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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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MAY, 1916

WINNIPEG, CANADA



Tea Table Talks No. 2

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The proof of good tea is in the drinking. The great and increasing army of people who regularly drink

BLUE RIBBON TEA

choose it with their eyes open. They know its excellence—its uniformity—its economy. And they know its purity. Common sense tells them that the new double-wrapper makes deterioration impossible. Scores of thousands have proved "BLUE RIBBON" "by the drinking." Do the same yourself. Get your money back if you don't agree with them.

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We offer you this High Grade Surface Oak Suite with the positive assurance that in no retail store or other catalog house can be found a dining-room suite of similar style and quality for less than \$55 or \$60. This suite is carefully built of northern hardwood and combines appearance, general utility and durability at low cost. Made in two finishes; golden or fumed, quartered surface oak.

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THE BUFFET is a recent creation of medium size, suitable to the requirements of many homes. Top of base is 46 inches long by 20 inches deep, surmounted with pediment containing French plate mirror 32x10 inches, two cutlery drawers, one long linen drawer and large cupboard fitted with two art glass panelled doors.

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CHINA CABINET correctly matches buffet. It stands 60 inches high, is 28 inches wide and 17 inches deep. Fitted with double strength glass door and ends; three shelves will accommodate the dishes.

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BODY AND OVEN made of extra heavy steel, asbestos lined and reinforced with metal covering.

WARMING CLOSET—just the right height, has a balanced door.

COOKING TOP has 6 solid 9-in. lids; size of top, 42x26 inches.

OVEN is a perfect baker. Does its work quickly and evenly with little fuel.

Size of Oven, 19x18x13 inches.

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THE COPPER RESERVOIR is encased, which ensures durability and good heating. Holds seven gallons. Shipping weight, 400 lbs.

500 Regular \$7.75 Baking Cabinets going at \$4.95 Each

500 is not many cabinets, and retail merchants will take advantage of the offering, because they know that it costs more than the price we ask to make them. Send your order now before they are all sold.

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Exposition, San Francisco,
1915

Grand Prize, Panama-California
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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVII. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada. No. 5.

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

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

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

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


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

A Chat with Our Readers

The readers of the Western Home Monthly trust us and we endeavor in every way possible to justify that trust. As our magazine represents the Western Home we feel that our opportunities for growth are limitless. Every year the Western home has new needs and new demands. Of all homes these are blest with the utmost—there are vast mines of wealth locked up in the bosoms of the hills and the soils of the Western farms. Courage and effort and imagination and energy never knew such opportunities as are now possible for our readers. We say "our readers" for they represent the progressive minds of the West.

We are determined to meet the needs and desires of our readers and therefore spare no time, labor or money to supply these needs and wants. We influence by aiding. Letters of appreciation and encouragement come from men and women, boys and girls in all walks of life. To have made an impression on the thinking minds of the West, to have influenced the lives of thousands, so that they see with clearer vision, feel more keenly the great purposes of life, the joy of living, the spirit of sympathetic love, and the sacredness and pleasure of work—this is accomplishment worth while—and from the letters that come to us we feel grateful that our magazine has created this atmosphere in the homes of our readers. We invest our hours and our powers for the benefit of these homes.

Our magazine is growing in influence and material value every month; it is growing because we have faith in our readers and they have faith in us. Soldiers of Hope are we and the commandment that guides the pen of every contributor is—"Thou shalt be cheerful." From our mental view point the world has much sunlight. Ours is a well balanced magazine. It weighs the desire of every member of the home and leaves out not one. As soon as the magazine comes into the home every member reaches out for his or her particular page, and the disappointment comes to the one who has to wait his turn to read it.



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**LIFEBUOY
HEALTHY.
SOAP**

Different fields of activity are intelligently handled by our different departments. A judicious review of the outside world dignifies the atmosphere of the entire magazine; the acute problem of the family income is helpfully discussed by one who knows. The Woman's Quiet Hour is full of instruction and suggestion on all important work that women are doing and must do; there are departments for the young and the old on topics that are educational and practical and then there are the stories—stories interesting, fascinating—clean and wholesome—such as make every home better and happier. If you would keep your boys and girls at home—subscribe for The Western Home Monthly.

April 10th, 1916.

Dear Sirs:—As a subscriber of several years' standing I have taken this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the excellence of your magazine. It is no exaggeration to say that we look forward to its arrival every month, and although we subscribe to several other papers both my wife and myself agree that none of them equal The Western Home Monthly. When we have finished reading our copy we mail it to relatives in Ontario, and, judging by the letters which we receive from the East the magazine seems as popular down there as it is with us here. Enclosed herewith find renewal for this year as I believe my subscription expires next month. Wishing you all success, J. C. Watts, Portage la Prairie, Man.




A Scene on the Shores of the Gulf of Georgia, B.C.

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and Almanac for 1916 has 200 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 968, Freeport, Me.

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Fresh air baking in the New Perfection oven makes richly browned loaves of bread—baked through to the centre—makes delicious biscuits—makes perfect cake.

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Editorial

National Economy

IN August, 1914, a vote of credit amounting to fifty million dollars was passed for war purposes. In February, 1915, authority was given to appropriate one hundred million, and now two hundred and fifty million more is authorized. The interest on the vast loans will be an immense burden to a young country, though the burden is not keenly felt at the present time. It is not felt because the volume of business being done by Canada is so enormous. The orders of the British government alone for ammunition was over three hundred million for 1915, and the expenditure for equipment of our own troops will be quite as much. Greater demands than these are likely to be made upon our industries, so that there will be work in plenty while the war lasts.

After the War

But what after the war? Though our fields, forests and mines will continue to offset our indebtedness, the income from these will not meet our increased obligations. It will take every effort we can put forth to pull through the period of reconstruction, even though we shall probably be in a better position than any other of the combatants in the world struggle. To meet the situation two things are necessary. The first is economy at home, and the second is trade expansion at the expense of the enemy. Economy at home is possible in the life of individuals and in state undertakings. It is good for all to live the simple life, and it is equally good for governments to practise economy. And as for trade expansion, it is quite possible, if we decide to pay the price. We must make provision for training workers and for carrying our wares to foreign markets. Trade schools and a mercantile marine—these are essential to national progress. Anything spent on them will be returned a hundred fold.

Trade Schools

The need of trained workers is felt in all industrial concerns. We are dependent upon the older lands for foremen and for most of our high class operatives. A beginning has been made in most of the provinces by the opening of Agricultural Colleges, but as yet no adequate provision is made for training young men and young women to enter the great manufacturing industries. To-morrow call for leaders, and it will be calamitous if these are not developed in our own land, the children of our own homes.

A Merchant Marine

The need of a merchant marine is well illustrated to-day by the condition of the wheat crop of 1915. At present there is in elevators, and at terminals one hundred million bushels of grain, while an inconceivable amount lies in the open all winter. This no doubt will suffer deterioration. The railroads could have done much more if there could have been boats to relieve the elevators. The packers of British Columbia salmon are having quite as great a difficulty as the farmers of the plains. It is impossible to obtain the tonnage required. It is necessary in this matter that we depend upon our own carriers rather than upon those of the mother land or other nations.

Canada's Trade

Figures are not very interesting but they are somewhat informing. Reduced to their simplest form they show Canada's financial and trade position with startling clearness. For ten months of 1915 the revenue was \$109,500,000 and for corresponding period in same periods were \$102,000,000 and \$127,000,000. Capital expenditures were \$68,000,000 and \$127,000,000. Imports in the two years are represented as \$603,000,000 and

\$503,000,000 while exports are represented as \$449,000,000 and \$837,000,000. In other words we are doing good business just now, but there will be a big bill to pay later on. Nobody will dream that Canada will not be quite equal to the situation. Nature has blessed us. It is for us to use willing hand and trained intelligence to use the blessings to the utmost.

The Beginning of the End

The greatest battle in the history of the world! The most reckless sacrifice of life! The finest illustration of studied resistance! All this we couple with the name Verdun, a name that will live in history with Waterloo and Thermopylae. It is the turning point of the war. Even should the Teuton bands break through they have but begun their forward march. It's a long, long way to Paris city, and the road is very rough. More likely is it, indeed, that the French guns will be shelling the Rhenish borders than that the Germans will be lining their forces along the Seine. War is terrible. It is cruel and murderous. But war the Hun would have and war he is going to get; until he is satiated. Asquith expressed the spirit of the British people in the Homeland and in the Overseas Dominions when he said:

THE NATIVE BORN

There's a thing we love to think of when the summer days are long,
When the summer winds are blowing, and the summer sun is strong;
When the orchards and the meadows fling their sweetness on the air,
And the grainfields flaunt their riches, and the glow is everywhere;
Something sings it all the day,
Canada, fair Canada!
And the pride thrills through and through us;
'Tis our birthplace—Canada!

There's a thing we love to think of when the frost and ice and snow hold a carnival together, and the biting north winds blow;
There's a thing we love to think of through the bitter winter hours,
For it stirs a warmth within us—'tis this fair young land of ours.
Ours with all her youth and promise, ours with all her strength and might,
Ours with all her wealth of waters, and her forests deep as night,
With her mines—her hidden treasures— with her sun-steeped hill and plain;
With her mountains and her meadows, and her fields of golden grain.
Other lands may far outshine her, boast more charms than she can claim,
But this young land is our own land, and we love her very name.
Canada, fair Canada!
Native-born are we, are we,
And the pride thrills through and through us;
'Tis our birthplace—Canada!

"We shall never sheathe the sword until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

Spring's Opportunity

Report has it that the acreage of 1916 will be much less than that of last year. It is to be expected that such will be the case. The shortage will be made up in other ways. The growing of grain from year to year on the same soil is impossible, even if there were men to do the seeding and harvesting. The movement towards mixed farming is very gratifying. If as is expected the crop area this year is only ninety or ninety-five per cent of that of last year, everybody will be satisfied. There is gain in other ways.

There is one thing which under the circumstances can be done without trouble and effort: An attempt can be made to beautify the homes and the farms. As a people we have failed in this regard, but it is not too

late to mend our ways. Consider, for example, what might be done in tree planting and conservation of forests.

Some years ago in a Canadian town a boy who was fond of trees bought a wild, rough, piece of ground in the suburbs. He bought it for a song since part of it was used as a dumping ground. At great effort he raked all the rubbish into a gulley, hauled manure and earth to cover it over, then plowed and cleaned the remainder and planted trees and a flower garden. For five summers he kept this up. And then! Well, a manufacturer who had come to town wanted a residence. The little plot owned by the boy was the most attractive and most picturesque in the neighborhood. A bargain was made and the property changed hands on terms that made it possible for the young fellow to lay by more than his regular salary for the five years. And this says nothing of the joy that he had while doing the work during his evening hours.

Down in Ontario there grew a giant maple tree. It was said to be the finest specimen in Eastern Canada. It was an education to look at it. How many years it had flourished there no one could say. Well, the property changed hands. A sordid soul came into possession. He saw not the tree and its beauty, but the little plot of land around it. And so the axe was laid to the root; what is the result? The country side has lost its charm and its best preacher. The farm itself has depreciated in value in every way because it has ceased to have an individuality.

There is not a farm that could not be improved by tree culture and by the culture of flowers and shrubs. A garden does not take much time. There is no burden of expense. It is a perpetual joy, a resting-place in the evenings, a resort on Sunday afternoons. It will contribute to the table decoration. It will convert a hovel into a home. It will educate the children to whose care it might be committed.

Western Canada should be known throughout the world, not only as the great grain-producing district, but as the land of beautiful homes, and of attractive farms. If for no other reason than the selfish one of gain, a man should add to the beauty of his farm. A purchasing agent will not only admire beauty, but pay for it in dollars—yes, pay twice over. Of course, this is not the main reason for emphasizing tree-planting and gardening. In order that men, women and children may liberate their own souls, realize their highest opportunities, enjoy life to the full, they must surround themselves with the beautiful, and what is even more important, must assist in creating beauty.

Social Survey

Surveys have been made of two large districts in Saskatchewan showing the nationality, church relationship and educational opportunities of the people. Colored charts attempt to set forth the information in a manner that will appeal to the eyes. Anyone who studies these charts will see how impossible it is for existing institutions to do all that is necessary to develop the people and bind them together in a friendly way. A new idea of church and a new type of school are called for. It is to be hoped that the researches of the new organization which is now attempting to make a comprehensive survey of the three provinces, will gather together such information as will enable people to take wise action in all matters that affect community life. We cannot remain satisfied until we have made provision for educating the minds and bodies of all who have settled here, and unless we are assured all are fast learning to become true Canadian citizens, with Canadian ideals and Canadian ambitions.

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for this
beautiful
picture in
colors



New Alonzo Kimball Painting! Send
for your copy—twice this size and ready
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below.

A skin you love to touch

Send today for this beautiful picture—it will be a constant reminder
that you, too, can have the charm of a radiant, velvety skin.

We want everyone who longs for the clearness, freshness and charm of "a skin you love to touch" to have a copy of this beautiful painting. Write to-day for yours. It will make a lovely picture, framed or unframed.

Keep it where you can see it every day—where the freshness, clearness and beauty of "a skin you love to touch" as portrayed here will constantly remind you that the wonderful charm of this radiant, velvety complexion can be yours, too. Like so many people, you may be neglecting the greatest opportunity you have to gain this charm.

Your skin is changing every day! As the old skin dies, new skin forms in its place. **This is your opportunity.** By using the proper treatment you can keep this new skin so active that it cannot help taking on the greater loveliness that you have longed for. So don't neglect this new skin! Begin at once the following Woodbury treatment with the soap prepared by a skin specialist to suit the nature of the skin.

The most famous skin treatment ever formulated

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

Every day this treatment frees your skin of the tiny, old dead particles. Then it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface, and stimulates the small muscular fibres. It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment persistently, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improve-

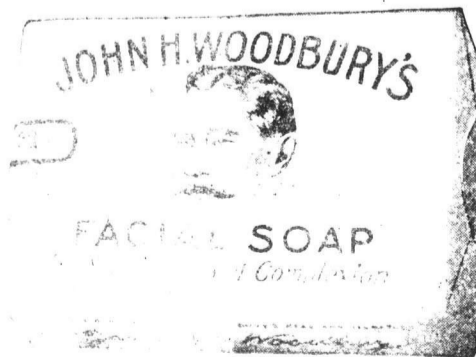
ment—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and charm which the daily use of Woodbury's will bring.

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

Send now for the beautiful picture above

This new painting of "A skin you love to touch," by Alonzo Kimball, has been reproduced in color, 15 x 12 inches, by a new and beautiful process. No advertising matter appears on it. Just send your name and address with ten cents in stamps or coin, and we will mail you the picture, together with a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of the treatment given here. Write to-day. Address:

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Tear out this
cake as a re-
minder to get
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today at your
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Some Adventures of Fritz

By Bonnycastle Dale.

WE were wandering down a peaceful river valley between the great ranges. Fritz had greatly admired the pleasant old farm buildings, the wooden ranch home with the outside chimney telling of warmth on chilly coast weather days.

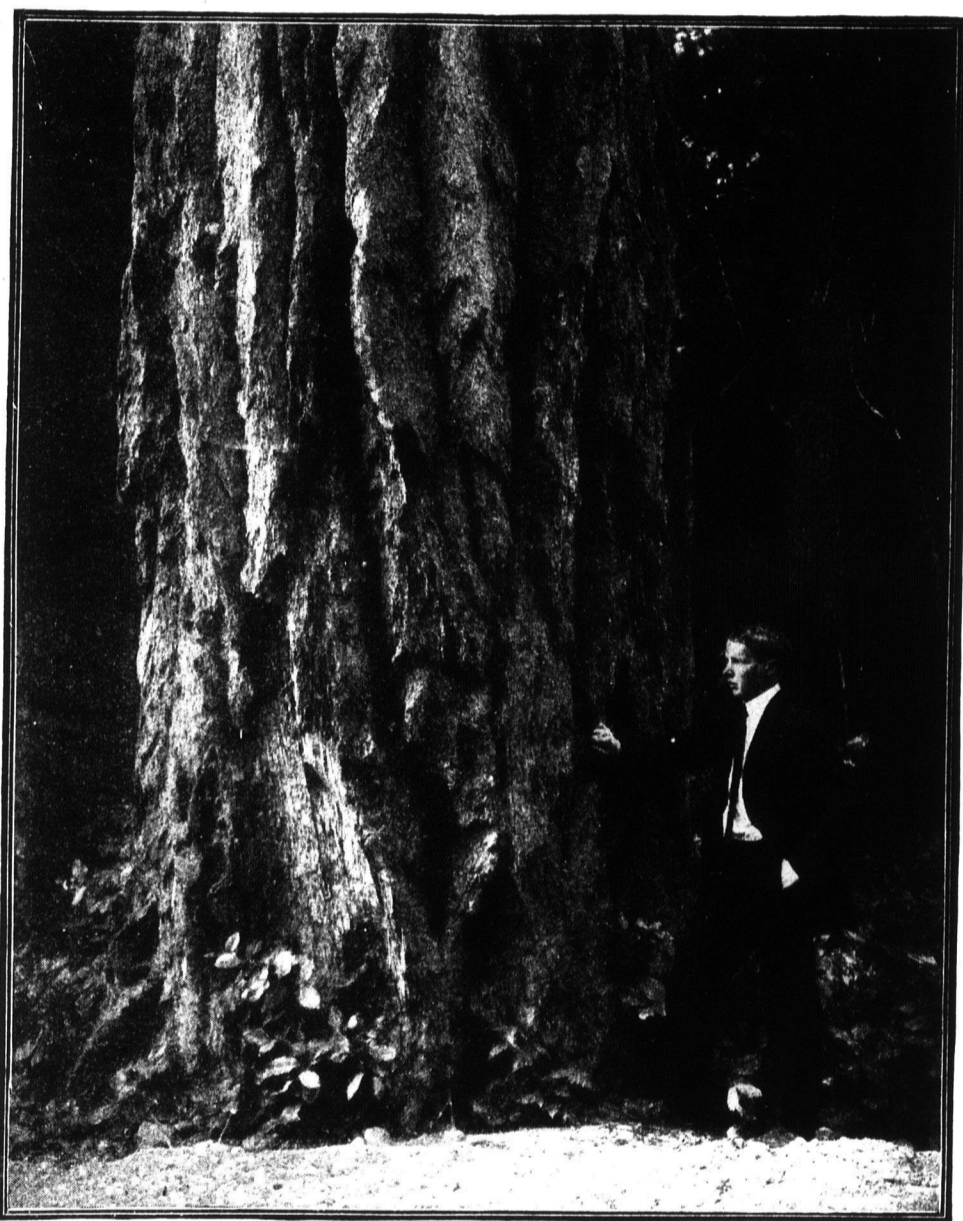
Within a few miles of the last pictures of happy home and well fed kine and clean fields, we came to a 100 acre location totally uncleared—look at the picture of the lad and the giant tree—the whole hundred acres was covered with Douglas Fir trees—many of them six to ten feet across the stump.

We camped for the night some five miles from the peaceful valley; our camp consisted mainly of the surrounding scenery, as we were travelling light. We made an open ended, A tent of the two strips of canvas which formed our duffle bags in the daytime.

Some three days later, ten miles further west along the coast, we came upon an adventure of which I have never written. At this time the man chiefly to blame might have been injured by the publication of the facts, but he is in another country now, and the truth should hurt no man.

some tales, this great lithe eight-foot beast, armed with long sharp claws and a mighty mouthful of great pointed teeth, does not live on plain man without salt. There is no record on this coast of one of them having willfully attacked man, nor has any man ever been killed by one of them as far as our research has gone; but he was an awful looking beast as he leaped snarling into the blackest of the bush.

For half a day we plodded until we found the owner of the slaughtered sheep (a lonely bachelor, dwelling in a little fern clad valley), who promptly offered us, upon the altar of friendship, his last solitary apple. That three times divided fruit cemented our friendship and off we set to gather in the pelts—if they were worth while?—but the yellow figure had sneaked again out of the dark bush and had finished his work of destruction, evidently seeking such dainty



Ten centuries ago this great B.C. fir was the age of the youth now standing beside it.

portions as heart and eye and brain. He had almost skinned and dismembered the lamb, and had utterly spoiled the skins of the two ewes. Two legs of mutton the owner salvaged and he waved farewell to us with one of them from a neighboring hilltop.

At this date in B. C. affairs there was much rivalry in sealing and fishing outfitting. Fritz and I have seen bottoms leave Seattle and Canadian cities, two which promptly pounded their north sides open once they struck the Pacific shores, and were mighty busy if they reached their homes on the shore.

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shook me swiftly, saying: "What is that?" We both sat up and peered into the misty dark where the slow, heavy "boom" of the surf struck "crash" upon the shingle. "Voices!" the lad whispered (and not very select words they were using either). "Bang" sounded a gun and a blue light soared aloft.

"A wreck!" shouted Fritz, "and some men coming in through the surf." A pedestrian trip does not encumber one with pajamas, etc., so we had leaped up almost fully clothed. We splashed through the shallow lagoon and ran up and down along the edge of the sea. Again we heard the voices, twice more the gun was fired and the lights sent off—then all was silence. All night long we prowled along those sands, cold, dispirited, fearful every surf would lay at our feet a dark something which had once been a human being.

you. Then Fritz, the ever helpful, was stripped to the waist even by now, binding those wobbling logs with parts of what had once been a shirt and suspenders. "I, too, swiftly shed all material that would help, but luckily I waved it over my head once (spare my blushes—let us just call it IT). I really think that that saved our lives, as a sealer on the spit saw the white flare and thinking it was an immense gull, called one of his men to bring him his glasses. In a minute a dory was pounded along inside the spit, and soon we saw it dart out of the tideway and, before the raft parted utterly, it was alongside, and we were safe.

One thing greatly puzzled us, each man had a bottle of whisky near him and they all offered us a drink. I had heard of a flask being sent out to drowning men, but five bottles never. I held my peace, refused all drinks kindly, and soon we were aboard the sealer. It looked more like a saloon, as every man, captain and all, were then half-seas-over, and bottles were everywhere. With unsteady legs and drunken laughter the poor chaps brought us new clothes and shirts from the storeroom, then they cooked us a good meal and time after time offered us drinks innumerable and took many themselves. I was amazed all this time to feel the sealer bump the bottom and, when she rolled to the light harbor swell, to see clean green water splash up along one of the storeroom lockers.

"She'll sink when the tide comes in again," said Fritz in a whisper. I was amazed and must have shown it as the mate twigged my meaning and said: "Guess we'll all scramble ashore and leave the old drygoods box. We ran ashore on a reef or island or something last night and though we had all gone to Davy Jones—we've pumped all night—guess we're just pumpin' it in?" and off he staggered. I winked at Fritz, this explained our wreck. We took a good look at the schooner, she was about a hundred footer, so old that everything wobbled or squeaked or tore loose, her outfit was a disgrace, her lines too weak for clothes lines, where she was not rotten wood she was painted and putty. I had seen her for years resting on the mud at low tide, or bobbing at anchor, a sun-blistered old derelict. Then came a revival of the sealing industry, she was patched and painted and puttied, some fair stores were installed, a crew hired for a sudden death trip and off she sailed and here she was, just twenty miles on her course.

We helped the crew pump her and run her in on the tide flats on the next "Long-run-in." The captain, sober now, asked me my advice, and I gave it to him frankly.

"Put an anchor watch on, and the rest of you foot it back to town and tell that wealthy owner you will sail the lobster trap back, if he comes as supercargo." I think I saved their lives, and the owner's too, as he refused to risk the trip, and a tug pulled the wreck back to harbor with much clanging of high power suction pumps.

If and Perhaps

If everyone were wise and sweet, And everyone were jolly; If every heart with gladness beat, And none were melancholy. If none should grumble or complain, And nobody should labour In evil work, but each were fair To love and help his neighbour— Oh, what a happy world 'twould be For you and me— for you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try That glorious time to hurry; If you and I— just you and I— Should laugh instead of worry; If we should grow just you and I— Kinder and sweeter-hearted— Perhaps in some near by and by— That good time might get started. Then what a happy world 'twould be For you and me— for you and me!

Teacher: Tommy, spell "wrong?" Tommy: Wrong. Teacher: That's wrong. Tommy: Well, that's the way you asked me to spell.

A Leap Year Proposal

By W. R. Gilbert

THE girl sprang from her hiding-place. The man—he had just flung himself moodily on to the stone seat—looked up with a start of surprise. "You!" he exclaimed. His tone was distinctly the reverse of pleasant. "You've been listening," he accused.

The girl flung back her head defiantly. "Well, I couldn't help it," she answered. She came slowly forward. She was not unattractive looking, despite her wisp of a pigtail and her unusual length of limb. She seated herself on the extreme edge of the seat, clasped her hands round her knees, and gazed meditatively before her. "I must say," she remarked, "you did it very badly."

"What?" inquired the man irritably.

"The proposal," she answered him.

He eyed her sternly.

"Do you know," he said, in a voice admirably controlled, "it's the meanest thing on earth to—eavesdrop."

"Is it?" Her mouth had a curve of amusement.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he wound up severely.

"Oh, I don't see why," she responded.

"To tell the truth"—she hesitated. He sat in disdainful silence. "I take rather an interest in you," she concluded with a blush.

He turned and looked at her. His lips quivered a little.

"I'm extremely obliged," she challenged him with her eyes. Vaguely he became aware that they were remarkably fine eyes. A trifle bold, perhaps; large, dark, and heavily lashed.

"You've need to be," she retorted.

"Some day I shall be a very influential person, indeed."

"Really?" His tone was polite, but it lacked interest.

He drew out his cigarette case.

"You see, some day," she explained delicately, "I shall be very rich."

"Oh, yes!"

Through the dusk his lighted match flashed like a tiny meteor as he flung it away.

The girl was surveying thoughtfully a rather startling amount of black stocking that was visible between a pair of shabby shoes and the hem of a much-washed white pique frock.

"I do grow," she said, almost apologetically. "Isn't it fearful?"

"I say," said the man. He began to think that, after all, he preferred his own society just now. "I say, don't you think you ought to be in bed?"

"Perhaps I ought," she acknowledged.

"Then, why—?"

She wriggled a little.

"Oh, I have something rather important to say before I go."

He sighed.

"Don't you find it rather damp?"

"Not at all. I say—"

He lifted a long-suffering countenance.

"Well?"

"Are you very much cut up about it?"

He drew his brows together haughtily.

"You mean—?"

"About her refusing you, you know. Somehow or other"—she paused in perplexity—"your tones didn't ring true. I said to myself, 'He doesn't love her. He only wants her money.'"

He had risen to his feet, scarlet with indignation.

She looked up at him innocently.

"What's the matter?"

"You're—you're the limit!" he gasped.

She grinned. No other word can adequately describe the sudden widening of her mouth and narrowing of her expression.

"That's what Miss Towner tells me," she said.

He gave a short laugh of reluctant amusement. He hesitated a moment and finally sat down beside her.

"Go on," he invited.

She nodded slowly.

"I'm going to."

She seemed, however, to experience some difficulty in "going on." She opened her mouth several times as though about to say something, and each time closed it with a snap.

"I thought," said the man presently, "that you had something to say."

"Yes, yes," she hesitated, "but—it's rather difficult to express myself. You will realize that when I tell you what it is."

"You know," he reminded her, "we can't sit here all night."

"An aspiring one," he said shortly.

"And you're poor?"

He moved restlessly and flicked off his cigarette ash with a nervous finger.

"Confoundedly!"

She chose her words deliberately.

"I've been thinking—"

"Yes?"

"Of course you ought to marry money."

She was voicing his own thoughts of the past few months. He decided that they did not sound exactly nice on anybody else's lips.

"Look here," he said with determination. "Let's drop the subject. What?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, no." He moved impatiently. "I come into twenty thousand pounds when I'm twenty-one," she informed him.

"Ah! But what the deuce—?"

She was profoundly interested in her artistic attempts on the gravel path.

"I was wondering how it would be if—if—you married me."

"I'm fourteen," she retorted. "You'd only have to wait three years."

"But I don't even know your name!"

He protested. "We've only seen each other a few times. Ours is merely an accidental acquaintance."

She stood looking down at him.

"Look here," she said in businesslike tones, "I know we don't know each other very well, but I live near here, and when I once found out who you were I determined to get to know you somehow. I like your book awfully. I took a sort of interest in you. To-night I knew you were going to propose to her. I've watched you together heaps of times. I don't blame you. I know you want money and influence more than anything else. But I was fearfully glad that she refused you. I—I don't think you would have been happy together."

"You don't?" he inquired.

"No, I don't. Well, it's money you want. Why not wait and marry me? Surely I will do as well as anyone else?"

He looked up at her gravely.

"Suppose—suppose you are less philanthropically inclined when you grow up?"

"It shan't be," she announced decidedly.

"Well?" asked the girl.

She waited expectantly.

He rose to his feet and stood looking down at her sternly.

"My dear child," he said with severity.

"You've been reading books that are too old for you."

She eyed him gravely.

"Well?"

"I think," said he, "that you had better go home to bed."

"Does that mean—?" She gasped a little. "It's a refusal?" she cried.

He held out both hands, and there was a genuine ring in his voice when he spoke.

"Child, even if I loved you, I couldn't take advantage of what you say now."

"You mean I am too young."

"Yes."

Her voice was very soft as she answered.

"Some day," she said; "some day I will make you ask me yourself. You will be sorry then that you refused me."

He stifled a yawn with the fingers of a thin, nervous hand.

"Shall I?"

She moved a little nearer to him. He saw her great eyes shining through the darkness like stars.

"When you ask me to marry you I shall refuse," she said between her teeth. "I—I swear it!"

She clenched her hands.

"Little girls shouldn't swear," he said gravely. "It's wicked."

She had turned away from him.

"Au revoir," she said, and he watched her white pique vanish into the darkness.

"Queer little kid," he murmured, and lit another cigarette.

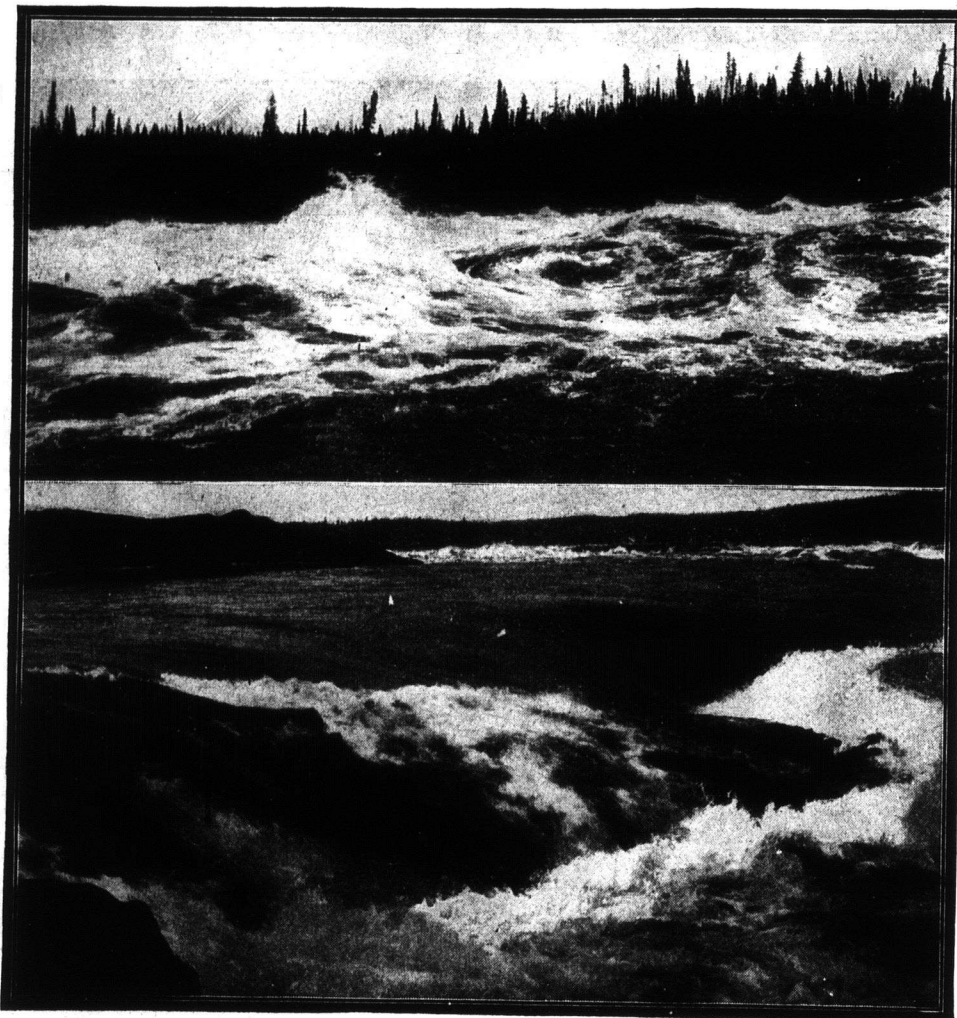
* * * * *

It was four years afterwards that the man wrote his book "The Crux," and found himself suddenly famous and ranked among the greatest contemporary writers. He was promptly "lionised," and it was at a select little dinner party given by Lady Exhampton that he met the girl.

She was introduced to him as Miss Delaney. He found himself making conversation with a pretty, fashionably dressed young lady who possessed the most enormous gypsy eyes he had ever seen, and a provoking red mouth.

She sent him swift glances under her long lashes when he was not looking. He had not altered much during the last few years. He looked a little older, and his hair was silvered at the temples.

"I say," he exclaimed suddenly, "you remind me of somebody, you know."



Kettle Rapids, Nelson River, Manitoba

Above are two views of the Kettle Rapids on the Nelson river, about halfway between Manitou and Port Nelson. At this point the river is not only turbulent but very rapid running, presenting a very attractive view to the lover of this kind of scenery. The upper picture shows the "boiling" condition of the stream and the lower one the rush of water over the rapids proper. The steel bridge of the Hudson's Bay railway will be right over the rapids, giving fine view.

"That's real, rightdown common-sense," she remarked encouragingly. "They might wonder where we had got to."

"They very likely would," he agreed.

"They might think we'd eloped," she ventured, stealing a side long glance at him.

He could not restrain a laugh.

"Extremely likely."

Her cheeks were redder than their wont. She drew a pattern on the gravel with the tip of a square-toed shoe. At last she said with a gulp:

"You're an author, aren't you?"

He glanced at her quickly. Her head was bent, her eyes cast modestly on the ground.

"I shall refuse."

"Great Scott!"

His breath forsook him.

She looked up.

"Well, what do you say?"

"Is this—is this a proposal?" he asked, in an ominously tremulous voice.

"It's leap year," she reminded him.

He was silent for a long time. Presently:

"This is very sudden," he murmured in a choked voice.

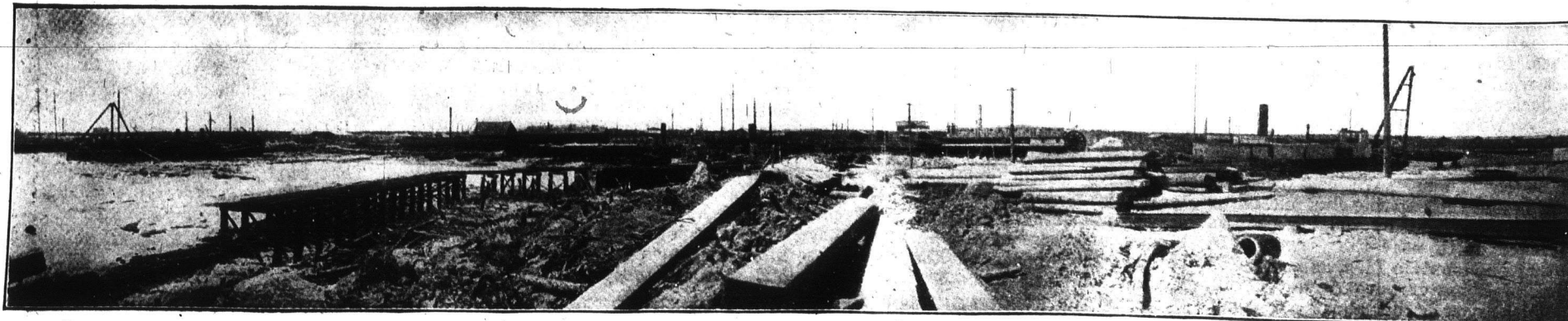
She sprang up from the seat, her dark eyes blazing.

"You're making fun of me!" she cried.

"But I'm in earnest."

He raised an expostulating hand.

"My dear child, you're too young."



Hudson Bay Railway Terminus at Port Nelson

View from end of the Breakwater, showing the "foundation" work for the terminal of the government road at the Port

She bent her eyes on the ground. He was able to observe how her eyelashes swept her cheek when she looked down. "Of whom?" she asked. "I don't know," he answered, frankly puzzled. "But—" He eyed her in perplexity. It was at the dinner-table that the scales fell from his eyes. He gave a sudden gasp of recognition. "You!" he exclaimed. She glanced at him sideways. There was a gleam of amusement in her eyes. "Why not?" she asked. "You have altered!" he exclaimed with emphasis. "Is that a compliment?" she inquired, fingering her glass with a bejewelled hand. The man did not answer. He was still looking at her wonderingly. "To think that four years could have made such a difference!" "I'm out now," she answered brightly. Then, catching his eyes, she added: "Yes, it's funny, isn't it, what a difference one's hair makes?"

He eyed her elaborately-wrought coiffure and thought of the pig-tail. He noticed the delicate sheen of her shell-pink satin dress, and contrasted it with the white pique. He caught her eyes and recollected the proposal. He blushed a deep beetroot hue. "So you've not forgotten?" asked the girl. The man thought the question bad taste. To tell the truth he was angry with himself for blushing. He also remembered the girl's last words to him: "Some day you will ask me to marry you," and somehow or other they seemed to him now ominously prophetic. "Forgotten?" he said coldly, "what?" Her eyes mocked him. "What a bad memory," she said. She knew that he remembered, and he knew that she knew.

That was the maddening part of it all. Besides, why had he blushed? By jove, he was a fool, and so that the girl's prophecy might not come true, he had better keep out of her way as much as possible. Fate or fashion frustrated his laudable intentions, however. He met her three times that week. The girl had only just "come out." She was fresh on the matrimonial market, and besides being decidedly pretty, she was an heiress. The name of her admirers was legion. It annoyed the man to see her always surrounded by a little circle of admirers. At the Viscountess Rudham's ball—he had gone there with the steadfast determination of leaving the girl severely alone—he stood for half an hour leaning moodily against the wall, watching her laugh and flirt and dance. At last, in spite of his resolution, he had forced his way to her.

GOOD WORK

Proper Food Makes Marvelous Changes

Providence is sometimes credited with directing the footsteps by so simple a way as the reading of a food advertisement. A lady writes: "I was compelled to retire from my school teaching because I was broken down with nervous prostration. I suffered agony in my back and was in a dreadfully nervous condition, irritable, with a dull, heavy headache continually, had no appetite and could scarcely digest anything. I was unable to remember what I read and was, of course, unfit for my work. "One day, as if by Providence, I read the testimonial of a lady whose symptoms were much the same as mine, and she told of how Grape-Nuts food had helped her, so I concluded to try it. I began with Grape-Nuts, a little fruit, and a cup of Postum. I steadily improved in both body and mind. Grape-Nuts has done more for me than all the medicine I have ever taken. I am now well again and able to do anything necessary in my work. "My mind is clearer and my body stronger than ever before." "There's a Reason." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

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

"You?" She greeted him with uplifted eyebrows. "I've kept you a dance," she added, a few minutes later. "Thanks," he said briefly. "But I don't dance." They "sat it out." The girl pressed her face against the cool leaf of a palm. "Isn't it delicious here?" she asked. "Is it?" He stood looking down at her quizzically. "I say," he began suddenly. She opened and shut her fan carelessly. "Well?" "I should never have thought you'd have grown up a flirt." "Never have thought?" she repeated. "Did you ever think of me at all, then?" "Of course"—his tone was injured. "You thought me a monstrosity, didn't you? A precocious—" She broke off. "You—you told me I ought to be in bed." Her head was bent. She was shaking with laughter. "I see you have a good memory," he said pointedly. "Oh, I have," she answered, "a very good memory."

That night the man paced his study restlessly. "I'll go abroad," decided the man. "Perhaps"—he sighed hopefully, at least he took it to be hopefully—"perhaps she'll be married when I come back." "I'm going to Norway," he informed the girl the next time he met her. "Don't you—doesn't London agree with you?" "No," he answered decidedly. She prodded the ground with the point of her parasol. "If you go away—" said the girl. She hesitated. "Well?" "You—won't—propose—to me?" He caught his breath. She was as brazen as ever, it seemed. "You want me to propose to you, then?" "Yes—Yes, I want to refuse." She looked up and their eyes met. Hers were flashing. "Oh, I vowed I would," she cried. "You'll never get the chance," responded the man grimly. He didn't go, however. Some imp of perversity prompted him to accept an invitation to the Hudham's house-party. He knew the girl would be there.

The girl was skilfully leading the way. The man was preoccupied and did not notice where they were going. He realized his surroundings at last and found himself staring at the stone seat. He faced the girl accusingly. "What on earth prompted you—" "Revenge," she announced lightly. She moved a little nearer to him. "Do propose to me," she murmured, and parted her lips seductively. "You little fiend." "Oh, why?"—raising her innocent eyes. "To think that you should do all this for paltry revenge!" he panted. "I proposed to you once," she murmured. "I want to cry quits." He made an involuntary step forward. "Eva!" He brought down his teeth on his underlip. There was a little silence. "Ouf!" cried the girl at last. She moved away. "How strong you are!" The man watched her go with a miserable sinking feeling at his heart. Suddenly, ere he knew it almost, she was back to him again. Her face was raised to his. Her eyes were shining. "Oh, you silly. Shall I have to propose to you again? It's Leap Year, isn't it?" She put out her hand. "Dear, I love you. Are you going to refuse me again?" "And think of it," she cried. "I've proposed to you twice, and you haven't proposed to me once!" "Darling, I love you! Will you marry me?" asked the man. The girl drew a deep breath. "Quits," she murmured. "Eva!" There was a note of sharp anxiety in his voice. "Does that mean you will refuse me?" "I swore I would, didn't I?" She glanced up at him slyly through her lashes. He had gone very white. "Only on one condition," she added, quickly; "that you propose to me again, and then I'll—I'll accept."

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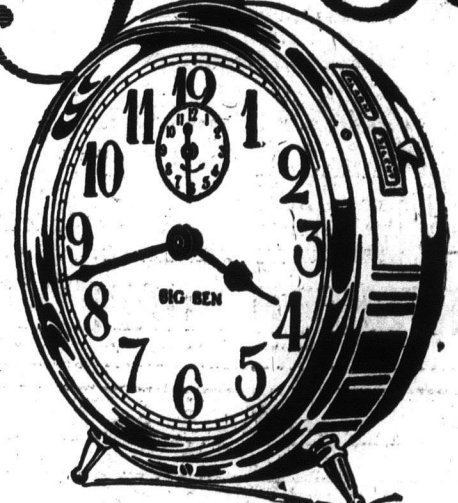
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We supplied it to doctors, to hospitals, to experts on corns. One application ended 91 per cent of the corns. All the rest disappeared after two or three applications.

