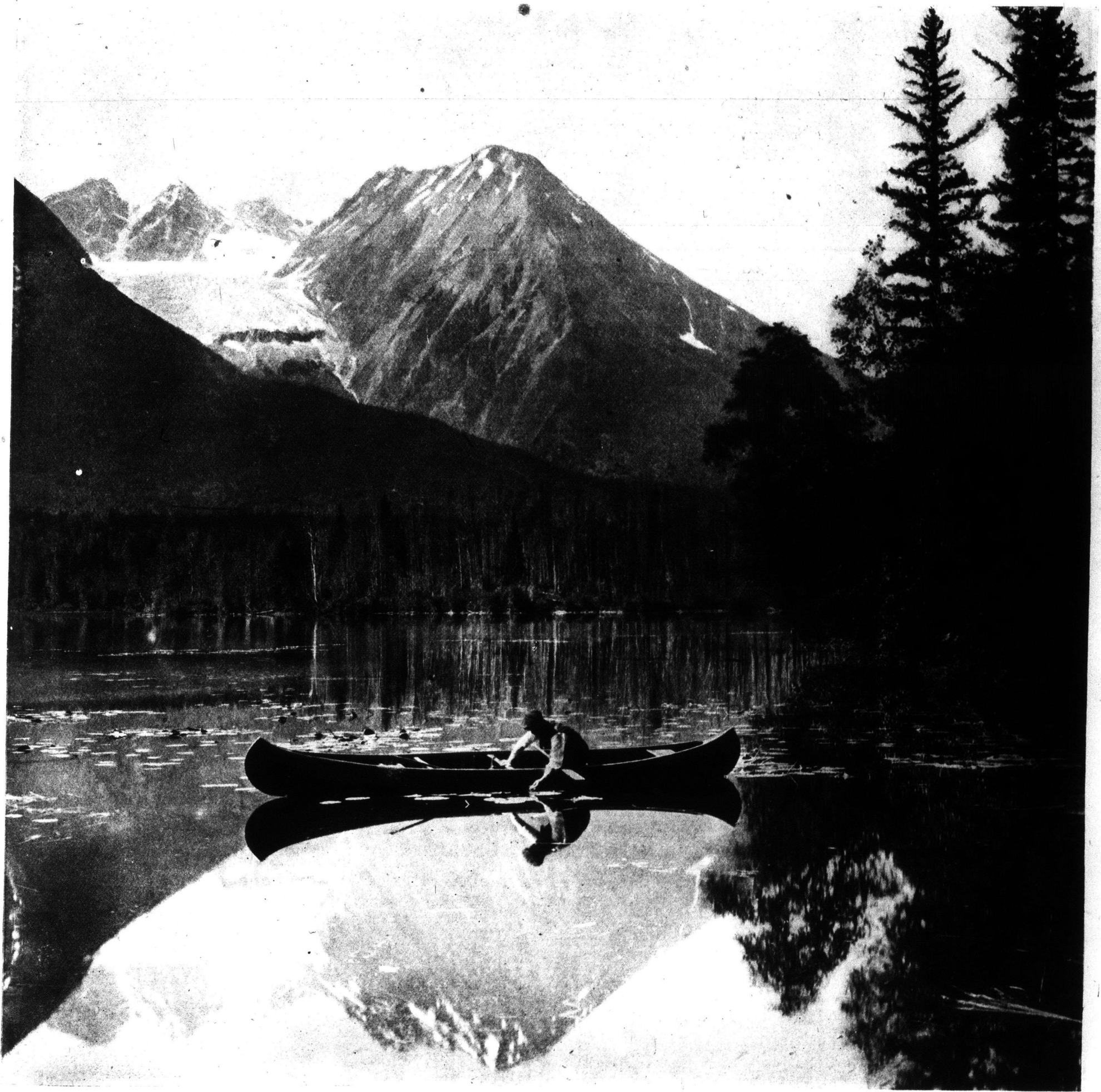


WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

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JUNE, 1916

WWINNIPEG, CANADA



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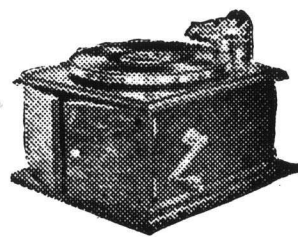
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The Western Home Monthly

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVII. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada. No. 6

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. Stums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order. Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with Our Readers

AMONG the papers which were saved from destruction in the fire that ravaged the editorial offices of The Western Home Monthly on the night of the second of May, there are unfortunately not included a number of letters which we had received from subscribers to this popular visitor to so many thousands of homes every month—letters bearing witness to the warmth of the welcome it unflinchingly receives and testifying to the constant advance it is making in the appreciation of its ever-increasing circle of readers.

The loss of these letters is regrettable, we need hardly say, but the thought of them serves as an additional spur and inspiration to us to go on with redoubled energy and undoubted devotion in improving The Western Home Monthly in every possible way, from month to month, and making it more than ever worthy of such spontaneous and convincing testimonials that the Monthly is, in every truth, a Western Household Friend.

Performance shall go on proving itself better than promise in this respect. And while we think sadly of all those friendly and highly prized letters that, alas, went up in smoke, yet is our regret tempered with the confident and inspiring knowledge that to the writer of each of those letters, as to every other person in the whole Western Home Monthly Family, we are under greater obligation than ever to add to the attractiveness and interest and value of the monthly to every member of every household into which it goes.

OUR PLANT DESTROYED BY FIRE

On the night of Tuesday, May 2nd, the whole plant of The Western Home Monthly was completely wiped out by fire. Fortunately our mailing lists and office records were saved, but much correspondence received during March and April is lost and accordingly subscribers who, during the past two months, have sent us instructions which have not been carried out are requested to kindly write us again as soon as possible.

So the inflow of appreciative letters will continue to give proof abounding that the Monthly is continuing to build itself more and ever more solidly upon a foundation of true worthiness, and is making itself more and ever more indispensable to the home.

Which reminds us that when Rudyard Kipling last visited this country, he wrote a series of letters as he travelled across the Dominion which were widely published on both sides of the Atlantic, entitled "Letters to the Family." The letters which we are constantly receiving from readers of The Western Home Monthly may fittingly and properly be termed "Letters From The Family." And we value them greatly as such; for we know well that it is far more than a mere figurative expression to speak of The Western Home Monthly Family.

It is a matter of everyday comment that the value of the Monthly is so great in comparison with its small cost—a fact which makes it easy for those of our subscribers who get up clubs of new subscribers, as rarely does anyone who is not already a subscriber hesitate to become one when once the merits of the Monthly are brought before his, or her, attention. Anyone can afford to take it. This we mention here in connection with a reminder to those of our subscribers whose subscriptions expire with this issue—the said reminder being in the form of a subscription blank sent by mail for the renewal of the subscription.

Not only do we count upon every one of these subscriptions expiring with this issue being renewed for the coming year, but we give expression to our earnest hope that many of these subscribers, in sending in their renewals, will also get up a club of new subscribers.

Oaklands,
Thorpe St. Andrew,
Norwich.
April 19th, 1916.

Gentlemen,

I am the official visitor for the Canadian Red Cross to visit the wounded Canadians at the Norfolk War Hospital, Thorpe, Norwich. Yesterday friends sent me a bundle of old copies of Canadian papers mostly "Western Home Monthly" and the joy of the poor fellows on seeing them was most pathetic. It occurred to me that I might ask if you could send me a bundle of left over copies. It does not matter how old they are. There are on an average thirty Canadians here now (the Hospital has over 1,000 men in) and I would be so grateful for copies and for any Canadian literature. The spirit of the men is fine.

Yours very truly,

Signed (Mrs.) C. M. Scott.

The many kind and appreciative letters received by the publishers of The Western Home Monthly from subscribers, advertisers and advertising agencies since its big fire of May 2nd, constitute a tribute that is highly valued and that will prove a stimulus in improving the magazine in all its departments.



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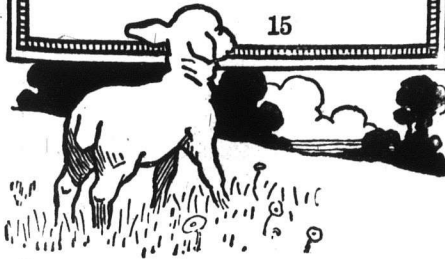


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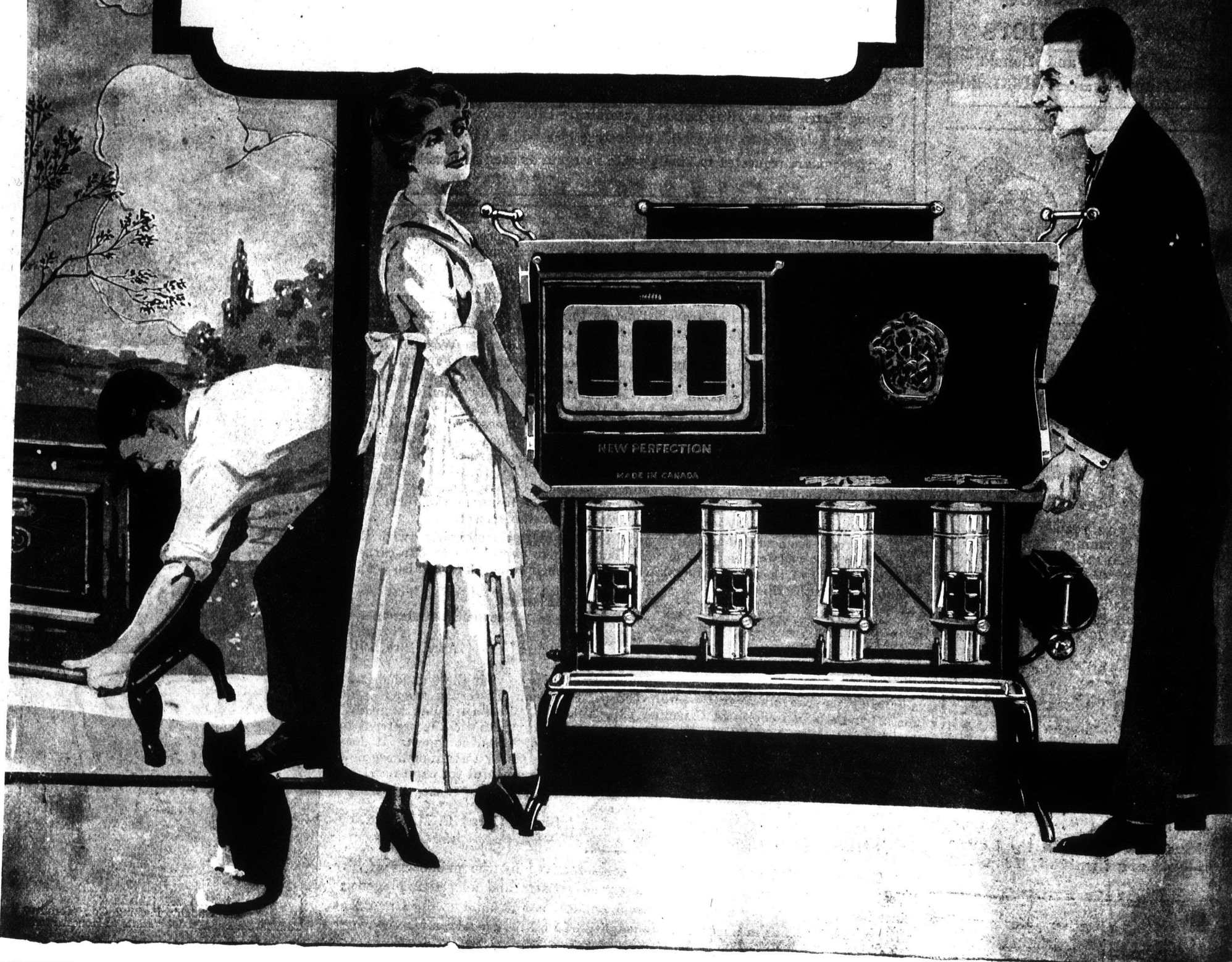
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School Reform

(The Editorial page this issue is given to a timely article from one of our occasional contributors—Dr. W. A. McIntyre, President of the Manitoba Teachers' Association. He deals with a topic of live interest.)

