco"

German "tobacco" must be a fearful and wonderful thing these war times. It is said to be a compound of dried hops, fennel leaves, mint, verbena, wild oats, heather and bulrushes, and colored with extracts of elderberries, fruit skins and Pernambuco wood. If the Germans are smoking that mixture, a great many of their bad dreams may be explained, perhaps.—Belfast Whig.

It Would Be So Like the Hun

Russia, says Bonar Law, can't feed Germany, as there is only enough food in the country for the Russians. But, if there is only enough for the Russians, there is only enough for the Germans. Can you get a picture of a Russian and a German facing each other across a square meal and the German telling the Russian to go ahead and eat it, please, because it really belongs to the Russian?—New York Sun.

A Primary Duty in this Country

Our problem is to feed our allies by sending them as much food as we can of the most concentrated nutritive value, in the least shipping space. These foods are wheat, beef, pork, dairy products and sugar. Our solution is to eat less of these and more of other foods of which we have in abundance—and to waste less of all foods.—Conservation.

"Strip Even Barer for the Fight"

"We must strip even barer for the fight." That is the essence of the Prime Minister's warning and appeal. The honour, the very existence, of Democracy; all the ideals for which we entered the struggle; all the hopes of that "new world" which can only be entered through the gate of victory—are at stake. Their fate hangs on what we as a nation and as individuals do in the next few months.—London Daily Mail.

Also Assyria Fell

In the Political Science Review, Professor Olmstead of Illinois draws the parallel between Kaiserism and the "Assyrian Government of Dependancies." Assyria ruled subject races; used Frightfulness as a policy; assessed war indemnities and annual tribute on the conquered; took hostages; turned cities "into mounds and ruin heaps"; deported men and women for forced labor; planned World Power or Downfall. Also Assyria fell.—Chicago Tribune.

King and Kaiser

In Britain the King speaks in the language of contemporary democracy. In Germany the Emperor uses words which overthrew a dynasty in England three centuries ago. Yet modern Germans swallow royal assumptions which Englishmen had acquired the habit of challenging long before the French revolution. Thus at every turn of the road the underlying conflict of ideas is revealed. In every truth the world cannot continue half slave and half free.—Duluth Herald.

Sacrifice and Service

When Canada's troops at the front are next meeting an enemy rush, many more Canadians at home will be glad to realize that they have endured more or less inconvenience in order to make the line stronger. It is during uncertain or anxious times that the value of war service can best be measured, since at such times the contrast between a little bother and a great sacrifice stands out.—Brantford Expositor.

An Inspiring Declaration

The supreme duty of this nation to-day is to fight. Everything which magnifies and increases the fighting spirit and fighting power of our country should be stimulated to the utmost extent of our ability. Everything which minimizes or weakens this fighting ability, mentally or physically, should be crushed by individual and governmental activity. Our task is to fight and fight with all the latent power of the nation developed to the last ounce of its fighting strength. Into this fight, we must throw our whole soul, we must give to this supreme issue of civilization every ounce of mental and physical potentiality.—Kansas City Star.

A Place in the Shadow

If it is true, as reported, from London, that men in the British textile trade have captured the secret recipes of German dyemakers, the props have been knocked from under an important branch of German industry which held the rest of the world largely at its mercy. With nobody buying Krupp munitions or German dyes it would take generations to restore the German people to that excellent "place in the sun" they had before they permitted themselves to be plunged into a war for world conquest—even if they had not brought down upon themselves and their children and their children's children a heritage of hate.—New York Herald.