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KNOWN as "The" Colonel to distinguish him nominally from the honorary and ordinary colonels of more recent creation and origin, visually he strikingly occupies a sphere apart from these others, in which he is a spectacle tourists come to Winnipeg to see.

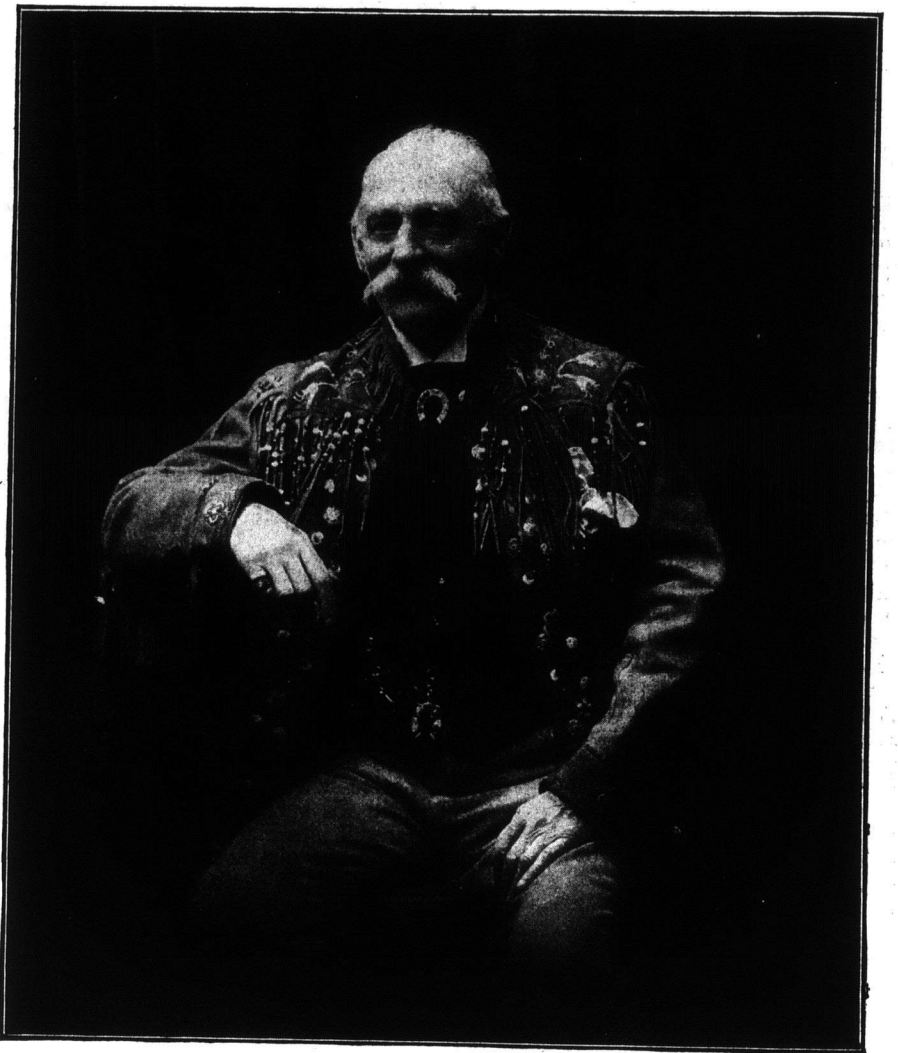
Physiognomically, physically, sartorially, and ornamentally his appearance on public parade is ostentatiously horsey. The sporty horseman proclaims himself by cut-to-fit raiment and the adventurer by conspicuous jewelry. Approaching passengers stare in surprise and after passing turn round to view a sight seldom seen off the stage or a racetrack. Americans behold with glee the manifestation in the flesh of the idea of a sporting Englishman which they had derived from stage or caricature. The only item of the accessories wanting in the colonel is, alas, that hall mark of quality—the single eyeglass. Otherwise the type is flawless.

An enormous horseshoe scarf pin, set with a rainbow of gems; a gold curb and snaffle watch guard; and the double rows of saucer-sized mother-of-pearl

he longs to resume his place, whenever his western real estate interests have been wound up.

Meanwhile, this picturesque attraction to the city remains and details to listening friends on the remarkable scenes and adventures he has passed through in a career of ups and downs in many lands, during a gaily chequered life of three score and ten years. Despite such length of days, however, and his love of pipe and the bowl, or because of them, he retains the health and appearance of a youth of fifty, and he looks backward on the life he has led with pride and pleasure and without regret.

The real old-timers, the kindly ones who look fondly backwards to old times and old acquaintances, like to meet the colonel and exchange reminiscences with him as one who for long had wandered from their ken and again returned in bright array. For, be it known to later comers, after being an articulated law clerk in London, a sailor to Africa and the East Indies, and a jockey and foxhunter in the shires, in 1871 he came out to Manitoba to farm—with a young Irish



The Colonel, in the embroidered tunic of a buffalo hunter

buttons of his fawn colored overcoat display the equine character of his pursuits, further accentuated by minor distinctive frills and features.

Thus redolent of the racetrack on the streets, the colonel as fully fills the part of an expert at the billiard table, whereon with dainty touch he scores as winner either at the English game or "Snooker Pool." Deftly, too, does he handle cards, at which he is always ready to oblige by sitting in.

The colonel did not vote "dry" on the fatal thirteenth. He drinks like a lord or otherwise according to the financial situation; but always carries his grog like a gentleman whose pursuits require an ever clear head.

Refulgent as he appears on parade in Winnipeg, it is on the big race tracks of America that he shines in full glory. On these, east and west and south as far as New Orleans, he has acquired distinction as "a professional handicapper," who "sells winners not hot air," and thereby has secured and retained the confidence of permanent clients "playing the races." Winnipeg, unfortunately for him at present, cribs, cabins and confines his genius for the turf, whereon

lord attached. For twenty years thereafter, during the wild and woolly days of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, he went through all the experiences of a sportsman, dog driver, fur trader, freighter, stock dealer, liveryman and auctioneer and other avocations "too numerous to mention." Then he betook himself to the turf and allied industries of the United States, until returning to Winnipeg some five years ago.

One of the colonel's reminiscences of the west refers to the Battleford Treaty of 1876.

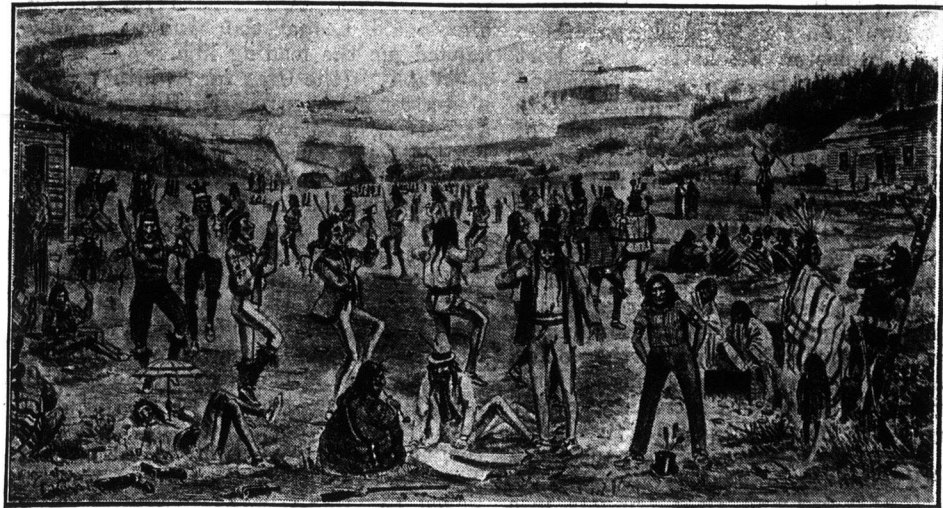
I had "made a good fur trade" with the Sioux around Portage la Prairie that season, disposed of to advantage also all the Indian curiosities, such as scalps, weapons, hunting and other implements, and decorated apparel, and was in Winnipeg on my way for a visit home in England, when a messenger came with an urgent request from Deer Lodge for me to go up and see Mr. Jim McKay at once.

Under his hospitable roof I had often "camped" for the night on my trips between Portage la Prairie and Winnipeg; and had been entertained with Mr. McKay's reminiscences of his remarkable

career as voyageur, hunter, trapper, trader, freighter and interpreter to important travellers in the Great Lone Land, from Moose Factory to the mountains. As an adventurer from boyhood on sea and land all these appealed to me, but the chief bond of mutual interest was in our both being ardent horsemen. "I am glad you came at once, Frank,"

she consented to stay with our friends the Burnell's at Whitemud River during my absence in the Saskatchewan country.

At three o'clock that afternoon we left Deer Lodge and by four next morning we had covered the sixty miles to Portage la Prairie. I drove a "buckboard" to which was hitched one of McKay's



Treaty Indians, rioting at Battleford

said the big man—who was as notorious for his immense girth as for other remarkable qualities—"I have been appointed by the Indian Department of the Dominion Government to examine and receive several hundred head of steers which I. G. Baker & Co., of Montana, have contracted to deliver in two weeks' time at Battleford. I want a good judge of cattle to hurry to Battleford to act for me, as I cannot get away in time myself. Thirty others have applied for the job, but I thought of you in preference. Will you go right off? It is a long way to Battleford but you will have a good outfit of horses and three men. The pay will be \$7.50 a day all found. Perhaps there will be other pickings, too, as a side line, and if you give satisfaction I can get you any other government job you may want."

The latter inducement, however, was lost on me for as a freelance and rover a peaceful berth had no charms for me. But to be off to the plains again, with its prospect of exciting pleasure and profit, was an inducement I could not resist although it abruptly broke off my intended tour to revisit my people in England and enjoy once more the shooting and hunting in that delightful country.

I hastened back to Point Douglas, where I had left my wife, ready to leave next day on the stage for Minnesota, and broke the news of my change of plans to her. After a few years at Portage la Prairie amid circumstances unusual and hard for an English lady, she

famous teams of trotters. Our simple camp outfit and provisions were strapped on behind it, and the three expert Metis horsemen followed, driving the light spare horses. We averaged fifty miles a day on that long journey of eight hundred miles of trail not made by hand. I will not recall the incidents of the great Saskatchewan trail. We passed many brigades of freighters and hunters going west and a chance Sauteaux, Sioux and Cree camps, meeting few of any of these eastward bound.

On the sixteenth day out from Deer Lodge we made Battleford, with the loss of only one horse through the fatigue of our rapid journey. The cowboys from Montana had arrived two days before, and were anxious to make delivery and hand over their charge. Besides the three hundred and fifty steers for the Indians, they had a drove of one hundred and twenty-five for the N.W.M. police at Fort Pelly. It was a fine sight to see the herd of beautiful sleek fat animals browsing on the knolls overlooking Weepaw Lake. On the way from Montana twenty-one steers had been lost, when a general stampede occurred, and seven horses had been killed in service. The herds were in charge of Charley Price, for I. G. Baker & Co., and attended by eight cowboys, with thirty cow ponies. The usual chuck wagon and cook formed part of the outfit.

Price and his men were anxious to get away. I had been instructed to pick out representative animals of five classes up to four year olds, to have these



Carlton House, Saskatchewan, in 1876, from Red River Trail
It was abandoned and burnt in 1885 rebellion

had been afflicted with homesickness and a yearning for the old folks at home, and the disappointment of her long cherished hopes at the moment of their being fulfilled was a severe trial indeed for both of us. However, on my explaining that our departure would only be postponed for two or three months,

slaughtered and dressed, and the total weight of the beef so prepared to be divided by five to give the average weight of the number of animals for which the government had to pay at 4½ cents per lb. This average I had to telegraph to the Ottawa authorities for McKay. Price was very kind and hospi-

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Here is the mightiest and yet the gentlest weapon that ever beat a stubborn beard into submission and left a smile of contentment in its wake.

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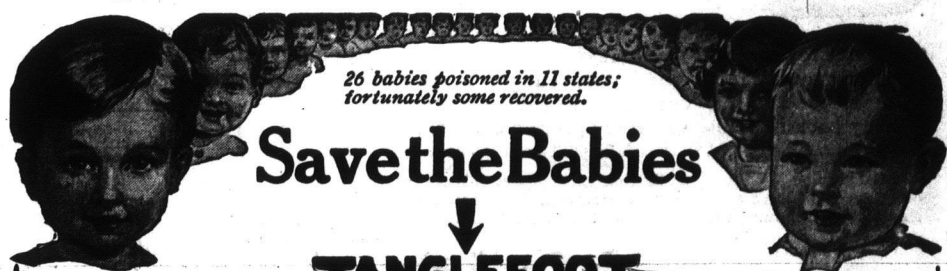
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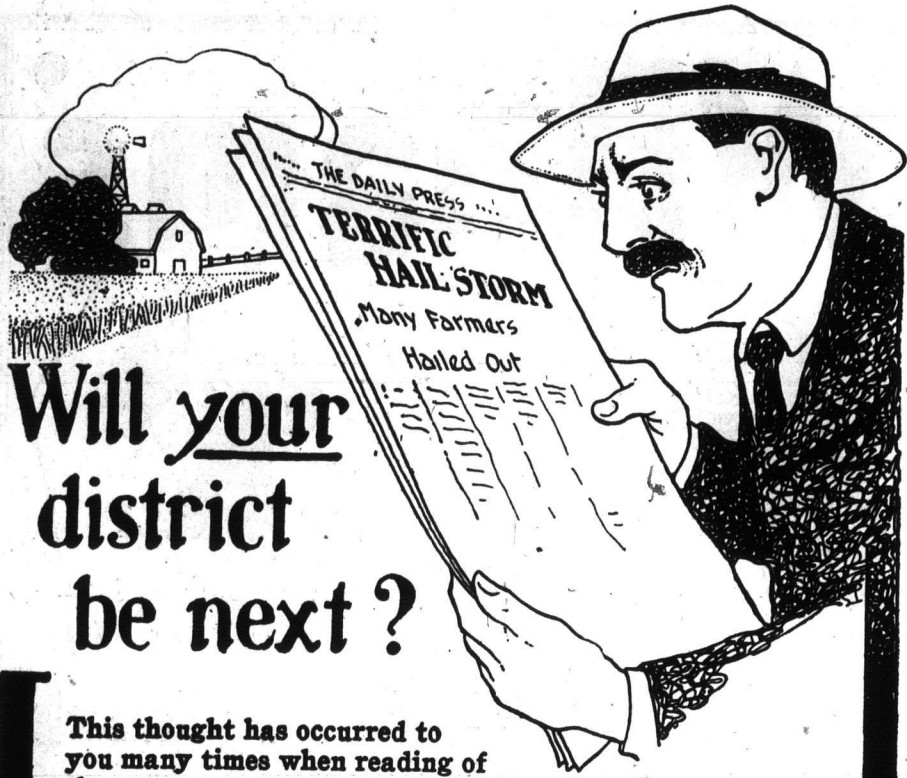
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The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society reports 26 cases of arsenical poisoning from fly destroyers in 1915 in only 11 states; in 1914 there were 46 cases in 14 states.

It states editorially:

"Symptoms of arsenical poisoning are very similar to those of cholera infantum; undoubtedly a number of cases of cholera infantum were really cases of arsenical poisoning, but death, if occurring, was attributed to cholera infantum."

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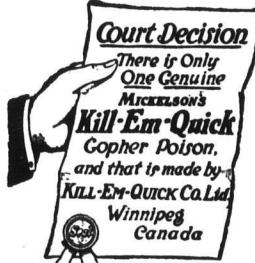
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table, setting up liquor and cigars. He also presented me with a beautiful bichou horse, with black mane and tail, fully saddled and bridled in the silver mounted Mexican style, with expensive quirt, spurs, leggins, revolver and carbine attached to the saddle. I afterwards sold the splendid horse and equipments for six hundred dollars, so I had reason to think that I had been as fair to the vendor as to the purchasing government.

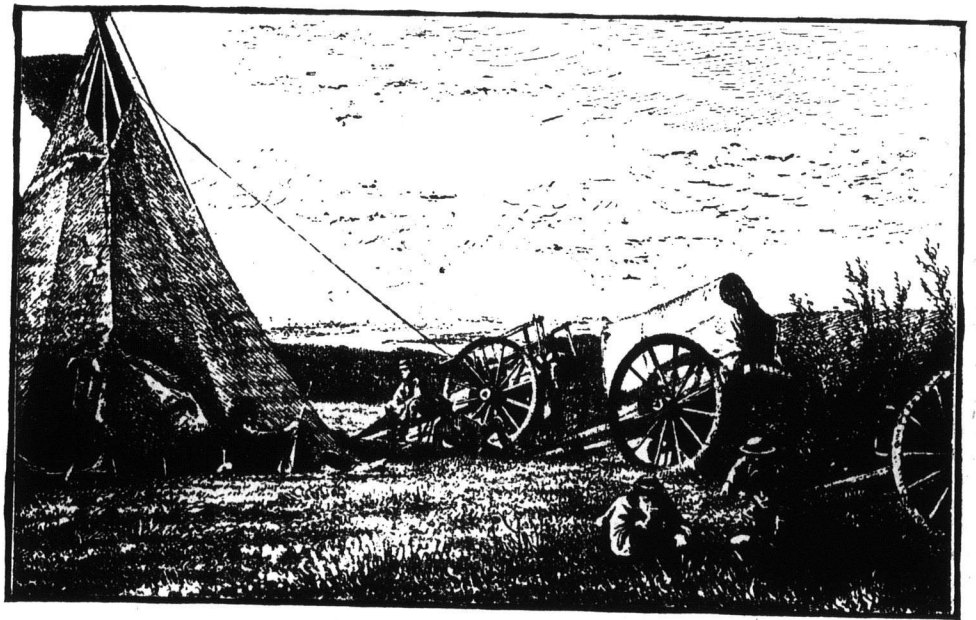
My own men then took charge of the herds. Inspector Frechette, from Fort Pelly, came for the police portion; and the arrival of Mr. McKay himself gave me time to dispose of a sample case of Brummagem jewelry to the Indians. For the purpose of displaying my wares I took the body of a Red River cart off the wheels, turned it upside down, in it stuck up rods with gay ribbon streamers, hired an Indian with a tom-tom to add music to the brazen charms of my display, and employed another Indian as crier to perambulate among the lodges shouting the great attractions of my wares and the ruinous sacrifice at which they were being disposed. By these schemes of salesmanship I succeeded with two or three days in converting \$20 worth of brass and glass trinkets into \$400 in Canadian bills. The case besides such precious ornaments also contained toilet articles, such as tooth and nail brushes and other articles of uses unknown to the wild Indians, still held \$70 worth at cost to me on which I realized \$65 from a freighter going north to Green Lake.

My mission having been fulfilled, Mr. McKay furnished me with provisions

House. He could not spare me a pony but sold me a cart and harness for \$35. Next day an old Sauteau Indian happened to come to the fort leading an equally old blind white pony. Merely for something to say I chanced to ask him "Where did you get that pony?" "I found him astray on the prairie, and I am taking him to the fort so that the company may find his owner." "I will give you two dollars for finding him," said I, and the Indian gladly handed me the leading line.

"Wabby" (the Cree for "white") wobbled after me to my cart. He was as fat as butter, blind as a bat, and his speed limit did not exceed two miles an hour hitched in a lightly laden cart. I had been a horsefancier from childhood, but in spite of all my high-bred prejudices in that line "Wabby," the commandeered, looked good that time to me; and he was soon on the trail with my baggage in the cart behind him. Two days travel at his snail pace, however, evaporated my first sense of gratitude to him, for he was so wedded to his habitual pace that neither lash of whip nor tongue could goad him to exceed it. Thus plodding fretfully along I was relieved to fall in with an English half-breed, dying of consumption, who in a light waggon was being taken down to see Dr. J. Curtis Bird in Winnipeg. Besides the waggon he had some carts heavy laden with prairie produce — at that time derived from the buffalo only.

Upon my suggesting to this party that I should join them as hunter to go ahead to shoot and wait for the procession at convenient stopping places, the arrange-



A Buffalo Hunter's Camp on Saskatchewan Trail

and allowed me pay for twenty days for my return to Winnipeg. And now having made altogether by the means before described, by betting, cards and dice, as well as numerous swops, dickers and horse trades, altogether \$2,800 in Canadian bills, I was anxious to return to Winnipeg and resume our interrupted journey to England. I had disposed of all the horses and ponies which passed through my hands in the expectation that I should have no trouble in getting passage with freighters or other travelers from Carlton to Fort Garry; but I was doomed to disappointment. The money paid the Indians by the new treaty had enabled them to convert that medium of exchange, so little known to them then, into the living and moving form of ponies by the possession of which a nation's wealth had customarily been gauged hitherto. Besides the supplies required for these treaties, and the traders attracted by the payments, had absorbed every hoof capable of drawing a load, and none could be had for love or money at Carlton and its vicinity. Chief Factor Clarke would have obliged me if possible, but could not in that way. But he and his good lady, treated me with the kindest hospitality whenever I visited the fort from my tent. A glass of three star brandy, in that paradise of prohibition, was invariably offered me on these occasions, and mitigated my impatience to hit the trail once more.

A day or two after pitching my tent outside the pickets of Carlton there arrived, with a train of freight for Fort Pitt and Victoria, an old acquaintance of mine at Portage la Prairie, named

ment was made, whereby the lading of their carts was lightened by adding a portion to Wabby's load, and I was given a saddle horse to use. This mutually beneficial accommodation, under which I provided the party with all the ducks and prairie chickens they could use, was continued until the poor invalid's case became so bad as to compel a halt, which, I am sorry to say, was his last resting place.

Leaving the party halted, I again recommenced to exercise my patience and power of persuasion upon the immobile Wabby, who for all that only continued to pursue the even tenor of his way. Next day another party bound for Red River caught me up, and with them I made a similar arrangement, and I had plenty of tea, sugar, flour and tobacco to share with them, too. With them the last stage of my journey to Whitemud River was performed, and there I struck a shanty where I had some clean clothes stored. My travelling raiment had been a source of indescribable irritation for weeks. Casting these into the flames of a fire and myself into the waters of the Whitemud, I soon felt a new man. Donning fresh clothes I hastened to the hospitable homestead of the Burnell's and overjoyed my wife by my unexpectedly early return.

We wasted no time in resuming our interrupted voyage to England.

The time to get hold of the grippe is when one "feels a cold coming on," and active measures should be taken at once to dilate the blood vessels of the skin.

The Empire's Call

By D. E. Nimmons

It was the fall of 1885. Gilbert Martin walked home through the crisp air with the tottering step of one whose nervous energy, concentrated to meet some great crisis, had suddenly collapsed. As he neared his home he looked up haggardly at its marble steps. As he entered he regarded with calculating eyes the magnificent furnishings of the hallway, and stood there for a moment gazing with the same stare into the room beyond. Then he tottered into his study, leaving the door open behind him, and slowly sank into an arm-chair.

Half an hour later Robina Martin entered the same hall, erect, trim, well-shod, radiant in the wealth of costly furs and the newest in fall hats. She hummed as she removed her gloves, revealing a diamond ring sparkling on her left hand, for she was a very happy personage these days. Looking up she glanced through the open doorway, then hastened in alarm to her father's side.

"Why, father! What is the matter? Are you sick?"

"No, not sick," replied Gilbert Martin looking up. "Just broke, plain broke, that's all."

"You've lost money. Not really bankrupt, surely," disbelieved his daughter.

"Bankrupt indeed, Robina. The business is to be sold out, this house must go. I can't meet any of my enormous obligations. You knew the crisis was on. Well, I've lost out, that's all."

"But father, you can build up a new business."

"I'm too old to start life anew with a load of debt to begin with. Don't raise any false hopes, child. To-morrow I

In a vivid way it struck home to Robina Martin. It recalled with a sharp pang the loss of one who had he lived would have long ago responded to the call. It brought back to her the days when she too could have donated a princely gift to this cause. It forced upon her a keen realization of her inability to give in the only way left for her; that is, in money, for years of struggling and scrimping had terminated in nothing save wrinkles and a meagre little home, for whose shelter she was striving to pay. She did not sigh as she thought it all over, she was past that. She merely folded up the paper, carefully removed her glasses and walked through a dilapidated gateway to the entrance of a shabby green cottage.

Robina fumbled with the door-key, she fumbled to find matches, and she fumbled at the lamp. Robina had reached the stage when she fumbled at everything. You see she was only a poor, lonely old woman who had neither man nor money to offer in this crisis. She was one of those who could neither fight nor pay and she was only in the way of those who struggled, as she had been in their way for many years.

To-night, instead of getting supper, she took the lamp and went into an inner room. There she opened an old trunk, and removing the clothing on top she searched through its contents. There were not many things: a few legal documents, a portrait of her father, another picture of a younger man laid face downward. This she took up and looked at it. Then she placed it in its original position. Lastly she took out a little



Australian Light Horse Being Reviewed at the Concentration Camp at Liverpool, Sydney, Australia

shall seek some kind of a position. I've brought you up in luxury, and your struggles must begin now, as I renew mine. Go away and don't bother me. I must think this out."

That night Martin was ill in bed. A week later a hearse left the house. Some months afterwards a sale of the belongings of Gilbert Martin was held at his residence by a mortgage company.

It was the fall of 1915, the period of transformation. Strange indeed were the things that had come to pass, for suddenly sacrifice had become popular, recipients of gifts had changed to givers, rich had turned into poor in a single night, knitting had taken the place of card parties, and, alas, many of the once light-hearted had become the gravest of all. The world's cup of peace had been heated into a bubbling caldron of turmoil.

A weary looking woman with grey, grey hair walked along the street of one of the poorer sections of a city. She wore spectacles, not gold-rimmed glasses, but unbecomingly silver-encircled ones, and they fitted securely behind her ears. She read a newspaper as she walked. It explained clearly, in a business-like way, the necessity of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, the great work that it was accomplishing, the urgent need of money, the fact that if one could not fight one must pay. "Give just a little more than you can afford," urged Sir Herbert Ames in his speech. "Give until it hurts. After all, those who give their money can never measure their sacrifice beside those who give their men."

box labelled "Cough Drops." Strange receptacle for so valuable a jewel, but you see one does not always receive an engagement ring in a plush case, and the box she had found for it might better have been labelled "Tear Drops." The diamond sparkled cheerfully as she opened the box and brought it nearer to the light.

"The only thing left of the old home and—Harold," she said unconsciously aloud, as she held it up. Then she smiled, for Robina Martin was one of those rarely endowed women who can live for a moment in the past and forget the intervening years. For a moment she forgot the crumbling of wealth to dust, followed by the death of one who could alone have made up to her for its loss. She came back to the present of coal-oil lamps slowly. "Those were happy days," she said dreamily. Then—"Poor father; poor Harold. He never thought that I could deliberately give away his only gift, and indeed I thought it was impossible myself. But I haven't him to send so this representative of him shall go in his place. He would not have it different if he were here. I do not need his ring to keep alive his memory." Nevertheless she sat there with her head buried in her hands for a long, long time.

At last she carefully put her treasures back. She did look again at the picture, but carefully piled in her clothing, closed the lid thoughtfully and went out, carrying the ring.

She did not wrap it up then. She ate a meal of warmed up potatoes and similar foods that you and I know are the lot of such women; an unnecessary pen-

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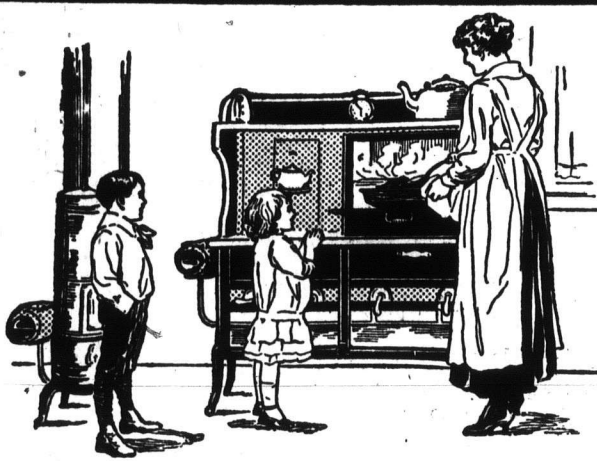
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ance for uncommitted sins. As if putting off the dread hour she ate slowly, and all the while she looked at the diamond ring that lay on the table before her.

It was quite late that evening before she finally wrapped up the glittering thing that seemed to speak a thousand caresses as it lay there. Then she sat down to write a letter to the secretary of the Patriotic Society. It was only a short note offering to him the enclosed ring in place of money. But one could read between the lines and it was no light tale of sacrifice that was printed there. Still as she signed her name there came a peaceful feeling that tranquilized the pain.

A week afterwards an auction sale was held in the city of Ottawa. Crowds thronged the place; they overflowed on to the pavements as they struggled to see the auctioneer who held up a diamond ring. The bidding was steady and purposeful. The sum rose higher and higher. People held their breath as it kept mounting upwards. At last the concluding words of the auctioneer rang out: "Sold to this gentleman for one thousand dollars!"

"How can you afford that sum at a time like this?" said his friend to him a few minutes later. "I thought you were hard up financially."

"So I am," returned the buyer. "One thousand dollars means about the same to me as this ring did to that woman."

which is easily assailable. Might we not say, in the Latin phrase, operari squitur esse: "doing follows being, is according to being." Should we not, therefore, seek for quality of being before we talk of doing? To which the answer is, that it is only by doing that we get to being; only in action do we reach our true selves. That, to begin with, is evidently the way in which eternal being has sought to realize itself. We could imagine the Divine thought as resting in an eternal contemplation of itself. Or we can imagine it as pondering eternally over the choice between all the possible modes of action. We can imagine it even as so conscious of the perils of action as to determine not to act. That has not been its way. We find ourselves in a universe where the decisions have been taken, where the greatest things have been done. Philosophers have amused themselves by imagining systems which would have been so vast an improvement on the one that exists. But doubtless all the possible ones had been considered before the advent of our philosophers. The fact, the wonderful fact, is that, out of them all, one has been chosen; this one in which we are. The adverse possibilities were all dared, and the thing started on these lines. The great Beginner sets the example to all other beginners by doing something; by daring something; by doing and daring



General Dubail, Who is Taking Part in Defense of Verdun, Presiding at Conference of Army Officers

General Dubail is the single figure standing in the centre of the group with cap and muffer. He is presiding over a "criticism" of recent operations made by a general. General Dubail is the commander of the French force that has been holding Verdun since the last German attack. His army is now repelling the present German drive, assisted by huge reinforcements under General Petain.

Doing

We are all doing things; but have we ever tried, with any thoroughness, to penetrate into the meaning of our doing? "In the beginning was the Word; in the beginning was the Thought; in the beginning was the Deed," says Goethe, leaving us to ponder the riddle of that threefold alternative. Doubtless these all lay in the beginning; were concerned in it. How they were related in that primal start we may perhaps never know. It is the cosmic secret, and we shall not here concern ourselves with it. What we want is to trace, as far as we can, the significance of that third beginning; the meaning to us of doing, of action. Questions arise, vastly important questions, as to what it counts for in the philosophy of life, in the framing of character, in the creation of belief, in the whole business of morality and religion. We are getting some new light on these subjects. We have hitherto been so busy that we have hardly had time to think about our busy-ness. But we are thinking about it now, and in a way which is likely to produce some considerable changes, both of theory and practice, in the questions we have mentioned.

Says Fichte, in "Vocation of Man," that noble product of one of the noblest minds: "Not merely to know, but according to thy knowledge to do, is thy vocation; not for idle contemplation of thyself; not for nursing devout sensations; no, for action art thou here; thine action, and thine action alone, determines thy worth." That is a saying

this! May we not say that it was only by doing and daring that He could realize Himself?

What About To-Day?

We shall do much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give out gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear.

We shall speak with words of love and cheer,
But what have we done to-day?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?

We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed to-day?

—Nixon Waterman.

As William Faversham was having his luncheon in a Birmingham hotel he was much annoyed by another visitor, who, during the whole of the meal, stood with his back to the fire warming himself and watching Faversham eat. At length, unable to endure it any longer, Mr. Faversham rang the bell and said: "Waiter, kindly turn that gentleman around. I think he is done on that side."

Stubby Tail

By Francis J. Dickie

SPRING had come again to the Western prairies. On the open land of Chaska Water plain a hundred mother gophers with their little families basked in the sun before their doorways or took little runs upon the new green grass.

Of all the homes on Chaska Water plain, Stubby Tail's was the most pretentious. Stubby Tail was a middle aged mother gopher with a history. A few years previous the government had offered a bounty of five cents upon every gopher killed, payment being made upon the producing of the animal's tail to the nearest agent. Principal among the hunters of the little rodents had been the Indians. With the killing of so many gophers they soon became scarce and wary, making hunting difficult. Then it was that the wily Indians hit upon a scheme by which to make "both ends meet." Instead of killing the captured gopher, as formerly, the Indian simply pulled off the furry part of the animal's tail, after which he turned it loose to become the father or mother, as the case might be, of future generations of its kind.

Stubby Tail had been the victim of an Indian hunter's snare. But in his hurry to take his trophy from her as she squealed and bit impotently, he had caught the tail a little long, leaving half the furry covering upon the animal, half in his hand. As the remnant in his hand was sufficiently long to collect the government revenue, Stubby Tail was given her liberty. Thus she got a name, coupled with some valuable experience. For, though the adventure had cost her part of her person, it had also instilled the knowledge of the danger of the string snare which many prairie born American boys know how to use.

As the seasons rolled around Stubby Tail also learned of traps, "drowning out," and other forms of danger which beset her path of life.

On the plains of Chaska Water the chief pursuers of the little animals were

the boys of the nearby farm houses who, with traps, snares and sometimes water, assiduously hunted this piece of prairie.

Twice in the past Stubby Tail had been nearly drowned by water poured into her home. Fortunately upon both occasions the water had to be carried far and in small quantities, so that, after being sent down the hole, it was absorbed into the earth fast enough to save her from being driven to the surface and into the hands of the enemy.

To better contend against further attempts of the drowning out process, Stubby Tail had the year before spent the entire season digging a new home. At the surface, the hole, some four inches in diameter, entered the earth in a gradual slope downward for some seven feet, then once more struck up again for a distance of three feet, then delved again in a fairly steep slope to below the frost line, a distance of some ten feet. Here the "runway broadened out into a roomy nest."

And it was here that Stubby Tail's family of 1913 were born. There were three of them. Two brothers and a sister. They came into the world late in April, soft, naked, sightless little objects.

Gophers, like the majority of wild animals, are rapid growers and within a week they made a trip to the surface for a sight of the outside world.

Wise old Stubby Tail led the way. When they were within a few feet of the surface she left the family standing, and went alone out into the sunshine. Then after a careful survey of the neighborhood, seeing no signs of danger, she brought them to the surface by a sharp squeak. Through the warm sunshine of the late spring afternoon the little family played about the sandy mound that marked the entrance to their home. And Stubby Tail, the ever watchful, gazed in fond delight upon their gambols. When the shadows began to creep over the plains, she once more led her family into the depths of the earth to the little den below.

A few moments later Billy Johnstone, from a nearby farm, came along. Billy was the best gopher hunter on Chaska Water plains. He stopped in front of Stubby Tail's home and noted the fresh marks of footprints about the hole. After looking these over carefully, he unslung a No. 0 small steel trap from the collection upon his back and, setting it, placed it a little ways down the hole. The trap was on a short chain, the other end of which was attached to a short iron pin. This Billy drove into the ground and went his way.

Morning came again and as the little family lay about the bottom of the den, Stubby Tail gave them their first lesson in self preservation. "Never rush hurriedly to the surface. Go slowly. As you approach the entrance, examine every foot of ground in front of you." After delivering these words, she once more led the way to the surface. When almost there, her quick eye detected the trap and the little party halted. With a warning wave of her tail to keep back, the mother crept up close to the trap. When within a few inches of it she twisted herself around and with her back to the trap began vigorously throwing earth behind her onto the pan. The earth flew thick and fast. Presently enough of the fine particles gathered upon the pan of the trap to release it. The jaws snapped closed. Passed the now harmless trap, Stubby Tail led her family once more into the sunlight.

And that night Billy Johnstone, pulling up his dirt-clogged trap, marked the hole for further investigation.

Another week flew swiftly by. Each day mother and family basked in the sun or foraged in the new growing grass around. Sometimes they spent many hours catching and killing the numerous little red fleas which made their home in the downy fur of the gopher's back.

It was Saturday afternoon. Billy Johnstone, being freed from school duties, hid himself once more to the

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Don't forget when ordering cocoa over the phone to ask for "COWAN'S." It is your safeguard for purity! There is no finer cocoa sold in Canada. It is in itself a perfect liquid food made from the choicest cocoa beans, blended to perfection. Simply boil it from three to four minutes with milk — by this method the fragrant aroma of mellow cocoa beans is added to the flavor.



Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA

A-21

GOOD REPORT

Doctor Proved Value of Postum

Physicians know that good food and drink, properly selected, are of the utmost importance, not only for the relief of disease but to maintain health even when one is well.

A doctor writes, "I count it a pleasure to say a good word for Postum with which I have been enabled to relieve so many sufferers, and which I count, with its valued companion Grape-Nuts, one of the daily blessings."

"Coffee was banished from my own table some time ago and Postum used regularly in its place." (Both tea and coffee are injurious to many persons, because they contain the subtle, poisonous drug, caffeine.)

"I frequently find it necessary to instruct patients when they take Postum for the first time to be quite sure that it is properly made according to directions, then it has a clear, seal-brown color and a rich, snappy taste, as well as health giving qualities."

The above letter, received over ten years ago, is fully confirmed by a recent letter from the doctor, in which he says: "It is a pleasure to render a good report covering a product of which I am so enthusiastic a friend."

"I am using in my home your Postum Cereal in both its forms. And, what is more, I am having it used in the families of several patients in which there are children, and all unite in endorsing the fine qualities of your admirable product."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c pkgs.

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

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

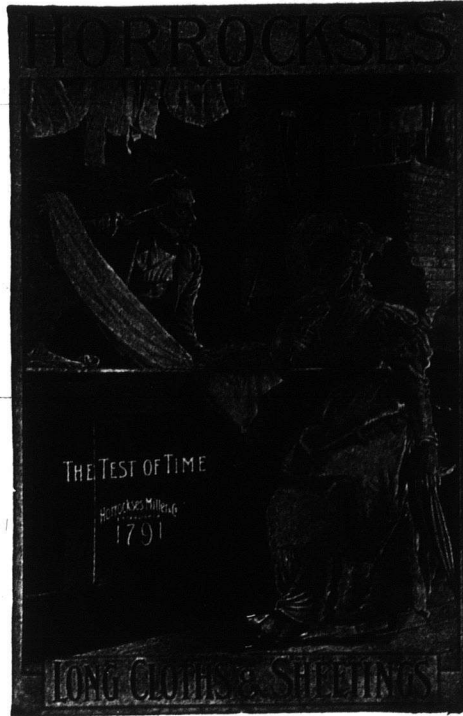
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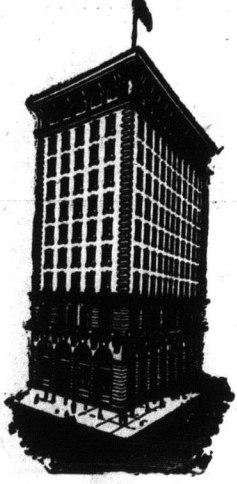
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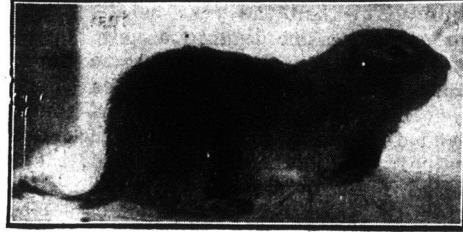
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plains of Chaska Water. As he neared the home of Stubby Tail she caught sight of him. She gave a warning shriek, sending the family scurrying to cover. Stubby Tail quickly followed. But they had not been quick enough. Billy Johnstone saw the flash of yellow bodies. He approached the hole and uncoiled a smooth string about six feet in length. One end of this he looped to form a miniature lasso. This end he stretched around the inside of the hole about half an inch below the surface. Very carefully so as not to disturb the loop he stretched the remaining length of cord out across the prairie. Throwing himself down, he lay with the end of the cord tight grasped in one hand, his



The gopher is not so innocent as he looks

eyes watching the entrance of the hole. A few minutes later Stubby Tail, approaching the surface, caught sight of the cord around the hole. Memories were still fresh in her mind of that day when a similar loop had tightened around her neck and pulled her screaming and wriggling into the air. The family were close at her heels. Stubby Tail, pointing out the grey loop, told them of its dangers, adding, as they turned to descend, that none of them were to return to the surface until she gave them leave.

But the largest brother wanted to go out onto the grass and into the sunshine. He loitered behind on the downward journey. Where the hole broadened a little at the upward turn he stopped to think. Finally, deciding that this greyish thing, scarcely larger than a bit of last year's grass, could not be very dangerous, he started for the surface.

Some gophers are like some boys, it seems they must always learn their lessons in life from experience rather than accept the teachings of those older and wiser than themselves. With gophers this course is more dangerous than with men. They seldom survive the first experience.

As the two peaking eyes and the tip of his head came peeking above the surface, the cord tightened with a sharp twitch. Billy Johnstone jumped to his feet. With another twist on the snare he tossed the animal high in the air. He swung the little grey brown body in a wide circle and then, with the velocity gained, dashed it with a dull thud upon the earth. The little animal kicked for a moment spasmodically, then was dead.

So the two remaining youngsters learned their second lesson. Their brother had paid for his disobedience with his life. This example gave them full realization of the worth of their mother's knowledge.

Many days now passed without sign of danger or anything happening to mar the placidity of their lives. The youngsters began going farther and farther away from the home nest. Many hours each day they spent away from their mother's side. When they wanted to go to the surface they did not now wait for her to lead the way.

One hot windless afternoon Billy Johnstone once more made his way to the plains of Chaska Water and, having to pass the spot where Stubby Tail made her home, he thrust a trap into the hole. "Just for luck," he remarked to himself as he did so.

At the time the entire family were below ground. A few minutes later, however, the remaining brother decided to go up. Being in a hurry and with no thought of danger, he forgot his mother's first given instruction. With never a glance ahead, he rushed to the surface. His impetuosity threw both his fore feet upon the pan of the trap. The lightning quick jaws closed upon them, barely missing taking in his head. A terrible fear seized him, which was heightened a moment later by the gripping pain of the trap. He screamed

wildly, bringing his mother and sister to the surface. They were powerless to do anything. But they stood by watching and sympathetic till the sight of the returning boy drove them once more below the surface.

Arriving, the boy pulled up the trap and with a sharp tap on the animal's nose with a blunt club, he quickly ended its life.

Stubby Tail was now left alone with her daughter. For the daughter this was in a way providential. The mother now devoting all her time to the training of her remaining offspring. So when summer had come almost to a close, the daughter went out upon the prairie a full-fledged gopher and dug a home of her own. So Stubby Tail was left once more alone.