In all the provinces of Canada, the week after Easter is regarded as educational week. It is then that the teachers meet in their annual conventions to discuss the work of the preceding year, and to lay plans for the future. In the three prairie provinces the conventions of this year were of absorbing interest. The problems discussed were of great practical importance, and some of the decisions arrived at, indicate that in the near future there will be great changes in ideals and methods, particularly with regard to education in rural schools.

It is not to be imagined that there have been no changes in recent years. There have been as great changes here as in any other field of human activity. Those who talk theoretically or who judge the schools of to-day by those of twenty-five years ago, or who have personal reasons for remaining blind, are probably unaware of change. Yet in a single province we see illustrations of consolidation of schools, municipal school boards, organized trustees' associations, organized playground activity, school gardening, agricultural and technical courses in high schools, individual teaching, and a hundred other things that were unknown twenty-five years ago. Changes are found both in rural and urban schools. It is necessary to say that in all fairness to trustees and others who have been working while those around have been sleeping. It is natural for a man who awakes after a nap of a quarter of a century to think he is the only man who is awake.

It was not by accident, but rather in response to a continent-wide agitation or feeling, that at the recent conventions the rural school problem became the centre of interest. The clamor for reform is in part quite genuine, even though the case is at times prejudiced by the action of politicians and self-seeking agitators.

The case for the rural schools was stated by one of the speakers in these words:

"There are living in the vicinity of a fine city school several hundred pupils. In their well-ordered homes they enjoy every convenience. They are well dressed, well fed, and they give evidence that luxury is common in their homes. Tuition in music, dancing and kindred arts is given out of school. Opportunities are furnished for visiting theatres and moving picture shows. Access to good libraries is easy. Opportunities for social enjoyment are many. Athletic organizations and church privileges are free to all. This, and much more.

"There is, out in Range X and Township Y, a school building, small, cheap and dirty. It has no blinds, no paint, and since its erection it has received no care. It is never scrubbed and rarely swept. The children are poor, and many of them are unable to speak English freely. They walk from one to four miles to reach school. The average attendance is eight. The occupation of the people is mixed farming. The homes are poor, the cooking bad, the housekeeping worse. There is no reading matter in the district, and there are no social privileges. All the rest is in keeping.

"Can any one doubt that here is need of adaptation? Can any one think that the same activities and the same methods will apply to the two schools? On pedagogical grounds it is impossible to begin or to continue in the same way with the two sets of pupils. They have not the same capital to begin with. Nor on practical grounds should they follow the same course of instruction and training. The life activities in which they are to engage are, on the whole, different, and there should surely be

some relation between school activity and the activities of after-life."

As a matter of fact that is recognized everywhere to-day in actual practice. There is scarcely a teacher who does not deliberately modify the programme to suit local needs. A teacher who cannot do this should step down and out. Recently it was found that out of a group of sixty-nine untrained teachers, no less than sixty-eight had gone beyond the specific demands of the programme of studies in order to meet local needs. This makes clear the fact that success in administration of schools depends upon the character and ability of the teaching force rather than upon the content of the programme of studies. If this were recognized generally, much time would be saved in discussion, and some of the ugly and untrue things that are being said would remain unspoken. It is quite true that the programme counts for something. So do building and equipment and grounds and co-operation of parents. So do many other factors. Above all, however, stands the teacher, for in the last analyses she makes the school. It is her qualification, her spirit, her resourcefulness that chiefly count.

The word *her* is used by design. Rightly or wrongly we are tied up to lady teachers. In all attempts at reconstruction this fact must be recognized. However, it may be in ten or twenty years, it is necessary for the present that the rural schools should be taught in nine cases out of ten by ladies. In some schools this is unfortunate, in other cases it is fortunate indeed.

Now, in attempting to reform schools so as to make them more efficient and more in line with local requirements, it is possible to proceed in either of two ways. An attempt may be made to change the whole system at a sweep, or there can be a gradual modification based on experimentation and demonstration. The former course is always chosen by the man who would advertise himself and by the politician, the latter is chosen by the man of wisdom. It is worth while illustrating these two plans of procedure.

A few years ago German schools were placed before us as a model. Recent developments showed very clearly that we were wise in refusing to accept the German model. Now, we are asked to bow down and worship the Danish model. Nothing could be more unwise. Canada and Denmark differ essentially as to conditions and population. We cannot and would not breed people in these western plains after the Danish type. We must work out our own salvation. Years ago we borrowed from Ontario, and our rural schools, high schools, agricultural colleges and universities have suffered from it. We cannot afford to copy again. When one copies from another he usually copies the worst features. But it may be urged that a system can be altered in a thorough-going way without copying anybody. The answer is, that changes can be made only in so far as teachers can be found who are able to carry them out.

As a sample of working by demonstration in a selected school, it is possible to consider the problem of consolidation of schools. Consolidation may be a good or a bad thing. It does not matter as far as argument goes. The fact is, that an attempt was made in Manitoba for about ten years before any response was made. Then came Holland, then one or two other schools. Now, there are over fifty consolidated districts. Similarly take the playground movement. After long wrangling an experiment was made in one school ground in Winnipeg. Now, organized playgrounds are found everywhere in the province. It was so with school-gardening, hot lunch, sewing, domes-

tic science and the like. There is all the difference in the world between evolution and revolution.

In the attempt to get at results by wholesale methods, one speaker urged that nothing be taught in rural schools which has not practical value. What has practical value? If a child of eight is planting a garden at school, shall we call that practical, while we call singing impractical? That would be nonsense. Considering life as a whole—in the home, the church, society, in private or public—probably there is nothing that is so thoroughly practical as song. But directly it does not minister to profit. There is the damnable side to this whole practical business. As an advocate, perhaps too ardent, of the practical in education, I have to pray at times to be delivered from advocates of the practicable. It is wrong, eternally wrong, to sacrifice a little child to the vocation, as if the vocation were all in life. The school must make leaders in life, and not merely leaders in field production. It is for this reason that a cultured young lady is often the best teacher for a little child—even if the child be country-bred and the teacher city-bred. True culture doesn't seem to know the words rural and urban. When farm children get older they may require teachers with technical qualifications, but there must be a great change before we can get teachers so qualified. As it is now, the agricultural colleges cannot give us teachers enough to teach agriculture in the high schools. We must be satisfied for a time with much less than trained agricultural leaders in the one-roomed rural schools. It would, on the whole, seem wiser to begin our reforms by the method of practical demonstration. That is advisable and it is possible.

It is impossible to deal in generalities when discussing systems of education for the western provinces. What is needed is not uniformity but diversity. The school in a non-English community cannot be patterned after a school in an English community. Where children are under twelve, an attempt to teach scientific agriculture would be absurd; where they are old enough to understand and profit by instruction, such teaching is necessary. But at any age, pupils should, as one speaker suggested, get acquainted with the instruments of intelligence, and should at the same time acquire good habits, refined tastes and right dispositions. Efficiency, even on the farm, depends quite as much upon general intelligence and moral character as upon technical knowledge and skill. It is possible for an education to be so narrowly practical as to defeat its own intention.

Now, as I am not a city lawyer nor a member of the Manufacturers' Union, I am not properly qualified to advise farmers as to the education of their sons, but being country-born and country-bred, I sometimes dare to think what I should like my school education in the country to be like had I the privilege of living my life over again. I think I can say it in a sentence. I should like that there should come to me a leader or teacher—call him or her what you will—who could lift me out of my littleness, my narrowness of vision, my wrong conceptions, my crudeness in thought and manner, and make me able to appreciate the true, the beautiful and good, make me able to understand the beauty and opportunity in my own environment, and above all anxious to live and serve with the great and good of all time as my models and inspiration. I should not care to hear about crops and stock and poultry all day long. Virtue is more to be desired than prize stock and a happy home than a good bank balance.



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Begin this treatment tonight. Lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. With the tips of your fingers, rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather into the pores always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse well with warm water, then with cold. If possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice.

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A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake to-day and begin at once to get its benefits for your skin.

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For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book "A Skin You Love to Touch" and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write to-day! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 1625 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O.**

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Tear out this cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's to-day at your druggist's or toilet counter.

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada



The Panther's Claw

By Mortimer Batten

It was late that night when Frank Ward left the city and began his journey homewards along the shadowy waterway. A great stillness reigned upon the forest, but there was a taste of snow in the air.

It was Christmas Day—a poor sort of a Christmas Day for Frank. Left a penniless orphan scarcely a year ago, the boy had thrown in his lot with Sam Ravenstone, little knowing what sort of a man his new master would prove.

Since then he had learnt the truth by sad experience. Sam Ravenstone was a new comer to Aura Lake when first their partnership began, but now he had established the name far and wide as the hardest traveller, the hardest fighter, and the hardest drinker north of Minween.

Why did Frank stay with him? The boy himself could not have told you. Perhaps it was because he had learnt to like Sam in spite of his many weaknesses. Reckless daredevil, spendthrift, ne'er-do-well that he was, Sam Ravenstone was one of the most generous men on earth, and the boy had one cherished hope—almost a dead hope now—that some day his partner would pull round, and that Sam's sterling qualities would triumph in the end.

Though the hour was late, Frank did not hurry home. He knew that Sam had spent the night in the city, and he did not relish the thought of his partner's return. Good God—could not something be done to bring the man to his senses?

Frank had uttered the words aloud, but next moment he came to a sudden halt, a cry of alarm on his lips. His eyes were fixed upon a motionless figure lying in the snow, face downwards, a few paces ahead of him. Was it Sam? If so, how long had he been lying there, for a few minutes of such exposure might mean death in this dreadful cold.

The boy hurried forward, and stooped over the motionless form. No, thank God, it was not Sam! It was an Indian. For some moments the boy thought the man was dead. He raised the limp form, and pressed his flask to the red man's lips. The Indian opened his eyes, muttered hoarsely, then tried to rise.

What was wrong with the man Frank did not know. Evidently he had been overtaken by a sudden illness. The boy covered his shivering body as best he could, then kicked off his own snowshoes and slipped the Indian's moccasined feet into them.

"Come on, partner," said Frank. "I can't leave you out here, or you'll die. Guess you'll have to have my bunk to-night."

He half carried, half dragged the red man to their shanty, and pulled him in. To Frank's utter surprise Sam had already arrived home, and was now sleeping soundly in his own bunk. The boy did not wish to waken him, so having fed the Indian on bacon and coffee he helped the red man into his own bunk, he himself occupying a blanket on the floor.

Though Frank was fond of Sam, he nevertheless feared him. He knew that Sam would raise Cain if he found an Indian—and an uncivilized Indian at that—occupying the shanty when he awoke next morning, and accordingly Frank decided that he must get the poor wretch out of the way before Sam awoke.

The Indian needed no rousing, however. He was astir early, and seemed quite himself again. He nodded smilingly to the boy, but though Frank questioned him he gave no explanation as to the cause of his plight last evening. They had breakfast together, then Frank indicated that the red man must go his way before the boss awoke.

The Indian nodded, then he took from his wall a polished panther claw, prettily stained a bright crimson.