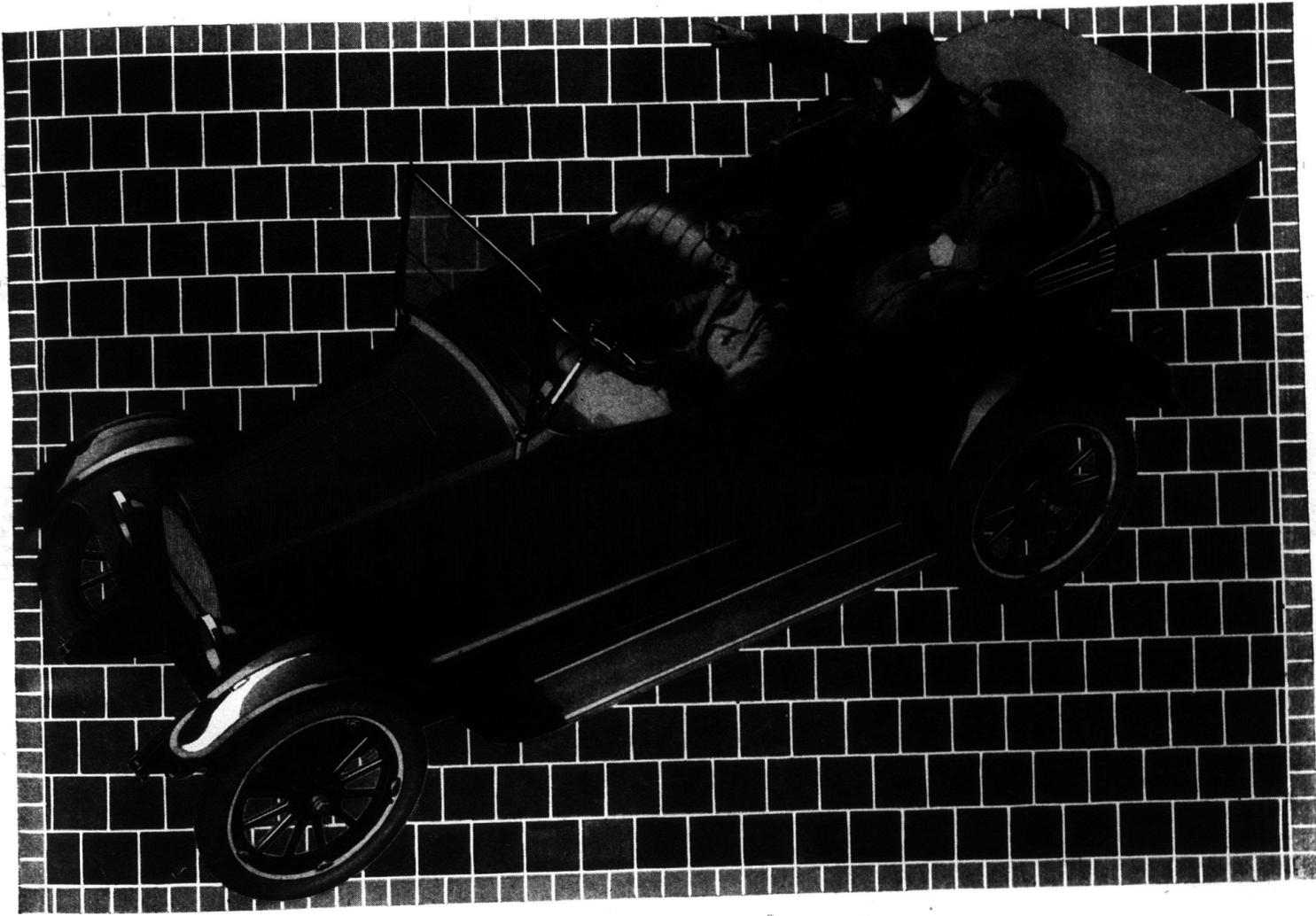
"The Allies All in the Same Boat"

The Allied armies cannot fight without food. They cannot be kept supplied if the population behind the lines is starved. Without the Allied armies, the United States army in France would be merely a gift to the Kaiser. So long as the United States has more than enough food to maintain its people, its first duty is to supply its Allies. Not one of them is able to maintain itself without our help. If there are ships available to carry food, the United States Government should ship food to Italy, France and England. The transport of troops can be suspended for a time until food has been forwarded. The American troops already in France have a large surplus of supplies. The Allies are all in the same boat, a long way from the shore and on limited rations. They will run the risk of death if they do not pull together, help each other, and share their food together.—Washington Post.

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