During his many visits to Chaska Water plain, Billy Johnstone had not failed to notice Stubby Tail. Twice he had lain near to the hole without snare or trap to catch a sight of the old mother. Stubby Tail was larger than most of her kind in the vicinity and her scarred tail marked her as different. Billy had become interested in her.

With the arrival of the holidays, Billy got a small box camera. It was upon the acquiring of this treasure that an idea came into his head. He was a true sportsman and the thought appealed to him. He would photograph the little animal. The boy thrilled at the thought. This would be real sport. The stalking of this cunning little animal, the obtaining of its picture was certainly an undertaking well worthy of any sportsman.

Filled with excitement at this new form of chase, the boy, one hot sunny afternoon, started off for Chaska Water plain and the home of Stubby Tail.

Arriving, he set the camera a few feet away from the hole and focused it upon the light sandy mound that rose behind, hoping by so doing to catch a full view of Stubby as she emerged.

Into the side of the camera, a little below the protruding piece of steel which worked the shutter, he drove a pin. Fastening one end of a cord, some twenty feet in length, to the shutter control, he passed the cord down around the outjutting pin. With the pin offering a leverage, he could lie some twenty feet away and when Stubby Tail appeared, a gentle pull on the string would snap the shutter.

This done, he stretched back the cord with great care and lay down to wait. Stubby Tail had been at the surface when the boy had come into sight. On his near approach she had promptly



Disturbed at their work of destruction

dived to the bottom of the hole and, with all her old caution, did not hurry to come up again.

Stretched on the grass under the broiling sun, Billy lay motionless with eyes fastened upon the mound in front of him. An hour passed; still there was no sign of the quarry. He grew

stiff. The hot sun's rays burned into him. Still Billy stayed on.

At last Stubby Tail came cautiously to the surface. Coming up she stood beside the sandy mound. For a moment she stood thus before her eyes caught sight of Billy's motionless form. Simultaneously there was a sharp click. Stubby Tail hurled herself frightened into the depths.

A few days later Billy placed upon his bureau a neatly mounted picture of the little grey brown animal. As he looked at it a great pride swelled within him. This was a feat far superior to the mere trapping and snaring of animals as accomplished in the past. During the days that followed he exhibited the picture to many of his friends. It took supremacy even over his stuffed specimens and mats of hides.

Autumn came to the prairies. Stubby Tail made many trips to the nearby wheatfields. Returning, with cheek pouches stuffed to capacity, she unloaded the precious grain into her store-room. With the arrival of the raw days the nest was filled to overflowing with wheat and prairie flower seeds.

After the middle of October gophers do not go out a great deal. But one raw fall day near the end of the month Stubby Tail came out for a short run, nosing about for any stray edible that might have blown her way. But the prairie was bare, void of anything eatable, so after a little run she returned to the depths of her den.

In the growing dusk a little later a hungry weasel came nosing along. The hunting this last few days had been bad. The little white pirate had been forced to travel far from his usual range in search of food.

Coming to the mouth of Stubby Tail's den, he sniffed the ground. It still bore the fresh scent of her. The weasel entered the runway; started downward. As he went deeper, the warm smell of the living room came to his hungry nose. Hurrying, he passed the upward turn and plunged down again on the last lap of the runway that led to the nest. He thrust his sharp, inquisitive nose through the doorway. His eyes, trained to darkness, saw the form before him. He leaped. Stubby Tail turned and met the attack. They rolled over upon the floor. For a long moment they fought. But the gopher was no match for the stronger, heavier flesh-eating animal whose daily life was one of combat. The weasel got his desired grip. His long, white teeth sank into her throat. He drank deep of the warm, rich blood.

In the ghostly light of the gathering darkness some hours later the prairie pirate emerged from the mouth of the hole and went loping silently away into the darkness.

Protection in Plants

Plants need to protect themselves from their enemies just as much as animals and the methods followed in both animal and vegetable kingdoms are somewhat similar.

A plant's chief business in life is to produce seed and guard it in every way till it is ripe, and then so arrange for the dispersal of the seeds that each may have a chance to live.

A sick plant or one about to die will make every effort to bring its fruit to perfection that the species become not extinct.

The wild cucumber guards its seeds with formidable looking spines, for a cucumber is composed of 95 per cent of water and would be a tempting juicy mouthful to many animals. The spines warn all enemies to keep off and the plant has a chance to ripen its seeds.

These protective spines are used by a large number of plants. The spears arranged around the flowers of the thistle are there for the purpose of guarding the treasure house till the little downy seeds are ripe and ready to take their journey into the world.

The holly tree has developed protective spines on the leaves of the lower branches only, for it is there that an attack is made by animals. The top-most leaves do not need and, therefore, do not have these spines.

The cactus is another juicy plant found growing in the hottest and driest regions of the earth. Thirsty animals would soon clear the ground if the protective spines did not render the plant seed safe from attack. The spines of the cactus answer a twofold purpose. On entering the flesh the spear becomes a hook, and the segment of the plant is carried by the animal to a fresh location. This is one reason why cactus spears make such a wound when pulled from the flesh.

Imitation or mimicry is used by many plants. Some protect themselves by growing like other plants which have strong defensive powers. Not only do they imitate each other but also their natural surroundings. A South African plant has learnt to look just like

the stones amongst which it grows and so cattle pass it by and do not eat it.

In the case of the nettle protection is afforded by barbed stinging hairs. These are very brittle at the tip and when touched break off leaving a sharp jagged tube filled with poison sticking in the skin. Wooliness is a protection against snails and leaf eating insects and also lessens the loss of water by evaporation.

Many animals are protected by powerful scent glands and plants too avail themselves of this form of protection. Unripe fruit is always unpleasant to taste and until the "stone" or seed is ripe it is guarded by the bitter flesh around it.

Instances of animals refusing to eat

various leaves or grasses are common and it is safe to assume that some protective scent or taste is responsible for their actions.

The Prairie Thermopsis or Bean is one of the first to shoot out of the ground in spring and its juicy stems look very tempting. Yet on no account will animals eat, for it is protected by a bitter and even poisonous taste.

"Ef yo' had your choice, Liza, which would yo' rather do—live, or die and go to heaven?"

"Ah'd rather live."

"Why, Liza White, yo' scan'lous chile, Sunday school hain't done yo' no good 'tall!"

If you want plenty of POWER—economical power—this is the car!

Isn't another SIX on the market at any price that begins to equal it for PERFORMANCE power. By that, we mean power that is so exactly adapted to the car, to its weight, to what it has to do on the roads that it's economical, not wasteful.

And it's that nice balance of POWER and ECONOMY that has made this new Studebaker SIX famous as the POWER Six of 1916.

As a matter of fact, this new Studebaker motor is one of the most wonderful productions of the year from the efficiency side. Not a new and untried experiment—not a radical change—but simply a marvelous refinement of the Studebaker design that has been envolving for years. And it's a motor that is a pleasure to sit back of—with its flood of power flowing like liquid.

You know the quality that the name of Studebaker and the GREAT Studebaker plants at Walkerville insure. You will find that you can not equal this SIX in POWER, size and quality unless you pay hundreds of dollars more. And we urge you to see it, ride in it, have it demonstrated before you decide on any car. Know what this splendid car offers.

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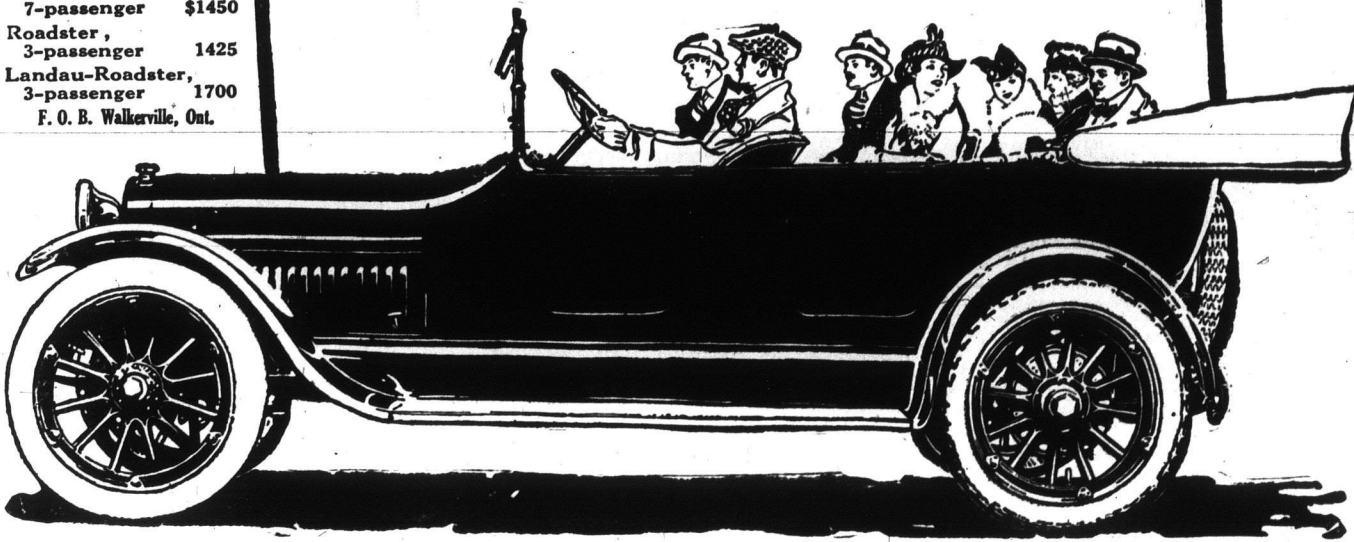
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Think of the time saved in worry and experimenting. Think of the possibility of avoiding serious mistakes. Some of the sub-headings show just how practical this book is: "The Influence of Color"; "Light and Shade"; "Harmony in Colors—How to get the Right Effect"; "Value of Conventional Designs"; "Plain Tinting"; "Color Values."

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If you are going to decorate a room or your whole home, enclose 15 cents in coin or stamps and get a copy of "Homes Healthful and Beautiful." It gives many a useful hint for the treatment of bedroom, living-room, dining-room, halls, parlor, including even the kitchen.

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STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps or buckles attached—no obnoxious springs. Cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work and reported most obstinate cases cured. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—expensive. Awarded Gold Medal. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely free. Write today. FLEMING LABORATORIES, 244, 119 St. Louis, Mo.

IS HE CRAZY?

The owner of a large plantation in Mississippi, where the fine figs grow, is giving away a few five-acre fruit tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a co-operative canning factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the canning factory by writing the Eubank Farms Company, 1134 Keystone, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for \$6 per month. Your profit should be \$1000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

Don't Throw it Away

Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE **MENDETS**

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million uses. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Collingwood, Ont.

THE fishing village lay sleeping in its shroud of peace. The waters of the Bay of Fundy rolling towards the shore lapped the sandy beach. With the incoming tide, two dories, a trawler and a schooner noiselessly drifted to an anchorage in the harbor.

The girl standing on the balcony of the Grande House, that overlooked the rugged coast, breathed in deeply, then turned, peering through the orchard set among the hills.

Wonderfully beautiful and dreamy! An ideal spot in which to rusticate—to recover one's balance, whether it be a mental or a physical struggle, that had lacerated the soul.

But what need had she, Jean MacBurney, of rest and solitude? It was action—life, teeming with opportunity that she craved. The narrow environment of her home life bound her like fetters. True that her brother was comrade to her, and no girl could wish for more congenial relationship than existed between her mother and herself.

But the village, itself, was all French Canadian. She was conscious of the superiority of her own home, the Grande House; that the village people were as a matter of fact under the control of her brother, whose extensive fishing business gave the Acadians employment,

Ottawa. She dared not harbor the dreams that feign would take possession of her soul—dreams of their future meeting and ultimate friendship. True, that she thought little upon her possible return to life in the fishing village.

A trifling breeze scattered the papers on the porch table and Jean MacBurney shivered slightly as she caught a glimpse of the emblazoned headlines. Under the spell of this peacefulness and the joy-dreams of her soul, it was impossible to believe that war had been declared upon European soil.

All was so quiet and serene in the village and in the harbor. Yet at that very moment other villages were being devastated and other harbors active with battleships.

Then into the silence crashed the report of a rifle. Jean MacBurney started in alarm. A second report and a third followed. With a shudder she leaned far over the porch rail and scanned the meadows beyond the orchard.

There was no hunting in this fishing village. Who would desire to use a rifle? A form was coming over the hill. She caught a glimpse of the rifle, pointing from the shoulder of the man, striding as though he were on the warrior's march.

"Norman!" she exclaimed aloud, "Nor-



Mr. and Mrs. David McConnell, aged 71 years, who celebrated their golden wedding on the Memorial Day, March 13th, 1916. 43 years ago Mr. and Mrs. McConnell set out from Bruce County, Ont., travelling to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, via train from this point they set out in wagons for Manitoba, arriving at their destination after 11 weeks travel. For 37 years Mr. and Mrs. McConnell farmed in Golden Stream, retiring to Gladstone six years ago.

Her mother's interest in and affection for these, simple primitive lives, was beyond her understanding. Doubtless, the mother's life had merged into this simpler mode through the passing of years. The father, no longer with them, had planted the fishing industry there in the early years of his married life. When he had built the house with its many stories and wide porches on the hill overshadowing the village, the people had looked up to it with awe and named it the Grande House.

There was so little chance here for development, or the meeting of strong, influential personalities. Jean MacBurney's heart was pregnant with dreams for her womanhood—the man she loved making for her a home where all was life in the circle of friendship and joy of motherhood. All this might be denied to her if she remained in this seclusion.

With a gay little laugh, she shook out the folds of the shimmering crepe de chine into which she had been gathering a ruffle of chiffon.

How soon she would forget all this monotony and sombreness in the whirl of Ottawa gaieties. It was a blessed privilege that had been granted to her, that of visiting a year in the Capital. Her education, received at a ladies' college, had prepared her to enjoy to the utmost social activities. There was the member whom she had met in the university town. He had interested her as no other man had done. And a little song sang to her that he would be glad to meet her again in

man practicing with his old rifle on the sly!"

The brother emerged from the shade of the orchard trees, then came face to face with the girl, who had slipped over the porch rail.

"Why, sister, thought you and mother were down in the village!" he exclaimed, endeavoring to drop the rifle behind him. But the girl's hand arrested his action. Steadily she searched the gray eyes that drooped beneath her scrutiny.

"You have heard the call?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered simply.

"And you will respond," she questioned, pride strangely combating with the fear in her heart.

"But that is impossible!" he answered quickly.

"Why impossible? Your physique is too rugged not to pass the medical authorities, and you won the sergeant's promotion in your last drill at Aldershot," she retorted breathlessly.

"But there is all this to leave!" The man's hand waved over the village and the group of fish-drying plants clustered about the pier. "I cannot close down on this business and leave the mother unprotected. To wipe out this industry would leave the village folk without support. My duty lies here."

"Where is Henri Amiro? Is he not your partner in almost every plan and project?" she questioned.

"True it is that Henri Amiro has been connected with the business even longer than I have. He is capable and reliable.

Can Do My Work
Pain is All GoneMISS DOLLIE McCLAIN TELLS OF
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Alberta Lady Tells of Quick and Complete Cure Through Using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Ferguson Flats, Alberta, May 5.—(Special)—"Yes, I am very glad I can say that I have tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and found them all that is claimed for them." So says Miss Dollie McClain, an estimable lady residing here.

"I was troubled with a sore back that made me almost helpless. I took one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and my back is all right. I can do my work and the pain is all gone."

Thousands of women in Canada are suffering daily tortures from pain in the back. Thousands of others like Miss McClain are doing their work without an effort because they took the advice of others and cured their backache by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Every woman should use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are the finest tonic in the world because, acting directly on the kidneys, they tone up those organs to do their full work of straining all the impurities out of the blood. Pure blood means new strength for all parts of the body. New strength means new cheerfulness. That is why so many women so cheerfully testify to the benefit received from using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

THIS WASHER
MUST PAY
FOR ITSELF

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

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

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

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

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

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

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

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way that other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

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

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

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

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

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally—
E. N. Morris, Manager, 1900 Washer Co.
357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.
(Factory 79-81 Portland Street, Toronto)

But he is one of the village crowd. The business needs a head—some one who will check Henri's impulsiveness. Then, there is mother."

"But I should be able to look after mother," interrupted Jean.

"You—you will be going to Ottawa, where life is less monotonous," answered the man firmly, as he turned towards the rear door.

Back to the porch, with its view of serenity, Jean went slowly. But she was conscious only of a heaviness of spirit, and as the night shadows fell, her soul was a living, throbbing conflict of self and sacrifice, reason and emotion.

Then in the starlight, she stole out of doors, seeking her brother in the orchard. "Listen, Norman," she explained. "I have thought it all out. You are to respond to the Empire's call, and I will take your place in the business. Henri Amiro will continue as foreman. You shall teach me much before you leave. Remember, I studied business at college. This fishing business has been familiar to me since babyhood."

The man stared hard, then exclaimed roughly: "You will be sacrificing too much—you with your vivacity will stagnate in the monotony of the village. With Henri Amiro's help, you might eke out a living; but the dividends would doubtless be small."

"I, too, have heard the Empire's call." The girl spoke low in a tone of marked intensity. "It is the call to serve at home—to send you out to fight for those helpless Belgians. What if we do make but a mere living? Are we not all prone to sacrifice these days?"

The man turned to the girl, catching both her hands in a grip within his own. "I understand. God bless you, little sister. I accept your sacrifice. I respond to the Empire's call."

And Norman MacBurney went overseas with the First Canadian Contingent, leaving Jean head of the fishing business and advisor to the French Canadian village.

Relying upon Henri Amiro, whose capable understanding readily assumed the management, she interested herself in studying the business. There were hours of earnest concentration, when she endeavored to grasp details.

Later the duties proved less exacting, and Jean MacBurney was conscious of a dullness. She must find some new purpose to occupy her thoughts.

Always among the villagers, she found the women knitting—knitting. The older women spun and carded the wool that furnished the yarn that the younger knit into socks for the boys overseas.

Jean MacBurney determined to master the art of knitting. But her dilatory progress irritated her. She was anxious to send forth some handiwork.

Ah! now she had it. There was a call for clothing for the Belgian sufferers. She would busy herself in preparing a baby's outfit. She was skilled in the art of fine needlework. With great care she selected the sheerest of materials and day after day labored over the tiny garments. Often when the soft folds of a gown caressed her arms, she buried her cheeks in its depths and hummed a lullaby.

The words of Pauline Johnson's Indian lullaby sang in her heart. She would fain have set these words to music, but the air seemed withheld from her.

"Little brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,
Wrapped in your nest,
Strapped in your nest;
Your straight little cradle board rocks
You to rest;
Its hands are your nest,
Its bands are your nest;
It swings from the down-bending branch
Of the oak;
You watch the camp flame, and the curling
grey smoke;
But, oh, for your pretty black eyes sleep
is best;—
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest."

Then the little outfit, perfect in every particular, was finished and packed between sheet of baby-blue papers. Impulsively the girl sat down at her desk and wrote breathlessly the letter that revealed her soul:

"Dear Little Mother of the Wonder Babe: My heart goes over seas with this little bundle. Into each tiny garment, my fingers have woven love, heart lullabys and tender thoughts. I have named your

child the 'Wonder Babe.' Is it not true that in the midst of your nation's great conflict and sorrow, the birth of a babe is still wonderful? Perhaps when you first crush him in your arms, the anxiety and sorrow may over-weight the joy of his coming. Will you not remember one, whose privilege of motherhood may be forever denied because of the same terrible war, that in one hour crushed all her hopes of love and motherhood.

"Your Canadian sister,
"Jean MacBurney."

She tucked the note inside the bundle, which she despatched to a Red Cross shipping office. Afterwards, when her enthusiasm had cooled, she wondered that she had written the letter. The little Belgian mother, to whom might fall the bundle of clothing, would have no knowledge of English, and could not read the letter.

Then in the stress of duty, which overcrowded the days and the months following, Jean MacBurney forgot the bundle of clothing and the note. She organized a Red Cross society, systematizing the knitting of the energetic French Canadian women. She emptied the drawing room of the Grande House, converting it into a sewing room, where the village met

weekly and prepared boxes to be sent over seas.

"It is the heart of Mademoiselle," commented Julie Boudreau; "much generous is she. Her time—her home, she give it to the cause."

True it was that Jean MacBurney was growing to understand the women of the village—and they were looking to her for advice and organization. Yet, she failed to reach them as her mother reached them. She had not learned the secret of getting down to their level—of being just one of them.

Then one day, when the great war had been in progress over a year, there came to her a letter bearing the censor's mark. Curiously she opened it. But it was written in French. Her meagre knowledge of that language was little help in her attempt to read it, so she carried it to Julie Boudreau, who translated it for her.

"Somewhere in Belgium.
"Dear Mademoiselle of the Generous Heart:

"You would be glad to know the destination of your baby bundle. Yet, to you, I am a stranger. I serve our noble King Albert of Belgium in the fighting ranks. Not always so. Before the great scourge I served the nobility as surgeon.

"All was beautiful—the homes—the gardens. Life all a song! Then the great deluge breaks. Every man grasps a sword—our women trampled down in the crush. And one so dear—so helpless—my heart not withstand the appeal. I marry to protect her. Not the great, throbbing love—the dream of man's soul. But I was glad with her.

"For a little month I kept her hidden. Then all in a night, the hoofs of the enemy trample the village to destruction. That little girl missing. My heart of agony search—search all in vain.

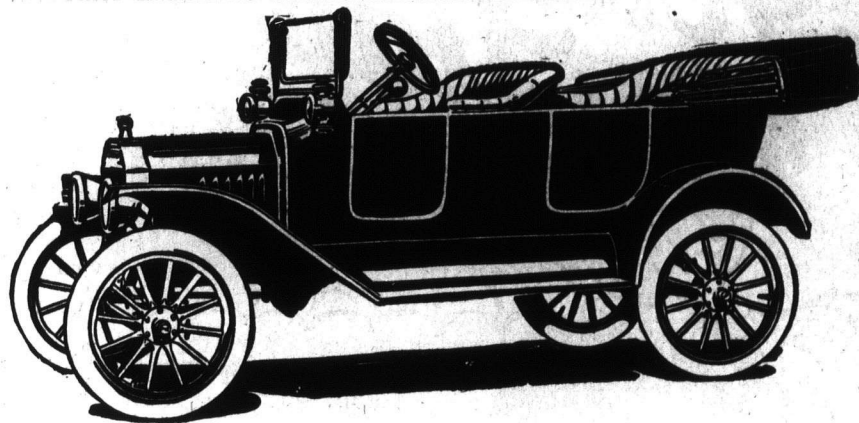
"Then one day—not a month gone since, I am commissioned to escort those who are refugees across to the English country. There I find my little girl—weak and broken. That night, in the English refugee home, did she give birth to our little son. Then her soul goes out. Maybe it is best so—no more pain—all peace.

"But the boy—left a Belgian refugee. Not one alone, but of the thousands. The mother, she worry much because no little garments ready for the baby coming. Your labor would be all repaid could you, dear Mademoiselle, have seen the joy that did radiate her face the hour that the Sister laid in her arms your little

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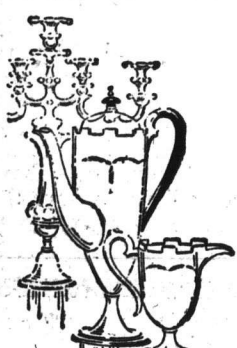
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bundle. There was the letter I carry that back to the trenches with me I learn English but of late. Still, I read your letter and understand the heart of Mademoiselle.

"Then my soul leap with great joy. Mademoiselle's empty arms reach over seas and take my boy. We gave to him the name of Victor—not because it was the name of our house alone, but because of the victory that comes in the distant day to us who fight.

"If the good mademoiselle so understands the appeal of the Belgian Babe and opens her heart to take him in, a nursing Sister who goes to Canada with the wounded, would convey my little son to her.

"Merci Mademoiselle, Fare thee well,
"Victor de Walleus."

Tears coursed down the cheeks of Julie Boudreau as she finished reading. Jean MacBurney saw dimly through the mist before her eyes. There was silence in the little bare, immaculate kitchen.

Then Julie Boudreau asked tremulously, "Mademoiselle will take the little one?"

Jean started. She take the little one? Why, she was but a girl herself, and non-experienced with children. Yet she was conscious of the mother longing in her heart, that had developed as she worked on the tiny garments sent over seas. It had lain dormant during all these months, but with the reading of the letter had again sprung to life.

"I will think the matter over, Julie," commented Jean, as she took the letter

tradition said came from French shores, should rock the Belgian baby.

As Jean MacBurney rocked the little Victor, the heart of her broke forth into a melody, all her own, that sang the Indian lullaby. She was as one of the village, going often into the humble homes that others might rejoice with her over the beautiful child.

There were the letters that came weekly from Victor de Walleus—the Belgian soldier. Eagerly Jean mastered French, that she might read them by herself alone. Always she answered in English. Although the soldier translated these letters without difficulty, he continued writing in French, through which he best found expression.

Then a strange thing happened to Jean MacBurney. She came to a sudden realization that it was not alone of the child she was writing, but she was pouring her very soul out in the letters to the Belgian soldier. Neither were Victor de Walleus' letters alone concerned with the welfare of his little son.

More than once he wrote: "It is the heart of mademoiselle illuminates the letters and gives one courage—instills life and hope into the wearied soul."

Then for a little the letters ceased coming. A letter from Norman MacBurney enlightened Jean.

He wrote: "I have experienced a marvelous escape from death on the battlefield. My rescue was due to the heroism of a Belgian soldier, Victor de Walleus. When we carried him—we feared mortally



White Mud Falls, Hudson's Bay Ry., Manitoba

This cut shows one of the attractive scenes available to the public on the completion of the Hudson's Bay railway. It is of the White Mud Falls, on the Upper Nelson, the outlet of Lake Winnipeg into the Hudson's Bay. The Nelson is a rapidly running stream with rock bound shores, and along its course are a number of fine rapids and falls, presenting great advantages for power propositions.

in her own fingers and turned homewards. And Julie Boudreau knew by the light in the girl's eyes that she would hearken to the appeal.

Up in the Grande House, where the mother listened with deep understanding to the message of the letter, Jean MacBurney's heart reached out to the Belgian babe.

"It will be best to cable the nursing Sisters that no delay ensue," exclaimed the girl impulsively. And the mother smiled her approval.

A few weeks later, when the British transport landed a score of wounded soldiers in Halifax a girl waited expectantly on the wharf. Down the gangplank came a Sister, and in her arms lay a little bundle—all woolly and sobbing.

Eagerly the girl accosted the Sister: "It is the Belgian baby—Victor? I am Jean MacBurney."

Then the little bundle lay in her own arms. Her heart beat tumultuously with the great, wonderful emotion that gripped her. She nestled her cheek against the dimpled neck that she might hide the tears blinding her eyes.

Back to the fishing village she hastened. The doors of the Grande House opened wide to the French Canadian women who came eagerly, curiously, to see the Belgian refugee.

To them Jean MacBurney turned for advice. Often they came to watch the Belgian babe gurgling and crowing in the little old wooden cradle—an heirloom handed down from the French Acadians. Some said it had come with De Mont in the early settlement of Fort Royal. All agreed that the old wooden cradle, that

wounded—into the French dressing station, he murmured the name of Jean MacBurney, and our own French Canadian village. The thing is all a mystery to me. Perhaps you understand it. The man will recover, but the terrible havoc of the shells have rendered his right arm almost useless. He is one of the finest types of man I have known—clever, big-hearted and courageous. Heaven alone knows that courage."

Conscious of the cloud of blackness that enveloped her, Jean MacBurney struggled along with the daily routine. And the baby in the old Acadian cradle lay wide-eyed, whimpering for the lullaby that failed to come.

After a little, the letters began to come again, written irregularly in the left hand. But a deeper meaning underlined the words. Once the Belgian soldier wrote: "Discharged I will be from the hospital—so very soon. The arm hangs useless. Yet there is hope that care and good treatment will give it back its cunning. I may again use it to fight for my country. Meanwhile there is the time that I wait. I would see my son, and would rejoice in meeting Mademoiselle Jeanne with the generous heart. So I go to your Canadian country some day not so distant."

The old Acadian cradle rocked again to the melody of lullabies and the Belgian babe laughed and-crowed and tossed his dimpled arms to meet the laughing spirit of Jean MacBurney.

Then one morning in the glory of springtime, when the birds of the orchard trilled of new life pulsing in the village, a stranger climbed the hill.

With a strange fluttering in her breast, Jean watched him cross the terrace leading to the porch. She lifted her eyes and scanned the unfamiliar uniform and the right arm hanging limply.

"It is Mademoiselle Jeanne MacBurney?" he asked.

She smiled in answer and gave him her hand; then drew back that he might gaze into the cradle.

Gently she lifted the child from his bed and laid him on the soldier's arm. There was silence between them as the man pressed his cheek against the baby's face. The little one fell asleep, his tiny pink feet resting against the helpless arm.

"It may be that the little body resting against your arm will give it new life," suggested Jean, as she took the child from his embrace and laid him in the cradle.

Then the Belgian soldier, whose face depicted the strength of his spirit, turned to Jean.

"It was not the child alone that called me to your Canada, but rather the heart of Mademoiselle that lured me overseas.

"But no, listen!" Jean MacBurney cried out rebelliously, "you have served. There is work here for you in the fishing village. The child and I need you always!"

Steadily he scanned her face, then answered quickly:

"That is not the true heart of Mademoiselle speaking. You who have given me courage would not in reality hold me back. When the fighting is done, I come again—of the future, what know we? But this I know, the heart of Mademoiselle is for me alone—all time."

She Didn't Care

Norman McLeod was once preaching in a district in Ayrshire, where the reading of a sermon is regarded as the greatest fault of which the minister can be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old woman, overflowing with enthusiasm, addressed her neighbor, "Did ye ever hear onything sae gran'?"

Wasna' that a sermon?"

All her expressions of admiration be-



Edna May, "The Salvation Maid," who donated \$100,000 to the American Red Cross Society.

This is the latest photograph of Edna May, (Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn), and is a charming study of the former "Belle of New York," showing her as enchanting as ever. Miss May starred in the Vitagraph Photoplay "Salvation Joan" and received \$100,000 for her share in the production. Miss May donated the entire amount to the American Red Cross Society.

Cannot you understand, Mademoiselle Jeanne; it is you that has stood out so vividly in all your letters, that I hungered to know. It is the great, throbbing love—the dream of man's soul. You are to me all that is life. Cannot you understand?"

She lifted her eyes, that she might see the love-light in his, and her voice, tremulous with the passion so long subjected, whispered: "My Belgian Knight."

His left arm reached out and silently drew her toward him, his head bending to kiss the flushed cheeks of mademoiselle.

Such weeks of mad joy as followed while the Belgian soldier convalesced and the right arm recovered its strength and cunning.

Then one day, when the arm obeyed the man's impulse and shot out with spirited daring, he announced exultantly:

"The call has come. I must go back to the land of trenches. I am privileged to again serve my country."

ing met by a stolid glance, she shouted, "Speak, woman! Wasna' that a sermon?"

"He read it," said the other.

To which she replied with indignant emphasis, "I wadna' care if he had whistled it."

The Oldest One of All

An old gentleman was proudly exhibiting some of his most valued possessions to a friend who had called to see him.

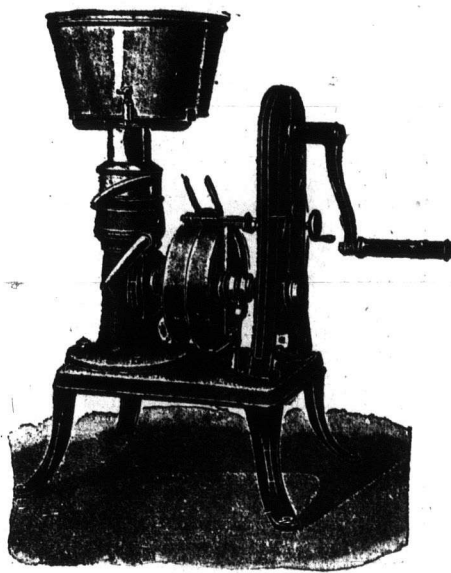
"That table," he said with pride, "is 500 years old."

"That's nothing," came the startling reply from the visitor's son, who was accompanying his father, "we have one at home which is 3,000 years old."

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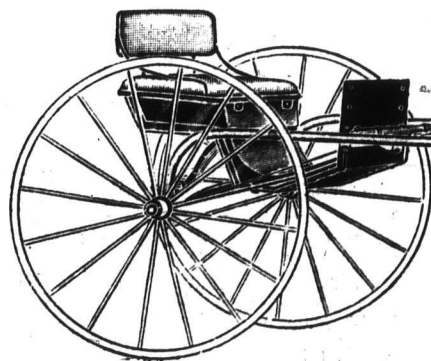
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The Unquenchable Flame

By Miriam Elston

JOHN HUNTER found himself attending to the furnace fire at 5.55 a.m. He hadn't intended to be quite so early. It seemed a very foolish move when there was positively nothing to do before the eight o'clock breakfast, and when the day, even if commenced at that hour, would stretch itself into interminable length.

On this morning, as usual, he spent the intervening hours in the big Morris chair by the south window. When his better-half entered the room he was gazing straight before him, with that fixity of gaze that she had begun to regard as the calm before the storm, the storm being an aggravated form of the fidgets. Well, thank goodness, it was Friday, and cleaning day. He could run the vacuum cleaner, and dust, and perhaps—well, why not? He had never done it before, but that was no reason why he should not do it now. Yes, she would let him scrub the kitchen floor. He complained bitterly of not having work enough to do.

"Been up long?" she questioned, by way of opening up conversation.

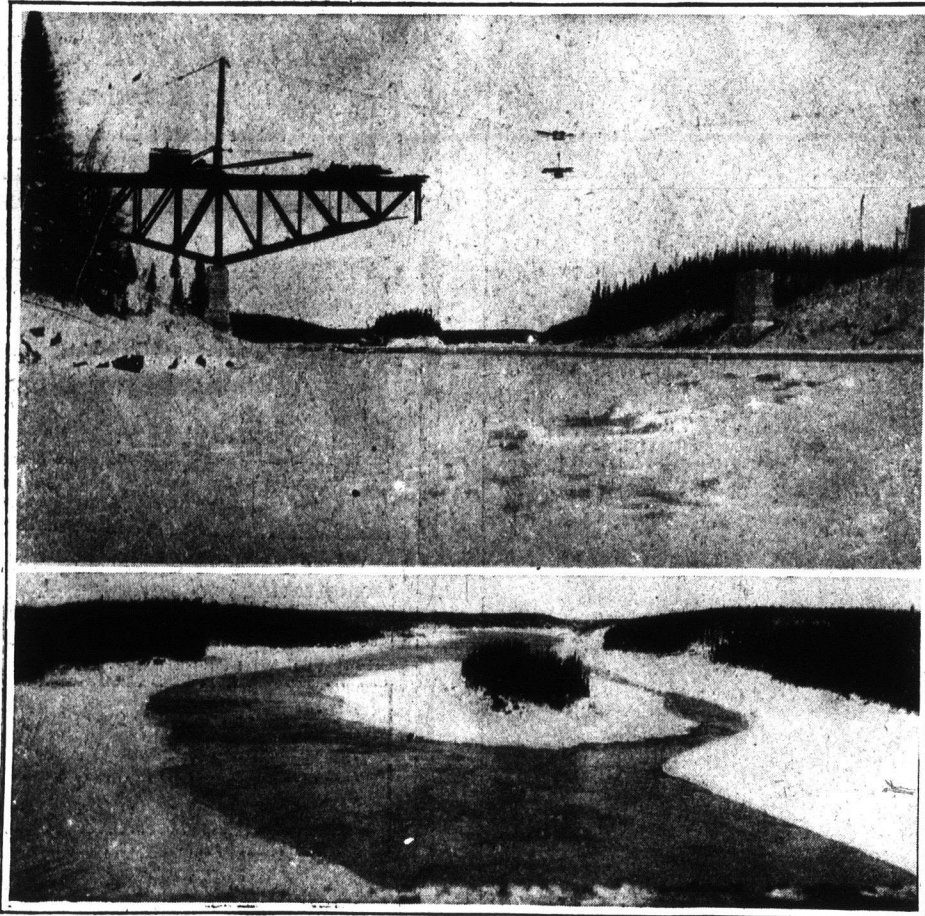
"Oh, I?" he said dully. "Ever since about six."

"Seems to me when you find the day so long it's hardly necessary to begin them so early," she remarked, in a slightly acid tone.

some huge grizzly might that had learned some slight of hand tricks with eggs.

When this stunt had been done justice to Clarissa placed a duster in his hands, and bade him polish the dining-room and sitting-room furniture. He did it thoroughly. He got down on his knees, and crawled around the dining-table, treating the legs to sundry strokes, and pats, and pokes. He harrassed the dust that strove to hide in corners till it was vanquished and forced to retreat. He made frequent trips to the back door, and shook his duster in the eyes of the neighbors for a full two minutes at a stretch, returning to attack some other piece of furniture.

In the course of three hours the two rooms were thoroughly done, with the exception of the mantle-shelf. There had been times when the amount of time consumed by John in performing this same portion of work had been wont to irritate Clarissa. We never know when our audience will be pleased with the act which once they hissed. Clarissa, deftly performing sundry other tasks, was secretly pleased when the minutes and hours passed, and John's task was still unfinished. But the man, puffing, blowing, vigorously wielding the small piece of cheese-cloth, imagined that the air was thick with Clarissa's disapproval. True, she wore no air of disapproval, but that



The Hudson's Bay railway starts at the town of The Pas, on the west side of the Saskatchewan river, over which the track is carried on a magnificent bridge, and then runs on to Manitowish, where there is another fine steel structure over the Nelson river. The upper picture shows the bridge during construction, the piers, buttment and cable service, with one span in place. The lower picture gives view of the Nelson river looking north.

"Hadn't the night been so long that I couldn't stand another minute of it?" His tone was somewhat menacing, and he got up and made a quick, aimless ramble around the room. John wandering aimlessly was a somewhat fearsome object to Clarissa. His seemed a rather huge bulk to be lacking direction.

Her next remark was in a conciliatory tone.

"You can toast this bread if you like."

Perhaps he didn't like. At any rate he stood and held the toaster over the coals till the bread was burned to a crisp. The same far-away look was in his eye. Clarissa took the toaster out of his hands, and toasted some more bread, while John drifted back to the chair.

Meanwhile Clarissa made a mental resolution not to turn John loose on the scrubbing proposition to-day. It was almost sure that what he needed was a little lively entertainment. She would plan something in the course of the day.

After breakfast he did show an interest in the work. He had already had ten months' training in the art of housework. He wiped the dishes, handling the delicate china gingerly, and looking much as

fact only made him feel it the more keenly. Well, anyhow, he'd do it well, if it took him all day. If she did say it took him a long time, she shouldn't say he didn't do it well.

It was when he was dusting the mantle-shelf that trouble occurred. On the mantle-shelf, in company with the marble clock, and a few pieces of fine china and brass, stood a small china dog. It was a relic of the days when china dogs, of aspect either mild or ferocious, were wont to guard the mantle clock in every well-regulated household. It did not resemble the fat china poodle, with the blue eyes and black ears, that sat beside your aunt Jemimah's clock, neither did it resemble the ferocious bull-dog that stood on an oval of painted grass on the corner of my grand-mother's mantle. If it had Clarissa would have given it to the children to decorate their play-houses long years ago. In the Hunter household several china animals had gone that way of the ordinary china animal, and this one alone was left to tell the tale of former days. He had been saved the fate of his one-time associates, because of a particularly knowing look that beamed



BABY CAMERON-WALLER.

Brought up from Birth on Virol.

80, Aldridge Road,
Balham, S.W.

Dear Sir,

This is my youngest son, aged 2 years. He was brought up from birth on Virol, and this photograph shows the result. His six brothers and sisters were all Virol babies and are splendid children. I cannot speak too highly of what Virol has done for them all, and I recommend it wherever I go.

EDITH CAMERON-WALLER.

VIROL

Virolised milk—a teaspoonful of Virol mixed with half-a-pint of warm (not hot) milk—is an ideal food for nervous exhaustion.

Sold everywhere in tins at 75c. for 8 oz., \$1.25 for 16 oz.

Sole Importers: BOYRIL, LTD.,
27, St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Do not risk your favorite linens in the laundry Mrs. Canada!

Have the work done at home under your personal supervision with an Eddy Indurated Washboard.

Better than zinc, glass or wood. Write for pamphlet telling why.

E. B. EDDY COMPANY
Hull - - - Canada

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

forth from his sky-blue eye, and because of a certain lack of polish in his outward appearance. Clarissa had suffered a surfeit of glittering china animals in her youth. Thus it came about that this dog had attained a glorified old age.

But, as has been remarked on a former occasion, the paths of glory lead but to the grave. When John Hunter reached the mantle he halted to contemplate the china dog. It was a dangerous proceeding on this morning—this morning when the past beckoned him so persistently. For this dog had squatted on its haunches on his mother's mantle-shelf in the old log shanty in the woods, when he was a little boy.

John Hunter's huge bulk settled into a contemplative attitude as he continued to gaze at the dog. And then, when he assayed to pick it up to dust it, the fatal accident occurred. The dog slipped through the fingers that had commenced to tremble, and lay on the hearth, a splatter of fragments. The commotion brought Clarissa from the kitchen.

"Oh, it's only the dog," she said, with a sigh of relief. "Well it couldn't have been anything better; I wonder why I've kept it all these years."

John Hunter stood motionless for the space of a moment, rage-bound. "Only a dog!" To him it meant infinitely more than the expressionless pieces of china and brass that decorated the mantle-shelf. It was a link with the glorious past, a past where every God given day spelled achievement. Clarissa's conciliatory words sent a white heat of anger surging through his veins.

John Hunter had never been used to venting his feelings in hasty and angry words, and Clarissa had never known him to resort to slamming doors. Therefore when he set his heel on the shattered fragments, and ground them into still smaller particles, Clarissa was vaguely alarmed. But she said nothing, only went for the broom and dustpan, and very meekly gathered up the scattered fragments.

Then John Hunter, forgetting the task he had determined to do well, settled himself in the Morris chair, and fixed moody, unseeing eyes on the brilliant splotch of color that fell through the piano window on the dining-room rug. And it seemed as though the freed spirit of the humble china pup led him along the checkered pathway he had trod since the day his grandmother had made one Christmas thoroughly happy by making him the proud possessor of a china pup.

They were dangerous days for John Hunter to allow his mind to revert to, the days when, as a child of seven, he had first been a pioneer. Even at that age the real spirit of the pioneer had dwelt within his breast. He had helped to build the first log shanty that had sheltered him in the new land. While his elders had felled and hewed the logs he had gathered the moss to chink it, pushing his way, in his expeditions to discover it, into the dense woods where never yet had the foot of white man trod.