"You carry that, little paleface," he advised, in his own soft lingo. "It bring you good luck. It make you mighty hunter."

Frank understood that it was a token of gratitude. Doubtless he had saved the Indian's life, and evidently the red man knew it. Frank saw now that he was an Indian of some position, probably a chief, for he was well and gaily attired. The man glanced across at the sleeping Sam, then he went two paces nearer and looked down into the sleeper's face. He turned to Frank with the eyes of a pan-

"That man your partner?" he demanded savagely.

Frank nodded. He felt almost ashamed as he met the Indian's eyes—ashamed of being Sam's partner, for Sam had a bad name among the Indians.

The red man said no more, but all the friendship had gone from his eyes. He strode across to the door, but ere he closed it behind him his gaze again sought Sam's face, and the look in his eyes made Frank shudder. It was a murderous look, full of treachery and bitter hatred, the sort of murderous glance that only an Indian could give.

Sam woke with a start that morning, and dressed himself hurriedly. Frank had prepared breakfast, but his partner declared that he did not want any. He had lost something on the trail last night he said, and was going back to look for it. He seemed nervous and excited, and Frank was puzzled at his strange behaviour.

"Should I come along with you?" the boy suggested, but Sam's negative answer was definite enough.

"I'm going alone," he said. "You stay here and get your breakfast."

The boy rose to his feet. "Sam," he said, "don't be a fool if you can help it. It's Christmas time, and you're best away from the city."

"I ain't going near the city!" Sam answered, then he slammed the door and hurried down the trail.

Sam Ravenstone did not waste time on the way. He slipped over the snow at a run, but presently he stopped, a new fear on his face, his eyes fixed on the white expanse ahead. Were those wolf tracks? Yes, by Jupiter they were! Sam was running like a madman now, and every few yards the fatal wolf tracks crossed his path—the tracks of many wolves. At length he reached the spot where Frank had found the Indian lying, and there he paused, his eyes, half frightened, searching the white expanse to right and left.

Yes, here too were the wolf tracks—many of them, but nothing else! Snow had fallen during the night, and great mounds of it were piled up across the frozen creek. Was this the exact spot? Sam hurried on, then slowly came back. He began to search about in the mounds of snow, digging into them with his snowshoes, but every where he turned were the hated wolf tracks.

Suddenly Sam stood upright. It was as though some dreadful realization had dawned upon him. His face was the face of a man who was listening to his own death sentence. Then, as though he had heard it through, he flung himself on his face in the snow. His great shoulders trembled and heaved. He was blubbering like a child!

Sam Ravenstone, hard fighter, hard

drinker, hard gambler, lay motionless in the snow, his face buried in his arms, till the cold warned him to move on. Then he struggled to his feet. He looked down the waterway towards the city, only four miles distant. Should he go back to his friends, and try to forget all? No! He had but one friend, the boy he had left behind at the shanty.

The city! A sudden savage hatred of the place came into Sam's soul.

"No, by heaven, never again!" he cried aloud. "I swear it! By my mother's name I swear it!"

Then, with bowed head, white and trembling, he returned to the shanty.

It was New Year's Day, and Frank Ward was not slow to realise the change that had come over his partner. The Christmas festivities were over, but Sam had not visited the city since Christmas Day. He had been silent, almost morose, yet, since Christmas morning, he had never spoken in the hasty, savage manner with which Frank was so familiar.

Evening came—New Year's Eve—and a number of the boys called at Sam's shanty to bear him away to the city to spend the evening there. Sam met them at the doorway, and they greeted him with a blast of trumpets and mouth-organ, telling him he was quite a stranger.

"Come along and have a good time with the rest of us," they invited, trying to drag him out, but Sam held back.

"I'm not coming boys," he said. "I've done with that sort of thing?"

A wild laugh greeted this statement. "Ain't joined the Band of Hope, are you?" one of them inquired.

"No," answered Sam. "But it's a fool's game anyway. You mark my words."

At that moment Frank appeared at his partner's side. The boy's eyes were blazing savagely, and his teeth were clenched with fierce determination.

"Can't you let a man live clean when he wants to?" he asked bitterly. "Sam's trying to keep straight, and he'll succeed if you swipes will keep away."

He said a good deal more, plainly and savagely, and in fierce backwoods language. To be talked to thus by one who was scarcely more than a child brought a blush of shame to the cheeks of Sam's former pals. Not one of them spoke, not a single word of defence. It was the plain, unblushing truth of what Frank said that stung them most. He cursed their vile gambling dens, their dancing saloons, and all the hateful vice and debauchery associated therewith. It was the speech of a strong minded, straight dealing boy, who above all things on God's earth tried to live clean. It was the speech of the innocent to the guilty, the speech of one fighting for the manhood of someone he loved, fighting to defend his partner, and to his listeners it brought a sad and wistful thought of their own departed boyhood.

They went away with never a word. Down on the creek one of them said—

"Jingo!—that boy ought to have been a priest! Did you ever hear such a flow of language? He made me think of my old mother."

"Then you thought of someone besides yourself," answered another. "That boy told us the truth in a way we never dreamt of. It might have been a woman's tongue. Gee, he made me sweat."

The weeks passed by. The long winter went, summer came. Sam was a stranger at the city in these days. In every sense, he was a changed man. Everyone was talking of it, but why the change had come about, not even Frank knew.

One day the boy was rummaging in his pockets when he came across the polished claw the Indian had given him. "Jingo!" he cried. "The token of good luck. My stars, there must be something in it! I'll buy a gold chain and wear it round my neck."

He went to the city to buy his chain, and when he got back a surprise awaited him. There was Sam with all his luggage piled up at the door, evidently prepared for a long journey.

"Jupiter!" cried the boy. "Where on earth are you going?"

But the expression on Sam's face as their eyes met brought a new fear to the boy's mind. Sam was white as a ghost, and his eyes were indescribably sad.

Sam stretched out a brawny hand and gripped the boy's shoulder. "Sonny," he said in a quiet voice, "I meant to slip away while you were at the city, but I hadn't the heart. I wanted to thank you for all you've done for me, and I tell you that is a great deal. You've helped me to live clean, and by God I'll do it, Frank! I swear I'll do it!"

"What on earth are you getting at?" cried the boy. "Are you mad, Sam?"

"No, sonny, I'm not mad," answered Sam Ravenstone. "I was never more sane. But I'm going to leave you. I'm going right away—Texas, the Yukon, the Gold Coast—somewhere. I hardly know where yet. But I'm going. You will never see me again. But you needn't worry about me. I'm strong enough and clever enough to live anywhere. And I shall live straight."

"In heaven's sake explain yourself," cried the boy. "I don't understand you."

"I will," answered Sam. "But there are heaps of things I want to say first. Let's squat down here and talk the thing out properly."

They squatted down at the edge of the verandah, and a gay little chipmunk scuttled across the turf at their feet. "The first thing I have to explain is this," Sam began—"that I've left you well provided for. I've made a fair decent pile of money during the last few years, and I've had it transferred to your name. I want you to do what good you can with it—I want you particularly to help the Indians. If you are my friend you will agree to this, and give me your promise."



Interior Conservatory, Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg

"I agree, and promise," said Frank, half dazed.

"Good," Sam answered. "Then I want just to tell you that I have not repaid you by one-fifth. Everyone knows you're the whitest little white man that ever stepped into the north country. That goes without saying. You've been the best partner a man like me could have. I thank you for it. It isn't what you've said, but what you've done. You've lived clean yourself and somehow—by Jupiter Frank, if you knew what I've suffered this last six months—Sam hid his face for a moment, then he went on in the same quiet voice. "Frank, did you ever read a poem called Eugene Aram? It tells of a schoolmaster who committed a wretched murder, and then went and sat among the innocent children in the school. I think I've felt rather as that man felt when I've tried to live with you. I can't stick it, Frank, and that's why I've got to get out."

Frank leapt to his feet. "Goodness, Sam!" he cried. "Tell me what has happened?"

Sam shook his head. "I'd rather you didn't know," he said. "I'd rather you thought of me as you've found me."

"I shall always do that," answered the boy. Sam looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, then he said—"Do you know, boy, that for five months you've shared the shanty of a murderer—that you've eaten grub with him, and shared his life?"

"A murderer!" cried Frank. A cold sweat had broken out on his forehead. His eyes were wide open and terrified. "A murderer!" he repeated. "Not you, Sam! Anything but that!"

He clutched his partner by the lapels of his tunic, but Sam shook himself free, and strode to the other end of the verandah. There he stood, a big, broad, hardy figure, older by ten years than a year ago, but a better man.

"Yes," he said slowly, "a murderer. If the police knew the truth they'd be here for me in under an hour. I would have given myself up, Frank, five months ago. It wasn't because I was afraid. It was because I wanted to do some good in the world before I left it, for Heaven knows I've done plenty of harm."

Frank hid his face. He asked no questions, but he let the dreadful truth sink into his mind bit by bit. Sam was a murderer! The man for whom he had lived nearly two years, the man in whose success he had rejoiced, seeing him turn from a gambler and a drunkard to a respectable member of society, was branded with the vilest of crimes.

Sam laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, but the boy shrunk away.

"All right," said Sam, "I won't touch you, but let me tell you how it happened. It was Christmas Day. I returned from the city early. I was drunk."

"Just where that old cedar lies across the creek, an Indian met me. His name was Halman, and I owed him money. He had helped me to get whiskey out of the city to the Indian encampments, and the sum of fifty dollars had been owing him for some months.

"Well, he met me there, and demanded it. I thought he was insolent. Whether or not he really was I cannot say. I struck him once, and he went down like a log. I tried to rouse him, but he was dead—dead as the trees."

"I ran away from the awful place, and went home to sleep. I slept soundly enough, but next morning I awoke with the awful guilt of the thing upon me. I hurried back to the spot where the old cedar grows, but there was nothing to be seen but the tracks of wolves.

"That's all, sonny," Sam went on. "The wolves had polished off the remains, dragging what they could not destroy into the bush. There was nothing left, unless the snow had covered it. Those cursed wolves saved me from the police, but they could not save me from myself. Every night I've dreamt of it. I've lived in Hades, and all the time I was fooling you into thinking that you were living with a straight man, when you were living with a murderer. That was the worst part of all."

The boy rose slowly to his feet. He was still ghastly white, but the fear had gone from his eyes. He held out his hand; Sam clenched it and shook.

"I shake your hand," said the boy, "but I would almost die sooner than shake the hand of a murderer."

Then the boy told, quietly and simply as Sam had told his own story, how that night he himself had found Halman, the Indian, lying on the trail, how he had given up his bunk, and how the red man had departed next morning, fit and strong.

Sam did not answer, but the awful nightmare was passed. He took the boy's hand, and shook it again. After all his own hand was clean—he need not leave this life which had become so dear to him, he need not leave his partner. It was all a ghastly dream. He was an innocent man. He flung himself down on the moist, soft turf, and wept as he had wept but once before.

And Frank, standing over him, clutched in his hand the polished panther claw.

In next issue will be told how Halman, the Indian, sought to bring about his vengeance.

The story "The Panthers Claw" by Mr. H. Mortimer Batten appearing in this number will be continued for July and August.

The writer is known not only to readers of The Western Home Monthly, but to readers of the best English magazines. The story has to do with the life in the early days in this country when redmen, whiskey and daring explorers played a prominent part in life. It is intensely interesting throughout and no reader of the magazine should miss reading it.



Jubilant members of the "Fighting Fifth," making merry over their captured war trophies. They are trying on helmets, caps, gas masks, and other trophies taken from the Germans. These men are of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and were the heroes of the Battle of St. Eloi, a fierce engagement which took place on a sector of the German front, at a point south of Ypres. At times the men fought in mud up to their arm-pits, and the victory of the British was due to the stubborn fighting and endurance, and the example set by the gallant "Fighting Fifth."

There is no power in the victory of an hour ago to keep us from sinning now. Our continued victory is not assured to us by our past victories, but only by a present Christ. For real victory over sin is never a matter of our strength, our effort; it is won only by Christ, and is ours only as we trust Him for it.

It is true, therefore, that a man has in himself no more power to resist sin after a hundred Christ-achieved victories than after one. They may give increased confidence in Christ, and thus make it easier for him to continue to trust Christ for victory; but they add not an ounce of strength to himself. The moment he presumes on past deliverances, instead of trusting in Christ, he is gone.

It is as though a man crossing a deep ravine on a narrow bridge should believe, when half-way over, that because he had come well on the way in perfect safety he could now ignore the bridge. His bridge-given safety of an instant earlier would be of little value to him after he had stepped off the bridge.

LOOKING is seeing. It may be afar off, still it is seeing. The weight of a cross is known best to him who carries it.

The Silence that Follows the Storm

By Gerard Van Etten

THE last flames snarled through the wiry typewriter sheets, eating their way still hungrily amongst the remnants of their feast. The yellow-white walls of the little adobe cottage caught a few of the beams, but only a few, and the rest lost themselves in the dim places smoke-grimed through many years. Even now, with scarcely a breeze stirring, the old fireplace smoked as if in protest at being used. Perhaps this was but natural in the fireplace as outside the dry sun was blistering the dust-white ground and in the scintillant heat all the world lay hushed and still.

Before this transient fire a man sat with his head in his hands—staring, staring, staring. Seeing nothing, feeling nothing, hearing nothing. He was dead to all but the agony of his own heart as the work of long, long years crumbled into ashes. His dreams—the creations of his brain—and he had burned them.

Well, how could they live since she didn't understand and had gone out of his life? He remembered how, when first writing, she had shared all his thoughts and ideals and how, out of that sharing, had come stories and poems dainty, sugar-sweet—and worthless as treacle. Then, later, when he had written of the things of life not sweet, not pretty, she had been unable—or unwilling—to follow him. They had parted. There had been

that charm was still there but he could not write of it until he was away, until he had perspective. So, in black moodiness he had burned all that he had written. He would write no more until he was a well man again and back in "God's country."

Outside the cottage, propped up in the shade against the trunk of a mesquite, Jesus Hernandez slept and dreamed of winning "mucho dinero" at the cock fight the next Sunday. His bird was surely of all birds the finest. He was sure the Senor Caryl would permit him to have the whole day to himself. He would take it anyway. He would fight his cock on Saturday night also but that he must play the violin at a dance at the house of Senor Gonzales, the father of Senorita Dolores Gonzales, who was of all women a subject for clacking tongues, and therefore beautiful beyond the beauty of all other women.

Minutes passed languidly. Jesus slept on. A dusty hen rose from her place in the shade, disturbed by the too near passing of a darting lizard. Idly she pecked about for a minute or two and then settled down again, feathers fluffed out for coolness.

A stumpy, perspiring priest walked along the hot road under a huge, black umbrella. He turned into the yard of the "casa" of the Senor Caryl Lansing and came up close to the snoring Hernandez. "Jesus Hernandez, wake up and get thy father a glass of water."

Jesus woke, rubbed his eyes and then, seeing who the disturber of his dreams was, scrambled hastily to his feet. "Oh, padre mio, pardon. I was so tired from the hard work. I slept. I did not hear you until you spoke."

"Such hard work as you do. But let that pass. I would like a glass of water and then I must hurry on to Conception. You should observe the ways of your padre, Jesus Hernandez, it would do you good."

"Ah, but padre, I am not filled with the spirit of God as thou art."

The padre smiled and waited, mopping his face with an already moist handkerchief. Hernandez brought him a glass of cold water and he drank thirstily. "Gracias," he said as he handed the glass back. "Now remember, I want to see you at mass Sunday, Jesus Hernandez. What if you should die between now and Sunday? You would go straight to hell."

Jesus smiled, "Between now and Sunday? That is three days, padre mio, and in three days I can get much religion. But if I should get sick unto death I would send for you, padre, for I know you would not let me die and go to hell."

The padre laughed. "You are right. Hell is too full of rascals like you already. Oh, by the way," as he turned to go, "how is the Senor Caryl? He will be a well man soon, is it not so?"

"Well? Of a certainty. But, padre, it is not the body of him that is sick so much now, but the heart of him. Ah, I know. Jesus Hernandez has known much of the women and has loved very much—oh, very many times—and he can tell that the senor is in his heart longing for a woman. Si, padre, even though he pretends to care for them not at all and to say loudly that they are all bad and all of an unfaithfulness, eh, even so. Well then, you mark the words of Jesus Hernandez, for he knows much of the ways of the heart. What the Senor Caryl needs is a woman. And if I knew one for him, her would I bring to him at once. Eh, but there would be no delay. From the way he sits for long hours with the black look in his eyes, I believe that some woman once treated him ill. It must be so, eh? Well, then very good. For a man who has been ill-treated by a woman hates them worse than a man who knows them not. It is so. Again, very good. And look you, to-day he sits so, as I have said, and then he brings all his papers which he has written and burns them in the fireplace. And, padre, you know to make a fire without need on a day such as this one must be either—what you say, crazy?—or in love, which amounts to the same thing. I saw the burning of the papers ere I fell asleep. It is so of a truth. And but now, when I went for the water for thee, padre, still was he sitting there staring at the ashes."

The padre looked troubled. "If it is as thou sayest, Jesus Hernandez, then may the woman be coming swiftly to him. For unless the heart be well, too, the body of him will never attain unto perfect strength. Think you he would like me to go in and talk to him?"

"He loves silence when the mood is on him, padre mio. Thy tongue is very wise and very soothing but—"

"Enough of my tongue. So it bringeth thee to mass I will be glad. I shall pray for the Senor Caryl and do thou tell him I was here."

"Si, padre mio, and if thou prayest well to God to send a woman to my senor, then it is very likely that it will come to pass that I shall go to mass. Eh, Jesus Hernandez is a very fine man and a good man as thou knowest, eh, is it not so?"

The padre smiled and raised his hands heavenwards—at the same time raising his huge, black umbrella—and went out the gate and up the white road toward the distant orphanage.

Hernandez looked after him for a long time. He loved the squat, black figure and he knew well he had no better friend than the padre. Yes, very likely he would go to mass the next Sunday—the early mass—he could stop on his way home from the dance of the Senorita Dolores Gonzales.

He lit a cigarette and strolled quietly around the cottage to the rear door. On a bench besides the entrance his violin lay in its case. He took it out and returned to the shade of the mesquite tree. He would play the tunes of old Mexico—the Senor Caryl loved them. With a great clatter and snort and raising of dust the sightseeing car pulled up at the mission on its afternoon trip. A score or more of perspiring, voluble tourists descended and were herded through the ruins and lectured at by a glib-tongued Mexican. Jesus played on with absolute unconcern. In ten minutes the car chugged away, the tourists newly charged, like soda-water tanks, with a fresh subject for conversation and silly comments.

Suddenly Jesus was conscious of someone standing before him—a woman. His eyes first rested on her tiny, ultra-heeled pumps and at a pair of entrancing, silk-clad ankles. "Ah, very, very nice," thought Jesus to himself. Then he allowed his eyes to traverse the rest of her costume, up the slender black and white figure to the golden crowned head. Her eyes were looking at him with amused curiosity and the red lips were parted in the faintest of smiles as though she was trying to conceal her feelings.

Jesus Hernandez scrambled to his feet and took off his sombrero. "Senorita," "Senora," the woman corrected. "Eh? It is impossible. You a senora? Madre Dios it is impossible." "But true nevertheless. Don't look so downcast. There are worse things than being a senora."

"Si, but you—no, I cannot comprehend. Give up trying, then, and please tell me if Mr. Caryl Lansing lives here?"

"Eh, but you have come to the right one to ask that, senora. He lives here indeed. I am Jesus Hernandez, who lives here also. I am his friend, his compadre. And you?"

"I! I was his friend once, too," said the woman and hung her head.

Jesus Hernandez observed her for a long moment. Then a great light dawned on him. This was the woman needed of the senor. The padre must have prayed upon the road since God had answered so soon. He spoke to the woman.

"Senora, now I understand. You have come back to him. It is well. I shall tell him there is a lady to see him. I shall tell him quietly that he may not know too suddenly of his joy. When one has suffered as he has suffered it is not well to have too sudden a joy."

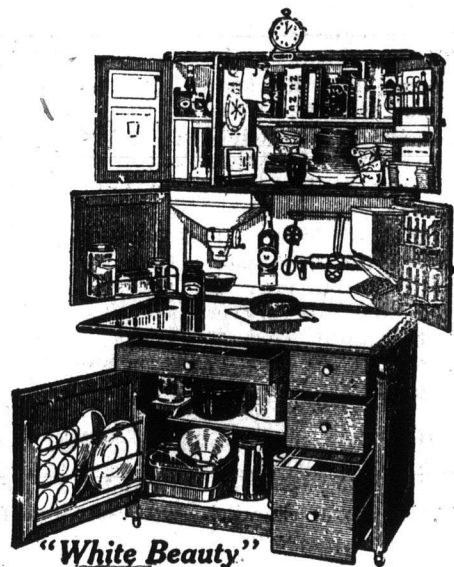
The door of the cottage darkened and Caryl looked up without interest to see Hernandez standing there.

"Well?"

"Senor, pardon, but there is a senora to see you." Suddenly his reticence and his resolve to tell the senor quietly, vanished. "Ah, but senor, she is 'mucha buenos'—my heart, it is at her little doves of feet already—and her hair, ah, it is all of gold like the hair on the holy saints—oh, these northern girls, I like them very much!"

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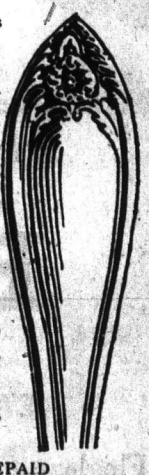
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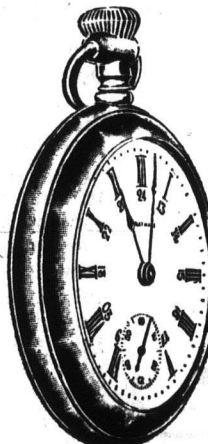
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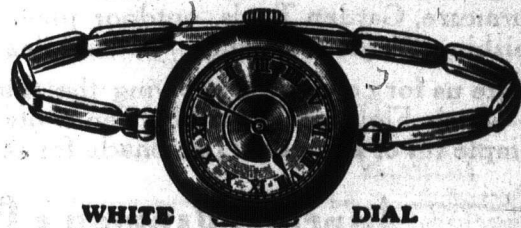
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Before Jesus could divest himself of any more amorous sentiments, swiftly, softly the woman came into the room—to Caryl.

Jesus knew it was time to go and so he stole out unnoticed. This senora was not for him. She was his senor's woman. Ah, well, he had several senoritas of multiple charms in San Antonio and in Aguascalientes a wife and "muchas chiquitas" (many little ones). This love was a wonderful thing. Of a certainty that heaven which the padres told about must be full of love and women and in hell there must be no love at all and no women, unless they be old and wrinkled. He smiled broadly as he lit a black cigarette and took up his violin again. So happy was he over the happiness of his senor that he played some atrocious but foot-moving ragtime.

Later the woman inside with the man, raised her head and gazed at the dead embers—the ashes of lost dreams.