The nights, before the shanty was completed, when they had slept beside the smouldering camp-fire, had been no terror to the child. He was a born pioneer, filled with that indomitable

spirit that experienced joy at the sight of obstacles to overcome, and that gloried in each task accomplished. He feared not nature in even her most wayward moods, and the growing plant and animal life were a holy joy to him. When the first ears of wheat had turned to gold in the small, stump-infested field that had been wrested from the forest his heart had glowed with a pride that would have put to shame the lesser flame that flickered feebly in the breast of his elders. He knew only the joys of pioneer life, they suffered some of its woes.

It was when this hardy son of the soil was sixteen years old that the death of his father made him the male head of the house. But the boy had gained a strength of muscle and a poise of mind that made him, considering his youth, strangely unafraid of his task.

And then, three years later, it had seemed the wise thing to sell the partly-cleared farm to some less intrepid pioneer and once more take the trail into the virgin forest. And all the thrills that had been his in childhood had been his again in greater intensity in these first years of manhood. Tall, strong, straight, pure in mind, and firm and lofty in purpose, he seemed as much a lord in this domain as did the giant trees that towered above their fellows in the forest.

Years passed, the virgin forest that had become his second home was now as goodly a tract of country as Western Ontario could boast. The log shanty had given place to a neat four-roomed frame house, when Clarissa had come to be mistress of the home. Later a new brick, of ample proportions, and creditable finish, had taken its place.

Under these new conditions John Hunter labored as cheerfully as he had when the forest was waiting to be conquered. He was still the pioneer, blazing new trails now by which man might discover the full measure of the gifts which Mother Earth had to offer mankind. Each morning brought its inspiration, each evening brought its benediction. He was a king in this realm, free, familiar, superior. The realm he had conquered rendered him homage. The clean odor of the soil, the subtle fragrance of bush grasses and ripening grain, the perfume of bursting bud and full-blown blossom, rose in his nostrils as a sweet incense. And nature continually unfolded before him a panorama that thrilled his soul with its never-ending, ever changing beauty. In spring it was the mystery of springing vegetation, in summer the wonder of forming fruits, in autumn the glory of garnered grain and crimsoned leaf, in winter the mystery of the snow-enfolded, sleeping earth. What monarch ever had prepared for him a more brilliant pageant?

And then, when the children had all gone from the home nest, and he and Clarissa were once more left alone, a feeling of dissatisfaction had taken form amongst his offspring. Why should their father still labor in farm-yard and field? Had he not accumulated a competency that would maintain him and the mother in ease and luxury for the rest of their days? He was no longer young, and surely he had earned a life of ease for the rest of his days.

John Hunter awoke, with a sense of

shock, to the fact that he was sixty-seven years old. It did sound a rather advanced age, and yet he had, regarded himself as in the prime of life. And his children considered him an old man. The air was thick with all manner of plans formulated by his wife and children. They should go to the west to live; it was there the greater number of the children had

congregated. There should be a bungalow that was a marvel of convenience and beauty, built on a thirty-three by one hundred and fifty foot lot. There would be a lawn at the front, and a lettuce bed at the back. There the father should enjoy his well-earned rest.

And so the plans had accumulated, and in the end John Hunter was pried



Is it not reasonable

that the food for the hand-fed baby should be progressive? Think of the baby in the cradle, and then picture him when nine months of age.

The 'Allenburys' Milk Food—No. 1 is a thoroughly suitable nourishment for the first three months of life. It contains no starch, is identical with human milk, can be digested by the most delicate infant, and requires only hot boiled water to prepare it.

The 'Allenburys' Milk Food—No. 2 follows when baby is three months of age. This food contains added nourishment for the brain and nervous system. It should be given until the child is about six months old.

The 'Allenburys' Malted Food No. 3 is a farinaceous food specially advantageous at this period—six months onwards. It is a Malted Food prepared specially for infants.

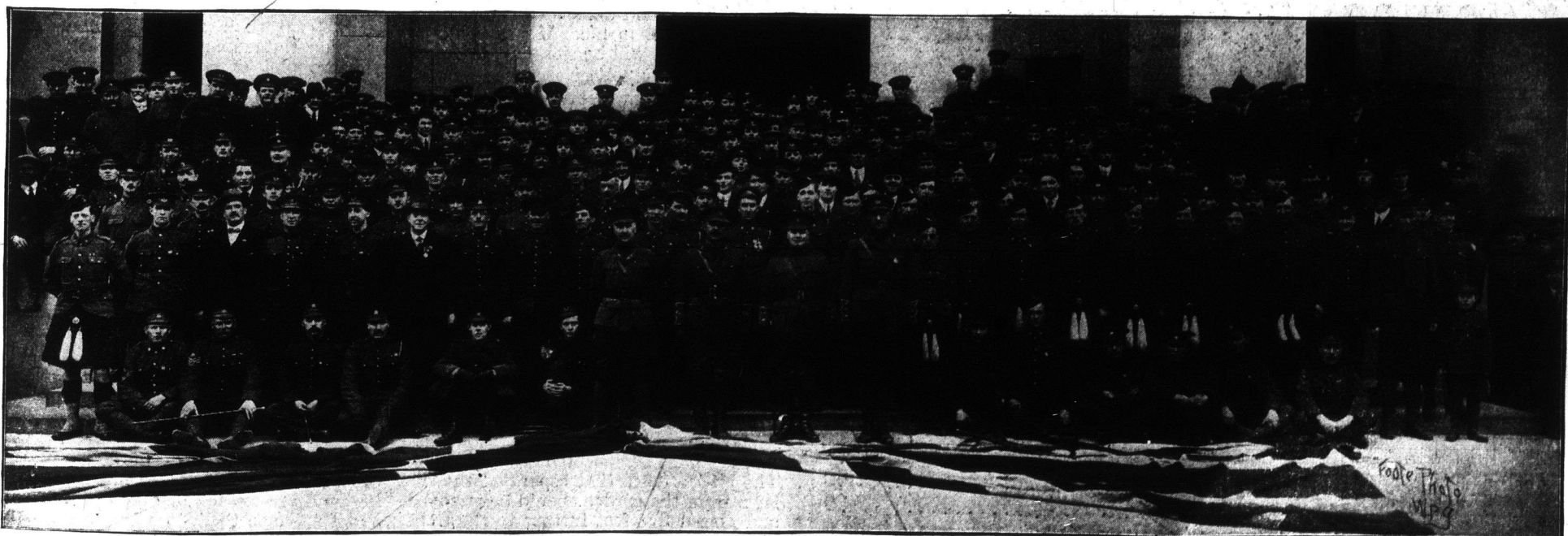
Remember—the 'Allenburys' Foods Nos. 1, 2 & 3 are graduated to provide the maximum nourishment that the child is able to digest at the period of life for which each Food is recommended. Carefully follow the simple directions given on each tin. Baby's health is assured, and the Mother is relieved of all anxiety.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

The only complete Progressive Dietary Foods

A valuable booklet "Infant Feeding & Management" dealing with Baby's many needs & problems, post free

The Allen & Hanburys Co., Limited, Toronto



On Sunday, April 23rd Winnipeg's war veterans, home from Flanders, held their first parade in commemoration of the battle of St. Julien. About three hundred war-scarred soldiers walked in the procession. Others, as yet physically unable to follow on foot, were conveyed in automobiles. Cheering thousands crowded the streets, through which the little body of veterans wended their way to Grace Church. Notwithstanding that there were many evidences of the terrible warfare through which they had gone, such as the loss of limbs and arms, they were all cheerful and happy in the thought that they had done "their bit" for Canada and the Empire.

No More Washday Drudgery

You wouldn't think of cutting your Grain with a Reaper, yet your wife to-day is probably doing the washing with a Washer just as much a relic of the past as the old Reaper is.

Make life pleasant for the women folks by buying a Canada Power Washing Outfit, consisting of Canada Power Washer with Wringer, Belt and our new one H.P. Engine, all complete for only

\$54.50



The biggest labor-saving device ever invented.

The Canada Power Washer has a reversible ball bearing Wringer, five-year guarantee rolls. Will wash and wring at the same time. All gears are enclosed, no chains to tear the clothes, size of washer tub, inside measurements 12 inches deep by 22 3/4 inches diameter. Will wash clothes in a few minutes for the largest families. Price of Washer only \$21.50.

The Gasoline Engine supplied with this outfit is our new one H.P., guaranteed in every respect, and is built on most approved lines. It will run a Pump Jack just as well. We can supply a reliable Double-gear Pump-Jack for \$7.00 extra.

We Let You Test This Outfit for 30 Days before you need keep it. Send us your order to-day and be convinced that the Canada Power Washing Outfit is one of the best values and labor savers ever made.

C. S. JUDSON CO., LIMITED

From Factory Direct to Farmer

Logan and Sherbrook Streets, WINNIPEG, Canada



Cut Worm Beware!

The advent of the Gibson Plant Protector will make it impossible for you to feed off newly set out cabbage and cauliflower plants, which in future the farmer will have for himself or his customers.

Made in two grades—

No. 1 with 25 Wrappers 50c., postage 10c. extra

No. 2 with 25 Wrappers 60c., postage 15c. extra

Extra wrappers 25c. per hundred, postage 7c.

For sale by seedsmen and store keepers and by the manufacturers by mail.

The Gibson Plant Protector Co.

394 Lipton St., Winnipeg

"OBICO" Cures Indigestion

and all stomach troubles quickly and permanently. Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Flatulence, etc., are at once dispelled. OBICO is now for the first time being placed on the Canadian market. This remarkable cure has been used for over half a century in Europe, but its use was restricted as it was only obtained by those who were in a position to pay a high price consultation fee, and an almost prohibited price for the medicine.

A well-known resident of the Indian settlement at Lac Du Bonnet, who tried and tested OBICO for Indigestion, showed his gratitude in this quaint manner, and wrote as follows to the Proprietors:

"I have the honor to send you a parcel of wolf skins, and also a wild goose; have something to eat with me." This is the highest appreciation that an Indian can confer. What OBICO did for him, it can do for anyone suffering from Indigestion.

OBICO is now sold only in one size bottle, \$1.00 each. Ask your Druggist or communicate with the

OBICO DRUG COMPANY, WINNIPEG

THE LABEL

on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.

One Year	\$1.00
Three Years.....	2.00
Five Years.....	3.00

Send in your Renewal NOW.

loose from the soil, and transplanted in the bungalow.

John Hunter's eyes still rested unseeingly on the bright spot on the carpet when Clarissa called him to dinner. He came obediently enough. He pushed back his plate of soup, however, having scarcely tasted it.

"What is wrong?" Clarissa questioned.

"Don't you like it? Or are you sick?"

"The soup is all right, but I don't seem to have any appetite."

"But are you sick?"

"Perhaps I am, I don't feel well at any rate."

Clarissa was becoming vaguely alarmed. This is really the most painful variety of alarm, as far as the person alarmed is concerned.

"Do you feel very sick?"

"I'm not sure. I never was sick in my life excepting the first time I used tobacco. I think I feel worse than I did that time."

Nor did John take any interest in the second or third course. Indeed, he refused to help himself to either. Clarissa suggested that she telephone for a doctor, but John would not hear such a proceeding. However, after considerable persuasion, he consented to call upon a physician that afternoon.

It was the first time John Hunter had been examined by a physician, and he marvelled. The man turned his eyelids inside out, and viewed them critically. He was also curious concerning the interior of his mouth, commanding that he open it up, and protrude his tongue, while he gazed into the depth of his throat. He likewise manifested a considerable degree of curiosity concerning his trunk, but a convenient road of entrance being lacking, he must perforce stay on the outside. However, he rapped in sundry regions, and listened intently, trying evidently to satisfy a morbid curiosity through the ear, since he could not through the eye.

Having reached a certain intimacy in this manner he proceeded to ask a great many questions that seemed to John to be of a rather personal nature. It flashed through John's mind that perhaps the physician had conceived the idea that he was a somewhat interesting character, and was gathering material for a biography, in case of his early demise.

And John gave him a fairly accurate outline, starting with the day he first gathered moss, and continuing up to the present moment. He had a certain melancholy pleasure at least in recounting the story of the glorious past. He touched the present but lightly, but there was a certain significance in his handling of the subject that seemed not to escape the doctor.

When the recital was over the physician stood gazing out of the window at the buildings across the street. His attitude was that of a man in deep meditation. After a moment he brought his eyes back and studied John Hunter.

"Those days on the farm must have been intensely interesting days," he remarked, casually.

John Hunter acquiesced warmly.

"I find nothing wrong with you physically," the doctor continued. "You are as sound as a new dollar. But you must find an interest in life. If you continue without it you will be sick first thing we know."

With that John Hunter was bowed out of the great man's presence.

Clarissa was disappointed in the result of John's visit to the doctor. When a doctor admits that there is something wrong, and sends sundry pills, and powders, and potions after the trouble you have a comfortable feeling that something is being accomplished. But when, on the other hand, he tells you that you are perfectly sound, you know that progress in the case can lead only in one direction. You are indeed in a most helpless state.

Clarissa's brain immediately got busy with the proposition of providing John with an interest in life. She took to remodeling the lot so that a little more space could be devoted to gardening. The lattice fence that separated the side lawn from the garden should be removed, and placed five feet further to the front. This would allow an extra one hundred and five square feet for garden beds. When Clarissa discovered that she had

thus enlarged the capacity of the lot she felt a thrill equal to the one Columbus experienced when he sighted America.

But the pity was that Clarissa got the thrill, and not John. Clarissa did not particularly need it. As for John, he listened patiently to her plans whereby she had contrived active employment for him for full five hours of the day, and tried to be correspondingly grateful. But the plans didn't interest him a great deal.

He had begun, day by day, to take a melancholy interest in his symptoms. He had never before had time to indulge in sickness, and now, not being actively employed in any other line of effort, he proceeded to make the most of this. Every day that passed seemed to find him worse. He was now, to judge by his feelings, considerably sicker than when he visited the doctor a few weeks ago.

There were times when Clarissa became completely discouraged with him. The most notable of these times was at the coming of spring. He would go out to dig a garden bed, and, leaning on his shovel, gaze into space, dreaming dreams of the days when he followed the team in the conquest of the soil. At such times he would return to the house enveloped in a worse attack of the malady than usual.

When a neighbor suggested that John accompany him on a long drive into the country Clarissa hailed the idea with delight. They would be gone three days. John did not know that he felt well enough to go, but Clarissa settled the matter for him. The change would carry him out of himself. He needed rousing. When he returned he would be quite himself again. So he went, though maintaining an air that seemed to insist that such a proceeding might have fatal results.

When the neighbor arrived home he came alone. He brought a letter to Clarissa. His manner was a commingling of apology and embarrassment. But Clarissa spent scant time regarding him when she got hold of the letter.

"Dear Clarissa: "I don't know what you'll think of me, but I've bought a farm. I couldn't help it when I saw it. It's a chunk of the very finest land God ever made, and the man who had it was doing nothing worth while with it. It was a sin to leave it in his hands.

"I'm keeping the man and his wife to work the land and keep house for me, for I sense that the man is willing enough, but ignorant of proper methods. In two years I'll have that land producing more grain per acre than any piece of land I've ever had.

"I think it's going to agree with me here. The air doesn't stifle me as it does in town, and the smell of the newly-turned sod seems to go right to the sick spot in me.

"I'll be back in the city in about two weeks, and after that I'll just come out for a few days occasionally, to keep an eye on things.

"Ever yours,
John.

"P.S.—Don't be fretting about me. I seem to feel as well as ever I did. J.H."

It was a week later when Clarissa made her appearance in the field where John was superintending the planting of a two-acre plot of potatoes. He did not see her till she was close beside him. The air of apology and dejection that the city had bred in him was gone. He seemed a lord in this realm. The smile that passed between the two in greeting covered the necessity of an interchange of many words.

"Well, I married a pioneer," Clarissa admitted, "and I took him for better or for worse."

"I couldn't help it," John contended. "If I hadn't left the city for part of the time I knew I'd leave it soon for all time. I'm a son of the soil, and transplanting me would soon kill me. But I'll be with you a lot of the time. And I shan't feel that my shoes and harness are off, and my days of usefulness forever over."

"Yes, you'll be with me a lot of the time," Clarissa laughed. "Myra and her husband are renting our house furnished, and I've come to live on the farm. I'm so proud of my third time pioneer that I don't want anything better than to stand by him."

Plans for Comfortable and Attractive Farm Home

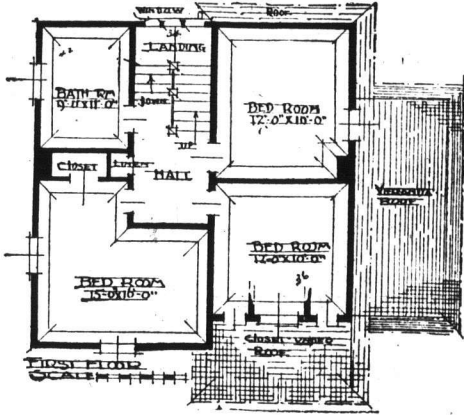
Contributed by V. W. Horwood, Architect.

This house, while most appropriate for a farm dwelling where there is no limit to the amount of ground around it, might also be used in a small town or suburb if the building lot is of good size. No pretention to any particular style of architecture can be claimed for it, but its quaint, old fashioned proportions bespeak homelike comfort and also have a little artistic merit. The slight overhanging on the front serves to shield the front door. The first storey is built of hollow concrete blocks which make a warm construction. The upper half is of stucco, half timbered. The timbers are stained brown. The chimneys are of common brick, the fire-place chimney being broad and flat, while the kitchen one is square. The gabled roof is shingled. There is a cellar under the living room only; under the rest of the house no excavation is needed.

On the first floor are the living-room, dining-room and kitchen with large pantry between. The pantry has a serving window to the airy verandah on the side of the house.

The kitchen is just the proper size to be convenient, and is well lighted. It is admirably located, being so placed as to be shut off completely from the rest of the house. No view of the kitchen can be had from any of the rooms, the only door leading into it opening through the pantry. The back door opens into a small passage which gives access to the kitchen and also the basement stairs. This does away with the need of an outside basement entrance.

rough floor with paper between. The fireplace is of large broad proportions, built of brownish red pressed brick. There is a straight plain shelf supported by large wooden brackets. The living-room and dining-room plaster has

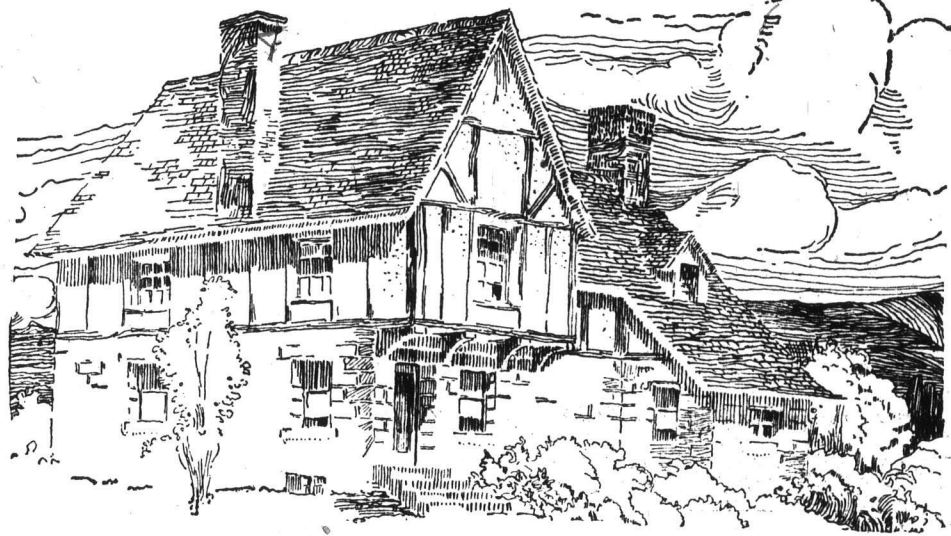


Upper Floor

a sand finish tinted a light tan to blend with the wood work. Everywhere else a hard white coat is used. The house is heated with hot air.

Possibly

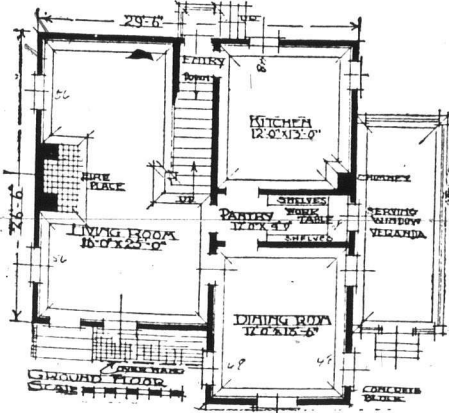
A popular soprano is said to have a voice of fine timbre, a willowy figure, cherry lips, chestnut hair, and hazel eyes. She must have been raised in the lumber regions.



The stairway between ground and first floors, is in the living-room, giving an irregularity to the outline of the room that is most unusual and pleasing. On the stair landing is a fine window where one may stop to view the surrounding neighborhood or country.

The upper floor is divided off into three bedrooms and a bathroom. The two front bedrooms have good roomy closets, and there is a linen cupboard in the hall. If needed a stair may be built to the attic.

The woodwork throughout the house should be of the simplest nature possible, plain fir casings and trim without fanciful moldings or ornamentation of



Ground Floor

any sort. The living and dining rooms should be stained in natural tones; the kitchen varnished, and the upstairs painted white. The floors should be hardwood, preferably maple as it wears almost forever. This is laid over a

Too Fast

With but three minutes to catch his train, the travelling salesman inquired of the street car conductor, "Can't you go faster than this?" "Yes," the bell ringer replied, "but I have to stay with my car." — Harper's.

A Kick

I like to see a little dogge & patte him on the hedde; Butte when he singeth in ye nyte I would thatte he were dedde.

And eke ye tunefulle Thomas Catte Which sleepeth alle day long, Fulle oft I've shocked ye pallid moon & cursed his fervent song.

Ye playfulle flea, so sprightlie and So fulle of boyish glee, Why must he play atte nyte time whenne No human eye can see?

Ye rag-time on ye floore above Grows louder; & I know Ye clans are celebrating where Ye beere doth ebb & flow.

I love ye sound of music; yette I rave & want to fyte; The day was made for song; oh thenne Why keep itte up alle nyte?

Menne curse ye pestie house fly oft With curses loud & deep; Yette he alone of all ye pests, Whenne hys poor, jaded victim rests, Goes decentlie to sleep!

—Lowell O. Reese.

HAVE BALMY SPRING AT HOME DURING THE MOST SEVERE WINTERS

An "IMPERIAL" Hot Water Boiler with Hydro-Thermic (Steel) Radiators will show you their worth the first year and it will be the same each following year during a lifetime.

Decide now to put in "IMPERIAL AND HYDRO-THERMIC" heat.

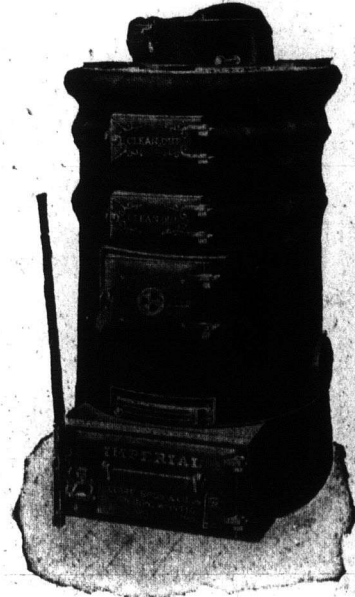
Don't spend another winter without it, it is the one plant that will just suit your needs and safeguard your family's health.

"IMPERIAL" BOILERS are built of the very best materials and fitted and machined with the utmost care. Every boiler is guaranteed to be perfect in material and workmanship.

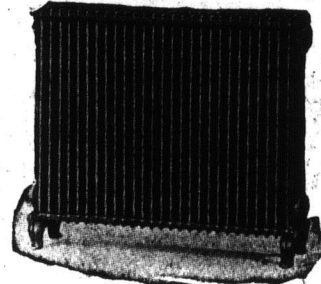
"IMPERIAL" BOILERS have an overhanging arched firepot and the sections are joined by means of cast iron screw nipples, and no packing of any description is used in joint. These sections are so arranged as to secure the maximum fire travel and take all possible heat units out of the coal.

Clinker Door enables one to rake the surface of the grates without destroying the fire or wasting fuel.

Ash Pit is cast in a single piece and is heavy and rigid.



Hydro-Thermic (Steel) Radiators

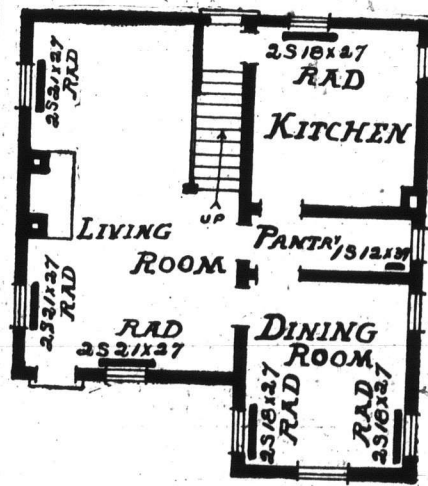


The new system which decreases the consumption of fuel, responds to the damper regulation more promptly, makes a neater and more sanitary installation, brings down the cost without sacrificing efficiency.

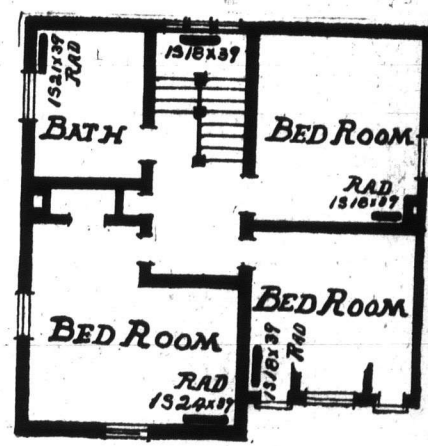
"HYDRO-THERMIC" (STEEL) RADIATORS occupy less than one half the space of cast radiators and only one third the water used. Running water is not necessary.

"HYDRO-THERMIC" (STEEL) RADIATORS can be used either on legs or suspended from the wall on concealed brackets, the latter doing away with cutting the carpets and also gives free access for sweeping.

We will furnish the "IMPERIAL" BOILER, "HYDRO-THERMIC" (STEEL) RADIATORS, the necessary piping, cast iron fillings, nickel plated radiator valves and air vents, nickel plated floor and ceiling plates, guaranteed to heat a house constructed on Western Home Monthly Plan, as shown on this page, at a cost, the reasonableness of which will surprise you.



GROUND FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR

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

Clare Bros. Western, Limited

Department H.

WINNIPEG - - - MAN.

COUPON

Clare Bros. Western Ltd. Dept. H, Winnipeg, Man.

Please send me full particulars on heating system for house shown in Western Home Monthly May Issue

Name

Address

Try It, Madam



A bonbon dish, filled with these airy tit-bits. You'll find that you can't resist it.

The writer keeps Puffed Grains on his desk—Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Within an hour it's empty.

So, Mrs. Housewife, it will be with you, if you place them on your writing desk.

For these bubble-like morsels, crisp and flaky, are real food confections. They taste like nut meats puffed.

Bonbons for Breakfast

This is a plea to serve these bonbons for breakfast, oftener than you do. Let them make more meals delightful.

There are two Puffed Grains, each with its own fascinations. There are many ways of serving.

They are so dainty, so flimsy, so flavory that the meals which bring them seem like festivals.

Yet they stand supreme as scientific grain foods. Prof. Anderson's process explodes every food cell. Thus every atom digests and feeds.

Puffed Grains seem like tit-bits. But they are superfoods. No element in them is wasted.

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

As foods, serve with cream and sugar, or in bowls of milk, or mixed with any fruit.

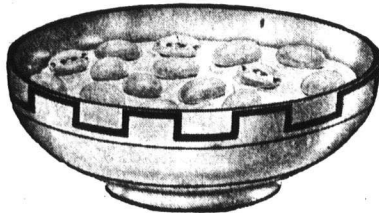
As confections, use in candy making, as garnish for ice cream, or for eating dry like peanuts.

Use them as wafers in soups.

These are perfect grain foods, which look and taste like sweetmeats.

And they can't be served too often.

It's too bad that more grains are not puffed.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont.

Saskatoon, Sask.
(1250)

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

The plan of the Salvation Army to bring a number of British war widows and their families into Canada, and particularly to the prairie provinces, is a matter of such grave importance that I trust every woman on a farm or in a small town in Western Canada, will make it her own special business to protest against any such course being sanctioned by our provincial governments.

The plan proposed by Capt. Tudge of the Salvation Army, in brief, is to bring out women left widows by the war, especially from England, and to establish them in the small towns and in farm homes in Canada, and for this purpose the Army is asking \$50 per family from the provincial governments, and also seeking the endorsement of various women's organizations for their scheme. Many women will exclaim on first hearing of this scheme, "how could we object to helping war widows from Britain!" That is not the way to look at this scheme. The way to look at it is, will the bringing out of these widows be a help to them, and speaking from personal experience, I would say, emphatically, "NO."

The West, at present, is asking for widows' pensions, in order to help widows

class, from which these widows are evidently to be drawn. It is not the fault of the women, but rather the fault of the environment in which they have been brought up. They, their mothers, their grandmothers and their great-grandmothers have worked and lived along certain well defined lines, and this has tended to deprive them of the initiative and the adaptability which are the common heritage of the women of Canada, very few of whom are two generations away from actual pioneers. I venture to predict that if the scheme is carried through that inside of three years ninety per cent of these women and their children will have drifted back into the slums of the cities, and many will become a curse to themselves and a menace to society. It is nothing short of absolute cruelty to bring these women out under such conditions.

Claim is made by the Salvation Army that they will be responsible for them for four years. In theory this sounds very well; in practice what does it mean? The Salvation Army has no income, excepting what it derives from the charity of the public, and if the Army have to support these people it simply means that you will have to support them. Another



A happy home in a pleasant land. From a B.C. scene

with families, so that they may keep the families in homes and not have to send them to institutions, it being borne in upon the public mind that to be raised in an institution is by no means the best preparation for being an efficient citizen.

Capt. Tudge and his supporters state that where a woman has a number of children, they will bring out only the oldest and the youngest, and the others will be put in institutions in the Old Country. On behalf of the children left behind in institutions, this should be protest number one.

Protest number two should be the utter unsuitability of our climate for any such scheme. Take a woman from England who has never been accustomed to looking after wood fires or coal furnaces, or coal heating stoves, plant her down in one of the small towns in the West where there are no modern conveniences, and where she will have to heat her house with either a wood or coal stove. According to the Salvation Army scheme she is to make her living by going out charring, the children apparently to be left to their own devices while she is doing this work. It will not take any Western woman long to visualize what the condition of that home will be, and how successful the mother will be at clothing and educating her children under such circumstances.

We all have a very great admiration for the bravery and courage of the women from the Old Country who come out here, but when we speak the truth to ourselves we admit that the hardest settler the West has ever had to assimilate is the English woman of the lower middle

claim which the Salvation Army makes is that numbers of these women and their children will be acceptable on the farms. Those of you who live on farms know how utterly foolish that statement is. How many farm homes in the Canadian West have room for a mother and two or three children, and if that mother is caring, as she should do, for the children, how much work can she do to help the already burdened farmer's wife? The best proof that help of this kind is not wanted on the farms is the percentage of applications for farm help coming in at the present time to the departments of agriculture. Where a man and his wife are asked for, over and over again it is stipulated that they must have no children. If the farmers of the West are not willing, for the sake of securing a good farm hand and his wife, to put up with the presence of even one child, how much less likely are they to be willing to hire a woman to do housework who is burdened with two or three children.

Another claim of the Salvation Army is that numbers of these women will marry in Canada. They seem to utterly ignore the fact that by the time the war is over it is more than likely that the discrepancy between the number of men and women in Western Canada will be nearly, if not entirely obliterated; moreover that very many of the men coming back from the war will be unfit for heavy work, and that in many cases their wives will have to supplement the government pensions by working themselves, in order to support a home. This is perfectly all right, and no Canadian woman will

grudge any such service either to her man or her country, but she should not be asked to assume an additional responsibility in the form of providing for war widows from other countries. The proper place for British war widows to be cared for is in Britain, where they are familiar with their surroundings, and where it can be done more cheaply and more efficiently than in a climate so severe as our own. If it is necessary for Canada to assist them, by all means let us send the cash bonus asked for to bring them to Canada, and let it be used to assist them at home.

It will be well for every woman in the country to consider those who are opposing this scheme. Mrs. A. V. Thomas ("Lillian Laurie"), whose name is a household word throughout the West in the matter of the welfare of women and children; Kenneth Haig ("Alison Craig"), whose pen has ever been at the service of women and children; the Rev. J. S. Woodsworth, who has given his life to social service; Mrs. Jno. Dick of Winnipeg, whose name is forever associated with the movement for widow's pensions. These people know conditions in the West at first hand; moreover they are thoroughly in sympathy with any work for the benefit of women and children, yet they have all expressed themselves as unalterably opposed to this scheme.

I would strongly recommend that the women's organizations in the country, Women Grain Growers, Home Economics societies, Home Makers' clubs, get together on this matter at once and protest to the provincial governments, and especially to their local members, against any such scheme being attempted, and in doing so they will be acting in the best interests of the war widows. The women of Western Canada can do these women no greater kindness than to discourage their being brought out here under any such conditions as proposed by the Salvation Army. The Army talks glibly of "careful selection." A few of us have seen some of their carefully selected settlers that have come out in the past on to Canadian lands. We know something of their struggles and their failures, and we know a great deal of their utter unfitness for the class of life to which they were brought. The Salvation Army is a very grand institution, one for which we have unbounded admiration, but it is not always wise in its methods, and in this particular instance it is certainly showing a lamentable lack of good judgment.

This organization, as its name implies, is one for national succor in France. Branches have been established in Canada, not at the request of the French nation, but voluntary on the part of Secours Canadiens, with a view of National showing our appreciation of the splendid work done by France in the present struggle. A branch has recently been formed in Manitoba, with headquarters in the New Law Courts building, Cor. Broadway and Kennedy streets, Winnipeg, and Mrs. G. H. Williams is the secretary. So far they have issued one little leaflet, which I take great pleasure in reproducing here for the consideration of my readers:

Do You Realize

- That there are to-day eleven million refugees in France who have fled from devastated districts of France and Belgium. This means that a population greater by half as much again as that of Canada is in sore need.
- That as practically every able-bodied man in France is under arms, her industries and agricultural pursuits are paralyzed.
- That in August and September, 1914, over 200,000 non-combatant men, women and children were captured by the Germans and driven on foot into Germany. Children were separated from parents and husbands from wives.
- That these prisoners are now being returned to France at the rate of 1,000 per day, still clad in the clothes in which they were captured in the summer of 1914. Babies, of whom large numbers were born in captivity, are returned wrapped in rags torn from their mothers' clothing.
- The following articles are most urgently in demand: Blankets, woollen yarn, materials of all kinds, cloth, serge, flannel, flannelette, cotton, under-

clothing, hosiery, shoes and clothing of all kinds for men, women, boys, girls and babies. Worn articles, clean and in good condition, are as acceptable as new ones.

That the Germans hold, either by actual occupation or by reason of their being in the war zone: 68.8% of the coal deposits of France, 85.7% of the pig iron of France, 90% of the iron ore of France, 68.7% of the textile industries of France, 43% of the total industries of France.

It is not the intention to send money to France, but all funds taken in by the Winnipeg Association will be spent in Canada for goods to be made up by voluntary workers, and to be delivered by the C.P.R. in France without charge.

Messrs. Marwick, Mitchell, Peat & Co. have consented to make periodical audits of the books without charge, the result of which will be published in the daily papers.

All contributions, donations of money and correspondence should be sent to Mrs. Williams at the above address.

"What we want," said the publisher, "is the terse, hard-hitting modern, style of expression."

"I know," replied the writing person; "the stuff that sounds like profanity with a little benzoate of soda in it."

A certain young man had been seeing more of the pleasures of the town than was good for him, and his father resolved to send him to an uncle's farm to engage in some honest toil. The Newark Star tells what happened when he got there.

Day was just breaking on the first morning of his stay when his uncle woke him up.

"What's the trouble?" asked the city chap, rubbing his eyes sleepily.

"Have to get up and help gathering pumpkins," exclaimed the farmer.

"Great Scott!" growled the agricultural recruit. "Do you have to sneak up on them in the dark?"

Isn't this a wonderful oven?

**Convenient Drop-Door
Tested Thermometer
Ventilation**

**Economy Flue System
Walls of Nickelled Steel**

WHAT more could be added? Here is an oven you enjoy using. It saves your fuel, and helps you serve finer meals than you ever thought you would be capable of cooking.

- 1 The Convenient Drop Door shows how thoroughly every little need has been taken care of. When open it acts as a shelf for sliding vessels in and out of the oven. Even the handle serves a double purpose for it is notched so that the door can be left the least bit open when you want to cool the oven.
- 2 There is no guess-work about the heat of this oven. When the oven is right, the tested Kootenay thermometer tells you accurately.
- 3 And should the cooking bubble over the Kootenay oven is so easily cleaned. The quick-heat steel used in making the oven walls is heavily nickel-plated. No metal could be more sanitary, and rust proof.

4 But the saving of coal,—one of the natural reasons for the success of this wonderful range! The nickelled steel allows heat to penetrate into the oven very quickly, but it is the McClary asbestos-lined flue system that directs the heat twice around the oven and stops the usual wastage.

5 The ventilated oven carries off all cooking odors. You know what that means,—no smudge or disagreeable odors around the house at meal times. Flues are aluminized and the coating on the steel linings resists rust.

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The Young Man and His Problem

By J. L. Gordon

THE LEGS OF A LIE

A lie must lean on something. It cannot stand alone. It has no feet, and its legs are minus. Truth on the lips of a child is omnipotent. Truth has an inherent element of self-support. Truth needs no mental reservation or "aids to memory."

An amusing account is given in "The Green Bag" for November, 1891, of one of Jeremiah Mason's cross-examinations of such a witness. "The witness had previously testified to having heard Mason's client make a certain statement, and it was upon the evidence of that statement that the adversary's case was based. Mr. Mason led the witness round to his statement, and again it was repeated verbatim. Then, without warning, he walked to the stand, and pointing straight at the witness said, in his high, impassioned voice, 'Let's see that paper you've got in your waistcoat pocket!' Taken completely by surprise, the witness mechanically drew a paper from the pocket indicated, and handed it to Mr. Mason. The lawyer slowly read the exact words of the witness in regard to the statement, and called attention to the fact that they were in the handwriting of the lawyer on the other side.

"Mr. Mason, how under the sun did you know that paper was there?" asked a brother lawyer. "Well," replied Mr. Mason, "I thought he gave that part of his testimony just as if he'd heard it, and I noticed every time he repeated it he put in his hand to his waistcoat pocket, and then let it fall again when he got through."

DUST MARK

The whole universe is fixed for the detection of crime. As Emerson has said, so well, "Crime and its detection grow out of the same root." The size and shape of your shoe, the fine and almost invisible lines on your hand, the outline of your form on the window blind, the water-mark of the paper on which you write—there are one hundred ways, signs and symbols by which a skillful detective can tell who you are and what you are. The biographer of Anthony Comstock says, concerning one of his great criminal cases:—"But here dust marks were the clue. For example, it was evident that a clock and ornament were gone from the parlor mantel. Absences of articles from the sideboard in the dining-room, and from bureaus, washstands, and mantels in the sleeping rooms were similarly inferred. The sideboard drawers had been forced open, and silver and possibly table linen had been taken."

ACHIEVEMENT

"Achievement" is the word which affords the greatest satisfaction to the successful man. To achieve! To accomplish! To bring things to pass!—"Execution!" That's the phrase which describes the fact which has been brought into existence. You remember the story of the engineer of the Brooklyn bridge. During its building he was injured. For many long months he was shut up in his room. His gifted wife shared his toils, and carried his plans to the workmen. At last the great bridge was completed. Then the invalid architect asked to see it. They put him upon a cot and carried him to the bridge. They placed him where he could see the magnificent structure in all its beauty. There he lay, in his helplessness, intently scanning the work of his genius. He marked the great cables, the massive piers, the mighty anchorages which fettered it to the earth. His critical eye ran over every beam, every girder, every chord, every rod. He noted every detail carried out as he had dreamed it in his dreams, and wrought it out in his plans and specifications. And then as the joy of achievement filled his soul, as he saw and realized that it was finished exactly as he had designed it, in an ecstasy of delight he cried out: "It's just like the plan; it's just like the plan!"

DON'T SWEAR

Every man possesses personality. Every man stands for something in the community. Some men stand for many things. It is a startling fact to realize how well and thoroughly we are known in the community where we reside. Folks know "how much" you are worth, where you received or did not receive your education, how many children you have and how many cows you own, what lodges you belong to, and the fact that you are not a member of the church—they know a lot about you, and you stand for all they know. What a personality Davies, the preacher of Swansea had:—"It is a well-known and amusing circumstance that, in the course of a little time, when proceeding homewards on their ponies, if they caught a glimpse of Mr. Davies coming in an opposite direction, they hastily turned round and trotted off, until they could find a by-street or lane to avoid his reproving glances or warnings, which had the twofold advantage of pertinency and serious wit, conveyed in tones sufficiently stentorian to reach their ears. And there was a man, proverbially notorious for his profane swearing, who plied a ferry-boat between Swansea and Foxhole; whenever he perceived Mr. Davies approaching, he took care to give a caution to any who might be using improper expressions: 'Don't swear, Mr. Davies is coming.'"

SARCASM

Don't be sarcastic. Let there be as little vitrol as possible in your speech. Remember that cutting words sting, and that stinging words generate a host of enemies. Not even a man of genius can afford to be bitter in the quality of his speech. A biographer of Robert Burns, writing of a certain period in his life, says:—"There was a great deal of stately Toryism at this time in the town of Dumfries, which was the favorite winter retreat of many of the best gentlemen's families of the south of Scotland. Feelings that worked more violently in Edinburgh than in London, acquired additional energy still in this provincial capital. All men's eyes were upon Burns. He was the standing marvel of the place; his toasts, his jokes, his epigrams, his songs, were the daily food of conversation and scandal; and he, open and careless, and thinking he did no great harm in saying and singing what many of his superiors had not the least objection to hear and applaud, soon began to be considered, among the local admirers and disciples of the good old King and minister, as the most dangerous of all the apostles of sedition—and to be shunned accordingly.

THE MODERN SCOFFER

There are men to-day, as there have been in every age, who sneer at religion. They deny the fact of God, ignore the influence of Jesus, question the authority of the Bible, and discount the value of the church, such scoffers are always indifferent to one great fact—the fact of a vital Christianity in the world. Christianity is the main fact of history. The perfume of Christianity fills the whole earth. Mark well the words of James Russell Lowell:—"When the microscopic search of scepticism, which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted (a place where age is revered, infancy respected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard; when sceptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way and laid the foundations and made decency and security possible) it will then be in order for the sceptical literati to move thither and then ventilate their views."