"They're all ashes now," Caryl said, "all ashes. I can't call them back again."

"Listen, dear, you mustn't think of them now. Those are part of the old days when I didn't—when I wouldn't understand. Those days when your thoughts were so bitter against me—oh, and rightly so."

"Perhaps I should have understood more, too, Gertrude, but my work was all to me—it is now—above all else in the world. Though needing you as I do, loving you as I do, still in my soul I cannot truthfully say, 'You are all my life, the greatest thing in my life.' It's strange, perhaps unnatural but there is the fact. I daren't ask you to come back to me that way. You're so wonderful, so sweet, and I want you so. And that's

just why I know I mustn't ask you to come back to me—to take a second place. I must go on alone—I can, now that you have come to me like this and I can feel that somewhere in the wide world, near yet far, you are thinking of me. That is the only right way. And then—then there's my sickness—"

"That's a weak, lame excuse, dear. You're no more sick than I am now. See, I'm not the least bit afraid." She leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. With a great sigh of hunger and longing his arms encircled her and held her close.

"God, dear, how could you do that. You know it only makes it so much harder for me to say you mustn't give up your life to me—to say you must go."

The woman slipped down to the floor and sat there smiling up at him. "But I'm not going, Caryl. No, now listen." She paused and then went on. "You speak of having suffered. Perhaps, I too, have suffered. Ah, you hadn't thought of that."

"I thought you were happy."
 "Because I had married the man of my choice, I suppose?"

Caryl nodded.

"I was—at first. I thought him the best man in the world. I believe he was if 'best' means good and pure and free of every little bit of a bad habit. Oh, he was so pure that it got on my nerves. I wanted a good, clean man to whom to give my love. But I didn't want one like him. Such a life as he gave me—he enriched me with all the things of this world but wanted me to enjoy them shut up in my cage. I never dreamed what a capacity for freedom was shut up in me until he tried to take it away. Then, gradually, I saw the joy of your point of view—of the creator's view. I could see

why your work was the greatest thing in the world to you. I thought of you as a sort of master builder dreaming up to clear, wonderful heights. And there I was plodding along the narrow furrow yoked up to a stickler for convention. Never for a moment could I turn aside towards those remote, clear spaces. Then he died. And—here I am. And oh, Caryl dear, my dearest, don't send me away. I can understand. I do understand now. Some of us don't know things for such a long time and all unknowingly we make others suffer. I wonder if God meant it to be so?"

"Perhaps, yes. Sadness teaches more than joy. Joy only crowns our lives."
 "And you won't send me away? I don't want to be the greatest thing in your life. I only want to be the joy, the love, that gives you the divine power."

The man's arms tightened about her and with a little murmur of content she smuggled close.

"Now we will build again, little lady, but of what? I wonder—"

"Out of the ashes."
 "But they are dead."
 The girl quoted softly; "It is in the silence that follows the storm, not in the silence before it, that one must look for the perfect flower. You see, your fire was the storm of your soul and in the ashes will be found a flower. Shall we look for it, you and I?"

Quite suddenly, it seemed to them, Jesus Hernandez was standing in the doorway, the ever-present cigarette in his mouth.

"Senora, senor, pardon, but it is the hour of the sunset, and it is cool outside. The good gulf breeze has sprung up. If you will sit outside I will cook the supper. Ah, senora, there is no



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cook finer than Jesus Hernandez. You have but to ask the Senor Caryl and he will tell you how I cooked him out of the way of death—with chili and enchilladas and many other good things. Eh, you shall see for yourself if it is not so."

Gertrude laughed. "I believe you, Hernandez, indeed I do. And I only wish you'd give us some of that wonderful cooking quickly, for I'm nearly starved." She squeezed Caryl's arm. "Aren't you hungry, too, dear?"

Hernandez observed the possessive squeeze which she gave to his senor's arm, and he smiled paternally. "Ah, but senora, it took the coming of yourself to make the senor well. I, with my most excellent cooking, could make well the body of him, but that was not enough. He was sick in the soul of him. This very day did I tell the good padre that, and he said he would pray for the senor. And behold, his prayers are answered and the good God has sent you. You should see this padre, senora, he is a good man."

"Shall we see the padre?" whispered Gertrude, looking up at Caryl.

"How soon?"

"After supper. I think I should like to be married by Hernandez's good padre. Wouldn't you?"

He kissed her by way of silent assent. Jesus's eyes sparkled with joy and he went to the kitchen singing a love-song very popular with those who play "bexar" outside the latticed windows where fair senoritas hide.

Her Refuge

Last month a pathetic article appeared in one of the Winnipeg papers under the heading—What Must She Do With the Baby?

Evidently the writer was not familiar with some of the splendid work that is being done by the Salvation Army, for girls such as she described. In the first place there was no need for the girl to shiver in the cold with her young babe in her arms. Grace Hospital—the Salvation Army hospital of Winnipeg—offers a comfortable home for just such girls. A girl may stay there and nurse her babe for six, nine months or even a year. I am personally familiar with the good work in this hospital. For the past three years I have been interested in girls that I have taken there and have seen them go in hopeless—sick and deserted by everyone. But at the door of Grace Hospital a Salvation Army Sister of Mercy welcomes every deserted penniless pregnant girl. She is taken to a warm comfortable room and has the same medical attention and care that is given a three dollar a day patient. Only yesterday I visited one of these girl-mothers and no woman patient in Grace Hospital was given better attention. One girl of my acquaintance stayed there nearly two years. The babies are well nursed and comfortably clothed. The babies are big and healthy—for they are fed regularly and are kept clean.

The girls do not go out weakened physically because they are carefully treated, and well nourished during the six or nine months after their illness.

A home annex has been opened for the children whose mothers are out working—so the mother may help support her child yet be free from its care while at work. This home is for the children after they are weaned. Every effort possible is made to keep the girl in the hospital as long as her babe needs nursing. The writer of the article deplored the fact that the girl had to put her child in a home during the nursing period. This is not necessary for any girl mother in Winnipeg. Grace Hospital is a real home for just such mothers. I find it difficult to persuade a girl to go to Grace Hospital for the very reason that she must remain there for six or nine months after the birth of the child. The average girl wants to go where she can get out within a month. So it often happens that the girl-mother in somebody's kitchen or the one mentioned by the writer is herself to blame because she would not go under Christian shelter. I should like here to mention a word of praise for the good women in the country who take

these girls with their babes and give them good home life and kindness. Only last week a girl with her babe who had gone from Grace Hospital to one of these homes, came to the city for a few days. She told me that she was treated as one of the family and was anxious to go back. That home maker who shelters the girl at this time is a real reformer. After the girls leave the hospital they feel they have left a real home. One girl wrote me: "I am lonely—for the happiest period of my life was spent at Grace."

These girls are taught to work at Grace so they can go out into the world and make an honest living. The Salvation Army consider they have not handled a girl's case successfully unless they keep in touch with her for three years and so after the girl leaves the hospital the matron corresponds with her and at Christmas time many a little parcel is sent out by the matron to a lonely girl in some part of Canada, who is grateful to find that at least one person in the big wide world has not forgotten her at Christmas.

I spent last Christmas Eve at Grace where about fifty girls with their babes gathered around the loaded Christmas tree. The programme was bright and cheerful—even Santa Claus, in his gray, red and white suit, was there. Every girl and every babe was remembered. We were all happy that evening and the Madonna face was not absent. Major Payne, the matron of Grace Hospital, is the right woman in the right place. The memory of her ministries is written on the hearts of scores of girls who are good useful women to-day, because they caught the beauty of clean womanhood from her life at Grace Hospital. Every girl at Grace loves her and every girl who has been there blesses her. Lifted beyond the common everyday reformer, Major Payne through twenty-two years of Salvation Army Service, has extraordinary qualifications for this particular kind of work.

There has been a great deal of criticism in newspapers this year on conditions needing reform. In some cases I feel sure those who have criticized have not been familiar with what they were criticizing.

Let us not forget the magnificent work the Salvation Army has been doing. Indeed they have been working so quietly that the vast majority have no idea of the importance of their work. Theirs is a work of self sacrifice for they give up everything to help those on the seamy side of life. The gentle spiritual touch of the brave and good men and women in the blue uniform of the Salvation Army is a great international factor in promoting good citizenship.

Teachers

The Manitoba Teachers' Association met in Winnipeg the last week of April. This gathering of two thousand teachers from all parts of Manitoba means closer co-operation among all educational factors. Every young woman who attended this convention went back to her community convinced that never before has the value of the child as the country's greatest asset loomed so large as now. Boys must be trained to shoulder the responsibilities of men who have gone to war, and it is up to our teachers to give thorough, systematic and practical training.

Miss L. Green, of Hilton, emphasized a thought that every teacher should know when she said that love of birds, flowers and nature in general had softened and made kinder the most arrogant elements in her school. She said the school garden was not only a social link between parents and school, but a substitute for religion in those districts where the spiritual side is neglected. Another teacher said that from an economic standpoint the school garden promotes greater efficiency. Many other important and interesting subjects were helpfully discussed. I heard one teacher remark: "Why do they always have their model classes composed of the brightest pupils? If they would have a good teacher take a class of dull pupils and demonstrate teaching, it would be a help to most of us. I do not know what to do with stupid children."

Dave's Legacy

By Edith G. Bayne

BEFORE the war broke out Billy Beach and I had been in partnership in a snug little diggings out at Jumping Horse Canyon in the Rockies. We had a general store and sold everything from hayscales to needles and thread, and in addition, negotiated the post office affairs for the district.

Jumping Horse was in the very heart of the mountains, at a point on the railway where all the bohunks from the lumber camps used to drift in on Saturday nights and order up heaven and earth—with a bit of the other place thrown in. Our trade was fairly brisk, and our yearly turnover satisfactory, but somehow we never succeeded in making the money we had dreamed of and Billy particularly was always rather discontented.

Billy was a good deal of a mystery to us. Although he was my partner I really knew very little about him. He never talked of his private affairs. His accent told us he was English and not very long "out," but beyond that fact everything was conjecture as far as we were concerned. Now I'm English myself, but having been in Canada for more than twenty years I have learned how to pronounce the letter "r" and I don't try to tell the Canadians how we do things at home, because that is one of the surest ways to get in wrong out here.

Billy was handsome. He had flashing dark eyes, jet black hair and beautiful teeth, and was as slim and straight as a young poplar. He was about twenty-four. Everything in skirts, from squaws down to little schoolmisses, was in love with him.

"Billy," I said one day. "It is a very strange thing that you have never married—a good looking lad like you!" I shall never forget the look on his face as I spoke. He turned quite pale and there was a peculiar expression, half pain, half fright, in his eyes.

"I say you know," he said after a moment summoning up a smile to cover the distress and embarrassment on his face, "I say, you know, quite spoofing, old chap, you're not married yourself and charity begins at home."

The Personal Test

There's a vast army of people who have made a personal test and have regained comfortable health by quitting tea and coffee and using

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The reason is an open secret: Tea and coffee contain the cumulative drug, caffeine—a common cause of headache, nervousness, heart flutter, biliousness, sleeplessness, and other ills. Postum is entirely free from any drug or harmful substance.

Instant Postum is a delicious beverage made from wheat with a bit of wholesome molasses—a pure food-drink that has helped thousands on the Road to Wellville.

"There's a Reason"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

"Who would look at me when you're around?" I returned ruefully. "But I'm sorry if I've put my foot in it."

"Oh, that's all right," he said, hurriedly. "But you see—something that took place at home in England two years ago has bungled things for me—as far as marrying goes. I—oh well, you wouldn't understand I guess."