"MR. WEST"

There comes a time when a boy becomes a youth and a youth becomes a young man. There is nothing which pleases a young fellow like the recognition of his personality. We all like to be recognized. We appreciate appreciation. I imagine that it is a happy moment in a girl's experience when some masculine specimen of humanity "tips" his hat to her for the first time. I well remember when John Wanamaker, the merchant prince of the City of Philadelphia, waved his hand to me and said: "Good evening, Mr. Gordon." Nobody had "mistered" me up to that time. It was at the close of a long, hot and sultry day—but it was a great day for me. The millionaire had addressed me as "Mr. Gordon." Sir Algernon West, K.C.B., says in his recollections:—"G. P. R. James, the most prolific author of his day, also lived at Walmer, and when as a boy I was at luncheon with him, he addressed me for the first time in my life as 'Mr. West,' and made me very proud."

A SKILLFUL GUESS

A successful man is usually a good "guesser." There are so many things in life on which a man must take a chance. Success in conversation usually depends on that "chance." A good conversationalist is a good "mixer," and the man who can mix well with people is, as a rule, a good judge of human nature. Human nature has many sides, moods, kinks and angles. To know the things which are likely, possible and probable is a great science. Every person has a "weak point," "sore spot," and peculiar "ailment." A wise, shrewd and skillful politician is "on to" all these things. Speaking of Lord Palmerston's real bonhomie. It was told of him that he used to greet all those whom he did not know with a "How d'ye do, and how is the old complaint?" which fitted all sorts and conditions of men.

FOOLS!

There are a lot of fools in the world. Fools who spend money lavishly. Fools who gamble with their health. Fools who say unwise things. Fools who waste time on yellow novels and pink teas. Fools who are overdressed except when they are underdressed. Fools who swear and break the Seventh Commandment. Fools who sneer at religion and make light of God. Fools who thirst for fame and yearn for notoriety. Fools who revel in war and desire to conquer the world. All sorts of fools! Well might Bismarck exclaim, after his last audience with the Kaiser: "That man will lose us everything I won."

YOUR GIFT.

There never was a child born into the world without some special gift or talent. The discovery of your gift or talent will place you on the trail of genius—nature's line of adaptability for you. Every man is responsible for his gift. It may be a talent for song, or eloquence, or business management. You can bless or curse by the use of your special endowment of genius. The man who is careless in this respect has small regard for the lasting effect of his own personal influence. A certain writer says concerning John Elias, the great Welsh preacher:—"He was only twenty years of age when he began to preach, and it is said that, from the first, people saw that a prophet of God had risen amongst them. There was a popular preacher, with a very Welsh name, David Cadwalladr, who went to hear him; and after the sermon, he said, 'God help that lad to speak the truth, for he'll make the people believe—he'll make the people believe whatever he says!'"

RECKLESS MARRIAGES

The most reckless thing in the world is a reckless marriage. God knows, when young people stand at the marriage altar, they ought to know what they are about. Marriage is not a holiday experiment. It is not a circumstantial makeshift. Marriage is the one act in a man's life and a woman's career that has more to do with character and destiny than any other individual event. An American divine remarks:—"When I read of bicycle and balloon weddings; when I see the easy nonchalance with which many men and women take upon themselves these sacred vows. I think of those words of Jane Welsh Carlyle: 'If ever one is to pray, if ever one is to feel brave and anxious, if ever one is to shrink from vain show and vain babble, surely it is just on the occasion of two human beings binding themselves to one another, for better or for worse, till death them shall part.'"

NAPOLEON AND ENGLAND

England is the heart of Great Britain and Great Britain is the rock of history. For some strange reason the British Empire has stood, on one form or another, unbroken, for a thousand years and more. She is the granite rock against which opposing armies, nations and civilizations break themselves. The historian Fitchett remarks:—"At the blood-stained trenches of Acre Napoleon experienced his first defeat; and, years after, at St. Helena, he said of Sir Sidney Smith, the gallant sailor who baffled him, 'That man made me miss my destiny.' It is a curious fact that one Englishman thwarted Napoleon's career in the East, and another ended his career in the West, and it may be doubted which of the two Napoleon hated most—Wellington, who finally overthrew him at Waterloo, or Sidney Smith, who, to use Napoleon's own words, made him 'miss his destiny,' and exchange the empire of the East for a lonely pinnacle of rock in the Atlantic."

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL

Drink, strong drink, is liquid damnation. Drink will take the light out of your eye, the expression out of your face, the color out of your cheek, the hope out of your heart, and rob you of your soul.

Not long ago, in a New York hotel, a young man addicted to strong drink took his life, and left the following paper, headed, "My last will and testament."

"I leave to society a ruined character.

"I leave to my father and mother as much misery as, in their feeble state, they can bear.

"I leave to my brothers and sister the memory of my mis-spent life.

"I leave to my wife a broken heart, and to my children the memory that their father fills a drunkard's grave and has gone to a drunkard's hell."

And yet, in the face of all this, men will tamper and trifle with the accursed stuff.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not"—this is the only safe rule.

SINCERITY

The chief secret of a public speaker's power is in one word—Sincerity. A successful public speaker must be real, genuine and sincere. Sincerity is a soul quality. It is a quality of personality: It cannot be put on as a garment or added as an accomplishment. The soul of an audience always responds to the soul of a speaker. An audience trusts an honest man as a confiding patient trusts a skillful physician. Be sincere! The author of "Getting One's Bearings," says:—"There is no good speaking which is not honest speaking. When a man is known to be true we give him liberty and indulgence. That is a fine story which is told of Mr. Mill. He had asserted in a public address that the working classes are not to be trusted; that they do not tell the truth. They were angry, and sent a delegation to ask if he had said this. He told them that he did say it, and from that moment they believed in him. They said that a man who would speak so fearlessly and stand to his word was a man to be trusted."



“WHICH STORE WILL GIVE ME GREATEST VALUE?”

IT is the store that sells good merchandise at fair prices.

It is the store where you are waited on promptly.

It is the store where they do not make mistakes in charges, nor ask you to pay bills twice.

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They give with every purchase *an unchangeable receipt or*

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This also tells in print who made the sale, and the date.

These facts are also recorded inside the register.

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We have now ready for delivery many new models of the National Cash Register.

These 1916 models are the very last word in protection to you, your clerks and the public. The added improvements are worth your investigation.

Write for full information. Address Dept. 89





Beautiful Array of Spring and Summer Styles at EATON'S

DESPITE the war with its hazards of transportation and resultant shortage of materials, the EATON Store was never better equipped to present to the people of Western Canada a more varied and up-to-date assortment of Spring and Summer Styles than is at present in stock and on display at our Winnipeg Store.

Extensive Range in Selection

EATON buyers have scoured the world's markets, and what Europe, in her crippled condition, has failed to supply, has been adequately provided by Canadian and American manufacturers. The result of these efforts is embodied in a glance through the pages of the EATON Spring and Summer Catalogue.

A more pleasing and extensive range in selection of wearing apparel for men, women and children than is shown in this EATON Catalogue is hard to imagine.

Beautiful gowns, coats, waists, skirts, millinery, lingerie, shoes, men's clothing

and furnishings, hats, pretty dresses and clothing for children of all ages and sizes, are attractively described and illustrated.

The materials are of the finest qualities obtainable, carefully selected and supervised, and the fit, finish and workmanship are guaranteed the very best, being products of factories where only the most skilled workmen are employed.

EATON buyers, purchasing goods in large quantities, at lowest cash figures, enable us to place these latest fashions of the finest materials before the public at the most reasonable prices.

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The Philosopher

THE LUSITANIA ANNIVERSARY.

The first Sunday of the month will be the first anniversary of Lusitania sea-massacre. By that appalling piece of savagery, planned and carried out with the most cold-blooded deliberateness, a stain was placed upon the Germanic name which will endure as long as human memory continues. Outrage has since been piled upon outrage, both on sea and on land, in this war of barbarism upon civilization, but still the Lusitania outrage stands out pre-eminent; not because of its being essentially more diabolic in its character, but because of the circumstances and of the shock it gave the whole world. Preparations are being made for memorial services throughout the United States on the anniversary—"a day which ought not to go by without a nationwide observance," says the New York Outlook, "to serve, first, as a memorial to those whose lives were sacrificed, and second, as a reminder of our national duty." Unparalleled in all previous history was the massacre of non-combatants, men, women and children—including hundreds of citizens of neutral countries—who perished on the Lusitania.

THE WILD GEESE.

Once more we have come round to the season of the year when out of the windy darkness of the night comes down to us from far aloft, the strange, haunting cry of the wild geese as they journey with powerful pinions to secluded summer homes afar in the vast welcome of the Northland. The world's great rivers whose course is northward, or southward, have always been routes for bird migration. The valley of the Red River has from time immemorial been one of the most notable of these migration routes on any of the continents. With the unerring guidance of inherited memory, the wild geese and the other legions of migrating birds follow its course. The wild geese fly at a great height; they learned many centuries ago what human aviators began to learn only a few years ago—it is only a few years, indeed, since human beings began to be aviators—that the steady air currents on the high levels are better to travel in than the swirl and eddies nearer the earth's surface. In the cry of the wild geese there is something that is a challenge to the spirit, something of hope and exultation; and in the ear of one who has known sorrowful changes in the passing of the years, there is mingled with that hope and exultation something of strange and piercing sadness. But the ear of youth does not discern this. The cry of the wild geese voices the joy of the season of life's renewal. The wild geese are on their way to their breeding places, following the course of countless generations of their ancestors, long before mankind built towns and cities along the valley of the Red River or laid tracks of steel across the country for great trains to thunder along.

TURNING FROM GERMANY IN HORROR

It is because Germany has in deliberate cold blood taken her stand outside the circle of civilized nations devoted to the ideals of humanity and progress, that the prayer goes up from all who cherish the foundation principles of civilization and justice—and in all such people who are of clear sight, there is as well resoluteness to fight to the death, if need be—that such ruthless rule shall not establish itself in power upon the earth. Brutal force must not be allowed to make itself master of human destinies. The deliberately adopted system by which there has been deeply instilled into the minds and characters of the mass of German people the ideal of supreme and ruthless German military domination has deadened them to the finer and nobler feelings of humanity. Individual Germans, whether in the Belgian atrocities, in the murdering of Edith Cavell, in the submarine and Zeppelin slaughterings of women and children, in the deliberate destruction of Red Cross stations and hospital ships, or in any other department or method of carrying the German idea into operation, have done their part as cogs in the working of the brutal, monstrous engine. It is because of this spirit, of these purposes, of such deeds, that all the world that is really civilized has turned from Germany in horror.

IN REGARD TO SURNAMES

Who has not found it interesting to think about the origin of surnames? Originally, of course, our names were all descriptive. But in the course of generations, with the changes of spelling they undergo, to say nothing of the changes which language undergoes, or of the fact that many names are transferred from one language to another, with more than a little transmutation in most cases, the original descriptiveness is largely, if not wholly, obliterated. To realize this, we have only to turn to the Indian surnames, which are still in their original stage. In a recent sale of Indian lands in the Standing Rock Indian Reserve, which is partly in North Dakota and partly in South Dakota, there figured such names as Barney Two Bears, Kate Good Crow, Mary Yellow Fat, Melda Crowghost. These were all neighbors. Mrs. Crazy Walking shared a section with Elk Ghost. Morris Thunder-

shield, the son of Long Step Thunderbolt, signed certain documents in connection with the sale; and among others listed were Agatha Big Shield, Mary Lean Dog, Jennie Dog Man, Mary Shave Head, Mrs. Did Not Butcher, Mrs. Frosted Red Fish, Mrs. Borrowed Grindstone, Helen Difficult and Joseph Shoot the Bear. We smile at these names. But let us not forget that there was a time when our primitive ancestor's names would have been just as laughable to people as far advanced from primitive conditions as many centuries advanced beyond primitive conditions as we are now.

AS TO SQUARE CHINS AND DIMPLES

One of the most interesting of the United States newspapers that come to the Philosopher's table is the Topeka Capital. In a recent copy of that journal there is an utterance by Margaret Lynn, Associate Professor of Literature in the University of Kansas, and herself a novelist of note, in regard to some of the phrases which novelists use in describing their heroes and their heroines. Speaking of two boys from the same family who were at the University of Kansas, she writes: "The brother with the square chin departed from us after failing in an effort to carry only ten hours' work; the other one, with supposedly weak facial characteristics, had much more determination, and proved to be a good scholar." And to quote further: "Some girls go through life looking like angels, simply because they happen to have short upper lips and can smile easily. And there is no relation between character and dimples." Which is quite true. Appearances are, indeed, often deceptive. It doesn't do to go by fixed rules. A large mouth, for example, may be the indication of a coarsely greedy nature—and then, again, it may denote generosity.

A BILLION

Among the things with which the war has made us familiar is the use of huge figures which before the war were practically confined to the expression of astronomical distances. The world has become familiar with the word "billion." But though that word has become familiar, how many of us have tried to realize what it means, a billion is a thousand millions—a figure one with nine ciphers following it. If the piling up of a dollar a minute had been begun at the beginning of the Christian era, a billion dollars would not have been piled up until the year 1903, that is to say, not until thirteen years ago. There are only fifty-two and a half millions of minutes in a hundred years. When we begin to analyze in this way, we begin to realize that a billion, a thousand millions, is truly an awful figure. Great Britain is expending on the war \$25,000,000 a day, a large part of which is for her Allies. That is to say, Great Britain is expending on the war a billion dollars every forty days. With all our analyzing and figuring out, the ordinary mind fails to grasp what this means—just as we fail to grasp the fact that the earth is ninety-five millions of miles from the sun, a distance which it takes eight minutes for the sun's light to travel over, so that if the sun were extinguished in mid-day, it would be eight minutes before we knew it.

A STRANGE SUMMER A CENTURY AGO

A reader of The Western Home Monthly, who was born in Perth, Ont., has sent the Philosopher a copy of the paper of his old home town, the Perth Expositor, which contains an interesting account, compiled from old records in Perth, of the summer of 1816, that is to say, exactly one hundred years ago, which was known as "the Summerless Summer." Throughout Eastern Canada and the adjoining portion of the United States snow fell in June, and continued falling at intervals, until, by the middle of August, it was a foot deep. From the beginning of the snowfalls in June until the following summer the earth was covered with snow. There was no harvest, of course. People lived on meat and fish, relieved by fish and flesh to-morrow taken from slaughtered cattle," says the Perth Expositor. Hay had to be brought from Ireland to save the starving cattle at Quebec, and it sold there at \$45 per ton. Flour sold at \$17 per barrel at Quebec, and potatoes were penny a pound. It was called "the year eighteen hundred and froze to death." The cause of the cold was believed to be the sunspots, which were so large that "for the first time in their history they could be seen without the aid of a telescope." It was also known as "poverty year." In New Hampshire hay sold at \$180 per ton. The next spring the market price of corn was \$2.00 per bushel, of wheat, \$2.50, of rye, \$2.00, of oats, 90 cents, of beans \$3.00. Butter was \$25 per pound. (It usually sold in that era at 8 or 10 cents per pound.) "Further particulars of 'the Summerless Summer,'" says the Perth Expositor, "are to be found among the files of the Grenville Historical Society." It would be interesting to know what there is in regard to that summer in the records of 1816 in Western Canada—the diaries of Hudson's Bay company men and any other manuscript journals, letters or other documents that have been preserved since that time.

THE TWELVE GOOD RULES

A request has come to us for the "Twelve Good Rules" often referred to in old English books. They were framed by King Charles I for the guidance of his subjects, as follows: 1. Urge no healths. 2. Profane no Divine ordinances. 3. Touch no State matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no comparisons. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Repeat no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers. Such were the "Twelve Good Rules." Some of them are excellent. A few of them are obsolete, and in regard to these latter, obsolete. Merely to read No. 3, for instance, is almost as good as to read a large volume setting forth how vastly the world has changed since the time of King Charles I, who believed in absolute rule, and lost his head because of his obstinacy in trying to force his absolutism on the people of England. Rule No. 10 is still a very good rule, in one sense, though in another it most certainly runs counter to the wisdom of our own time, which is against the hasty gobbling of our meals. Such haste, the doctors of all schools concur in advising us, is a sure cause of indigestion and of many bodily ills. Rule No. 10, in order to be made a counsel of true wisdom, would have to be altered to this: 10. Take plenty of time at your meals. Never bolt your food.

OUR INDEFENSIBLE DIVORCE SYSTEM

Once more the resolution which Mr. W. B. Northrup, the member for East Hastings, Ontario, introduces every year in the House of Commons at Ottawa, has, as usual, been thrown out. Mr. Northrup pointed out, as he does every year, that while assuredly the securing of a divorce should not be made easy in Canada, in the sense of making it possible for a husband, or a wife, to throw off the obligations of the matrimonial tie for any slight or trivial reason, it is at the same time manifest that where there is ground of unquestionable seriousness, the securing of a divorce should not be so elaborate and cumbersome and costly a matter. No Canadian who has the true welfare of his country at heart can desire to have in this country any approach to the laxity in regard to divorce which is so widely prevalent in the United States. The speeches in opposition to Mr. Northrup's resolution came, as usual, from representatives of Quebec. Mr. Lemieux said that if a divorce court were established, as Mr. Northrup proposed, there would be more divorces in Canada. But this is no answer to Mr. Northrup. The reason there are not more divorces now is that few people can stand the expense under the present procedure. The Minister of Justice, Mr. Doherty raised the constitutional question that in Quebec the code of law says that marriage is indissoluble, except by death. But a constitutional amendment is, of course, possible. And, further, wealthy Quebec people do actually get divorces at Ottawa. Divorces should be granted by a court, not by action of the Senate at Ottawa, followed by action of the House of Commons. It is interesting to note that, as usual, a great many members kept away from the division on Mr. Northrup's resolution. Less than a third of the House voted, the division standing thirty-nine against, and twenty-four for, the resolution.

"A PLACE IN THE SUN"

It is announced that Germany is about to adopt the "daylight saving" scheme of putting forward the clock, and that in France, too, a committee of the Senate has reported in favor of the same device. This idea that we should regulate our daily activities by the sun, instead of by the clock, is one with which we in Western Canada are not unfamiliar. It originated with an English member of Parliament, Mr. McWillet, who took the view that the clock was too much of a tyrant. Precious sunlight was wasted in summer, he noted, simply because people allowed themselves to be dominated by the timepiece. Why not pass an Act of Parliament compelling them to move the hands of the clock on an hour every spring, and back again an hour every fall? A select committee of the House of Commons was accordingly appointed to consider the project, and after deliberating a year and a half, rejected it, expressing grave doubts whether the desired object could be attained without "subjecting some important interests to serious inconvenience." The investigations of the committee showed that not all Englishmen by any means had fallen into the habit of not arising early in summer, and the opposition of certain trade unions counted as a much more serious obstacle than did the general opposition of scientific men to the proposal. Whatever we may think of the idea, we have the plain fact before us that the early sunlight is there on summer mornings for those who desire to use it, and it is always possible for individuals to readjust their times of retiring and arising. In Japan all workers begin their day's work earlier in summer than in winter, without any legislative interference with the clock; and in all lands it is the sun, not the clock, that regulates the farmer's working day.

The Wedding Day

By Marion Dallas

THIS is the season for weddings. There is an old adage which runs something like this: "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." This may or may not be true. We do know, however, that though rain or shine, she is a happy bride who knows that all the details that pertain to the wedding are properly arranged. The wedding may be an elaborate church affair, or a simple home ceremony. The wife-to-be is just as anxious to have everything run smoothly in the one case as in the other. Either are all important to her.

The wedding stationery should be of pure white and absolutely plain. No decorations are used, with the exception of the family crest. The invitation is enclosed in an envelope to match, it in turn being enclosed in a second envelope for mailing. Both envelopes should be addressed in the same handwriting. In no case should the typewriter be used.

One invitation is sufficient for husband and wife. Each of the other adult members of the family receive a separate one. The invitations are usually issued two weeks in advance of the event. In case the wedding is especially fashionable, the invitations should be sent three weeks ahead. The groom arranges for the clergyman who has been selected to perform the ceremony and also is responsible for the fee. The ring, the flowers and gifts for the bride are all provided by the groom. He also arranges for the flowers for the bridesmaids and the gifts for them and for the best man and the ushers. He provides for his own carriage. All other expenses connected with the wedding are borne by the family of the bride.

to the seat left for him beside the bride's mother; he escorts her from the church.

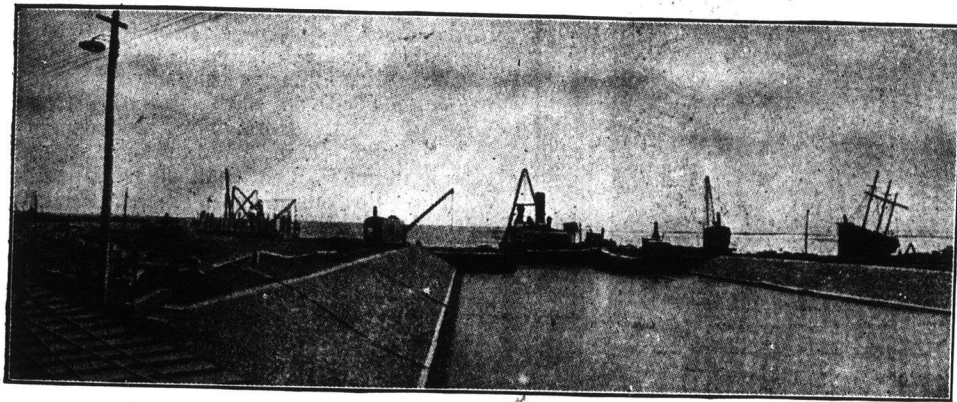
When leaving the church the newly married couple lead the way, followed by the bridesmaids and relatives. At the house the bridal party stand and receive the guests until all have arrived from the church.

"O Promise Me," by DeKoven; "All Mine Alone," by Phillips; "Love's Coronation," and "Beloved it is Morn," by Aylward; "O Perfect Love," by Ham. These are all songs appropriate for either a house or a church wedding. The popularity of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and the "Wedding Chorus," from Wagner's "Lohengrin," never seems to wane.

Simplicity is the aim at a house wedding. The order of entering the room is just the same as in a church. The guests are received, however, by the bride's mother; the father does not appear until he brings in the bride. An aisle may be formed by having two white ribbons fastened at the doorway and carried by the ushers to the place of ceremony. Through this aisle the bridal party may advance.

If cushions are to be used for the bride and groom to kneel upon, they should be placed before the service, and should be quietly removed afterwards. During the service, the minister faces the guests as in the church, and the bridal party stand with their backs to the friends. After the service the minister congratulates the couple and then gives way to the friends and relatives.

A suitable menu for a home wedding would consist of a variety of sandwiches,



Terminus of Hudson Bay Railway
View of Port Nelson Drydock, showing the hydraulic dredge entering

If the ceremony is to be in the church, the ushers must be there before the guests. Pews are reserved in the middle aisle for the relatives and the intimate friends. The ushers should be provided with a list of the guests who are to be given special seats. The bride's mother and other members of the families interested are escorted to the front pews. Pews on the left are for the relatives of the bride; those on the right, for the relatives of the bridegroom.

The bride goes to the church in a carriage with her father. If there is only one bridesmaid, she comes with the bride; if several bridesmaids they come in a carriage provided by the bride's father, and they await the bride in the porch of the church.

The groom and his best man arrive shortly before the bridal party. They follow the minister from the vestry and stand looking toward the door waiting the bride.

When there are two or three bridesmaids, the ushers lead the procession two by two, followed by the bridesmaids, two and two. The maid of honor walks alone in advance of the bride, who comes up the aisle leaning on the arm of her father or her nearest relative. At the altar steps the ushers divide from right to left; the bridesmaids walk forward going to each side. The maid of honor takes the place at the left of where the bride will stand. The bridegroom receives the bride from her father, who then retires and stands behind the bridal party. When the clergyman asks: "Who gives this woman to this man?" the father steps forward and places the right hand of the bride in the hand of the clergyman, who places it in the hand of the groom. Having finished his part the father retires

salads, sweets, ices, small cakes, tea and coffee and, of course, wedding cake.

It is becoming more and more fashionable to arrange the wedding cake in little boxes. These are put in a basket at the front entrance to the diningroom and guests are allowed to help themselves. The boxes may vary in size and in shape. Sometimes they are ornamented with the initials of the bride and groom in white and gold. They are tied with white satin ribbon.

The matter of toasts is often a serious problem, especially when there are a lot of the relatives present. The outline indicated is the order followed.

The oldest friend of the family or the officiating clergyman proposes the toast to the bride and groom.

The groom returns thanks for himself and his wife, and proposes the toast to the bridesmaids.

The best man responds for them. The same friend acting in the capacity of toast master proposes the toast to the parents of the bride.

The father of the bride responds and proposes the toast to the parents of the groom.

This is answered by the father of the groom.

Other toasts are optional, but the officiating clergyman must not be forgotten.

When the repast is ended the bride usually retires and changes her wedding gown for her travelling suit. The bride throws her bouquet from the top of the stairs to the waiting guests below and the girl who catches it will be the next bride. After the bridal party are gone, the guests linger looking at the presents and chatting with the parents and other friends.

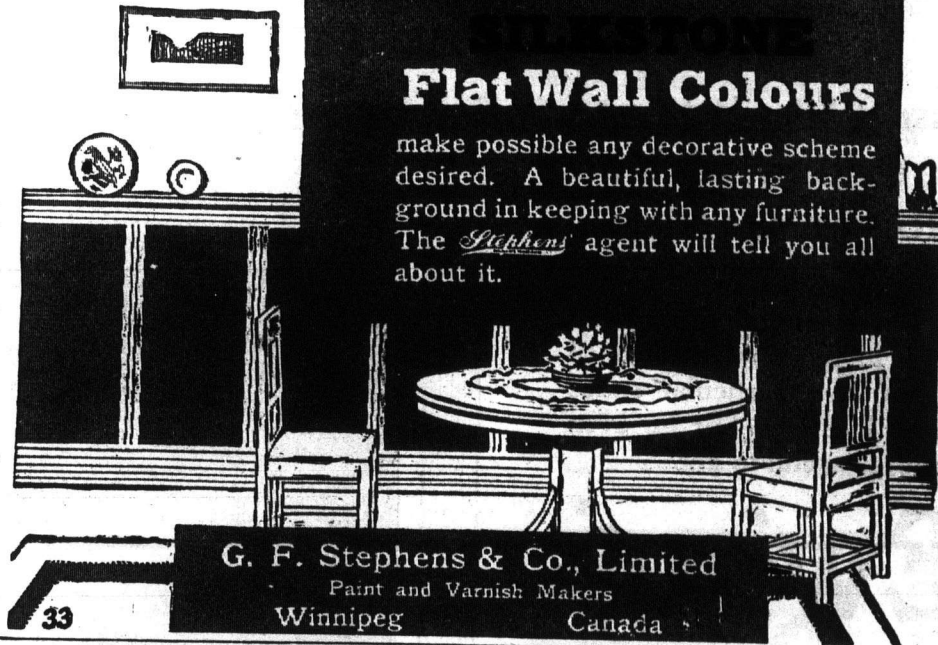


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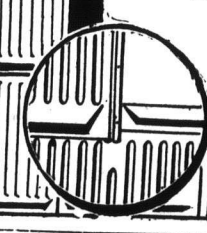


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At the little estaminet of the Croix D'Or, which stood upon the bank of a small river in the department of the Somme, a squad of Prussian officers had quartered themselves. The grey-green hordes were pushing on to Paris, but these half-dozen officials lingered safe some leagues behind the danger zone, like flapping, restless vultures, waiting for their carrion.

They had with them their body servants and a cook or two, and as the inn cellar was full of wine, the garden of vegetables, and the pantries of dry foods, they lived fairly well, while awaiting definite tidings of the army "up front." Every day, every hour almost, the news of a triumphal entry into the most beauti-

can tell? Many of the villagers who had not escaped in time were now pale corpses. Such is chance—or is it pre-ordination? So old Pierre Laforce and little Victor alone remained. The old man sat in the sun before his door, his rugged, and rather handsome face, in its halo of white hair, uplifted to the blue sky, he could not see. Or he would wander in his little garden, pottering about from plant to plant, tapping his way along the neat paths with a stout thorn cane, stooping now to inhale the fragrance of a flower, or feeling the weighted grape-vines with fond, trembling old hands.

Each night about sundown the old man would call the boy, and they would go



M. Poincaré, the French President, Visits the Soldiers in the Trenches in the Meuse District. President Poincaré, has paid many visits to the front since the beginning of the war. He has manifested a personal interest in the men on the field of battle.

ful city of the world, might come humming over the wires. Paris, Paris was in every mouth.

The inhabitants of the tiny village had fled—all but two. These were an old blind man of seventy and a boy of about ten or eleven, presumably his grandson. They were the sole occupants of the small auberge which stood across the road from the inn where the officers nightly revelled.

Why had these two been spared? Who

for their cows. By the slight chill in the air old Laforce seemed to guess the hour, if the boy were not about, and sometimes he would start away alone and proceed as far as the bridge before the boy caught up with him.

The Prussian colonel, as he sat out under a big lime tree before the inn door, his maps and plans and other documents on a table beside him, watched this regular proceeding for some evenings with an absent eye. Then an idea pene-

trated his "efficient" German brain. He noticed that old Laforce often walked ahead of little Victor, who would linger along as boys will, to examine the berry-bushes or the wheel-tracks on the road, or to scout for birds' nests.

Now why did the two always go together for the cows? Why did the old man rely solely upon his trusty stick, and never swerve from side to side of the road as blind men do? And above all, what else besides a search for their cattle occupied the hour or so which elapsed before their return?

All these little points the colonel marked from time to time. He was the acme of German thoroughness so-called, and believed in taking every smallest bit of evidence into account.

So he pondered, his cold eyes narrowed to a slit. Of course if they were French spies they would have to be—disposed of. Personally the colonel would not be obliged to perform the deed. He kept his own white hands always immaculately clean, and if there was blood to be spilt he had but to summon his henchmen, to do the work. So, upon an evening in the latter part of August the colonel watched the old Frenchman and his grandson much as a spider might watch a couple of flies that were at its mercy. They departed for their cows as usual, and when they had disappeared over the hill beyond the yew-hedge, the officer called his orderly and spoke a few terse words to him. Saluting, the man made all speed, though craftily, after Laforce and the boy.

At this juncture an under-officer came out of the inn with a message in code for his chief. The latter frowned as he read. It was the third disappointing piece of news in less than twelve hours.

The great German army was meeting with obstacles! His own particular battalion had been lured into a swamp and decimated. As for Paris, she, it appeared, was more firmly established in her stronghold behind her triple ring of forts than even they had calculated upon!

"That battalion of mine," muttered the colonel with an oath, "has the backbone of a jelly fish! They got caught in a marsh, hein? What took them into a marsh? They had their orders!"

"The lieutenant said that French mitrailleuse fire from a wood on their left, as they left the town of X—caused them to seek safety on the right," said the other officer. "And the quagmire was on the right."

"But how did the French get to those woods? I know their positions. See here—on the map. I know to an hour where they stand. Where—how?"

"A spy in this neighborhood. That, you will find, is the answer."

"Himmel! We have annihilated the entire population!"

"Except the old man and the boy," said the other, evenly.

The officers' eyes met.

"The old man," said the chief after a moment, "seems too old and stupid. Besides he is blind. As for the child—well I am having the pair watched. A spy set upon the spies! Tell Otto to bring out another bottle of the beer!"

"Hist! The old man—let me tell you what I saw only this morning—"

began the other.

"The beer, I say."

The under-officer called a servant and gave the order. Then he approached his chief again.

"To-day the old fellow was carrying some beets. I watched him. He dropped one and it rolled away from him—several feet away. Instead of groping about for it with his stick as a blind man would do, what do you think he did?"

"Well?"

"I was watching with the eye of a cat, but he did not know that, of course. He stepped down the path to where the vegetable lay and put his hand right on it—unerringly."

"So?" cried the colonel, who had already entertained his own suspicions of old Laforce, but did not choose to say so.

"Either his ears," said the other, grimly, "are better than they ought to be at his age, or else he is not quite so blind as he pretends!"

"We'll set a trap for him, then."

"A trap?"

"We'll wait till the boy is away somewhere. In fact we'll see that he is detained here, in the inn, to-morrow at sunset. Then the old man will start

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over the bridge, as usual, alone." The chief paused and smiled.

"Yes?" suggested his companion eagerly. "You will give orders that two of the planks in the bridge be taken up."

"Yes?" "We will go over to those pollard willows there and wait, and watch. If the old fool halts on the brink, or if he turns back, he is no more blind than you or me."

"And if he walks right on—"

"Then, of course, he is innocent. But he'll drown, and a good riddance."

They laughed.

"It is a very humorous idea, excellency. And here comes the beer. Let us drink to the success of our little plot."

* * * * *

"Grandfather, there is somebody following us."

"How do you know? I hope you have not looked around often, my child. Remember that always looks suspicious."

"No, I stopped to reach up for some cherries on that bush, and I saw him then. He dodged behind a hedge, but I caught a glimpse of him."

"Who was it?"

"It looked like the colonel's orderly."

"Have a care then! We must not carry out our plan for this evening. They evidently suspect us."

"We cannot—go over to the mill?"

"No, no! Bring the cows, Victor, while I have a pipe."

Saying which, old Laforce seated himself on a fallen tree trunk on the edge of a field, and began to smoke, while his grandson proceeded across the rich meadow land to where in a shallow valley by a hillside a small herd of cattle browsed.

They were the sole remnant of the old man's drove of fine milch cows.

Off to the westward a mile or so away, an old windmill lifted its great flapping arms.

The old man, who could now see fairly well, when it was no longer necessary to be on his guard, cast a keen glance up and down the road. He soon perceived the colonel's spy drawing near in the lee of a hedge, and at once re-assumed that detached and contemplative expression peculiar to the blind.

The boy returned, driving his cows, and the party began the homeward trip, the spy this time ahead.

"Victor," said old Laforce, as he hobbled along on his cane, "if anything should happen to me, it will be necessary for you to go over to L—. Do you understand?"

"But nothing is going to happen!" protested the lad.

"We can never tell. Our lives—mine at least—wouldn't be worth a minute's purchase if they learn of my private telegraph system at the mill yonder. My faith! How I have fooled the hounds!"

The old man cackled mirthfully. The boy looked serious.

"I wish I could send the messages," he said wistfully.

"They are ground wire my lad, and very poorly connected, else I would teach you. It takes an expert to send, and receive, though the code is simple enough. But what you can do is to make all haste to L— with the paper I told you about, if I am killed. Do you promise?"

"I promise."

"L— is nineteen miles away."

"No matter. I can walk it."

"You are a good lad, Victor. I feel that my end is not far off. I would have the commandant at L— know these things I have learned from the paper. You know where to find the paper?"

"Under the stone at the foot of the big yew."

"Good! And you remember where I told you to put it in case you are searched?"

"Yes."

The boy only half understood the purport of all these directions, but he possessed the virtue of obedience, and a native shrewdness far beyond his years.

"I am sorry," said old Laforce, with a sigh, "that we have been suspected. Daily I have kept the commandant informed of the movements of the Germans. To-night is my first failure."

The boy said nothing. He was absently switching at the weeds with a long stick. Soon they were in the village.

"Here we are back at the Croix D'Or,"

announced old Laforce quietly. "And how angry the swaggering scoundrels look! The spy had nothing to report, you see, Victor."

"Grandfather, you are a smart man. I think you are the cleverest man in the world," said the boy.

"Ah no, lad. But the good God is on the side of France, and as I am too old to join the army I do what I can in another way. They don't know that I was a German scholar in my younger days. They talk over their plans in their loud, boastful way, and my ears are pretty keen yet. I never fail to hear something of importance each night and morning as I pass by the inn."

The old man paused, and seizing the boy's arm, whispered: "That paper, Victor. Don't forget!"

"No, I'll remember. You can trust me."

"It is most important! I stole it, Victor, the night they all lay drunk yonder, on the good champagne of the Croix D'Or. It is the plan the colonel himself drew up of their next point of attack. How they swore and cursed the next morning at its disappearance! Little do they imagine it was 'old blind Laforce' who took it. I heard the under-officer blame it on the wind, and another on the carelessness of an orderly. Name of a pipe! It is not difficult to hoodwink such stupid dunderheads."

At sunset on the following day the Prussian officers proceeded to carry out their villainous "test" of old Pierre Laforce.

The boy was enticed to the inn upon the pretext of showing him how to do a

new kind of wood carving, of which industry Victor was fond. So while one of the officers whittled and chopped, and finally evolved a wondrous assortment of wooden birds and beasts for the boy's benefit, two others armed with a crowbar and other tools went to the bridge and removed a couple of planks. This left a gap of about two feet, beneath which the brown water of the river could be seen swirling rapidly down to the falls, a quarter of a mile below the village. The officers waited behind the willows.

At length old Laforce was seen approaching, and calling, as usual for the boy. He reached the bridge and began to cross it, tapping his way along with the thorn cane he always used.

Suddenly he stopped. Almost half-way across he discerned the gap, and like a flash his keen old mind saw the plot in all its devilishness. Instinctively he knew he was being watched.

To cover his pause he turned and called again for his grandson. But his brain was busy.

If he refused to cross, they would guess at once that he was not blind at all. He and the boy would both be murdered. Then who would take the paper to the commandant at L—?

On the other hand, if he stumbled into the gap he would be drowned. It was a deep drop, and he was not at all certain of his swimming ability, as many years had passed since last he had been in the water.

But France? And Paris? As he thought of his country and its

beloved and beautiful capital soon, perhaps, to be under the German heel, he hesitated no longer. Victor had his orders. When he, old Pierre, was dead, the boy would take the paper to L—. That was all that mattered.

"For France—my patrie," murmured the old man, straightening his shoulders. Then he walked straight ahead.

All this had taken but a moment. The officers, eyeing him from their hiding-place merely saw him stop and half turn, and then pause imperceptibly before going ahead, when no answering shout from the boy was to be heard.

Old Laforce came to the brink, faltered but a second and went over!

There was a splash in the river below. The officers laughed uproariously, and bounded out to watch the old man struggling with death in the water, with none to throw a rope or lend a hand.

"The old fool was blind after all!" muttered the colonel, shrugging his heavy shoulders.

Then they all turned about and went back to the estaminet, where the cooks had prepared a big dinner for his excellency and staff.

* * * * *

Two days later, into the town of L— there tramped a barefoot and half-ragged boy. There were dust-marks and weary lines on his face, and one of his arms was bleeding where a spent bullet had struck him.

But the commandant had left L— and gone on to the fortified town of B—. With a sharp cry of disappointment

Production and Thrift

GROWING CROPS ON STUBBLE LAND IN 1916

The Empire's Demands for food are greater this year than last. Less summer-fallow and less fall ploughing than usual in 1915 make it necessary that the farmers of the Prairie provinces in 1916 shall sow extensively on stubble land

MR. J. H. GRISDALE, Director, and the Superintendents of the Dominion Experimental Farms, urge the following upon the Farmers:

STUBBLE LAND OF FIRST CROP AFTER FALLOW

Burn stubble thoroughly as soon as surface is dry. Fire about noon time when steady wind is blowing. Cultivate at once about two inches deep, then sow the wheat and harrow immediately afterwards. If possible, where area is large, harrow first, then cultivate, seed, and harrow again. In Eastern Saskatchewan sow $1\frac{1}{2}$ bush. per acre; in Western Saskatchewan $1\frac{1}{4}$ bush. On light soils and dry lands sow $\frac{1}{4}$ bush. less.

STUBBLE LAND OF SECOND CROP AFTER FALLOW

Usually this land should be summer-fallowed, but this year much of it must be in crop. Burn stubble if possible. This may be helped by scattering straw freely over the field. Wrap old sacking about the end of a 4-foot stick. Dip in gasoline. Set on fire and shake on straw and stubble. Carry gasoline in open pail. If stubble is too light to burn then cultivate, harrow and seed a little lighter than above. Oats and barley will do better than wheat. If shoe drills are used plough instead of cultivating. Plough, pack or roll, and then harrow, if land is grassy or weedy. In the drier sections at least one-third of all cropping land should be summer-fallowed every year.

STUBBLE LAND OF THIRD CROP AFTER FALLOW

Do not sow to grain, but summer-fallow. Better use your spring labour on other stubble land and thus make sure of crops in 1916 and 1917. Put your labour on land that is likely to give best returns.

SEED

Sow only clean, plump seed of tested variety. Use the fanning mill thoroughly and treat seed for smut. Have horses, harness and machines in good shape before starting work.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

The Stenographer and Her Salary

A business man whose stenographer asked for an increase in salary has this to say:

"I was sincerely anxious to give her all she was worth, so I suggested she take a test which would reveal her ability. She agreed. We were paying her fifteen dollars a week. I gave her three tests which we have adopted for stenographers. Instead of her being worth fifteen dollars a week or more, the tests showed that she was worth only nine dollars. I showed her the results, and told her frankly why we could not afford to pay her more. She saw my side, and declared she wanted to do her best, to improve. She did so. Today she is earning and getting eighteen dollars a week.

"I was able in this case to determine just what was a fair rate of payment by comparing the employee's ability with fixed standards. We have made a study of stenographic work in our office, and have set standards of pay and performance. We find that this method protects us against overpaying. It also gives employees an incentive to become as efficient as the standard and receive salaries in accordance.

"The principles used in setting these standards can be used anywhere. Questioning some stenographers, I found they had no accurate ideas about the time it took to do the work.

"How many words in the dictation just given out?" I asked one stenographer, after a morning's dictation. She could give no answer.

"My questions gradually worked themselves out in my own head, and I made studies which resulted in a practicable plan for standardizing our stenographic department. The following factors were easily obtainable:

1. Average number of words in a type written line, 12; 2. Average number of lines to a type written page, 26; 3. Average number of stenographic pages to a type written page, 2; 4. Average speed type-writing (words per minute), 60; 5. Average time required to type write one page (minutes), 5.

"Suppose a given dictation covered seventy stenographic pages. Then from the figures given above it is apparent that this would make thirty-five type written pages. The time for transcribing this number of pages would be one hundred and seventy-five minutes, or approximately three hours.

"This method of reckoning is now standard in our offices, and proves satisfactory to ourselves and our stenographers. It is like a railroad timetable; stenographers have so much ground to cover at fixed speeds, and they can schedule the time of their arrival. This is a convenience to ourselves, and a source of considerable satisfaction to the stenographers in maintaining a certain standard of proficiency, for they realize they are paid what they earn.

"The standardization of the stenographic department results in economical operation and satisfies our stenographers who are paid for what they do, and know it."

The experience of this business man is worth consideration. The system dignifies the position of the stenographer and creates a fine spirit of rivalry for efficiency, and there is no difference in the pay as regards sex—men and women alike are paid what they earn.

The Domestic and Her Wages

Last year a woman employed two girls for the same work. She paid one ten dollars a month and after two months dismissed her and hired another at twenty-five dollars a month. She says the girl whose wage was higher cost her less—that she managed so economically and did her work so systematically that at the end of the month the household expenses were less than when she employed the ten dollar girl.