"Tell me if you think it will make you feel better. It won't go any further, needless to say, but if you don't care to say anything about it, it will be just the same," I said.

"Well—the fact is, old top, I'm married. The pater got into the deuce of a fix over money matters two years ago and he and the mater insisted on me hooking up with a rich girl—daughter of a wealthy soap manufacturer." "You married her?"

"Yes, and a swell life I led! Good heavens! It gives me the pip even to think of it now. One year of Hades—and then I bolted! I came out here and I've been trying to forget ever since."

"She must have been a shrew for sure," I remarked. "Shrew! She was a she-shark! Temper! Whew!" I was about to pursue the topic further, with the idea of learning more about Billy's past but a customer came into the store at this juncture and put a stop to our conversation. I was sorry for poor Billy. I was really very fond of him. There was almost a father-and-son affection between us, for I was nearly old enough to be Billy's dad.

Two score consenting years have shed Their utmost blessings on my head, And now, behold a gruff old back With spectacles and greying thatch!

As to the specs I only have to wear them if I am reading fine print.

Billy's real name, he had confided to me once, was Algernon William Beauchamp.

"But I say you know," he had said, "For heaven's sake old chap call me Billy Beach. I haven't told another soul what my full cognomen is but something in your honest old mug inspires confidence."

"Thanks," I said. "That name," he had resumed, "scarcely fits in with the bushwhacking life we lead."

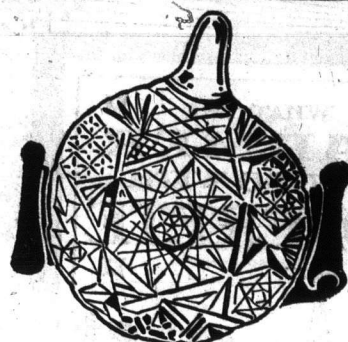
"No," I agreed, "it smacks of London drawing rooms and a monocle and a lisp, doncherknow, eh what? And I know you don't want to be taken for that kind of a johnnie." After we had pooled our resources and gone into business I used to watch Billy covertly, as he peddled sugar and tea and pickles and cheese and nails and axe-handles and rope and paint and crockery and every other conceivable commodity, over the counter. And I could see that he wasn't born to the trade exactly, for underneath the tan and the callousness, his hands were small and his skin of fine texture, and he persisted in keeping his nails as well manicured as a Regent street "nut."

I felt that, instead of wearing overalls and flannel shirt and cowhide boots and a Stetson, his proper get-up should have been a frock coat, spats, tall silk hat and cane. Then came the war. I tried to enlist but they turned me down on account of a bit of weakness in my chest. Billy said he would enlist if he could go straight over to Flanders, but he balked at the idea of sticking around in England for weeks, and perhaps months.

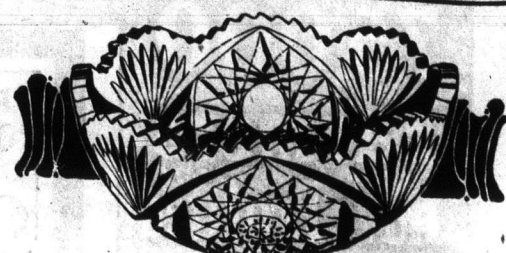
Just as he was hesitating in the matter, a letter arrived for me one morning that turned our thoughts into quite another channel. The letter was from my old pal Dave Harvey of the old mining days. I had almost forgotten him. He was dying he said, and would I look after his little girl, as he had absolutely no one else to leave her with?

"Nell doesn't know I am so near my end," the weak and trembling hand had written, "but the news will soon have to be broken to her. The doctor gives less than three weeks. I ob-

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Cut Glass Bowl, 8-inch \$5.00



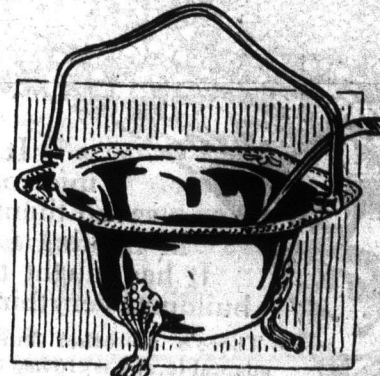
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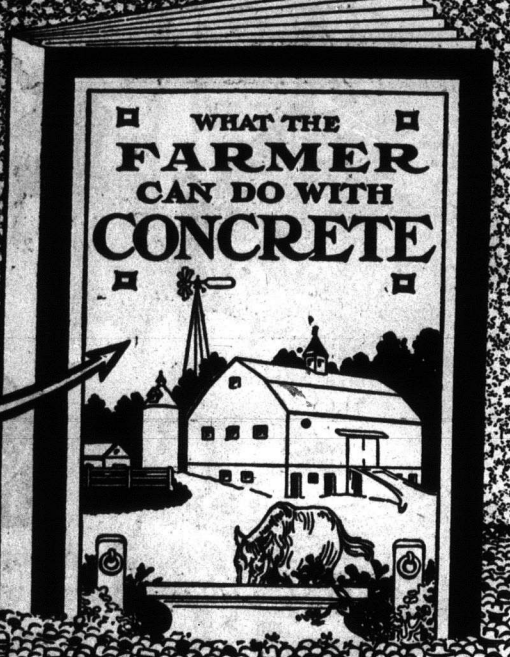
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Gentlemen—Please send me a free copy of "What the Farmer can do with Concrete." 5

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26 babies poisoned in 11 states; fortunately some recovered.

Save the Babies

TANGLEFOOT

Catch the disease carrying fly that strays into your home with safe, efficient, non-poisonous TANGLEFOOT; not arsenic poison in an open saucer set within reach of the baby, or a can from which a poisoned wick protrudes, sweetened to attract both flies and babies.

Flies kill many babies, and fly poison more than all other poisons combined—

—But in homes where careful mothers have protected their babies from such risks by using only TANGLEFOOT, both dangers are avoided.

Made in Canada by THE O. & W. THUM CO., Walkerville, Ont.
American Address: Grand Rapids, Mich. (65)

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.

"We repeat, arsenical fly destroying devices are dangerous and should be abolished. Health officials should become aroused to prevent further loss of life from their source. Our Michigan Legislature, this last session, passed a law regulating the sale of poisonous fly papers."



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REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D. Headmaster
Calendar sent on application.

tained your address from a friend, and there is no one else I trust as I do you, old pal. Nell will go down to you, and I pray you be good to the child for my sake."

That was all. The writing was feeble and some of it almost incoherent as though it had been done in haste. He had given me no directions, not even a description of the little thing. Twenty years ago he had not been married, so I did not even know his wife, nor could I imagine where he had met her for there were very few women up in the gold region then.

"Well," I thought, "evidently poor Dave has not made that great fortune he counted on!"

It was twenty years since I had seen him but I remembered him always as an optimist. We had gone up together some years before the big rush of '98, and I had thrown up my claims along about '94, and gone in the store door with his eyes pop-down into California and thence to the South Seas, finally returning to Canada and settling in British Columbia. I have been considerable of a rolling stone. Dave was about ten years my senior and often he used to try to quell my roaming propensities.

"Get into one thing, lad, and stick at it till you make good," he used to say.

Alas! Neither he or I had "made good."

"A little girl!" I muttered, "well I swow! Of course, I'll see after the child and if I can scrape enough money together I'll ship her off to boarding school at once." For although I liked children I did not particularly relish having them around all the time. I looked up a doll and some picture books from an old Christmas left-over stock, and I began going over to the little depot of Jumping-Horse every afternoon to meet the Northern Express. But it was a month before Dave's daughter arrived.

I was standing on the platform as usual one day watching for my little passenger. The train had just come in and I had a bag of popcorn in my pocket to give her. Everybody in Jumping-Horse knew that I was expecting a little girl and many a good-natured joshing I had had to take, in consequence.

"It is a lang journey for a bairn," Mrs. Forbes, my good landlady, had said for the twentieth time that day. "I will hae a bowl of warm milk and bread ready, Meester Smith, and fetch her right back, do. She'll be rare tired and hungry I expect."

"I'm beginning to think she's not coming," I had returned. "Nay, I feel it in my banes she'll be here this very day," the motherly soul had insisted.

But no little girl appeared amongst the few passengers getting off at our mountain village and I was turning away quite disappointed (for almost unconsciously I had been looking forward to her coming) when I decided to ask the conductor if there was a little lady from 'way up north under his care. The conductor shook his head at my question and, still very much puzzled, I stood watching the long train of cars move slowly off. Then I felt a light touch on my arm. Turning I looked down into a pair of blue eyes, the like of which for beauty and appeal I had never before seen. They belonged to a fair young girl of about nineteen, who stood searching my face silently a moment. Then she spoke and her voice was like—oh well you've heard the first little grass-bird of spring: Her voice held just the same clear sweet note, reminding me of April weather—tears and sunshine mingled.

"Oh! You're Dad's Mr. Smith," she said, "I know it, I felt sure, the moment I saw, you—"

"It must be a mistake," I was starting to say, stupidly. "Oh!" she cried, disappointedly. "I beg your—"

"Wait," I said, for she was good to look at and I didn't like the idea of her turning away so suddenly, "you called me by my right name. But I do not know who you can be, miss—"

"Why I'm Nell Harvey! Didn't you get word? I dropped you a card saying—"

"Why—why—great scott—you're not the little girl I was to meet?"

"Well, I'm her, I guess," she smiled at me.

"But—but—" "Dad gave me a full description of you. You look just like what he said you would—honest and reliable and—oh dear, here's my check for my trunk and I guess you'll have to carry the biggest suit case."

I had been staring, still overwhelmed with astonishment, at this pretty apparition who was henceforth to be my ward. I could scarcely believe my eyes. I still imagined I must be dreaming. But she brought me back to realities by thrusting a trunk check into my hand, and leading the way down the platform with her grip. I seized the suit case and followed.

"About that card, miss—"

"Oh, call me Nell, please!"

"I never got it."

"Perhaps it went astray."

"Possibly. I'm very sorry—I mean I'm very glad. Oh hang it, you know what I mean! I didn't think Dave had a grown-up daughter, and one who is so—or—" She turned about and smiled at me and there sure enough, was Dave's mouth, with the upturning corners!

"I guess you'll find that suit case pretty heavy," she said, "it's full of ore."

"Ore!"

"From Dad's mine—I mean my mine," she replied, and I could see a shadow cross her bright face as she spoke of her father. "The mine was all poor dad had to leave me."

To make her smile again I told her about the popcorn and the doll and the supper good Mrs. Forbes had awaiting her. She laughed merrily. In less than ten minutes we were the best of friends.

"I'm not going to stay here," she told me next, as we took our way up the steep road to my store. "I couldn't think of loafing on you. I'm going down to Calgary to work."

"Work? But my dear girl—"

"Oh, I can work! I kept all dad's books."

A bright idea struck me. "My partner, Mr. Beach," I said, "is thinking of going away and I'll be stuck for help. You might keep my books and perhaps assist in the post office if you are bound to be doing something."

"Oh, could I?"

**Doctor Learned
The Power of Pure Food**

Sometimes a physician who has exhausted medical skill on his own case finds that he has to look to pure food for help. Such was the experience of a physician who has spent a great many years in his profession.

"The services of my life-time," he says, "have been to try to better mankind—to help them preserve health, and to regain it when lost. So it is with great pleasure I recall my first introduction to Grape-Nuts.

"I had never investigated this food until I came to use it in my own case. I had tried to heal myself and had had the services of other prominent physicians. Then I clutched at Grape-Nuts as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

"To my gratification I found that I had discovered something besides a broken reed to lean upon, for the food began to recuperate me immediately, and it helped me to such an extent that I eat anything that I desire, and do so without distress.