One girl used five pounds of butter a week, the other three pounds. One girl used a box of sugar each week, the other used a box in two weeks. The first girl

burned more gas with less cooking than the second, she broke more dishes and wrecked the housekeeping tools and furniture more than the second girl. The first girl was a poor cook, a slovenly housekeeper, an expensive servant. The second girl was a good cook, a tidy housekeeper and economical help.

Thus they come and go. The first type of girl complains because she does not get the wages the second type gets. The word efficiency never enters her head. The economic value of the domestic to the home should be an important factor in determining her wages.

If a girl is not satisfied with her wages let her ask herself this question: "What am I worth to the home?"

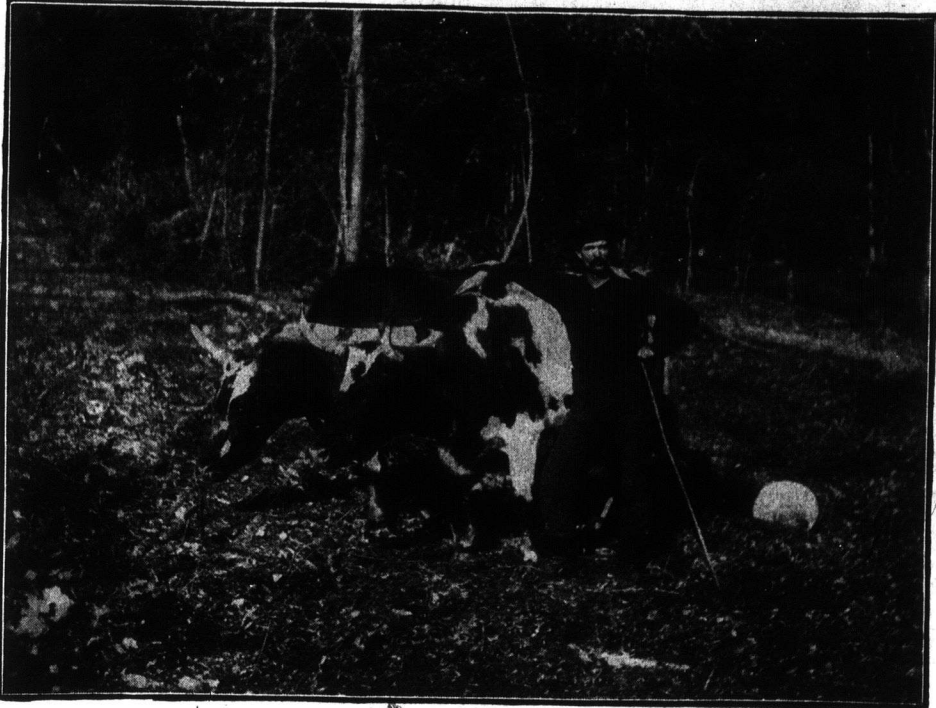
Scores of girls are dismissed from situations because they are too wasteful. Their wage is a small part of their expense to the home. Scores of other girls are dismissed because they muddle their work so that they make more work than they accomplish.

There are girls who never do anything thoroughly. If asked to do a certain piece of work they will skim over it, just the surface is touched. One can determine the type of womanly strength a girl possesses from the way she does her work. I would not care to trust a girl who has not depth of character enough

knowledge of laces that she is placed at the head of her department. I find in book departments girls selling books who know nothing about books. A clerk who has no knowledge of color effects will sell me a horrible combination for a dress. When I find a girl who knows what she is selling I go to her every time. At the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, under the guidance of Mrs. Lucinda W. Prince, a school of salesmanship for department store employees is so helpful that the big department stores of Boston send girls to it every morning and pay them full wages while they take a three months' course. There are classes in arithmetic, in textiles, in hygiene, in color and design, in demonstration sales and in business forms; a girl gets not only a new view of the art of selling goods over the counter but a new vision of a big principle in education.

There is a class in color. These girls are engaged in the practice of color every afternoon, over hats, ribbons, waists, gloves, costumes. When we begin once to study a subject which reaches practice in our lives, we cannot stop with practice. A law of the mind carries us on to the theory, the philosophy of it. This is the reason why trade training broadens not only technique but soul, trains not only to earn but to live. Our work then is "refined selling" because we understand it.

There is no reason why an ambitious salesgirl cannot work herself up to the



The hardworking homesteader with modest ox team

to go beneath the surface of her work. Work is so systematized as to concentrate responsibility and remuneration, toward the top. As we grow in efficiency we achieve responsibility. Till we do, we discharge minor duties for small pay.

We meet so many girls who make of themselves martyrs. Peace of mind and efficiency are not found in renunciation but in service. We need to learn to earn.

Housework is fast becoming a dignified profession.

The courses in home economics are demonstrating the science of home keeping. A systematic instead of helter-skelter manner of managing housework is being taught in our schools. Free evening courses in our city schools are open during the winter evenings to all girls. A girl has a wrong impression when she thinks anyone can do housework. Why there are few domestic girls who can wash dishes clean. Most mistresses in Winnipeg assert this. Housekeeping is the finest of fine arts and when girls in domestic service dignify their profession with efficiency women will gladly pay good wages.

The Sales Girl and Her Pay Envelope

The girl behind the counter is often too tired to see opportunity yet it is there. There is a relation between the science of selling and daily work. A girl in the lace department may study the lace industry until she has such a valuable

head of her department or even up to the position of buyer. Winnipeg salesgirls on the whole are to be congratulated on their splendid courtesy and attention to customers. The girl behind the counter appreciates courtesy from the customer and I fear there is more courtesy shown from behind the counter than before.

To the clerk who understands her work and who studies the wishes of her customers there need be little fear of the dreaded envelope with the discharge slip. Efficiency usually draws the regular envelope.

The Dressmaker and Her Remuneration

Two Old Country girls came to me one time to help them into dressmaking establishments. Both gave me similar credentials. One got into a department store dressmaking parlor, the other into a private dressmaking establishment. The first had really the best opportunity for advancement if she made good. A year later I hunted up both girls. I found the first working for eight dollars a week. "That's more than she earns!" exclaimed the woman in charge when I expressed my surprise. "You may take her if you want her, she'll not be missed here. There is nothing we can tell her. She knows it all!" she continued as I started for the door.

I went on to see the second girl. "Miss B—? Why, yes she is our head designer. We're paying her eighty dollars

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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

a month now. I would raise it rather than lose her!" and Madam S— showed me into the next room with an air of pride.

Now what was the difference between those two girls?

Simply this: one knew how to make dresses, the other did not.

There is always demand for a good dressmaker.

At this time I know of girls who want sewing and I also know girls who have more than they can do. Why? The first cannot make a garment well. The second can. Here again efficiency counts. Ideals are very powerful in determining success in sewing as well as any other vocation.

I was much interested in the splendid exhibit of dressmaking at the Manitoba Agricultural College last month. Miss Kennedy who has charge of the department makes the course most interesting and instructive. First there is a study of silk in the making from the tiny worm on through to the cloth. Similar

instruction is given on the making of cotton and wool; with this knowledge the girl becomes interested in the cloth she handles and is able to determine the quality of dress goods. Then she learns to design her dresses and makes them after her own designs. In planning her dresses she has in mind the value of economy.

The day is past when poor sewing will command good pay. A dressmaker who is an artist in her work may always command a fair wage.

The Nurse and Her Fee.

We can forgive inefficiency in stenographers, dressmakers, salesgirls and domestics but the girl who trifles with a human life is profaning a most sacred profession. When the call for nurses for Red Cross work came, thousands responded but only the best were chosen. Girls in their teens with no experience sought adventure but were informed that only experienced nurses could be of any use. Those who were efficient were grate-

fully accepted and how they are honored by the brave soldier men, for their's is a life of sacrifice and only the nurse who has stood the test of hard work and strenuous study can go through the duties of the nurse of the battlefield. This band of women who go to soften the horrors of war and save lives are women of courage and endurance. So many girls envy those at the top of their profession when after all most young women at the top have won their way through very hard work and not luck. Last year when so many nurses were idle there were nurses who had more than they could do.

I have shuddered at the carelessness and indifference of some nurses, while on the other hand the service of those sincere in their profession have filled me with profound admiration. A nurse has a sacred responsibility. There are nurses who are so professional that they put the entire home out of order and every member is pleased to see them go. On the other hand there are nurses who create such a pleasant atmosphere in the home that when they leave, those in the home miss them. Last fall a nurse of this kind was in our home. She created such a beautiful atmosphere that we were sorry to see her go. Her quiet, happy poise helped the patient as well as the entire family, for at such a time the nervous strain is tense and her manner with the entire family helps or hinders the recovery of her patient. The disposition of a nurse is an important factor.

At one time we had a nurse in the home whom every member of the family feared. This made the patient nervous and hindered her recovery. She considered herself first even at the risk of her patient's welfare. Now which kind deserves patronage and good salary?

I wish every-nurse would read the life of Sister Dora, that beautiful English nurse who was such an important factor in starting the English cottage hospital.

She said once to a friend who was engaging a servant for the hospital: "Tell her this is not an ordinary house, or even a hospital. I want her to understand that all who serve here, in whatever capacity, ought to have one rule, love for God, and then, I need not say, love for their work."

A visitor at her home once said to her father: "Dora and her sisters astound me. They are angels of merey. They wear no distinguishing habit; one does not see their wings, yet they fly everywhere, and everywhere bring grace and love and peace."

During her life as nurse she said: "Look upon working as a privilege, as a work done for Christ. As you touch each patient, think of the Divine work. I have done this when I have had a particularly loathsome patient. Be full of glad tidings, and others will feel it. You cannot give what you have not got." Sister Dora never touched a wound without raising her heart to God and entreating Him to bless the means employed.

The life of Florence Nightingale should be an inspiration to every nurse. What a golden creed she left to nurses:

"Nursing is an art, and if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble compared with having to do with the living body, the temple of God's Spirit?" It is said that when all the medical officers have retired for the night and silence and darkness had settled down on the miles of prostrate sick, she would make her solitary rounds alone with a little lamp in her hand. With the heart of a true woman and the manners of a lady she combined a surprising calmness of judgment and promptitude and decision of character. One poor fellow said: "To see her pass was happiness. As she passed down the beds she would nod to one and smile at many more. We lay there by hundreds and we would kiss her shadow as it fell and lay our heads upon the pillows again content." Florence Nightingale raised her profession to the most dignified of professions. Before her time the profession was regarded menial.

During the last two years there have been scores of Red Cross nurses who have

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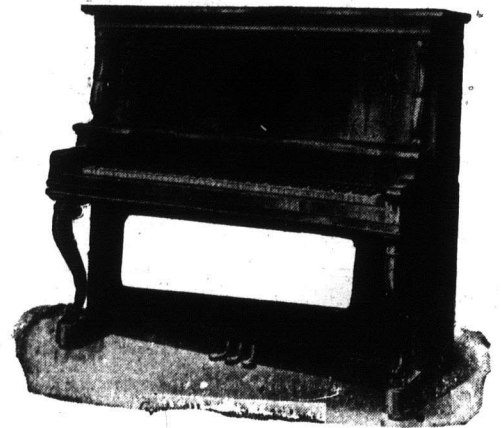


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in their devotion to duty honored the memory of Florence Nightingale, and Edith Cavell's name will go down in history as one of the world's greatest heroines. Though the poem has often been quoted, I want every girl who reads this page to be familiar with Longfellow's tribute to Florence Nightingale for it is up to every girl to be a "Lady with a Lamp" to light and lead men and children, and other women. Every young woman who honors the British flag must catch inspiration from this beautiful poem.

Santa Filomena

When e'er a noble deed is wrought,
When e'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

The tidal waves of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp.

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From the portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand,
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Some Hard Fights in the Wilderness

By Aubrey Fullerton

SINCE the war began there has been a perceptible slackening in adventure stories from the Canadian West. Usually the West is full of thrills made within its own borders, but for more than a year and a half now, like all the rest of the Empire, it has been thrilling with war-talk. Tales of strange escapades, exciting deeds, and narrow escapes in its own wilderness places have been largely lacking, and after a time one notices it. The biggest adventure in the West and Western North in the past year or two was that of Vilhjalmar Stefansson, away up in the Arctic, and that, indeed, made a story good enough to put beside the war news when it came down from the North last fall.

It is not that things haven't happened. Survey parties, prospectors, mounted police and random adventurers have had much the same experiences as usual, and have found the wilderness to be as thrill-producing as ever it was. Nevertheless, the stories have not got out. It may be because, as a result of the war, there has not been as much work done in the wilds as in former years; or it may be that the men who have been there do not consider their feats worthy of talking about in war-time; but the fact

Anderson, and the five Eskimos with them had nothing to eat but skins and snowshoe thongs. For three weeks at a stretch, while on the Arctic coast East of Mackenzie river, they lived on a diet of deerskin, which the Eskimos varied a little by eating up the whole collection of zoological specimens. To the dangers of food shortage was added that of sickness, Dr. Anderson and two of the men developing pneumonia. So great were the extremities to which the party was reduced that even the dogs gave out, and ten of them died. For real suffering and anxiety it is unlikely that his present party in the still further North has had many, if any, harder times than those which Stefansson went through in the winter of 1910. He learned a lesson then for all sojourns in Arctic parts.

To run short of food is the great disaster of the wilderness, where one must eat if he would live. Not even at the war-front is an adequate commissariat more important, and for lack of it many have come to grief. All other mishaps in the wilds seem more or less closely connected with the food question.

When the Grand Trunk Pacific was building through British Columbia, in the spring of 1913, five men left one of

through a failure of their periodic supplies. They were working near Fort St. John, and supplies came from Edmonton by steamer and pack-horse. The Peace River boat missed a trip for some reason, and the provisions in camp were reduced to only oatmeal and rice, which forty men fed upon, in pasty cakes, till they were sick of it. With such poor nourishment they could not work, although there were twenty-one hours of light every day.

After some distressful days, during which several of the men fell ill, a promise of relief came in the arrival of the first pack-load from the belated steamer. The load was quickly opened up, and was found to consist of nothing but soap and baking-powder. When the second horse came a little later, it carried lard on one side and candles on the other, and the ravenously hungry men were inclined to lynch the Indian drivers for practical jokers. A third load came, and the first half of it opened up as matches—enough of them to last a year. It began to look as though there was nothing to eat in the whole lot. But the rest of that load and the whole of the two remaining loads proved to be good food-stuff, and the situation was saved.

Vernon Brewster, a prospector in Alaska, went through an experience of the kind that tests a man's endurance



A Battalion of Senegalese Tirailleurs assembling at arms. These strange fighters have been a great help to the Allies campaigns

remains that there is a comparative dearth of new, home-grown adventure stories of the kind that the West likes to pass around.

So it is that when Western folk have quite exhausted the meagre information that comes from the war zone, they sometimes make good talk out of things that happened in the wilds recently enough to be newsy, but before the war began. In most cases these happenings were never heralded abroad, but they and their like very well illustrate the kind of wilderness training that makes good recruiting material for any service.

Just what Stefansson has gone through in the far North, for instance, is yet to be learned, but it is safe to say that some of his adventures have measured up tolerably well with those of the average soldier in France. At the same time it is doubtful if the plucky explorer, despite his narrow escape on the ice, has had a more really serious experience on this present expedition than in that of 1910, the second trip he made North from Edmonton. The perils that then befell him gave him perhaps as close a call as a man ever gets out of alive.

It was an unusually severe winter in the North, and in the face of that discomfort the food supplies ran out. At times Stefansson, his companion, Dr.

the camps to walk along the shore ice of the Fraser River to Prince George. At a certain point on the way they came to some rotten ice, a large piece of which broke off from the rest of the pack and carried them out into the river. They thought at first that it was good luck, supposing that the current would take them down river on the ice-craft, and save them the walking; but instead it carried them well out, and then piled their ice-floe hard against a rock in the centre of the river. They were marooned as surely as ever a man was; the ice held tight, and to attempt to swim ashore through a Fraser river current in April would have been about the same as suicide. In their packs they had food for two or three days, but it came to an end, and still they were prisoners. Days more they stayed there—how many they never knew, for they grew so weak, and suffered so from cold and hunger, that they lost track of the time. Little by little their ice-cake wore off at the edges, and they huddled close together in the centre in common misery. Thus were they found after a time, pretty close to death, by the first passing motor boat of the season.

Three summers ago two government survey parties in the Peace River country came almost to the verge of starvation

to very nearly the breaking point. He set out alone to drive down the Koyukuk river to Nome with a dog-team, carrying three days' provisions. Thinking to save time, he took a short cut, but missed his way, and for three days more wandered about helplessly. By the sixth day his condition was desperate, for not only was his food gone, but he was tiring out, fearing to sleep lest he should freeze to death. He was presently compelled to kill one of his dogs, which he himself shared with the rest of the team.

For another five days he struggled on, and sacrificed a second dog, and then, when death seemed almost at his elbow, a third one. On the sixteenth day he reached the mouth of the river, and staggered into the telegraph station, as near the end of his endurance as a man could well be.

As she stood on the windy beach, gazing dreamily out over the vast blue expanse of tumbling water, a friend said to her:

"So this is the first time you've ever seen the sea, eh?"

"Yes, the very first time," she answered.

"And what do you think of it?"

"Ah," she said, with an ecstatic smile, "it smells just like oysters!"

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As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable. Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. If send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

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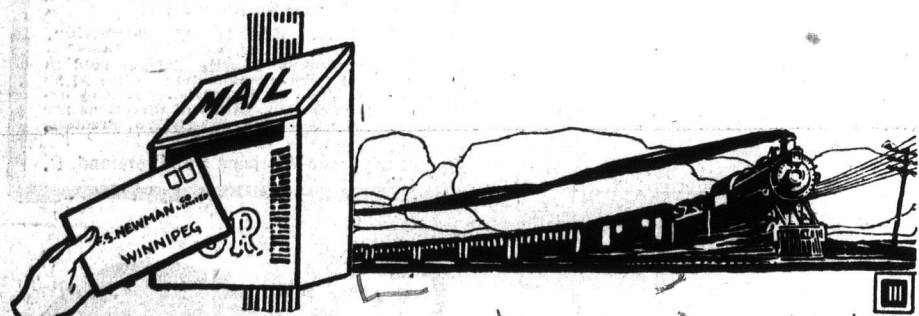
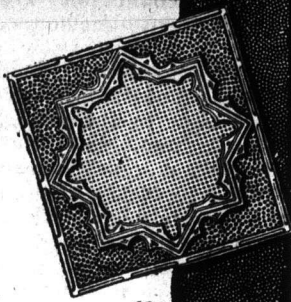
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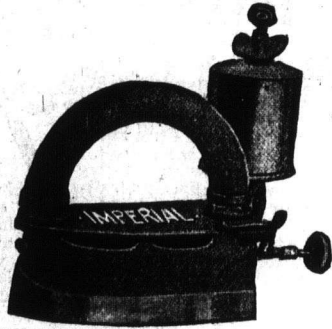
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Cynthia's Success

By W. R. Gilbert

THE room presented the very acme of comfort in spite of a certain bareness in regard to furniture; though what there was arranged to the utmost advantage.

Outside the rain was beating down pitilessly, and she shivered as it rattled against the windows. Then as there came the sound of a latch key unlocking the outer door, she rose with a sigh of relief, and a soft light came into her eyes.

"What a night!" she said, as the door opened to admit her husband.

She stood looking down at him pity manifest in her eyes.

"No luck?" she asked quietly.

"None," he said sullenly.

She watched him a second longer and then went to the tiny kitchen to fetch the little dish which she had made specially to please him, knowing he would come home tired.

"Yes!"

"Do you want anything? I shall have finished directly."

"But tell me about things now!"

He puffed a few minutes in silence.

"Well," he said jerkily at last—"look here—I've been thinking things out. We can't go on like this."

"But," she said hopefully, "there's your play. I am certain it's good—the idea is original. Someone—some enterprising manager will pounce upon it sooner or later and recognize the genius in it. You know what they say about the long lane and the turning? Only keep your heart up Ron."

He lighted a fresh cigarette without looking at her anxious face.

"It's all very well to preach," he said slowly, "but—well it has come to this: I can stand it no longer. As to the play I don't believe I shall have any luck with it. I have sent it nearly everywhere, and now Blythe has had it nearly six months."

Cynthia clasped and unclasped her slender hands nervously.

"Dear," she said, "I know I am not half as clever as you are, but people say my ideas are good. You know what I've always said about the third act in the play. It is weak, to my mind."

He made a sudden movement of impatience. It was rather a sore point with him, as she knew, this matter of judgment. He knew his business exceptionally well, and had not much faith in her abilities. In fact, when his literary work came under discussion it was his rule to leave her "outside" entirely. It grieved her—how much, he never understood. So now as she spoke, he threw his cigarette away savagely.

"My dear Cynthia," he said irritably, "surely I am the better judge regarding the construction of a play. Nobody else has made any remark about the third act but you. It's the fools of managers who have no artistic sense!" She slipped to her knees by his side suddenly, a new courage taking possession of her. "Ron," she spoke a little piteously, "I only want to help you; do let me! I believe—feel, I can somehow—don't you know. Let's talk it over. Pull the thing to pieces and build it up again. Then send it out

once more; under a fresh title perhaps. Anyhow it can do no harm."

He looked at her in a superior sort of way. "Look here, Cynthia," he said at last, "you mean well, I daresay, but hadn't you better stick to your own work, which at any rate you understand." There was a sort of meaning in his tone which made her wince. "We will waive the subject if you don't mind I want to talk of ways and means. Something must be done I've heaps of ideas, but in the meantime we may starve I suppose."

He laughed a harsh bitter laugh.

But a glow came into his wife's eyes, and she made another effort, brave little woman as she was. She slipped a hand through his arm. "Don't worry about household expenses dear old boy," she said, "I've some news—good news. I'm commissioned to do the work for a series of stories in a magazine. Isn't that luck? Why that will pay the rent of the flat and half keep us for six months, if I'm careful. Then I have lots of odd work besides." But he flung off her hand roughly.

"I'm glad to hear of your good luck," he said in a cold tone. "It's good to hear of someone succeeding." Then he turned on her with a kind of hopeless misery. "I'm nothing but a failure!" he said slowly. "It is getting on my nerves and—I don't think I shall ever do anything good again. Heaven knows I've tried hard enough. Oh if I could only pull myself together—put down my thoughts as I want to—"

He rose with an exclamation of weariness. "Rain or no rain," he said suddenly, "I am going out! I can't rest!"

After he had gone she sat with her head buried in the arm of the chair, crying helplessly.

Things seemed to go from bad to worse as far as he was concerned. He worked with dogged perseverance—all to no purpose. Day after day, he sent out stories, but they came back with equal regularity. And there came no news of his play.

He came in one afternoon, his face was grey and drawn, and he held a bulky package in his hand.

His wife poured out a cup of tea for him before replying. Then she took her own cup, left her work, and sat opposite to him near the fire. "Ron," she said quietly, "I have a plan in my head. No, wait hear me. You say your friend Mr. Villiers is going to Brittany next week, for six months to finish his book. I—she paused, and looked away from him—"Want you to do something to please me. I want you to arrange to go with him."

He set down his cup and stared at her incredulously then he laughed harshly. "I don't wonder you're sick of my company," he said. "A chap with nerves is like—worse than—a woman with hysteria. And, of course, I've money to go off on a jaunt like that, oh yes." And he laughed a queer mirthless laugh.

She had two days before persuaded him to consult a doctor, who had told her it was a severe break down, and—

"Get him to go abroad for a few months," the kind little man had said. "Somewhere quiet, and no work of any sort mind." What was needed was a rest cure. The thing had seemed pretty hopeless, but Cynthia had pondered over the situation. And now as she sat looking at him she thought contentedly of a certain old diamond pendant—the one thing of value that she had managed to retain during their hard times—until yesterday, when she and the pendant had parted company. And now there was \$200 in a little cash box upstairs and a great deal more would be due from her work.

"Dear," she said, "You've just got to let me be your banker. This morning I got my check for some work I never told you about. Dr. Mitchell says you are to go away. Then you'll come back

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a new man, and be able to work better than before. Please, please dear old boy, you'll go!" You've got your future to think of—"

It was true. He did not answer at once. But at length he reached out his hand a little shakily, and touched one of hers. "You'd have been better off if we'd never married," he said slowly. "But as you say there's the future to think of. So yes, I'll go."

* * *

She had just got back from the depot and the little flat struck dark and chill as she entered. On the mat she kicked against a letter. She picked it up and switching on the light, read with excitement.

"Dear Mr. Maude, I have read your play with great interest and I am willing to put it 'on' if you care to partly rewrite and strengthen the third act, also providing this can be done at once. Am returning the M.S. to you this evening. Yours truly,

Sydney Blythe.

She sat down with the letter still clasped in her nerveless fingers staring stupidly at the big hand writing of one of the most popular theatrical managers. Then she suddenly jumped up, and began to arrange her writing materials. "I need not tell him!" she muttered, thinking of her husband.

"Isn't it wonderful?" his voice had the old gay youthful ring in it, and he was back again, had just walked into the room quickly, the picture of health and strength. She had half expected him, because of a paper she had sent him three days before, and which he now held in his hand.

"And I'm going to conquer London?" he said and tilted up her chin suddenly "How could I have left you?" he added.

Then she freed herself with a little jerk. A staring headline in the paper met her gaze.

"Disappointed audience wait in vain for absent author of the year's greatest theatrical success."

"Wait," she said, and her voice shook nervously. "You—I must tell you something first." Then she told him.

To her was the praise due he found, as he listened for she had rewritten the third act. There had been no other way.

Suddenly, however, his arms were around her. "My little woman," said he, "I cannot do without you. We are going to collaborate in future. You and I, and tonight the 'joint authors' will take their 'call.'"

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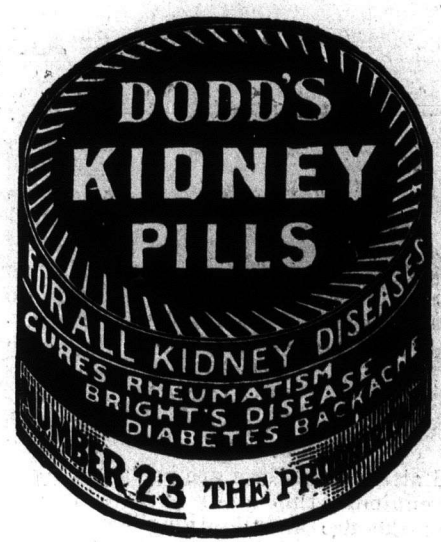
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Lightning Protection on the Farm

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. E. Clark



The enormous loss due to the destruction of buildings by fire and lightning each year is occasioning much comment, and strenuous efforts are being put forth to minimize this loss. It is estimated that the fire and lightning loss in the United States and Canada for the past year is \$254,000,000.00 which means an average loss of \$70,000.00 every day. In Canada alone the loss is \$26,000.00 annually.

In the cities restrictions are being adopted making it impossible to build the easily combustible structure which has flourished in the past; in all modern cities fire districts are laid out, and combustible structures are forbidden within the limits of these districts. In addition, outside these business districts, the tendency is to discourage by legislation the building of residences or any other structures unless same are largely protected against fire from outside influences.

There is a tendency to regard a fire loss lightly, due to the fact that insurance minimizes the individual loss. As a matter of fact every dollar's worth of property burned up is irretrievably and forever lost, and is a burden on the community at large just the same as a tax.

The fact that banding together and thus reducing the risk by transferring it to other and distant shoulders cuts down individual liabilities for large amounts, does not in any way alter the situation. Every individual in Canada loses \$3.50 per year on account of fire and lightning losses, whereas in Europe the per capita loss is only 48c; there they make every effort to prevent the fire, on this continent we try to extinguish it; there they figure that a fire is an absolute loss of money, here we consider it an exchange of our property for ready money. This, in general is the situation as pertaining to cities, towns and villages. It is indeed serious, and worthy of the best efforts of the Dominion and Provincial governments to minimize the loss.

Attention is called to a much more serious phase of the matter, via, unprotected condition of farm buildings as compared with those in the city where fire protection and fire extinguishing are receiving increasing consideration. The average building is an easy prey to the flames once they are started. It is almost impossible for the farmer to arrange for capable fire-fighting facilities so that he must look to prevention rather than means of extinguishing the fire. Fire once started in a farm building, either a residence or an out-building, rapidly gains headway and before the meagre fire-fighting facilities can be put into operation, has gone beyond the point where it can be extinguished. As a rule supply of water is very limited and is generally quite distant from the point of fire, and in addition the individuals capable of fighting the fire, are limited, comprising on an average not more than two persons. This makes it all the more important that the farmer should fight his fires before they occur.

It is unnecessary to dilate on the fact that a farm building covered with metal roofing and metal siding is protected against fire from outside influences; this fact should be self evident to everyone. The Canadian farmer is becoming



more in the habit of using metal coverings every year, and in this respect is considerably in advance of his fellow farmers in the United

States where wooden buildings are more common and where the fire loss is consequently even larger than Canada.

The danger from forest fires is rapidly diminishing as the forests decrease, but in many sections of Canada and during long dry spells in the summer and fall months there are still vast possibilities of damage from flying embers due to forest fires. All liability to loss or damage from this and many other causes is entirely nullified by the use of metal coverings on buildings, and in the case of residences by building brick walls and using metal shingles, which makes an artistic and pleasing combination, durable, economical and fireproof.

The loss to farm buildings by fire may be controlled to a large extent by exercising care, but in regard to the loss from lightning even the most careful family is as liable to suffer from the destructive effects as the most careless one, providing their buildings are not protected against lightning.

In considering this subject the farmer will usually have in mind lightning rods as a protection, and while lightning rods have a value, metal roofing properly applied gives better protection from lightning besides added protection against fire, sparks from the engine, etc., which might burn a wooden roof with a lightning rod on.

Lightning not only destroys property but destroys life; and anyone having experiences in the country, a heavy thunderstorm with its accompanying discharges of lightning, would certainly

than could be given by rods. Buildings that are completely covered with sheet metal and well connected with the earth are practically lightning-proof. Covered in this manner buildings have been known to be repeatedly struck by lightning without the least damage. The ground connections may be made of metallic rods that extend well into the earth, and are securely fastened to the metallic roofing, on the buildings. It must be remembered that the ground connection is a positive necessity and too much care cannot be exercised in its construction. The ground connection must be of considerable area and extend well into the moist earth; a piece of galvanized iron pipe driven into the ground 3 or 4 feet makes a good 'ground'; large buildings should have two or more such 'grounds.'

In view of the above the use of metal shingles or metal roofing when put together, makes practically a solid sheet of metal over the roof. In connection with these use metal eavetroughs and conductor pipes or down spouts and drive the galvanized iron pipe into the ground near the termination of the conductor pipe. It is well to fasten the conductor pipe to the upper end of the galvanized iron 'ground' by soldering or wiring them tightly together.

Quotations from Prof. Wm. H. Day, Dept. of Physics, Ontario Agricultural College, i.e., as follows:

"For eleven years this department has gathered reports regarding buildings

course to the earth, generally causing damages to the structure and frequently starting fire. In general, all-metal buildings need only to be 'grounded.' Iron used in any form for this purpose should be thoroughly galvanized to prevent corrosion. Conductors should have as few joints as possible, these to be mechanically secured and be protected from corrosion."

You will note from the above that the Fire Underwriters, which is another name for the National Fire Protective Association, recognize the value of the all-metal or "metal clad" buildings as a protection against the effects of lightning.

A quotation from a report of the Mutual Fire Prevention Bureau, Oxford, Michigan, looking after the interests of the Mutual Fire Insurance companies:

"Every elevator or mill in the country, even if only built this year, could afford to tear off their wood shingle roof and buy metal roof and siding and thereby reduce their rate enough to pay for the entire charge in a few years. We will do everything we can to point out to the property owner that his interest demands the substitution of iron cladding and iron roof over wood construction."

It will be noted that the above is from a Mutual Bureau and it is to their interest to speak the truth, and to cut down the losses as much as possible because the cost of the insurance depends upon the total loss.

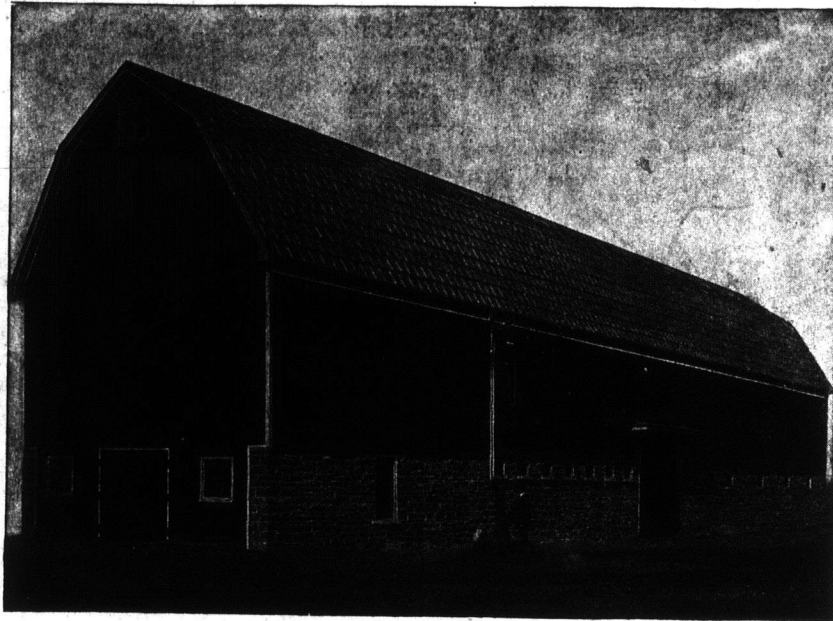
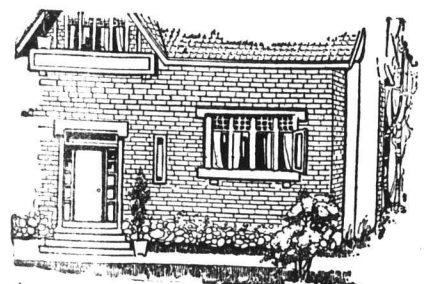
Quotation from Farmers' Bulletin No. 367, United States Department of Agriculture:

"The greater part of the annual loss of property by lightning is chargeable to farm buildings and their contents, and live stock in the field. A lightning conductor means a body of conductor that will lead away a lightning discharge. Metals are good examples of conductor bodies. The ordinary farm building is not difficult to protect from lightning flashes. A metallic roof properly connected to the earth affords ample protection to the buildings from lightning. It will not do to stop the conductor within a few inches of the ground. There should be an unbroken metallic path from the ridge of the roof into the ground.

The point to be emphasized is that buildings covered with metal and properly connected to the ground should not be attached to, or connected with buildings not protected, otherwise the unprotected building may be struck by lightning and be set afire and, of course, the flames will communicate to the contents of the other building. It is important that all connected buildings be similarly protected.

It is also well to note that all the authorities unite in stating that the sheet metal should be heavily and thoroughly protected by galvanized coating in order to be an efficient conductor as well as making it proof against corrosion.

With the above facts in mind there is no reason why every farmer should not protect his buildings and stock by the use of metal coverings, whenever a roof has to be replaced or new building erected; thus removing the fire menace, as prevention is better than cure, when adequate fire protection is not available.



A Proper Roofed Barn.

not regret a slight additional expenditure for the sake of immunity from the effects of lightning. The feeling of terror usually engendered in the minds of the family, conscious of their helpless and unprotected condition is more conducive to a high state of nervousness with its accompanying physical breakdown than almost any other cause. As the spring comes on, this subject recurs more frequently and in the hot summer days, with their heavy thunderstorms, lightning becomes a very constant source of dread and trouble.

Very careful observation has finally established a fairly good understanding as to the operations of electricity and the methods of minimizing the effects of same; lightning is a discharge of a large amount of electricity in a very short space of time, and whatever medium conducts it from the clouds to the earth suffers in the transmission, unless the medium is a first class conductor of electricity, and of sufficient size to take care of the full volume of the discharge. Trees, poles and buildings, on account of their height generally act as conductors. In the case of buildings, an electrical discharge is generally accompanied by fire, and a severe fire in the midst of a thunderstorm brings to light about the most helpless condition of humanity.

Below is a quotation from an article by Prof. E. S. Keene, North Dakota Agricultural College:

"Buildings with metal roofs that are properly connected with the earth are far better protectors from lightning

that were struck by lightning; of some 600 cases we found that 53 per cent of the buildings struck were burned. Twenty insurance companies got reports for me last year and we found from their reports that out of every 200 buildings struck by lightning 42 were rodded and out of every 200 buildings struck by lightning only three were rodded showing 94½ per cent as the efficiency of lightning rods in preventing strokes. A building with a metal roof properly grounded is well protected; in case a stroke occurs to that building the roofing and the ground wires or other conductors will carry off the stroke as well as if there were rods on the buildings."

Quotations from a report of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, edition of 1913:

"Protection against lightning is advisable on country buildings, on isolated buildings and on all buildings, wherever located, having elevated features such as tall chimneys, high peaked or gable roofs, steeples, etc. The ordinary condition causing a lightning discharge is a cloud charged with electricity at a greatly different potential from that of the earth. The difference of potential is finally sufficient to break down the stratum of air between the earth and clouds, and as electrical discharge takes place, The high points take the discharge and unless some less resistive path is provided from this point to the ground than the structure to be protected, the lightning will follow the next best

The Home Doctor

Felons

A felon, or whitlow, is a painful, suppurating inflammation of one of the fingers. It often starts in the last joint, though not always; but wherever it begins, it may extend to the whole hand. A felon is serious for several reasons. It causes continual and severe pain; it generally has to be treated by a surgeon; and if neglected, or improperly treated, it may lead to a deformed and disabled hand or arm.

A similar inflammation sometimes appears in the palm of the hand, and is called a palmar abscess. More rarely the abscess begins among the tissues at the back of the hand.

A felon may affect the parts immediately beneath the skin only; in that case, the sufferer escapes easily. Even then the suffering is great, and palmar abscess in a workman whose palms have grown thick and horny with toil may cause frightful pain until it is relieved by an operation. But when the pus forms deep down, among the fibers that surround the tendons, or under the periosteum—the fibrous covering of the bone—a felon is a much more serious matter.

In these cases, even if it were possible to endure the pain, it would be a mistake to wait for the pus to find its way to the surface. It is more likely to destroy the parts where it started, and then to burrow its way in all directions. In the tendinous variety, it sometimes travels through the fibrous sheath of the tendon, and appears as a palmar abscess. It may also follow the muscles of the arm, and cripple the limb permanently, or even make amputation necessary.

The periosteum is very tight and tough, and when pus has formed there and cannot break through the membrane, it will attack and destroy the bone itself.

An effort is sometimes made to head off a felon by cold applications, or by injecting an antiseptic into the tissues, but the effort is seldom successful, and as a general thing a deep and thorough cut by the surgeon's knife is necessary. Immediate relief follows, although the cut itself is so painful that the surgeon often gives the patient a whiff of nitrous oxide gas before he makes the incision.

After the Adenoids are Out

It is not unusual to hear a mother say, "We had John's adenoids removed, but he did not get a bit better, and the growths soon came back." Parents do not always understand that after an operation for the removal of growths in their child's nasal passages, an important duty rests upon them. The surgeon's work may be perfectly done, but a surgeon must pick up his instruments and go away. He leaves behind him a child who has perhaps for years fallen into the unfortunate habit of mouth-breathing, because he could get breath in no other way.

Now, mouth-breathing when well established is like other bad habits, hard to break. Just because the adenoids are gone, the child does not immediately close his mouth and draw his breath through his nose. He actually does not know how to do it. His mouth has always been open, and open it remains. The first result is that parents think the operation was either unnecessary or unskillfully done; probably another result is that the adenoids come back.

The child must be taught to breathe just as he is taught to know the multiplication table. You cannot do it by nagging reminders that his mouth is open; only patient training will undo the mischief. When a child is old enough to understand, a sensible talk with him will often accomplish a great deal. Explain to him how to breathe properly, and what are the consequences of breathing improperly. After you have aroused his interest and gained his cooperation, arrange for him a system of exercises.

Show the child what is meant by "the top of the lungs," and "the bottom of the lungs," and persuade him to breathe through the whole lung until he does it naturally. Exercises with the

arms, accompanied by deep, slow breathing, are often helpful. If the child's nostrils are obstructed, teach him to snuff up a simple solution of lukewarm water and salt, in order to clear the nasal passages.

Gangrene

Gangrene is the death of a part of the living body. Sometimes it results from an injury, such as burning or frost-bite, or from a surgical operation. Sometimes it is the consequence of a physical condition, with such causes as diabetes, or senility, or embolism. Whatever the

cause or whatever form it takes, it means that the obstruction to circulation has been so complete as to prevent local nutrition, and to bring about the death of the part.

Gangrene may be either "moist" or "dry." In the former case, the death of the part has been sudden, while it was still abundantly fed with the body fluids. Moist gangrene is therefore found in cases of severe accident. Bed-sores, carbuncles, and so-called "hospital gangrene" are of the same variety.

Senile gangrene and the gangrene caused by frost-bite are dry. The circulation of the aged is always somewhat impaired; and sometimes the blood finds it so difficult to force its way through the thickened and inelastic arteries that

the extremities of the body become gangrenous from sheer lack of nourishment.

Moist gangrene is always preceded by inflammation. The part swells, and is painful; the color, at first livid, turns to blue and then to black. Treatment, to be of value, must be prompt. The poison of gangrene is at first local; but if it is neglected and enters the system, the situation becomes grave. Even amputation of the diseased member may not save life.

As impaired circulation is at the root of the trouble, the treatment must try to restore the circulation, and combat the inflammation. Local heat is the best means of restoring the circulation. Hot bottles, or warm irrigations, or bandages of hot flannels may be used. Gangrene is not a matter for home treatment, except



The food which is taken to nourish the body and keep up vigor and strength becomes a poison to the system when digestion fails. You feel drowsy after meals, lose appetite, suffer from constipation, have pains in the bowels and through the body. Instead of being digested, the food ferments and gives rise to gas or wind on the stomach, which crowds about the heart, causing suffocating feelings and derangements of the heart's action.

Resort to aids to digestion cannot afford more than temporary relief, for the trouble is caused by torpid, sluggish action of the liver and bowels. These organs must be awakened so that they will filter the

poisons from the blood and remove from the system the accumulating waste matter.

Here lies the cause of indigestion and dyspepsia, and neglect only leads to chronic and complicated derangements, which destroy all comfort and shorten life.

The ideal treatment for indigestion is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, because they promptly and positively remove the cause of trouble. Acting directly and specifically on the liver, kidneys and bowels, they cleanse the system of all impurities, and their occasional use keeps these filtering and excretory organs regular and active. The blood is purified, pains and aches disappear, and such derangements as indigestion, constipation, biliousness, back-ach and kidney derangements are cured.

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This is a splendid collection of favorite old-time songs and ballads. Songs that touch the heart and recall the tenderest memories, many of them having been popular favorites for forty or fifty years and just as dearly loved to-day as when they were written.

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under the constant and watchful care of the physician, for in many cases operation is the only means of saving life.