"I have not only found a good friend in sickness, but a most delicious dish as well. It is the most nutritious article of diet I have ever found and I notice its splendid effects more particularly at night time, for a saucer of Grape-Nuts and milk is followed by a most refreshing sleep and perfect awakening.

"My only regret is that I was so slow to look into the scientific merits of this wonderful food." 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.

The Western Home Monthly

"To be sure you could! Remember you are my ward now, and I must be true to my trust. I can't hear of you going to the city—at least not yet. Why, we're hardly acquainted!"

"Well, I feel as if I'd known you all my life!" she said quickly. "Your father and I were good friends in the old days," I said, "and I shouldn't be surprised but that you and I would be just as good friends. You're very much like him."

"Oh—we are friends already! Dad married just after you and he parted. My mother was an American girl. She died when I was born. So you see I've been lonely nearly all my life. But I know a good friend when I see one!"

I smiled at her naive simplicity and charming candor. To tell the truth her words sent a glow to my heart.

"And by the way," she continued, "dad left you half of the shares of the Devil's Rim, I have the other half. But the old thing is worth absolutely nothing."

"What! Did your father continue to work the old Devil's Rim? Why everyone gave it up twenty years ago!"

"I know. But dad was an everlasting optimist, poor dear! He scraped all he had together and bought the mine himself."

it, I felt glad! Yes I was glad that he could never marry her. After some weeks though I became angry at the idea of him trifling with her affections.

"Have you told her what you told me?" I demanded of him one day late in October.

"No—why should I?" he retorted.

I turned on him and gave him a fatherly talking to, and we had our first real quarrel. I could see that he was troubled though and I softened a bit toward him.

"You're crazy about her yourself!" he flung at me, "but I say, you don't need to imagine she'll look at you. You're an old fossil you know—"

"I was her father's friend," I interrupted with some heat. "And I have promised to care for her till she is twenty-one. Her interests come first with me, and I can't have you playing with her, Billy, much as I like you."

It was the very next day that a letter arrived for Billy. It was from England and bore a crest on the flap. Nell handed it to him with a smile and a saucy little twinkle in her eye.

"From your other girl," she said. He flushed and turned away with some commonplace remark, and I watched him open the missive. Love is certainly blind. I ought to have



Some pretty French girls paid particular attention to the Russian troops at the Mirabeau Camp. The soldiers were treated with fruits and sweets, and the troops were not a bit backward, although they could not talk French.

"And did he get any gold?" "Just enough to provoke him. He lacked the capital to drill deep enough and far enough on all sides. Oh, he had unlimited faith in the thing."

"I should think so! Well, here we are miss—I mean Nell—and there's my rascally young partner standing in the store door with his eyes popping out of his head. Come here Billy and meet Miss Harvey!"

I thought that I knew exactly what was going to happen. Billy was going to fall headlong in love with Miss Blue-Eyes. Later events proved my conjectures entirely correct. In fact Nell won everybody's heart. 'Twas a way she had. Billy forgot all about the war in which our Empire was engaged. After a very short while it seemed perfectly natural to have Dave's daughter around. She seemed like a part of the place and I for one, began to wonder how we ever had managed without her. For cleverness she could run rings around poor Billy. The books were kept in apple-pie order and she gave both of us pointers on how to conduct the post office matters.

I used to watch her and Billy as, in the warm autumn evenings they would stroll away up the mountain path by the flaming sumachs. They seemed made for one another and yet at the thought I experienced an odd pang. I did not try to analyze my feelings on the subject, but put them roughly aside. Then I remembered poor old Billy's predicament and, though I hate to have to admit

been able to discern from this little passage of words that the girl did not care for Billy more than as a friend.

The lad's face was a study as he read the letter. His expression seemed a compound of surprise, pleasure and something else that was like regret almost. Bye-and-bye he came out to where I was working over a new case of goods.

"She's dead," he said to me in an odd voice.

"Who's dead — your mother?" I cried, lifting my head from the depths of a packing box.

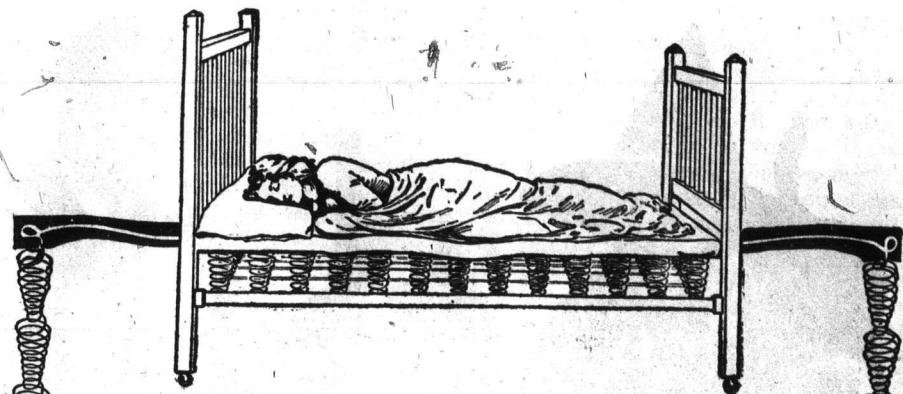
"No, no, sh! My—my wife," he said, coming closer. "She was instantly killed in a motor accident two weeks ago. The letter is from my mother. She wants me to go home."

"Great Jehoshophat!" I exclaimed, "is your wife dead, Billy? You chump! Why, of course you will have to go home! Although you didn't agree very well still she was your wife you know. When do you think of going?"

"Oh, say, old chap, what's the hurry?" he demanded. "I don't know as I'll go at all, that is unless I can persuade—a certain little person to go along, too."

An icy hand seemed to clutch at my heart, as he spoke. "Is it a sin I wonder," Billy went on, "to feel glad? Really a great weight has suddenly rolled off my heart!"

That evening he and Nell went walking as usual. It was now frosty out-of-doors and the tingling air



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made the girl's cheeks pink as twin carnations. When they came back I looked up from my paper by the reading lamp in our snug sitting-room and searched their faces silently. I knew that Billy had intended this night to propose to the girl. But instantly I saw that something had happened. His plans had gone awry. He did not wear the gladsome countenance of an accepted lover.

Nell went off to the kitchen to see Mrs. Forbes about something and Billy dropped moodily into a chair by the stove. For perhaps ten minutes he said nothing. I had gone on reading.

"Smith, old man," he said finally, in a hoarse voice, "I'm off to Calgary to-morrow."

"What? To enlist? Are you really?" He nodded.

"I want to get into the 89th and get sent off immediately," he went on, "so I guess I'll run upstairs and start packing." I tried to voice my sympathy but I couldn't find the fitting words and had I been able to they would doubtless have sounded false, for my heart was beating joyously. I felt like a traitor, so glad I was to be able to keep my ward a little longer. I knew that sooner or later some lucky beggar would get her but I was selfish and wanted to postpone the evil hour as long as possible.

Eight months passed. Spring came again to our canyon, and then summer. It was the first day of June and Nell was busy getting out the last of the accounts, so that I was attending to the mail myself. I came upon a letter to myself. It was from Billy—I knew his hand—and was written from a hospital at Boulogne where he lay wounded in the thigh.

"I am getting better though," he wrote, "and am engaged to my nurse. She is an angel, Smith, if ever there was one. Oh, by the way, my elder brother, poor old chap, was killed in the fighting at H— last month and so I am now the heir to the title. No more bushing for me! I shall have to go back to the estate and be a gentleman."

I waited till evening to impart this news to Nell. After tea I asked her to walk up the trail with me to watch the sunset. Then I told her, as we stood under the pines at the edge of a cliff overlooking the tumultuous Fraser. She seemed strangely unmoved, though interested enough. "Billy was a nice boy," she said, "I am glad he is getting better and that he has found happiness after all. You knew, of course, that—"

She paused and flushed slightly, looking away from me. "I knew he wanted you," I said, "and I can't understand how he could think of another girl—much less engage himself so soon after—"

It was my turn to pause. "So soon after I turned him down? Oh, Billy is fickle in a way. I have a gift of reading people. Dad often used to remark it. I read Billy at once."

"Could you read me, I wonder?" I asked, suddenly. She flashed a rather mischievous glance at me. I stood gazing down at her from my five-foot eleven of height. Very fair and sweet she looked in the soft light of the mountain sunset. She wore a dress of some thin baby-blue stuff and her throat was bare and encircled by a thin gold chain with a tiny nugget pendant.

"Oh—I read you, too," she answered. "In the first few moments after we met. But—with people we like there is always something new and interesting cropping up all the time."

"And do I belong to 'people we like?'" I demanded. She nodded and then I don't just know how it happened. (We never do, we men.) But I was telling her how I loved her and she had crept into my arms. The sunset faded. A galaxy of stars came out. We did not need words for we understood each other so fully that words were almost superfluous.

"Well, dash my buttons!" I said, as we strolled homeward an hour later. "I thought it was Billy all the time. In fact I was so jealous of the young

guy I could have choked him once or twice with a glad heart!"

Oh, he doesn't count—never did. It was you all the time. You're a real man. Think I don't know the difference? Why up there in the Yukon I got to know men from the ground up!"

"But—I'm poor, wretchedly poor—I had begun, but she interrupted me.

"I had forgotten all about that telegram!" she exclaimed, pulling out a folded yellow slip from the front of her blouse.

"Telegram!" I echoed.

"Yes it's from Mr. Brinsley. You remember he stopped off here the last time he was south and we asked him to assay that ore of mine?"

"To be sure. He was almost as optimistic as your father, wasn't he?"

"Well—he is justified, and so was dad, if only he could know of it. Read the message. I received it this afternoon." I struck a match and held it over the telegram, it was a night-letter from the ore specialist who, at our request, had undertaken to look into the old Devil's Rim once more and let us know if it really held any promise.

"Have struck two magnificent veins on the west shaft Devil's Rim. Forming a working syndicate on strength of find. You and Mr. Smith, as joint owners, better run up here, as soon as you can. Never mind expense."

"Hum! This sounds like the biggest thing that ever came our way!" I muttered.

"I would have told you before but you've been away from the store all afternoon and at supper time Mrs. Forbes was there and I didn't like to tell you before a third person."

"I know Brinsley to be very conservative. He wouldn't raise our hopes without reason."

"Oh, if dear old dad had only lived!"

"It pays to be an optimist after all, doesn't it?"

"When can we 'run up' as Mr. Brinsley says?"

"Why, let me see—how would it do to make it our honeymoon trip?" I suggested.

After a good deal of persuasion Nell agreed. We are married now and we do not need to worry about the future, but with all our gold I love best the gold of Nell's hair, as it shines in the evening by the fire-side, when our son and heir has been put to bed and we two are seated hand in hand, "in the gloamin'."

The domestic ingenuity of the man in this story from V. C. may suggest something to economical American householders. He entered a hardware store and asked the price of the small bath-tubs in the window.

"Two seventy-five."

"Whew!" exclaimed the customer. "I guess until prices come down we'll have to go on washing baby in the coal-scuttle."

Mr. Grubb, an elderly bachelor, having been troubled for a week or two with a pain in his back, went to his doctor. The physician, who was just starting to see a patient, prescribed two large porous plasters, and told him to call again in about a fortnight and report.

Mr. Grubb complied with directions. He went to a drug-store and bought the plasters, and after a prolonged struggle with them in his own room, succeeded in getting them properly in place. Being a very small man, however, the two nearly covered his whole back. At the end of two weeks he called at the physician's office again.

"Well, how is your back?" asked the medical man.