Again We Say

Throw Away Your Truss

Rupture Completely Cured—
Sound and Well

From the trenches of Europe comes a letter written by Private John Carter, whose home address is No. 2 Shaw View, Flixton, telling of his complete cure of rupture from wearing the Brooks Appliance.



April 18th, 1915.
C. E. Brooks,
Dear Sir:
I received your letter by first post this morning. I beg to thank you for your Appliance which was instrumental in the way it cured me of my rupture. I have now been in Kitchen-er's army seven months, and I have gone through all the training, and I have never felt anything a n d n o t had the slightest trouble. I remember when I passed the doctor he remarked "There is nothing wrong with you, young man, you are in the best condition," and he sounded me all over, and I again thank you for the same, and I give my consent to use my letter as a testimonial to anyone, as I have been cured. Hoping you and your firm much success,
Yours truly,
Private John Carter

And under almost the same date, the mother of a soldier writes:

2, Orchard Road,
Richmond,
Surrey.

April 11th, 1915.
Mr. C. E. Brooks.

Dear Sir:
A line to thank you for what your Appliance has done for my son. After wearing it from December to the following September I can say he is quite cured and is now serving his country in France at his own trade, a shoeing smith. You can make what use you like of these, my thanks.

I am, yours,

Mr. E. H. Huffer

The wonderful Brooks Rupture Appliance is made at Marshall, Mich., U.S.A., and will be

Sent on Trial

to any rupture sufferer anywhere in the world to prove its merits, as a Retainer and Cure for Rupture.

The soft automatic cushion is the secret of this scientific invention. No harness, no springs, no hard pads, no "medicine," no misleading promises.

It is to be hoped that readers of this paper will take advantage of this opportunity to cure themselves of this most painful and distressing affliction. Just fill out and mail the coupon.

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Warts are disfigurements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure.

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Woman and the Home

The Sanctity of Parenthood

Young people of the next and all succeeding generations must be taught the supreme sanctity of parenthood. The little boy who asks what he is to become when he grows up must be taught that the highest profession and privilege he can aspire to is responsible fatherhood. The little girl may less frequently ask these questions, the answer to which has been imparted to her by her own Mother-Nature—as the doll instinct, so little appreciated or utilized, sufficiently demonstrates; but she likewise must be taught reverence for motherhood.

As childhood gives place to youth, what may be called the eugenic sense must be cultivated as a cardinal aspect of the moral sense itself; so that even personal inclination, at the controllable and self-controllable stage which precedes "head-over-ears" affection, will wither when it is directed to some one

to teach explicitly, without unworthy shame, that this instinct exists for the highest of purposes; that nothing which the future holds for boy or girl can conceivably be higher than worthy parenthood.

In the teaching of girls, only a false and disastrous prudery offers any great obstacle. The idea of motherhood is essentially natural to the normal girl. It is the eugenic education of boys that is more difficult, and the possibility of which will be questioned in some quarters. If such a duty devolved upon the present writer, he would feel inclined, perhaps, to present his teaching in terms of patriotism. He would urge that "there is no wealth but life"; that nations are made, not of provinces, nor property, but of people. He would urge that modern biology is teaching historians to explain such phenomena as the fall of Rome in terms of the quality of

CONSTIPATION

Is Productive Of More Ill Health Than Anything Else.

If the truth was only known you would find that over one half of the ills of life are caused by allowing the bowels to get into a constipated condition, and the sole cause of constipation is an inactive liver, and unless the liver is kept active you may rest assured that headaches, jaundice, heartburn, piles, floating specks before the eyes, a feeling as if you were going to faint, or catarrh of the stomach will follow the wrong action of this, one of the most important organs of the body.

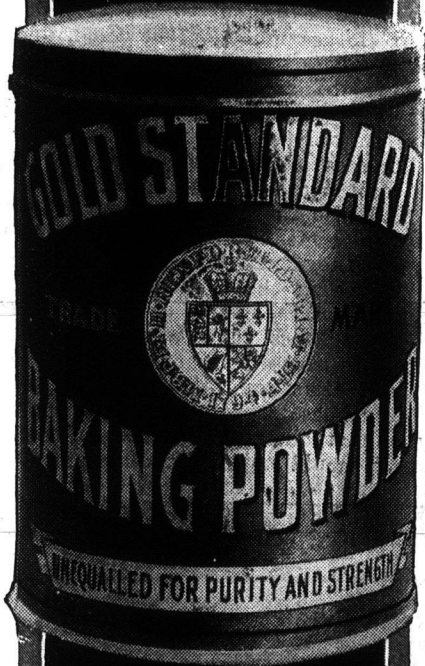
Keep the liver active and working properly by the use of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills.

Miss Rose Babineau, Amherst, N.S., writes: "Having been troubled for years with constipation, and trying various so-called remedies, which did me no good whatever, I was persuaded to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I have found them most beneficial, for they are indeed a splendid pill. I can heartily recommend them to all who suffer from constipation."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a vial, 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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who, on any ground, offends the educated eugenic sense. There is here a field for moral education of the highest and most valuable kind, both for the individual and the race.

Is there any other aspect of duty which can claim a higher warrant? Is there any hitherto so wholly ignored?

Perhaps we are wrong in regarding and treating the racial instinct as if it were animal and low, a thing as far as possible to be ignored, repressed, treated with silent contempt in education and elsewhere. The development of this instinct is inevitable and little short of imperious in every normal child, if that child is ever to become a man or a woman; and our silence does not involve the silence of less responsible persons who are less likely even than we ourselves to teach the young inquirer that this thing exists for parenthood, and is therefore holy, and to be treated as such.

Our business, rather, is to treat this great fact in a spirit worthy of the purpose for which it exists; and, therefore,

the national life; that therefore, individuals being mortal, parenthood necessarily takes its place as the supreme factor of national destiny; that the true patriotism must therefore concern itself with the conditions and the quality of parenthood—much less than with its quantity. The patriotism which ignores these truths is ignorant, and must be disastrous. We must, therefore, turn our attention from flag-waving to questions of individual conduct.

Ten Short Cuts

Spread newspapers over your kitchen table when dressing fish or cutting up poultry. Then when through destroy the papers and your table is not soiled.

Use crumpled newspapers to wipe grease off plates and cooking utensils before putting them into the dish-water, thereby doing away with that most disagreeable thing—greasy dish-water.

Slip newspapers between your house plants and the windows these cold



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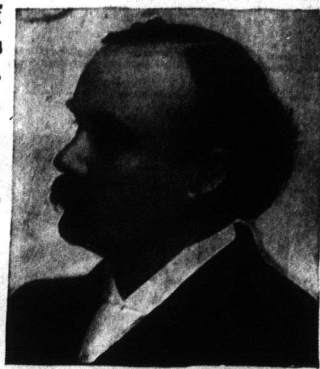
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I have a fine stock of trees, shrubs and fruits. Anything that is not satisfactory may be returned at once and I will refund the money. My prices are 35% less than agents' prices. Send me your address and I will send you my price list with full printed instructions.

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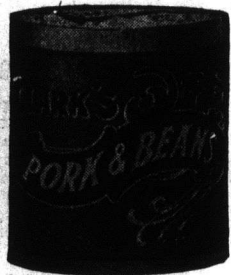
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CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

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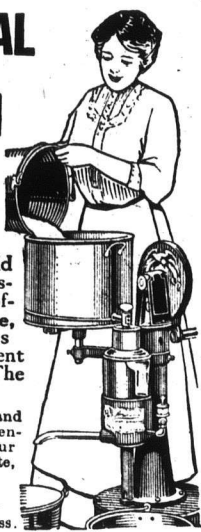
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nights and protect the tender plants from chilling.

Lay a thick magazine in the oven until good and hot and give to the little folks in place of the uncertain hot water bottle. It never leaks and will hold the heat a surprising length of time.

Several layers of newspapers under the carpet make a good substitute for carpet paper.

A newspaper placed across the chest and buttoned under the coat will prevent many a hard cold on the lungs when one has to ride in a hard wind.

Newspaper spread over woven wire springs under the mattress will prevent the unsightly rust marks that sometimes occur.

A number of newspapers spread out to their fullest extent and placed one above another and then covered with a piece of old sheet or other soft cloth and then all basted together with heavy thread, makes the very best kind of a bed-pad to use in sickness, as it can be removed and burned and another substituted as often as necessary.

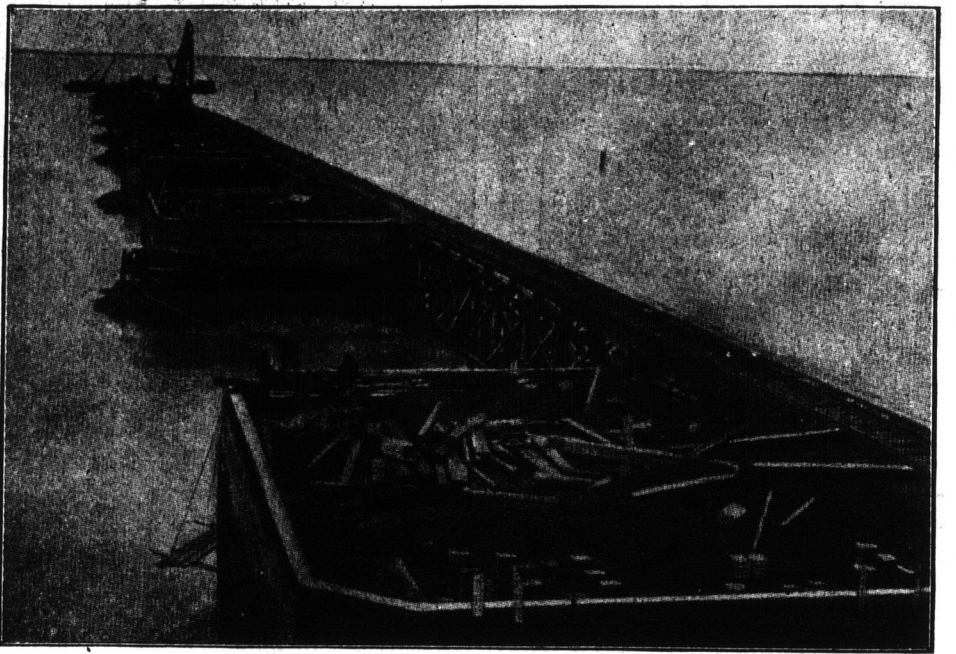
When packing dishes for moving fill all hollow dishes with small balls of crumpled paper, packing them in good and solid. Dishes so packed, with paper stuffed around them tightly, will stand an amazing amount of rough handling in safety.

A part of a newspaper crumpled up and slightly dampened is excellent for polishing windows, also the nickel on the stove and the stove itself.—C. H.

inviting and on time, but the whole house must be in apple-pie order for all occasions, and the children and myself dressed suitably to receive company at any time. This is not the case in the country; people are not expected to be dressed up all the time and not nearly so much is required or expected of them if company or callers come unexpectedly.

Now, if I am busy at work and any one comes I invite them into the kitchen, wash house, down cellar or even out to the milk yard, wherever my work requires my attention. The work has to be done and no apologies are needed.

Washing and ironing are not such dreaded tasks in the country. Town children are expected to wear white or light clothes much of the time, and not only the children but the women who have to attend so many social doings and church affairs, must be dressed suitably, which means light or white dresses and white waists, all of which makes lots of washing and ironing. And also they are expected to entertain which means a whole lot of extra work, and they must take their turns in filling offices in these various societies. Do not tell me that town or city women have easier times than farmers' wives. To be sure some farmers' wives have very hard times and many privations, but oftentimes it is their own fault. They offer their assistance when their husbands would not think of asking it



Hudson Bay Railway Terminus at Port Nelson

The view is looking towards the ship channel, showing work in progress on bridge piers. In the foreground hardwood and steel plate ice protection is being placed. In the immediate foreground piles for the support of steel superstructure may be seen

Entertaining

I have been a merchant's wife and also a farmer's wife, besides being raised on a farm, a farmer's daughter, also a country school teacher. And in regard to being worked to death I must say it is not so much where you live as the people who are to blame. I certainly aged faster while living in town than since I live on the farm. Husbands, in some respects, are to blame, as whether on the farm or in the city they sometimes require too much of their wives, and it is not only hard work which breaks them down but the continual strain and worry.

Our children were small and had to be constantly looked after or they would be gone, no telling where; but after moving to the farm they were given some work to perform, and there were not so many attractions to allure them away.

Besides I had so much more company in town. As husband was in business, whenever an old friend or customer from the country came into the store near meal time he was invited home with my husband, and I soon found I had to be prepared for company at all times, for sure as I was not, someone would happen in for dinner or supper and perhaps make it convenient to stay over night to take an early train. That meant an early company breakfast, an extra bed and room to put in order. Therefore not only must the meals at all times be

and will go out and hoe corn and potatoes, help in the hay field, husk corn, help make fence and do all such work, and of course after they begin doing such work the men have the cheek to ask it of them. But women will say that it is not harder than doing house work; it may not be, but the house work will have to be done besides and altogether it is too much. Women, as a rule, have enough to do in and around the house without doing the men's work.

I do not think it out of place for women on the farm to help with the milking, feed calves, pigs, tend the chickens and work in the garden. I always consider that my work and like to do it.

No! No! Give me country life every time. How much we enjoy the society of our farmer friends and have no fear of associating with them, for we are all on the same level and not considered in classes like city people are. How we enjoy going picnicking or fishing, men, women, children and altogether, and attending fairs, circuses, etc., and altogether we have a more free and independent life than the laboring or business class in the city. The business man cannot leave his place of business nor the laboring man his work to accompany his family on an excursion or pleasure trip of any kind and the true woman does not enjoy going and having a good time feeling that her husband needs the rest and recreation more than she does but cannot spare the time.

About the Farm

Good Business Methods for Farmers

When Alice in Wonderland visited the house of the Duchess, who never could abide figures, she offered to hold the baby. But, taken to her loving little bosom, the baby proved to be a queer creature. Its arms and legs stuck out in all directions, like a starfish. It wriggled so that Alice had to clutch its right ear and left foot to keep it from untying itself. Its precious nose began to grow long and sharp, and its eyes smaller and rounder, and it grunted and grunted, until presently Alice looked down, and lo! the baby had turned into a little pig. Feeling that it would be absurd to nurse it any longer, Alice put it on the ground, and it contentedly trotted away.

Alice's experience points a little moral for the farmer who will not keep trustworthy records. Very often he is nursing a pig under the impression that it is a baby. Perhaps it was a baby once—a pet crop, a productive rotation, a certain scheme of running the place. But conditions have changed. He hasn't kept books. He doesn't know where he really stands. The baby has turned into a pig unnoticed, and is kicking and grunting to get away.

Take the cow as an illustration. Thousands upon thousands of general farmers keep cows in twos or threes, under the belief that the whole farm rests upon this animal. To make her happy, they raise a little of everything.

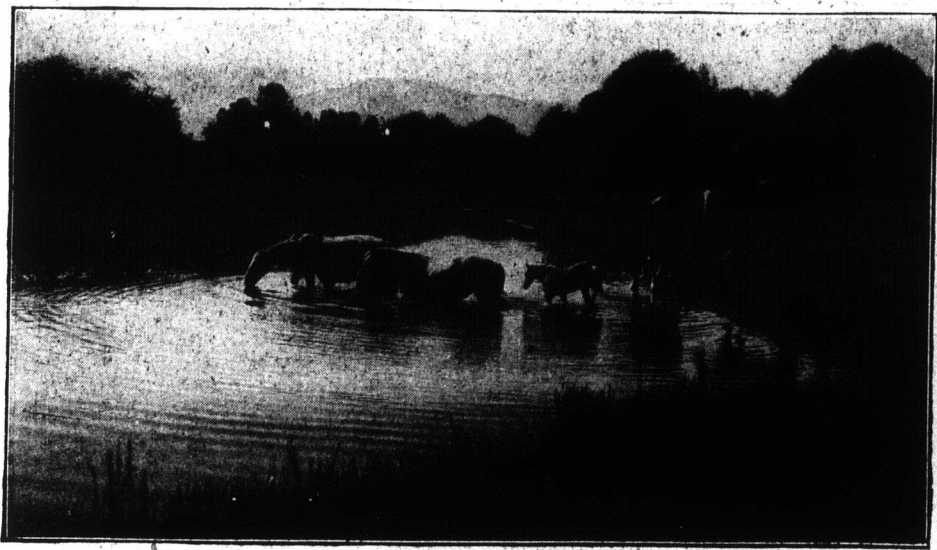
of daybook, journal, ledger, trial balance, and other accounting technicalities, and begin with the fields and present crops themselves.

Perhaps at this very moment the team is plowing a three-acre plot for potatoes. Start with that. A five-cent memorandum book will do. Some blank cards, five by seven inches, will be better.

Put down on a card, or on a page of the book: Potatoes, lot below barn, about three acres. Then find the land value. Roughly appraise the farm by fields. Fields are worth more than pasture, and pasture is worth more than woodlot. Get a definite basis for charging interest and taxes.

Then set down the plowing cost. Day work is a matter of wages. If you do the plowing yourself appraise the team and its yearly keep, allow yourself as good wages as you would pay an outsider, and find some fair standard per hour for this kind of work.

Then come the harrowing cost, planting cost, seed and fertilizer. It is well to put down the date of planting and the kind of fertilizer, and perhaps a note about the weather. Such items are extremely interesting in future years. Weeding, cultivating and spraying are all charged as they are done. The cost of materials must go down, and the depreciation on machinery. If a sprayer cost \$50, and its life be estimated at ten years, there will be \$5 to charge against potatoes that year unless the machine is



Their daily dip.

They work a good deal harder for the cow than they would for their wives, because she is exacting in her demands for attention. They may go without comforts in the house, but the cow must have her mill feed. They solemnly shake their heads at the young fellow who trusts to cover crops and tillage, assuring them that without the cow his soil will surely be exhausted.

How the Cow "Milks" the Farmer.

Yet very often their own soil is in poor condition. They receive a monthly check from the creamery, and the regular inflow of a little cash is a great convenience. But the baby has hoofs and a snout, nevertheless. If the farmer kept cost records and insisted that he as well as the hired man be paid wages for his work it would often be found that he neither owns the cow nor milks her. She owns and "milks" him!

The hardest of all work to get done on the farm is bookkeeping. Farmers do not like to figure, and perhaps are not to be blamed. Outdoor work is always pressing. The unexpected is always happening. The day is long drawn out. When night comes, bed looks much more attractive than a ledger. Yet even a rough farm record will pay in many ways and add great interest to the work. Probably more farmers would keep such records if it were more generally understood that a simple scheme of few entries usually answers for their needs. Bookkeeping proper has little bearing on farm operations, because it is mercantile and bid out on a daily and monthly basis. Farm records, on the contrary, should follow separate crops and fields. Almost the first essential is to stop thinking

used for other work. An accurate conception of the investment in machinery stimulates one to use it as widely as possible and also to take care of it. Do not overlook machine repairs. Finally, when the crop is harvested, put down the cost of digging, picking up, sorting and hauling, and the amount of the yield. Then the absolute cost of that crop is known, and also the profit on sales.

Let a farmer once keep even crude records, and his appetite for more definite figures is certain to grow, for cost figures point to many ways of improving methods. Farm profits are made up of trifles.

There is no sudden wealth or unearned increment. The difference between gain and loss may lie in twenty-five cents a bushel more paid for choice seed potatoes, or a couple of hundred pounds more fertilizer to the acre, or the one extra spraying with Bordeaux after the bugs have been pretty well cleaned out by arsenates in order to keep the vines alive through September when the tubers are putting on weight. There may be the price of a good suit of clothes in every acre improved by the cultivator once more. The grower with records of this sort instantly puts his finger on an unwarranted item of expense, such as laborious planting and covering of potatoes by hand when the acreage should be increased and a machine planter bought, or steps taken to get one in the neighborhood. Cost items overcome unprofitable hesitation. In fall when work abounds, that what's-the-use feeling will not lead the man who knows his costs to neglect the cover crop of rye or vetch that will furnish humus. Cost figures

"For the new settler or the man with new breaking done before May 25 or 26, flax offers an opportunity for money-making this year such as is not possible with any other crop."

This is an extract from an article by Director J. H. Grisdale, B. Agr., of the Dominion Experimental Farm, advising Canadian Farmers to

GROW FLAX THIS YEAR

He adds:

"Where wheat seeding has progressed rather slowly, it will often be advisable to sow the last few acres intended for wheat to flax instead. Prices for flax are likely to be good this coming fall. The cash returns from the two crops are likely to be practically equal this year, and will probably be about the same as they were last year. For this reason it is well worth while trying flax and running no risk with late wheat, which is usually a poor crop at best."

Flax will mature though sown as late as the first week in June.

It can be grown successfully on low, wet fields and on new breaking.

It leaves the soil mellow and in fine condition for wheat.

It averages over 12 bushels an acre in Western Canada.

It has sold for months past at an average price of around \$2.00 a bushel.

IT CERTAINLY PAYS TO GROW FLAX.

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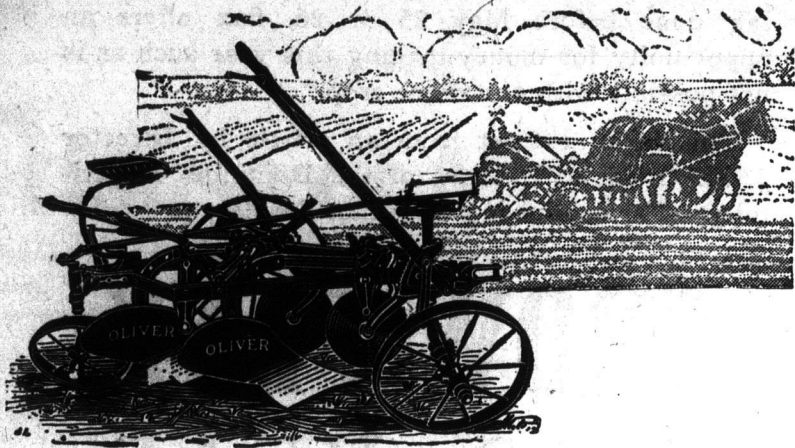
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Plows for Summer Fallowing



When one province reports more than two million acres of land fallowed in the summer of 1915, Western Canada must be convinced of the importance of this method of preparing land for future crops.

The value of summer fallowing lies in the thoroughness of the plowing and weed killing. The best tools are none too good for such important work. Therefore, we take pleasure in recommending and suggesting the use of **Oliver plows, made at Hamilton**, for use in Canadian fields.

The line is complete, including walking plows, sulky and gang plows, and tractor gangs—equipped with bottoms suited to all kinds and conditions of soil and plowing.

The **Oliver** plow line is sold by I H C local agents, who will see to it that you get the kind of service that makes your summer fallowing a success. See them for information or write the nearest branch house.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd.

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At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

also bring an element of caution. Instead of buying machinery haphazard on impulse and credit, this investment will be limited to apparatus that is really necessary and economical. Cost figures give an investment view of the soil, and the owner will not begrudge money or labor spent in enriching it with fertilizers of the more lasting and expensive varieties, or in plowing under the green crops and litter.

Now, when the average farmer has started a card for each of his crops, and also for cows, poultry, stock and other main sources of revenue, he has almost all the book-keeping system needed for a beginning. Household expenses have no place in this part of the scheme, and even the keeping of a general record of outgo and income for machinery, materials, feed, and so forth, can be dispensed with at the outset, because all these items may be divided and charged to the crops upon which they are used, and the remainders of such staples as fertilizers and seeds can be ticketed with the cost and put away for future use. The greatest difficulty with a cost system is in getting one started. Consequently, the start can safely be made on a modest scale. Interest in results will do the rest.

Convenience goes a long way in the battle for exact records. If, once a week, a farmer scribbles figures in a book resting on his knee, there will be forgetfulness and neglect in posting the day's items. This work calls for a com-

pleted, the bulk is not unwieldy, and all the information on a given subject comes right into one's hand when needed. When interesting articles on two different subjects are printed on opposite sides of the same page, such as a good article on bean-planting and another on potato varieties, the page can be put away under beans, and a slip of paper can also be put into the potato envelope stating in which envelope the article may be found.

The Well Treed Farm By Allan Campbell.

The tree is a great home maker, and as such, its influence is needed in this western country. With the farm house and other buildings, one has, comparatively speaking, a home in the skeleton farm, but with trees well distributed in such a way as to give protection, beautifying effects, and a proportionate return of fruit, a farm home in the truer sense becomes established and endowed with an air of prosperity. One of the prime factors that causes the young members of the farm household to become unsettled must be the absence of real home influences, and under this head we can give a prominent place to environment. There is a mollifying influence in the presence of trees around the home, which absorbs the sordid details of hard work, while their shade and beauty is the daily reward for the trials that are the lot of us all.



Homeward returning—Pacific Coast sunset scene.

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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

fortable desk in a quiet corner, a good lamp and handy writing tools. Posting will then become a daily habit.

The five-by-seven-inch cards are suggested for two reasons: being ample, they will hold a thorough record of a year's crop; and when the cost system becomes a fixture they will go into a standard filing cabinet. When the system has taken good root, one of these cabinets—having two, four or six drawers—may be bought. The first drawer will hold many years' accumulation of cards, which can be filed alphabetically at first by crops and later by years. The other drawers can be turned into a file of printed information. Buy several hundred stout Manila envelopes, five by seven inches, and label one for each subject of interest—alfalfa, beans, cover crops, pigs, spraying and like matters. Then mark and clip every article containing useful information from the farm papers and slip the clippings into their envelopes. It is surprising how much practical help such a collection will yield. The work of buying and planning will be facilitated by free clipping of advertisements describing tools, machinery and materials, giving manufacturers' names and addresses. Clippings filed in envelopes are better than a scrapbook, because the latter calls for much pasting, the book is bulky, and arrangement for instant reference is not easy. The clipping method is also better than the method followed by some people of keeping the periodicals on file and jotting down dates of interesting articles, because much useless information is elim-

There are many on treeless farms who would be only too pleased to have a plantation, but do not care to expend time and labor on what they may consider an experiment. To these, the assurance can be given that there are a great many varieties of trees that are perfectly hardy in this climate, bear delicately tinted blossoms and require very little attention. The native plum is hardy, is extremely beautiful at blossoming time, and produces fruit of fine flavor in good quantity. Of course, it is imperative that all weeds be kept away from the trees, otherwise failure is courted. A few such plum trees will provide an acceptable preserve to help tide over the long winter. Small fruits, consisting of black, red, and white currants are quite hardy and produce abundantly. For hedges the Caragana or Siberian Pea Tree is one of the most popular and forms a close, serviceable hedge and produces a pretty little yellow flower. The lilac grows very handsome flowers and also forms a good hedge. Good individuals are the honeysuckle (both pink and white varieties), mountain ash, and the birch (silver and weeping.) Evergreens are a great relief to the general aspect of the farm in the winter, but they require more care in planting than the general run of trees. There are many kinds of roses kept in stock by our western nurseries which will complete the beauty of the farmstead.

In making a start at tree planting it is important to see that the land is properly prepared, and where it is intended to plant on sod, the land must be broken

and well cultivated during the season and no planting done until the next year. Beware of grass where young trees are concerned, for once it becomes established in the plantation it requires special diligence to eradicate it. It is well to see that all bad spots of grass are taken out before planting begins.

When the seedlings are obtained in the spring, they should be planted in the prepared land as soon as possible after the frost is out of the ground. Much care is required at the time of planting. Do not expose the roots to sun or wind, but keep them wrapped in a wet sack, taking out one at a time so that any exposure they get to the air will only amount to a matter of seconds. A dull, cloudy day is preferable for tree planting. Be sure the roots are firmly packed with soil. Pull each seedling slightly up and down as the loose soil is thrown on, in order that the soil may cluster in among the fibrous roots. Finish up by tramping around the stem, using the heel of the boot to press the soil into the roots. Cultivation should be performed regularly to insure a supply of moisture and to keep down weeds. It is better to exercise care at the time of planting and during the first season, than spend months lamenting over failure through too much haste to the detriment of efficiency. Remember, your trees do not fluctuate on the market, but gain in value each year and are, at all times, a valuable asset to the farm, and things of beauty.

continued social suggestions that other occupations are higher and more dignified. We want an educational miracle worker who will open the eyes of the blind and make them see that of all human occupations, this connects man more directly than any other to the mysterious nature of which he is part, of whose substance his own body is formed. He, as cultivator and farmer, is continually drawing on the mysterious fountain of life and energy in the earth; the clerk, the trader, the workman, and, indeed, most of the persons engaged in urban occupations, are, by the nature of their employments, divorced from that mother nature. They get a kind of sophisticated intelligence, they count up rows of figures, make entries in books, all trivial employments, giving a kind of mean quickness to the brain. How anybody could have supposed that such occupations had a greater dignity than presiding over the growth of crops is one of those wonders philosophers in a later, happier, and saner world will set themselves vainly to solve.

We ourselves have always dealt with agriculture as the most intellectual of

all occupations. We have never tried to write platitudes about it, because we believe that it is an occupation that requires the very highest intelligence. Doctors, biologists and scientists are, perhaps, on a par with the farmers, for they, too, deal with real forces and with life itself. But what other occupations are there which invite so much thought—which, by their nature, bring man into contact with eternal realities? Here in a field is the seed. That field is electric with hidden energies, chemical forces, which play on the seed. What is in the seed? Who knows? A spirit, perhaps—and other kind of life, differing from ours. But how mysterious! It lays hold on the energies in the earth, and out of that tiny cell, as out of a fountain, come the wheat, the barley, the field of green and waving leaves, the swelling of tubers beneath the earth, all miracle and wonder if one stops to think about it. Does anybody believe that if in the schools, the young folks were made to think about the things scientific men have discovered of the ways by which these wonders come to pass if they knew about that marvelous vital chemistry of

the soil, would they ever for a moment think that the work of the farmer was not a thousand times more intellectual and dignified than the trivial occupation of a clerk writing records of trivial transactions in books? Never, never! They would feel in an office as in a prison house, shut out from all the light, wonder, glory and beauty that the earth puts forth for her children.

We want all the brains possible put into this industry of agriculture. We have, as we say, always regarded it as the most complicated and intellectual of occupations, and have written for farmers as if they were men of intellect and varied knowledge. Their occupation requires a far more profound education than the person who is going to be that simple thing, a bank clerk or a book-keeper, which occupations really require very little education at all, being mainly mechanical and routine in character.

A school teacher declares that children have no intelligent comprehension of grammatical rules till they are at least twelve years old. The conversation of Hetty, who is eight, tends to confirm the statement.

Hetty's uncle, who is a school teacher, met her in the street one day, and asked her if she was going out to a party."

"No, I ain't going."
"Oh, my dear," said her uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going,'" and he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. They are not going. Now can you say all that, Hetty?"

"Of course I can," she replied, making a curtsy, "there ain't nobody going."

Miller's Worm Powders will not only expel worms from the system, but will induce healthful conditions of the system under which worms can no longer thrive. Worms keep a child in a continual state of restlessness and pain, and there can be no comfort for the little one until the cause of suffering be removed, which can be easily done by the use of these powders, than which there is nothing more effective.

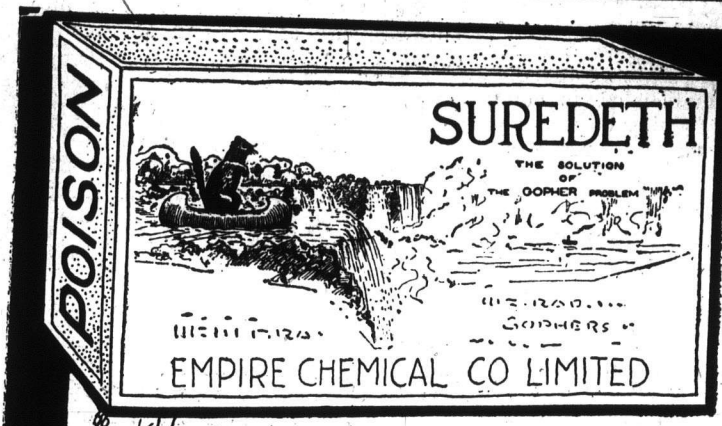


Seeding time in Old Ontario

Agriculture, the Most Intellectual of Occupations

By George W. Russell,
Editor Irish Homestead, Dublin.

Farming is, as we have always held, the occupation which more than any other gives the fullest and most varied employment to all the faculties of man, to his physical, intellectual and spiritual faculties. That this is not recognized is due to faulty education and the hypnotic influence of bad traditions. The child is blinded mentally and morally by con-



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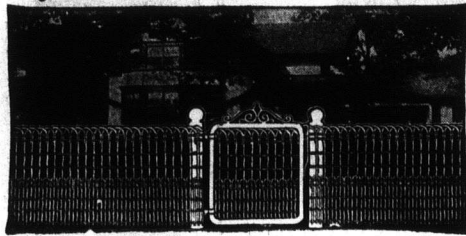
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An Interesting Experiment

The other day as the writer stepped into the food laboratory in the domestic science building he found the class was being instructed in potatoes. They were classed as a starchy food. To prove this each member of the class was required to grate a potato, putting the grated portion into cheese cloth and thoroughly washing in a bowl; the coarse fiber which holds the potato together was left in the cloth, while the starch went to the bottom of the bowl. When it had settled it was divided into two portions, one was dried and the other was treated with hot water and boiled slightly. This made a fine grade of laundry starch. A drop of iodine was added, which gave a rich blue color which is the test for starch.

The class then took the dry portion of starch and put it on the hot stove; a cloud of steam passed off, showing that the dry starch contained water, and the heap of starch diminished in size, finally turning to a black char, showing that carbon was present. Finally the charred starch glowed slightly and then practically all was gone. During the experiment heat was given off by the starch, which proved that potatoes and starchy foods are heat producers.

The cooking of potatoes was next considered and the teacher declared that potatoes, usually cheap and so good a food were worthy of much consideration; that the housewife should know many ways of preparing potatoes. Simply boiling, drying and mashing gets monotonous after a while. She then stated that the class were to cook potatoes in sixteen different ways that day. One of the methods was as follows, and was called panned potatoes: Put a lump of butter or drippings from ham in a dripping pan and heat slightly. Pare the potatoes, chop them into fine bits, put into the dripping pan, add milk to almost cover them, put on the lid, put in the oven and bake. When the potatoes are tender, remove the lid and let them cook until the milk is absorbed and the potatoes slightly brown on top. These potatoes certainly came out fine and had a flavor that would tempt the palate of any epicure. This was recommended as being a very good dish for ironing day, as the top of the stove would be in use while the oven would be empty.

What to do with Popcorn

Nearly all children like popcorn in any form and we know many grown-ups who confess to a fondness for it in the shape of various confections. The taste for popcorn "au naturel" at least, should be encouraged, for it is wholesome and nourishing. Its chemical analysis shows it contains 10.7 per cent protein, 5 per cent fat, 1.3 per cent ash or mineral matter and about 78 per cent carbohydrates, while its fuel or energy value per pound is 1,875 calories, which is higher than that of any other grain or breadstuff except parched hominy. In addition, its fiber or refuse makes it one of nature's best laxatives, greatly to be preferred to drugs of any kind for either children or adults.

If popcorn and popcorn confections were more generally used as a substitute for highly-concentrated sweets it would be better for the stomachs and health of chronic candy eaters. The following are some methods of using popcorn that the writer has found excellent. They will produce wholesome sweets at small cost much to be preferred to cheap candies of doubtful quality or in fact to most all sugar confections of any kind, for they may be freely eaten by children without ill effects.

One of the simplest and daintiest is frosted popcorn. Have a gallon of nicely-popped corn free from hard grains. In a large enameled or alumi-

num kettle, boil two cups of granulated sugar with one-fourth level teaspoonful of salt and one-half cup of water until it spins a thread. Then with the kettle still on the stove quickly put in the corn and stir rapidly with a long spoon from the bottom until all the syrup is mixed with the corn and the grains separate and rattle, and remove at once from the fire. The grains should be snow white, crisp and sugary when finished. The flavor and color may be varied by boiling a tablespoonful of cocoa, chocolate or peanut butter with the syrup and adding a teaspoonful of vanilla before turning in the corn.

Popcorn Crackle—This is a universal favorite in our family. Run two quarts of popped corn through the coarse wheel of the food chopper into a paper bag tied on the machine, or put in a muslin bag and crush with a rolling pin. Melt a pound of granulated sugar in a frying-pan—stirring constantly until melted, when it should be a light-amber color. Then at once put in the chopped corn and stir rapidly until thoroughly mixed with the syrup, turn quickly into a buttered pan, pressed down slightly with the spoon and break or cut in pieces when cold. Only as much corn should be used as the syrup will hold together.

Popcorn Taffy or "Brittle."—Boil two cups of sugar, one cup of New Orleans molasses, one-fourth level teaspoonful each of salt and soda and one-fourth cup of water until it hardens in cold water, then quickly pour half the taffy into a buttered pan, press into it a layer of slightly-crushed popcorn, cover with the rest of the taffy and break up when cold.

Sea Foam with Popcorn.—Boil three cups of light brown sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one cup of boiling water till it spins a thread from the spoon, and pour slowly into the beaten whites of two eggs, beating constantly. Flavor with vanilla and continue beating until it starts to grain—then quickly stir in three cups of crushed or chopped corn, pour into a buttered pan and cut in squares when cold.

A Good Roast from a Tough Cut

An excellent roast may be made from a very tough cut of beef by the following method: Select a thick cut of the lower round or any other portion that is without bone (this should be three or four inches thick). Pound flour into the meat on both sides (about one and one-half cups of flour can be pounded into a three or four-pound piece). The pounding breaks up the fibre and the flour retains the juices. Sear the meat all over and place in a roaster. Pour the contents of a can of tomatoes over the meat. Onions and other seasonings may be added, according to taste. Cook slowly. This makes a tender roast and excellent gravy. It also is very good when sliced cold.—May C. McDonald, N. D. Experiment Station.

Home-Made Dish Mop

Every housekeeper should have at hand a small dish mop. One can be easily made at home by unraveling a piece of manila rope, and firmly tying one end of the threads to a short stick. A piece of broom handle about a foot long will make a good handle. With such a mop one can use scalding water or strong washing powder in cleaning pots and pans without danger of injuring the hands.—Olive Richey.

Asthma Overcome. The triumph over asthma has assuredly come. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has proved the most positive blessing the victim of asthmatic attacks has ever known. Letters received from thousands who have tried it form a testimonial which leaves no room for doubt that here is a real remedy. Get it to-day from your dealer.

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Fashions and Patterns

When ordering patterns be sure to state size. When no size is specified we reserve the right to send medium as, owing to the small amount involved, it is not possible for us to write and ask remitter for further information. Address all orders to Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

1676 — Girls' Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—This smart little model was made up attractively in figured crepe, with white crepe for vest, collar, belt and cuffs. Val insertion forms a pretty decoration. The style would be nice in blue or pink batiste, in figured lawn or organdy, chaille, gingham, chambray or batiste. The sleeve is attractive in either wrist or elbow length. The waist fronts are finished with a deep box plait at each side of the full vest. The skirt is a five-gore plaited model. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years, and requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for a 6-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

unique and attractive, embodies some excellent style features. The waist is finished in surplice style. The skirt is cut in three tiers or sections, each one underfaced to form a deep hem tuck. The sleeve may be made with a shaped cuff at wrist length, or finished with a frill at elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1668—Girls' Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—This attractive little model is here shown in red and white dotted percale, with trimming of white pique. In blue checked gingham



Waist 1662, Skirt 1682—This comprises Ladies' Waist Pattern 1662, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1682. The skirt could be made of serge, gabardine, voile, novelty suiting, shepherd check, broadcloth, linen, drill or gingham. The waist is nice for silk, crepe, flannel, linen, lawn, batiste or madras. If desired, one material may be employed for waist and skirt, to produce the effect of a one-piece dress. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 4 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size which measures 3 1/3 yards to the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. for each pattern in silver or stamps.

1670—Costume with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths (for Misses and Small Women)—Embroidered voile and insertion is here combined. The model is most

combined with blue chambray, brown and white seersucker with tan trimming it will be equally nice. It is also good for linen, galatea, taffeta, voile, crepe and serge, for nun's veiling, batiste, pique and chaille. The right front is shaped at the closing. The trim skirt gored in pretty flare effect is finished in front with a panel plait. The sleeve is nice in either length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1667—Ladies' House Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths — Tub silk striped in blue and white with collar and cuffs of crepe embroidered in blue is here portrayed. The waist and skirt portions have slot tucks in front. The sleeve in wrist length is finished with a band cuff. The comfortable short sleeve has a smart reversed cuff. The neck is cut slightly low and is finished with a rolled collar. Gingham, linen,

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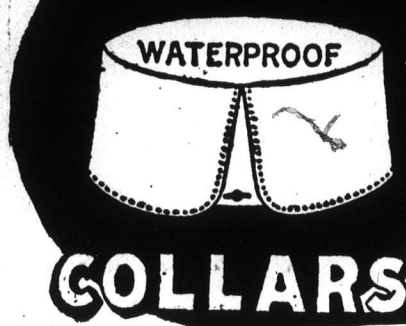
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GOLLARS

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lawn, crepe, drill, seer-sucker, chambray, percale, poplin, serge and taffeta could also be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 2/3 yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1672—Child's Rompers, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—Gingham, chambray, percale, galatea, flannellette, serge, repp, linen and poplin are nice for this style. As here shown, brown and white plaid gingham was used with white pique for trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 years requires 2 7/8 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1535—Ladies' Overall Apron—Striped percale in gray and white is here shown. Facings of dark gray on front, neck edge, collar and belt afford a neat trimming.

challie, percale, dimity, voile and batiste. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 5 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1685—Mull, chiffon, crepe lawn, batiste, linen, and silk are all serviceable materials for these pretty dress accessories. The finish may be embroidery, lace, binding, piping or hemstitching, as fancy may dictate. These styles are good for coats or dresses, and much in vogue this season. The pattern, including all styles, is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires for either style, 3/4 yard of 22-inch or wider material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Blouse 1671, Skirt 1679—Composed of Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1679—As here shown novelty suiting in blue and brown was combined with blue serge.



This design has ample fulness, good design, and simple lines. The back may be cut with or without a seam. The fulness is held by a belt, which may be omitted. The model is good for all wash fabrics, lawn, gingham, percale, chambray, seersucker, drill, linene or alpaca. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1674—Ladies' House Gown or Negligee, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths, and with or without Yoke Facings—Figured organdie and allover embroidery is here combined. The model is easily and quickly made. It is fitted by shoulder and underarm seams. The yoke facings may be omitted, and the yoke effect stimulated by beading or insertion. A broad shaped collar trims the neck edge. In flannel, flannelette, eiderdown, cashmere or serge this model will make a comfortable warm lounging robe. It is also lovely for silk, crepe,

The models may be worn separately. Linen, madras, lawn, pique, drill, serge, cashmere, gabardine, gingham, silk and jersey cloth are all suitable for this style. The blouse pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require 3 yards of 44-inch material for the waist and 4 1/2 yards for the skirt for a medium size. The skirt measures 4 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

1683—Junior's Dress, with or without Bolero, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—So charming and graceful is this little dress, so simple to develop, that it will at once appeal to the home dressmaker. The waist is full over the front, is cut slightly low, and finished with pointed collar sections. The sleeve in wrist length has a straight cuff, and

le and batiste. sizes: Small, 5 1/4 yards medium size. 10 cents in

crepe lawn, all service-pretty dress acc-embroidery, stitching, as styles are and much in tern, includ-izes: Small, res for either or wider ma-A pattern of any address er or stamps.

Composed of - As here blue and blue serge.

is cut in bishop style. The short length sleeve has a jaunty rolled cuff. The skirt is full and gathered. The bolero may be finished separately. In figured crepe or organdy with batiste for the waist portion, this model will make a cool and pretty summer dress. It could also be made up in embroidered voile, challie, lawn or dimity, chambray and gingham is nice, too. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size. Without bolero, 7/8 yard less. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1661—Girls' Over Blouse Dress with Guimpe, having two styles of Sleeve—Striped seersucker in gray and white, with piping of red, were used, for the dress, and white batiste for the guimpe. The collar is embroidered with red floss. This model is also good for linen, galatea, percale, chambray, nun's veiling, taffeta and tub silk, voile, crepe and batiste. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes:

terial for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1-3 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1306—A Neat "Cover All" Apron. Ladies' "Middy Apron" to be Slipped over the head, or closed at the Back—Dotted percale, with trimming of white linene is here shown. This style is also nice for gingham, jean, chambray, lawn, sateen, or alpaca. It is cut in kimono style, and low at the throat, where it may be finished with or without a collar, in sailor style. A generous pocket is added to the front, and the short loose sleeve is comfortable. The fulness at the waist may be free or held in place by a belt. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 5 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Blouse 1556—Skirt 1558—Blouse pattern 1556 and skirt pattern 1558 are here



6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 2 yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe, for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1689—Ladies' Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—One could use any of the soft fabrics for this style. Embroidered voile, crepe, silk, chiffon, batiste, tulle or net over silk, nun's veiling, challie or crepe de chine. The sleeve is new and most attractive. It has a close-fitting cap portion, to which a full puff is joined, which may be finished with a deep, shaped cuff at wrist length, or a rolled cuff with short puff to the elbow. The skirt is simple in outline, but cut with becoming gracefulness. A girdle of soft silk or ribbon sash would form a pretty finish for this model. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44-inch ma-

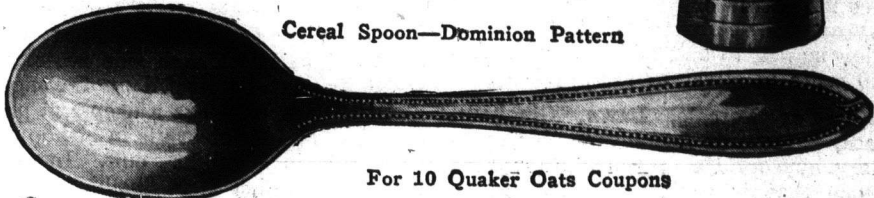
combined. The school and college girl who likes comfort and good style as well as the woman of small and slender figure, will be pleased with this model. The blouse has the popular style feature—the convertible collar and big roomy pockets. The skirt is a new model and may be finished with or without the hem cuff. Serge, cheviot, wool mixtures, checked and plaid suiting, corduroy and velvet are all nice for the skirt. The patterns are cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material without the cuff. Collar and cuff require 1 1/4 yards for a 16-year size. The blouse requires 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. Linen, madras, drill, khaki, serge, flannel, crepe, galatea, silk or poplin could be used for the blouse. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

1687—Boys' Blouse Suit, with Straight Side or Diagonal Closing and with

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We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them.

This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.



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The oat is the mystery food. We know its elements, of course. And how rich it is in brain and nerve constituents. We know its energy value. And the facts we know have made it the food of foods. But why are oats so animating? Why are bubbling spirits, vim and vivacity so indicative of oats? And why do men—like horses—respond to their enlivenments? Other good effects, proved by countless experiments, have never been explained. But a thousand years have proved that oats are for energetic people. And that active folks of every age should eat them.

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The Upper Third in Oat Flakes

Less than one-third of the oats as they come to us go into Quaker Oats. We use just the big, plump grains.

Thus we get flakes which are large, white and luscious. And a flavor that's doubly delicious.

Because of this quality, Quaker Oats is the favorite oat food. Not only here, but all the world over. Millions of oat lovers send over seas to get it.

Get this grade when you order oats. It costs no extra price. And it makes a dainty of this all-important dish.

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This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A permanent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains two premium coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c. We still continue our large 30c package with china. Also our 10c. package.

Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—Gaiter, seersucker, gingham, linen, drill, muslin, corduroy, serge, or cheviot could be used for this design. It may be finished with high neck closing and in double-breasted style, or with diagonal closing as shown in the large view. The broad collar is new and jaunty. The sleeve in short length is ideal for warm weather. In wrist length the sleeve is finished with tucks. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1663—For Percale, Lawn, Gingham, Alpaca, Sateen, or Seersucker this style is very appropriate—It is of all aprons the one that is easiest to cut, and to "put together." The back and front are cut on a fold of goods, leaving only the seams under the arm to be joined. The neck facing and pockets may be omitted.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1690—Figured organdie with "Val" insertion and lace is here shown. The dress is also nice for dimity, voile, lawn, nun's veiling, marquisette, crepe, embroidery, batiste, silk, chiffon and crepe de chine. The skirt is finished with a wide-tuck over sides and back, and has a panel over the front, finished with a plait extension at each side seam. The waist fronts are lapped at the closing, and the neck edge has a deep and pretty collar. The long sleeve is in bishop style, with a deep, straight cuff. In elbow length the finish is in "bell" effect. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 8 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 3 2-3

yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1673—Girl's Middy Dress with Skirt attached to an Under Waist, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—White linene with black and white percale is here combined. The middy blouse is very smart with its new pockets, that are slashed to hold the belt. The straight plaited skirt is joined to an under waist. The sleeve may be finished in waist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1681—Girls' Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—This attractive model is equally nice for wash and woolen goods. It could be made of soft silk or of challie, with the fullness of the

fronts finished with smocking or tucks, or of linen, gingham or chambray, crepe voile, gabardine, batiste, repp and poplin are also good materials for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 6-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1547—Ladies' Home or Morning Dress, With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—As here shown figured percale in gray tones was employed, with collar, cuffs and belt of linene. This style is also nice for linen, seersucker, gingham and chambray, for serge, cashmere and flannelette. If made of serge with trimming of matched satin, it would do nicely for business or street wear under any of the comfortable three-quarter or half length coats now in vogue. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Economy

A housewife must balance her meals, must save her left-overs and watch kitchen leakages, in the way of waste, if she would do full justice to the family palate and no wrong to the family purse.

Time was when a limited income did not suffer materially from an over-bountiful family table, but that time has dropped into history.

This is still a land flowing with milk and honey, but all streams are forced into the warehouses of the trusts, from whence distribution is made at exorbitant prices.

We are rich, but more than ever before, the housewife has need to understand economies. She owes it to herself, to her family, and also, as a matter of fact, she owes it to the broader intelligence to which she is so busy laying claims.

The third form of table extravagance relates to the unwarrantable expense of present day hospitality. It is amazing that women of culture lend themselves as hostesses to vulgar display in their entertaining. And it is equally amazing that women of spirit and independence debar themselves from the pleasure of hospitality by stupid conventional fashions which may change next month and again next year.

In the little town of C—, Mrs. A—, of generous and hospitable intent, denies herself the delight of inviting half a dozen friends to luncheon or dinner because of the worry, effort and expense involved. If she could only invite them to the old-time menus—a first course, substantial, abundant and delicious in its separate features, to be followed by a dessert dainty and satisfying, she would never hesitate to indulge in the luxury of entertaining. But menu of four, five or six courses of elaborate items means too much worry, too much expense and too much effort. It is inexcusable folly, and execrable taste for a hostess to feel that her dinners must taste of money or bear the stamp of the professional chef in order to be choice; an elaborate service with but one maid is pathetically absurd.

To entertain in conformity to one's income and mode of everyday living, alone is dignified and in good taste. Again, I would say, it is proper to compliment one's friends by both expense and effort, but not the expense which is unjustifiable nor the effort which makes one ridiculous.

Hospitable Carter (after borrowing a match from stranger to whom he has offered lift)—"Y'see, I 'aint allowed t' 'ave no matches when I be cartin' blarstin' powder fur them old quarries up along."

Its Virtue Cannot be Described.—No one can explain the subtle power that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil possesses. The originator was himself surprised by the wonderful qualities that his compound possessed. That he was the benefactor of humanity is shown by the myriads that rise in praise of this wonderful Oil. So familiar is everyone with it that it is prized as a household medicine everywhere.

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Mothers get out of practice in darning when their boys wear Buster Brown Stockings. The Buster Brown is the ideal stocking for boys, well shaped and splendid looking. They are made of the strongest long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with double leg and triple heel and toe to resist the hard wear every healthy boy gives his stockings.

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Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

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

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



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

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

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

RISK JUST 1 CENT

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

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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 ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.
Simply get an ounce of ointment—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 ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Correspondence

Ideals and Our Sacrifice

Dear Editor—We have long known in our hearts what Britain stands for; but it was not until the cry of an outraged nation reached our ears that we were made to search our thoughts and make our ideals explicit to ourselves and to others.

We believe in chivalry, in fair play and in kindness. These things first and foremost, and we believe, if not exactly in a democracy, yet in a government under which we may think and speak as we will. We do not believe in war, but we do not believe in being trampled on. We are firmly convinced that the ideals for which we stand, and which we have insistently tried to carry out, are essential to the peaceful progress and happiness of humanity, and it is for these ideals that we have drawn the sword. But what is the price we are having to pay to maintain these ideals? Surely never was a nation in the world's history put to a greater test of character than the one to which our nation is being subjected at the present time.

Was she found wanting in her national ideals? Surely the glowing tales that have been added to the pages of her history during the last eighteen months give us a satisfactory answer.

The price we are having to pay to maintain these ideals can best be understood when we remember the heroic sacrifice that has been made on the part of those men who have given up all in the maintenance of their country's honor and ideals. Men, noble in character and in strength of purpose, whose memory we shall ever honor. Their loyalty to their country in her hour of need; their love of right and freedom, and above all, their willing sacrifice of self, even unto death, is the "thing that has burned itself into our very heart and soul, and we can never forget."

Who loses his life has made it Greater than ever it seemed; All that he loved and longed for, More than he hoped or dreamed.

Who gives his life for his country, Is he who has learned to live Giving for me and others, All that he has to give.

With holding your life, you lose it, And most that is precious beside, The rapture of self-surrender, Passionate love and pride.

All that our empire stands for; All that our aims uphold; Valor and virtue of manhood, Under our flag enrolled.

This is the day of atonement For things we have left undone. O! God, but the price is heavy, Father and husband and son.

We can never forget the brave sons of Britain who have laid down their rifles on the battle-scarred field of Europe. Neither can we forget the boys from the overseas colonies, for they, too, have fought and still are fighting for these same ideals.

In this fair Canada of ours—a country that has been living in the bracing air of great ideals—a land that has been peculiarly blest with the gospel of Christ—have we not responded in like manner? Are we not proud of the boys who have sacrificed their all in the support of those ideals, and of the great sacrifice that has been made by our fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, who have not counted self, but the future happiness of our race? We are, and justly so. The memory of their willing self-sacrifice—their response to the greatest call that has ever come to mankind, become our sacred heritage.

They tell us that not a sound has ceased to vibrate through space; that not a ripple has been lost upon the ocean—much more is it true that not one life, when sacrificed to the cause of freedom, honor and justice, will have been given in vain.

Christ and His Mission has not failed, as some sceptics would have us think; nor can the principles for which His

WILL the correspondents kindly note that it is against our rules to give them the address of anyone who writes to our correspondence page. If, however, they send us a sealed, stamped letter, accompanied by the party's "non de plume," we will be pleased to forward same to its destination.

A Straight Talk

Dear Editor—After reading "Ivanhoe's" letter in the March issue of The Western Home Monthly on Votes for Women, I feel I must just reply to it. Ivanhoe wishes us to understand he is entirely in favor of votes for women, for surely doesn't he think his mother and sisters are (mark you) fully as much entitled to express their opinion for the country's welfare and back it up by having the vote as the cad who accepts a bribe directly or indirectly, etc., etc. No very high level on which to place a mother and sisters—still let it pass—for we are classed with lunatics and criminals until we get the franchise.

How does Ivanhoe feel so sure the women do idolize the militant suffragette, and what does he know about "why" some of our sisters are "militants"? If Ivanhoe had had the misfortune to be born a woman and, on account of sex, have no rights, and when slowly but surely he awoke to the injustice of it all, and found out that natural womanly ways would not procure her what she needed for herself and sisters and children and posterity, when she had realized the unfairness of existing laws and conditions, what would Ivanhoe then do—why he would naturally think of what the men do to get what they want when gentlemanly ways fail. Why do they fight just as they are doing to-day, destroying works of art and architecture, life and property, he knows what the men are doing and he knows whose sons are they that have to go under? Woman's sons; she is the greatest loser. Hasn't she raised those sons and as women can raise sons and daughters. Both should have equal rights. If she can raise a son to be a Member of Parliament, so she can raise a daughter to be a Member of Parliament. There would be nothing unwomanly in being a Member of Parliament, and I am sure the woman that would be voted to that position would fill it very ably. There would be nothing ridiculous out of her sphere about it.

I think this "Member of Parliament" is just one little corner Ivanhoe would still reserve for men, but thank goodness there are broad-minded men in the world to-day who will not submit to that injustice, but give the women the same chance as the men and extend to us the whole franchise.

"Rebecca," a Farmer's Wife.

A Canadian's Privilege

Sask., March, 1916.
Dear Editor—Having been a reader of your clean and instructive paper for sometime, I take the privilege of writing to the correspondence column. I am one of the many bachelor homesteaders who feel the winter evenings somewhat long and would like to hear from some of the readers. Quite a number of the boys who came and settled in this district with me have gone and joined the colors. I have three brothers who have enlisted and I would like to join myself but circumstances have made it impossible at present. Yet when we, who cannot go, look around and see the many things we can do to help the boys who have gone, we need not be idle. So let us plan and work out our plans and we can do wonders for our country and ourselves.

What a great privilege to be a Canadian, to live in a country and under a flag which stands for right, liberty and honor, which makes it impossible for us to fail in anything we undertake. So we know our soldiers will return and when victory is ours, with honors which gold cannot buy. My address is with the editor.

Heart Was So Weak Could Not Go Up Stairs Without Help.

When the heart becomes weak and does not do its work properly the nerves become unstrung and the whole system seems to go "all to pieces."

When this happens you need a tonic to build up both the heart and nerves, and Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will accomplish this for you, providing you do not let your case run too long and allow it to become chronic.

Mrs. Evangeliste Loverdure, Fort Coulonge, Que., writes: "Last summer my heart and nerves were so bad I could not sleep at night, and my heart was so weak I could not go up stairs without help. My doctor said he could do no more for me as my heart was completely done. A cousin of mine came in one day and told me that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured her completely. I immediately gave her 50 cents to bring me a box, and since that day there is a box always on my sideboard. I am now well, and my heart and nerves are stronger than when I was a little school girl. I advise anyone with heart trouble to try them. No doctor can beat them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25; for sale at all dealers; mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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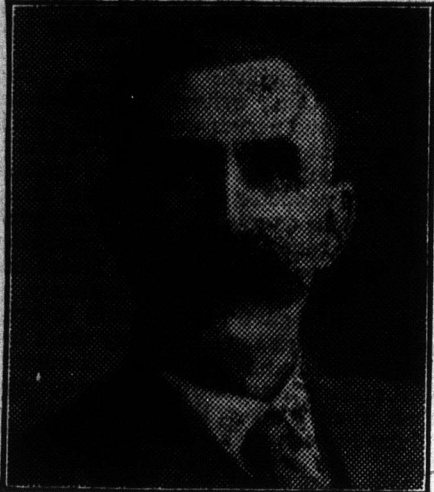
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WILL WE EVER WALK ON AIR?

Train Of Thought Inspired By a Letter
About "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. D. MCLEAN

Orillia, Ont., Nov. 28th, 1914.

"For over two years, I was troubled with Constipation, Drowsiness, Lack of Appetite and Headaches. I tried several medicines, but got no results and my Headaches became more severe. One day I saw your sign which read 'Fruit-a-tives' make you feel like walking on air. This appealed to me, so I decided to try a box. In a very short time, I began to feel better, and now I feel fine. Now I have a good appetite, relish everything I eat, and the Headaches are gone entirely. I cannot say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives', and recommend this pleasant fruit medicine to all my friends'."

DAN MCLEAN.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is daily proving its priceless value in relieving cases of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble—General Weakness, and Skin Diseases. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

With Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen, that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, have you skin poison? If so, remedies you have tried, perhaps your knees are being ulcerated, the ankles, round which swollen, the joints are being discoloured, or there is some disease, if allowed to continue, will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals and been told your case is hopeless, or advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. I don't say perhaps, but I will send to the Drug Stores for a Box of

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ointment and PILLS, which is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Hands, Ulcerated Joints, Housemaid's Knee, Carbuncles, Snake and Insect Bites, etc. English Prices, 1/6 and 2/6 each. See Trade Mark of a Grasshopper on a Green Label. Prepared by ALBERT, Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England.

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gospel stand be shaken by the onslaught of any German Emperor or his colleagues.

Our ideals have been built up through our knowledge of Christ, the principle of which has dominated and controlled the lives of our people, and has enabled us to build up such a national character—a character which resented such a contemptible national policy as found expression in the crimes enacted by Germany.

What then will be the ultimate outcome of all this strife? Only this, if we, as an enlightened race, have been guided aright—if righteousness stands for anything—if Christ's coming to earth is going to avail us anything, then must the cause of the British Allies triumph.

Britain must win, and Canada must share in that victory. Our empire is passing through a testing-fire, and the dross of her administration, in all its phases, shall be consumed, and the fine gold of national honor and high ideals shall emerge, crystallized into a concrete thing that is going to become the foundation upon which the lasting peace of the world shall be laid.

And thus, in the new order of things, we must not miss our mark, but seek to be guided by the hand of God, who alone can establish lasting peace.

"A True Britisher."

Courage at Last

Kronau, Sask., March 12, 1916.

Dear Editor—May I enter and join the merry circle? I have often wanted to write to the correspondence page and must confess that I had a letter starter once but was always too shy to send it, but at last I have enough courage to mail one.

Although I am not a subscriber, I receive the magazine every month from a very kind friend. I always look forward to its coming. The stories are splendid and the correspondence page is always very interesting, and I always read it first.

As some of the readers believe in giving a description of oneself, I will give them a slight idea of what I am like. I have a light complexion, blonde hair and blue eyes. I am five feet and six inches tall.

"Field Flower, B.C." I would judge must be a very sensible girl and if all readers would follow her directions, this world would go round all the merrier and happier.

I think I had better close, as I don't want to take up too much room. Hoping this will miss the waste paper basket. My address is with the editor and should anybody care to write, I should appreciate it very much and promise to answer all letters promptly. I will sign myself

"Blue Eyes."

Help Him Out

Dear Editor—I come to you now dear editor and readers because I'm in trouble. I am a young gentleman of twenty-nine years of age. I cannot attempt a description of my appearance because you know it is not proper to boast about. I am very bashful and that is the reason I come to you for advice. Here is my trouble in a nut shell. I am very much in love with a young lady with whom I've kept company for the past eleven years. During all those years I've tried time and again to muster sufficient courage to ask her to be my wife. Once I almost succeeded. I was telling her about the pretty little house I had back in Illinois and then said "Now M—, the only thing of importance I lack is a house-keeper. Will you be—." She turned her eyes enquiringly towards mine. I was so embarrassed I resumed as hastily as possible. "Will you be able to hold the drivers while I go into this store to get some oyster shell for my chickens?" Now all the bashful readers of this page will surely sympathize with me. What I want to know is "What am I going to do?" Won't some of you experienced fellows help me out? I do not wish to remain single to the end of my days and from what I've heard M— say, I'm sure she doesn't either.

I was rather disgusted with "Lonesome Ernie's" letter. To think, boys, that one of our own sex should class the majority of girls as conceited. Now, to my notion, the poor fellow doesn't know what he is talking about. I suppose he is one of these poor fellows who runs and hides if he sees a girl coming, then peers through a knothole to watch her pass. Then just because she didn't call to him or make a big "how-do-you-do" over him, he dubs her conceited. There must be something radically wrong with "Lonesome Ernie" or he wouldn't feel so lonesome. By the way, Ernie, did a Yankee girl talk to you one day? That makes you think they are so sociable and sensible.

Probably next time I'll be able to write a longer and more interesting letter, but at present, as you may guess, I cannot think of anything but how to solve the above problem. Now, dear ladies, I am sorry I cannot ask any of you to write to me because you see M— might get wind of it and my eleven years serving would be wasted.

I learned a memory gem when I was a little lad and I really believe that's what makes me so backward about saying anything to M—.

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds, You can't do that way when you're flying words.

"Careful with fire" is good advice we know, "Careful with words" is ten times doubly so.

Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead, But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

"Morganrodnaden."

Appreciates the Magazine

Maple Creek, Sask., March, 1916.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for the last ten years and it has made some wonderful changes since then. It has surely kept up with the progress of the great West. I am one of the bachelors but not one of the lonely kind. I have more respect for my own company than to get tired of it and I always have one pleasant evening a month when I get The Western Home Monthly, have a good fire going and, I was going to say a smoke, but I have quit that habit and it does seem to have spoiled the reading somewhat. I can't say that the Correspondence Column is the first to be read by me. The Young Woman and Her Problem first, then the Philosopher and The Young Man and His Problem. I think they are all fine writers and I think Mrs. Hamilton is just fine. I wonder how it is that none of our lady correspondents mention her. Can it be our young women don't appreciate her advice. Surely not. Yes, girls, I am a bachelor, but not a homesteader. I live on a ranch—not a hen ranch either—but horses and cattle and it's all my own. I could do with a partner, so if any of you girls between twenty and thirty think of going into the ranching business, now is your chance. My address is with the Editor. With best wishes for The Western Home Monthly, I will sign myself, "Cowboy All."

The Country Does Its Share

Ladner, B.C., March, 1916.

Dear Editor—My attention is drawn by a letter in the February number written by a city girl from Winnipeg. She seems to think that the people in the country are not interested in war relief and Red Cross work. I am afraid she is very much mistaken, for if the truth be known the farmers are the ones who really help the most. Why right where I live in the surrounding country the farmers contribute from five to fifty dollars per month for patriotic purposes. If they don't knit socks or make shirts they subscribe money which is used for the same. The towns which she says help so much are really backed by the farmers, and their wives, who are the busiest of housekeepers, most certainly do their share of the sewing. I think, too, if every girl was so serious about love affairs as this certain young

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Relieve The Kidneys and Bladder
Like Ordinary Medicines
Do The Bowels.

When the kidneys get out of order the back is sure to become affected, and dull pains, sharp pains, quick twinges all point to the fact that the kidneys need attention.

Plasters and liniments will not cure the kidneys, for they cannot get to the seat of the trouble, but Doan's Kidney Pills do, and cure the kidneys quickly and permanently.

Mrs. Lizzie Melanson, Plympton, N.S., writes: "I am sending this testimonial telling you what a wonderful cure Doan's Kidney Pills made for me. For years I had suffered so with my kidneys I could hardly do my housework. I used several kinds of pills, but none of them seemed to be doing 'me any good.' At last I was advised to try a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. When I had taken the first box I found relief. I have used five boxes, and to-day I feel like a new woman. I cannot recommend them too highly."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c. per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT



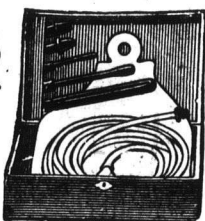
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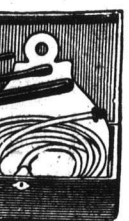
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lady, there would be a greater number of bachelors and fewer happy homes. I think also that the war is discussed enough every day and that we can well afford to leave it out of the Correspondence Column. Now readers don't think I'm patriotic, for I certainly am. I have a young brother in the army and several cousins. I also do my share of Red Cross work. I hope that I have made my letter clear to every one and that the Editor will see fit to put it in print.

"A Farmer's Daughter."

Sound Advice

Leitchville, Sask., Feb. 24, 1916.

Dear Editor—I have often thought of writing to your valuable magazine. I enjoy reading The Young Woman and Her Problem, The Young Man and His Problem and the Philosopher. There is such good sound advice for every one, especially the young people. I am surprised the way some of the girls criticize "Mere Bachelor." I suppose they don't like to be told the truth. I haven't any use for a girl that thinks herself above speaking to a man, just because he is dressed in overalls. Remember, it's character that counts, not fine clothes. I observe most of the lady correspondents in the West are looking forward to the time when they will get the vote. My opinion is if the women would use their influence to a greater advantage they would not need to vote. What the world needs to-day is women who will stand for the right and are not afraid of christianity.

"A Western Lass."

Impurities of the Blood Counteracted.—Impurities in the blood come from defects in the action of the liver. They are revealed by pimples and unsightly blotches on the skin. They must be treated inwardly, and for this purpose there is no more effective compound to be used than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They act directly on the liver and by setting up healthy processes have a beneficial effect upon the blood, so that impurities are eliminated.

The School of Motherhood

Where did the good old fashioned mother get her training? No specially trained Professor of Psychology taught her how to read the minds of her little one, no enlightened physician was close beside her to tell her how to guard against childish ailments. Much of her life was spent on the lonely farms with hard work and discouragement for her most constant companions. Yet that mother, alone and almost unaided gave to the world the very men and women to whom we owe the impulse of the blessed movement now on foot to improve the race by improving the conditions of birth and rearing. It seems to me that we owe much to that gentle old mother; and most of all we owe her a recognition of the fact that experience is an excellent school for mothers.

Not that it is the only one by any means, but that it is good is shown by the fact that I have never known a helpful elder sister who did not make a fine mother when her turn came. And it is this very fact that has opened my eyes to see what I want to have widely seen and guarded against,—this: There is a time—a psychological period, in every girl's life when she is especially receptive to all matters relating to motherhood. If her attention is diverted during that time to other matters and she is not allowed to fix the impressions that then crowd in upon her, we can not blame her if later her mind is closed against these impressions and if her tendency is to drown her motherly instincts in a life of sexual unrest and excitement. When I read of the failure of so many experimental marriages year by year I can not stop thinking that we bring this on ourselves by taking our girls away from the simple home duties at the most critical times of their lives and giving them no outlet for their awakening emotions but unwholesome and premature sexual attraction. We are not fair to our girls if we do not help them to the naturally balanced characters that

belong of right to the mothers of the race who should know instinctively how to mark out their life course for the good of their offspring.

But our girls must go to school, say the sorrowful mothers who would if they could guard their daughters from the least breath of trouble. That is true, but we can put into our schools the element that they now lack.

In Germany and in England there have existed schools for mothers of a scientific kind for a long time and these schools have done much to take the place of home training. They all contain day nurseries where girls may not only learn the theoretical side of motherhood from the best modern authorities but can also put these theories to the test and see them work out.

Until recently, in England, these schools were confined to the cultured and refined classes: but there is a strong movement on foot towards carrying their principles into the public schools for the sake of mothers of the working class. Experiments in these directions have been very satisfactory.

Individual American mothers are fully alive to the situation as is proved by a recent movement out here in the West, at Spokane. The members of the Woman's Club felt the need of a Day Nursery and with the aid of the 150,000 club they started it. A trained nurse is of course placed in charge: but daughters of some of the promoters give a day a week to its supervision. This is not as good as if those girls had life that supervision as a part of their school life: for the tendency now may be to look upon it not as a duty but as a condescension. Still it is a valuable step in the right direction and I hope the American Motherhood will throw all its great influence into the encouragement of such movements.

The Motherhood Courses arranged for use in American Colleges are very fine: all they need is to be followed up by practical demonstration to be well-nigh perfect.

COUGHED SO HARD

Would Turn Black In The Face.

SHE WAS CURED BY USING DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. Ernest Adams, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., writes: "My little girl, six years old, had a dreadful hard cough. At night she would cough so hard she would get black in the face, and would cough for several hours before she could stop. We tried different kinds of medicines and had several doctors, but failed to do her any good. She could not sleep nor eat her cough was so bad, and she was simply wasting away. A friend advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got a bottle and saw an improvement, and got another. Now I am only too glad to recommend it to all mothers."

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that a cough or cold should be cured immediately.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will cure the cough or cold and prove a preventative from all throat and lung troubles such as bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption.

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c and 50c, per bottle.

Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"NERVES" AND DYSPEPSIA

Tortured with Neuralgic Headache and Palpitation, but soon Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets

There is no end to the grateful testimony in praise of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Sufferers find this great people's medicine so good, so sure as a remedy for weak nerves, dyspepsia, and all run-down conditions that, being cured, they willingly come forward to tell others how splendidly effective, reliable and cheap are Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Here is such testimony from Mrs. Smith, of 5 Farringford Road, Stratford, London, England. In an interview recently she said: "I want to tell you what a lot of good Dr. Cassell's Tablets have done me for nervous breakdown, and bad neuralgic headaches. As a consequence of overtaxing my strength I had got into a low, run-down condition, with my nerves all on edge. Any sudden

sound, even a knock at the door, would make me fairly jump, and set me trembling from head to foot. My digestion, too, was all upset, and what I did take caused flatulence and violent palpitation. The wind used to rise in my throat positively like something solid, and then the palpitation would begin. But the worst of all my troubles was headache. This was agonising at times. People talk of splitting headache; it was no exaggeration in my case. My head did really feel as though it would burst. At last I became so ill that I had to keep in bed. Even there I had little rest. Neuralgic pains were constantly shooting through my head, and I was so nerve-shattered that I could not endure the slightest noise, could not bear even to have the bed touched; it set my nerves all on the jar.

"I had been in bed a week when I read of a cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets which seemed exactly like my own case. I told my husband, and he got me a supply of the Tablets. Very soon I was downstairs again, and in quite a short time I was as well and strong as ever in my life."



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Dr Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative and Anti-Spasmotic, and of Great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognized modern home remedy for:

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Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the critical periods of life. Druggists and Dealers throughout Canada sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets. If not procurable in your city, send to the sole agents, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, who will see you are supplied. One tube 50 cents, 6 tubes for the price of five. War tax 2 cents per tube.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents, for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

The Rabbit

The House on the Moor.

She was called "The Rabbit." She was rather like that small animal. Her face was brown, her hair was brown, with bits of joyous sunshine caught in it; and her eyes were brown—the brownest eyes you can imagine. She was eighteen years old, the tenderest-hearted, kindest, and quietest little soul in the world. Her real name was "Ena"—"Ena Lyall;" but, as I said before, everyone called her "The Rabbit." I can't tell you why. The Rabbit herself couldn't, nor all the dozens of people who used the name. It just happened.

Her mother was very pretty and very sweet, very capable. A widow, a lady, and she took in paying guests at her wee, dainty little house up on the moors; but, there you are. In these days you find ladies doing all sorts of things, doing them well, and none the less ladies for that.

The Rabbit stayed at home, and helped her mother and their one adoring, willing, and clumsy little maidservant.

You see, she was always a shy, nervous little thing, and I doubt if she would have learnt much more had she continued at school. Besides, there was her brother Bob to be educated, thirteen years old, and going in the navy, like his father and grandfather before him. And there was Jim, two years younger, a lad with a keen eye and a keener tongue, destined for the merchant service.

Their training took money, so The Rabbit and her mother stayed at home and earned it, dreaming brave dreams of the days when the two lads would be great men.

And so one February, utterly worn out and weary, Mark Othol, the great violinist, came to them as a paying guest.

He was a tall, straight, clean-built young man. His hair was not long or greasy. It was short, black, and curly. He didn't spend half his time playing at being a genius. He was one, and he didn't know it! He seemed just an ordinary, extra pleasant, extra good-looking young man, until he drew his bow across the strings.

And at the sound of his music something snapped within you. No matter whether you thought yourself cold or warm-hearted. No matter whether you were old or young, you felt it snap; and old, familiar faces crowded around you; and things you had long forgotten, voices long silent, echoed in your ears.

No matter who or what you were, Mark Othol's violin gave you youth and fine hopes again, and you loved him for his music.

He brought his violin with him, to Lyall Cottage.

He would never let anyone touch it. It was a genuine and almost priceless Stradivarius, and Mark Othol often said, with a laugh, that it was his best friend; it never failed him, and always responded to his overtures.

Being a very simple-hearted young man, and never remembering his own mother, he loved Mrs. Lyall for the kindly way she mothered him. Butter and milk, fresh air and early hours, and not a note of music for a fortnight, did wonders. At the end of that time he looked a different being—brown, eager, with fun and laughter, sympathy and understanding living again in his brown eyes.

Often in the evenings he would play to them, seated in the little drawing-room with its faded blue-and-white chintz, its white distempered walls, and the bowls of blue-and-white china.

Never the brilliant and flashy music, because they had only a little, soft-toned cottage piano, and Mrs. Lyall had to work too hard to be a brilliant or flashy accompanist on it. They used to play together just the simple, sweet old melodies that bring a train of memories, like a string of colored beads, dangling before your eyes.

The Rabbit was too young to have any of these colored beads of memory to play with, but she used to sit before the log fire, her eyes dreaming, her small, gentle face very sweet and serious. And

when Mark Othol shut his beloved violin in its case The Rabbit would always thank him, with a strange reverence and gladness in her soft little voice. And, curiously enough, The Rabbit's thanks brought home to the player, far more vividly than the shouts of a great audience, the magic of his gift.

He had played to kings and queens and emperors, cabmen and governesses, bank clerks and company promoters, yet he had never met anyone who understood his music and revelled in it quite so much as this small, elf-like little person they called "The Rabbit."

At first he had thought her painfully shy and timid, but gradually he began to see that it was just humility. A world of thought and quaint wisdom lay in the lovely brown eyes, and he learnt that her red tam-o'-shanter covered more than a mop of brown, sunny hair. It covered as capable, whimsical a little brain as you could wish.

His holiday was nearly over. February had given place to late March. Winds blustered and roared and raced over the moor. Two violets and a primrose appeared in the garden.

Down came Mark Othol's London manager to see how his famous violinist was, and also to remind him that he was to appear at a huge concert given at the Queen's hall. It was essential that



In apple blossom time

he should be in good form, as he was the chief attraction, and they were making a special buzz about the concert—his photograph and his name, in red letters, with the date of his appearance, being plentifully plastered about London.

The manager, a charming person of fifty, arriving on the 23rd, and finding Lyall Cottage such a very pleasant place, decided to stay there for two days, and then go back with Othol.

The Rabbit was curiously silent after that. Her small brown face seemed rather pale, and her brown eyes very wistful.

On the night of the 24th, the day before Othol was to depart for London, the two men went for a long, long evening ramble over the moors. Mrs. Lyall, who was, like all wise housewives, a person who hated shopping on Saturday, and being forced to take what she didn't want, walked, as was her usual custom, to the village with The Rabbit to make her week's purchases.

It was coming back, towards seven o'clock, and talking of many things like the comrades they were, that The Rabbit and her mother saw a pale pink glow on the sky.

"How late the sun sets! No, it can't be the sun!" exclaimed The Rabbit.

"That's not the sun, childie; that's a fire."

The Rabbit glanced up, fear in her eyes.

Only one house lay over the moors where the pink light lay—their own!

Her small face whitened, as her mother's had done, but there was no fear in her steady voice.

"Give me the other basket, too, mother, and we'll run." She could not believe what her common-sense told her was true!

No other house lay on the moors, only theirs!

The Fire.

Their home was heavily insured. But oh! to watch the things you have lived with, dusted, washed, used, loved—the things that are just so wrapped up in memories that they are like dear old friends—burn!

Every step they took showed them more clearly the cruel red tongues of flame leaping up to the dark sky.

And, when at last they stood, white-faced, panting, but quiet-eyes before their own gate, and felt the heat and heard the noise, they knew that the red tongues would lick everything they possessed to ashes.

Captain Lyall had over-insured; and his widow had scrupulously kept up the insurance, so that they would receive really more than they stood to lose; but oh, the pain of it!

Three or four neighbors had come, sympathy in their eyes, for Mrs. Lyall was a universally popular woman—but what could they do? The fire had it all its own way, and it flamed triumphant over the poor little dwelling.

There was no fear in her eyes. They shone like stars as she rushed up the tiny garden path toward the blazing house, the red light flaming on her.

"Before it was too late!"

"Her violin must be saved!" People had hastened from the village below to watch the fire; as The Rabbit vanished through the front door, a hoarse cry broke from them.

It was a cry of fear, of helpless panic.

It was that cry that Mark Othol and his friend, tearing madly up the hill, heard.

"Your violin!" the manager said hoarsely, and with a sob in his voice. "Good lor, man, your violin!" Up till that very moment Mark Othol had thought exclusively of his beloved violin. Now, the violin seemed nothing beside the safety of The Rabbit and her mother.

In that moment he knew that he cared for both of them with a tender, reverential love; but that The Rabbit had all that was best in him, and for always.

Then they heard another cry. One alone. Then utter silence.

They did not know that it was the cry Mrs. Lyall gave when she would have followed The Rabbit, and kindly, forceful hands restrained her.

Mark Othol and his manager reached the gate and the crowd, lit up by the lurid, sullen red.

There were fifty or sixty people gathered there, and only the roar of the fire broke the silence. The stillness was a tribute to the courage, and their love for the little maiden who had just vanished through the door of the burning house.

The flames were gaining, gaining stealthily. They must soon demolish the staircase entirely, and the other side of the house. Already they wreathed themselves, like weird, writhing ribbons, round the rails of the staircase.

"What is it?" Othol cried hoarsely.

A dozen voices answered him. "The Rabbit, The Rabbit, sir! She's gone in after summat."

They tried to hold him back. He seemed to have the strength of fifty men. He pushed their hands aside like little children's and raced up the path.

The flames licked the staircase. The light of them showed crimson in his own room.

The Rabbit! The brave, absurdly wonderful Rabbit, he knew why she had gone!

The heat fanned his face, the smoke smarted unbearably in his eyes, and suddenly, just as he was going to rush in to find her, heeding nothing of his own danger, he saw her coming out swiftly down the staircase, avoiding the flames that leapt to meet her from the ignited rails of it.

She was white-faced, utterly fearless, her eyes shining and wonderful.

"I had to save it, Mark!" she whispered, and held it out to him.

His own violin!

He heard a cry of warning, and sprang back, one arm round the girl, who still held the violin.

With a roar the roof crashed in. He heard a tumultuous, emotional cheer.

He knew it was for her, for himself he could have knelt to her for the bravery of the fine thing she had done.

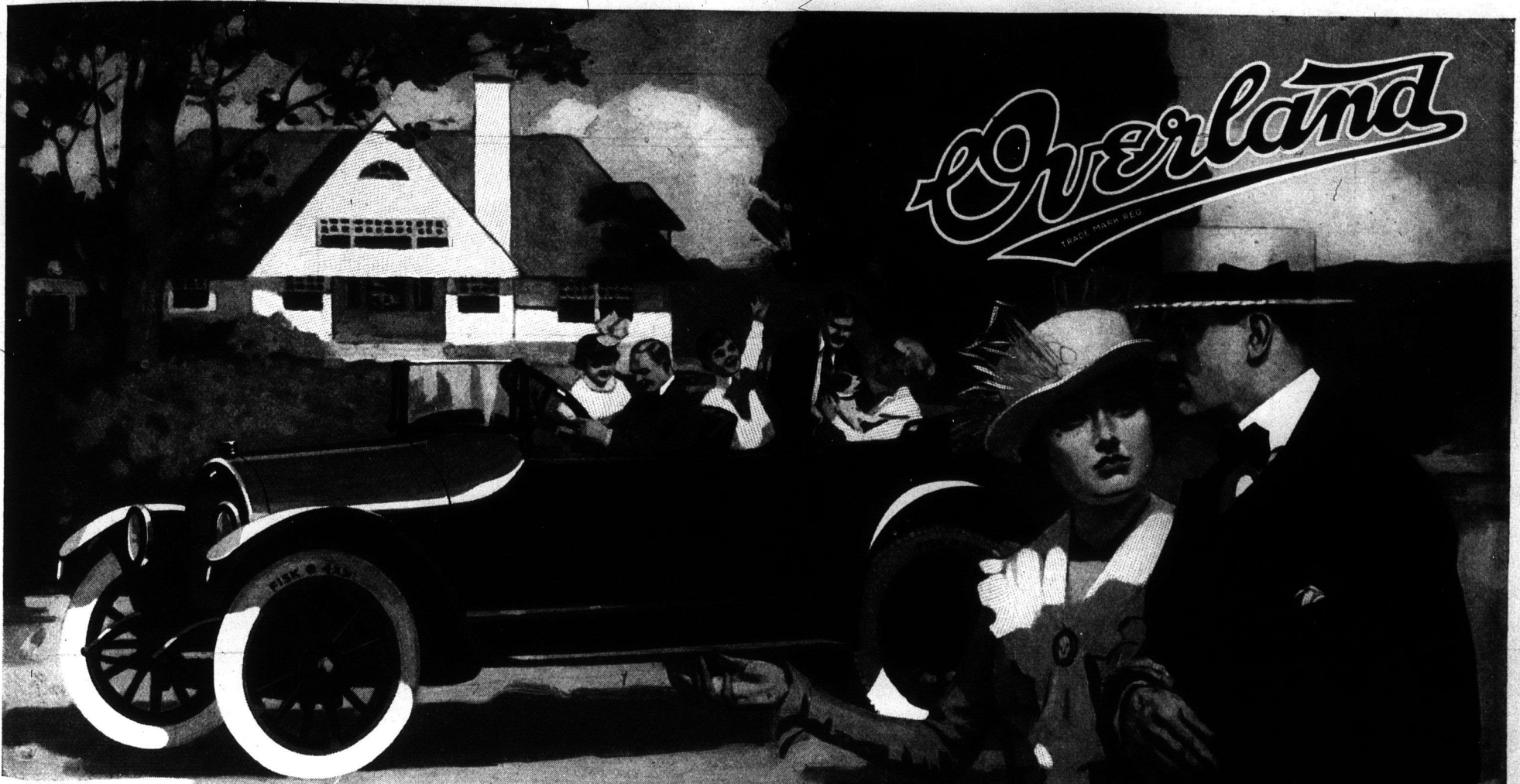
He said so, white-faced. "I could kneel to you for this, you marvellous, beloved Rabbit!"

And she answered him quite simply. "I was a little afraid; I remembered it was for—you."

He could not answer her.

He married her. I guess you knew that long ago. He married her five years later, and people who knew said that it was then that Mark Othol attained the power and the tenderness that makes his name, even to-day, a thing for young violinists to sigh over.

Another thing I can tell you, Mrs. Lyall two years after the celebrated fire, married Mark Othol's charming manager, who proved himself as charming a husband as a business man, which is saying a lot.



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