"Sound as a dollar. Hasn't pained me any for ten days or more."

"Glad to hear it. You may take the plasters off whenever you please."

"Not much!" exclaimed Mr. Grubb, removing his coat and vest, taking off his collar, and locking the door of the doctor's office. "I won't touch 'em. They're bigger than I am. What I want you to do now, doctor, is to pull me off the plasters."

The Mails to the North

By Aubrey Fullerton

ABOUT the hardest piece of public service in Canada is the mail delivery to the Arctic coast. It is made, at intervals, over the longest postal route in the world, and for the sake of a mere handful of people who have chosen to live in the far Top Country. What the Arctic mail-carriers go through to get His Majesty's mails up there somewhat nearly on time would give a city postman's busiest day the appearance of a pleasure jaunt.

One of these carriers, a man of many years' experience in the Canadian wilderness, is known along his beat as "Dutch." When asked some time ago for a really candid opinion about his work on the northern trail, Dutch answered, frankly enough, "If I could get my hands on the fellow that wrote 'Beautiful Snow' I'd wring his neck."

In other words, there is a good deal connected with the mail service to the north that isn't pleasant.

The summer delivery is made very comfortably by water, down the Athabasca and Mackenzie Rivers; but in winter there is no road but the snow road, and no way of going upon that road but by dog-train. To drive a string of dogs, pulling a heavy toboggan or sled, is worse even than mushing over the trail alone, and dogs plus snow are a wicked combination which only a man of nerve and muscle can master.

Dutch is of uncertain nationality, but most of the northern postmen are Indian halfbreeds, wilderness-born, and inured to wilderness hardship. They deal, as mail-carriers, not with the postal department but with the Hudson's Bay Company, which has the mail contract and which entrusts the northern packets to them, with orders to rush them through. Company orders are law in the north, and are obeyed in this case at whatever cost.

The usual dog-train carries a load of eight hundred pounds. About two hundred and fifty pounds of this is mail matter, and the rest is food supply for man and beast. Sometimes two men go with each train, but very often one man drives alone, running beside or behind the loaded sled for hours and miles on end. It is a long way to go, and relays of both men and dogs are kept at certain points along the route. Between these stopping-places the mail train camps at night on the open plain or in a bit of woods, be the weather what it may.

The mail-carriers of the north have to their credit a long record of faithful service, with not one case of theft, default, or failure, in the face of the greatest difficulties. There have been accidents, of course, and mails have been lost. A few years ago an old mail sack was found in the bush in the Peace River country, it had been lost two years before, and no one knows how or why. In northern Ontario, near the Manitoba boundary, where the same kind of mail service is given, but on shorter runs, two carriers were killed and eaten by wolves. Even the mail sacks were devoured. There is always the danger, too, of freezing to death at fifty or sixty below, which is no unusual thing in the sub-Arctics; and a sudden plunge through the ice, at some river pitfall, is not infrequent.

Dutch, who of late years has been driving dog-trains in northern British Columbia, tells a story that gives a hint of what dog teaming means, and at the same time suggests that there is a humor of the trail.

"I was coming down a long hill on the mountain trail," he says, "with a heavy load that was about all I wanted to handle, when my rough lock broke and away we goes, me yelling to the dogs to go, and trying to keep the sled from running over them. All at once I sees one of them glass-eyed Englishmen, with a fore-and-aft cap, standing right in the middle of the trail, and in spite of all my yelling he never makes a move to get out of the road. When I get close to him, I yells 'Gee!' to the dogs, and nearly breaks my back throwing the sled out. The dogs made the turn, the sled stayed upright, and we got by all O.K. I

turned to tell him what I thought of him, and as the dogs whirled me away, I heard him say, 'Well! That was quite clevah!'"

At Fort McPherson, the nearest settlement to the Arctic coast, there are two mails a year, and the traders, missionaries, and police thereabouts are glad enough to have even that connection with the outside world. The winter delivery is made about the end of January, and is restricted to one-ounce letters only. Some time in July the summer mail gets through, and then the people up north receive the papers, catalogues, and other second-class matter that not infrequently are as eagerly read as the letters.

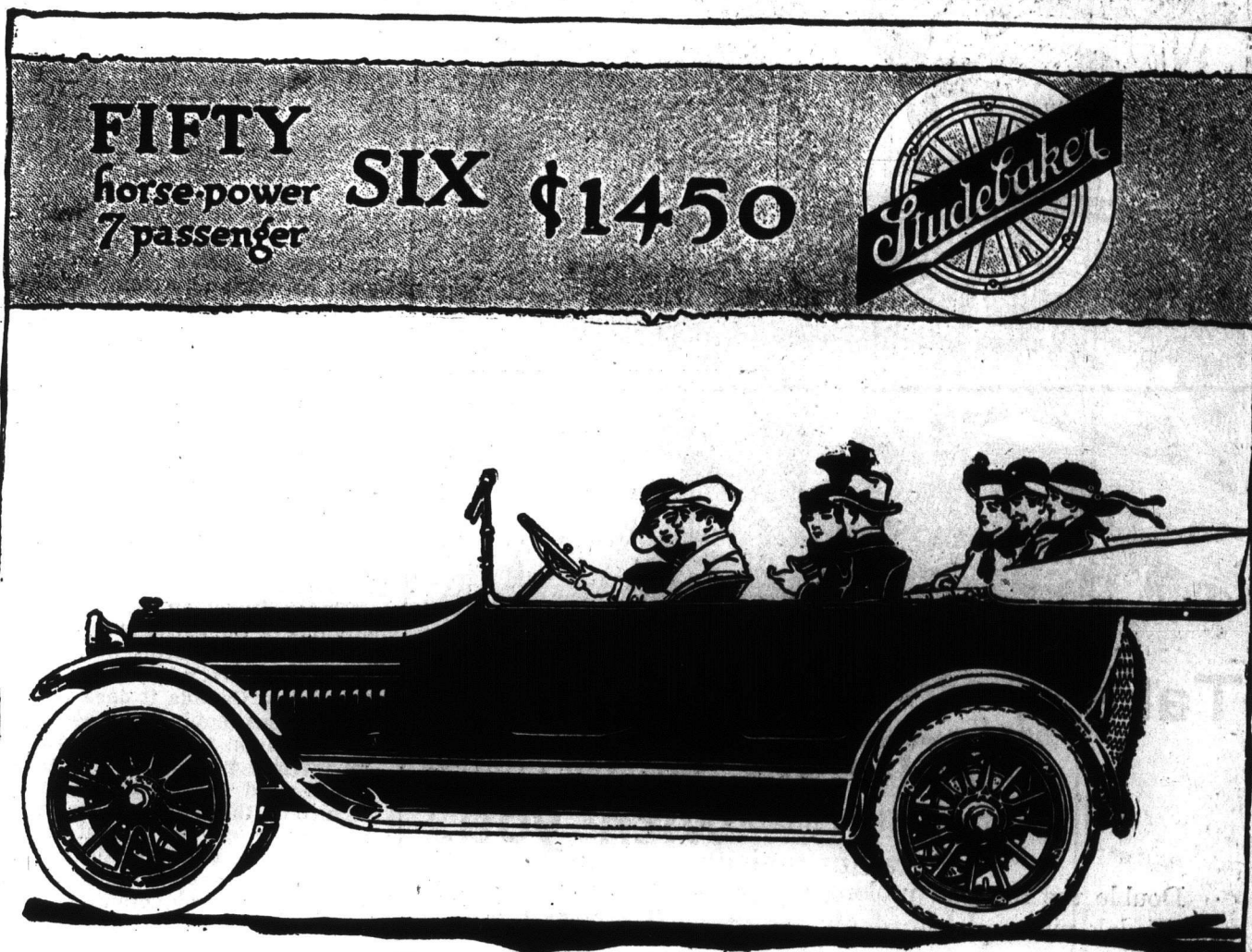
As far north as Fort Smith, which is about one thousand miles this side of the Arctic coast, nine round trips a year are made from the head of rail in northern Alberta. Fort Smith is already becoming a subsidiary distributing point, and the Dominion Post Office schedules now list the sub-Arctic mails as leaving from that point, beyond which is the region of two mails a year and six-months-old war news.

The distributing points for the far-north mails are gradually moving up. Winnipeg used to be the sorting office, then Edmonton, and now Athabasca; and the new railroad into the Peace River country will presently carry the mail service still farther north. In the top parts however, the dog-team and mail-driver will always remain: there is no possibility of a railroad into the sub-Arctics,

and at least the winter delivery will continue to be made on foot.

Canada pays some \$50,000 a year to give its far north a mail service. That is more, of course, than it pays back in postal revenue, but the volume of mail both in and out is fast increasing. An important item in the northbound mails is always the papers and parcels from the Old Country, and in particular the boxes of English plum puddings from the folks at home for the lads on the frontier.

It is the mail-carriers, however, who furnish the chief interest of the northern mail service: the men who really do it, weather, wilderness trails, and dogs notwithstanding. There are not a more faithful, more enduring, or more persistent body of public servants in Canada, and the work they do is the kind into which real courage goes.



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Domestic Economy in War Time

By Wilfrid G. Astle

THE world economy originally meant household management, but to-day it means saving. To save money one must do without something, therefore, since one cannot do without something to which they are used to without management the word regains its original meaning. The comfort of the household depends almost entirely on the women, because throughout the civilized world, it is a well-known fact that man earns and woman administers his earnings, therefore any household savings must be made by the women. Anyone can save by ruthlessly docking other people's comforts, but to save and to retain comfort needs thought and skill.

In this year of war, many exhortations to economy are being urged upon the people, and a good many of them are much puzzled as to what is wise economy in time of war. The people in Canada need to remember that they are not yet involved in the war in the full sense in which England is involved. In Canada women have not been mobilized to produce, for instance, munitions of war. In England this has already been done. A very large proportion of the production of ammunition is now the work of the women, and the quantity is increasing. In Canada, social life is almost normal; in England, among what is called the leisure class at least, social entertainments, except the quiet intercourse of relatives and intimates, have ceased.

A wise woman will think her problem out thoroughly before starting any rigorous economies and reforms, because housekeeping is a business and cannot be run successfully on philanthropic lines. Nevertheless, money can be saved on service, food, fuel, laundry, dress, amusements and house luxuries.

Expenditures on service is undoubtedly one of the greatest in every household. In the matter of servants the English are very luxurious and wasteful, but in Canada it does not concern most of the people, because they usually wait upon themselves. Housework hurts no woman, so dismiss your house-maid and parlor-maid, and decide to do their work yourself with the assistance of your daughter. Lay out all work in a systematic manner. Allow five to seven minutes for making up each bed, three minutes for running over the floor with a carpet-sweeper or vacuum-cleaner. In a quarter of an hour you can dust most bedrooms and leave them neat. Consider how you can save yourself. Use fewer sitting-rooms, and do the sweeping and dusting yourself. Before you do this look around and see how many of the articles which lie about can really be put away without spoiling the appearance of your rooms. Austerity has its charms, especially at the present time. Many drawing-rooms are museums of frippery, all of which require dusting. Buy fewer flowers and those of a cheaper variety. It is no hardship to wash up the breakfast dishes, nor the glass and china.

Take a pride in your work and talk "shop" to your friends. You can often get hints for saving labor from their experience. Get your whole household to co-operate. Let them understand that you are not trying to be mean, but that they are thus helping their country.

Service should be brought to the level of what is barely necessary for efficiency in a well-considered economical mode of life. Those who have to keep up fairly large establishments may well consider how best in these trying days to practise the virtue of hospitality towards those to whom hospitality will bring cheer and improved efficiency.

There has been a great increase in the prices of ordinary household supplies—in many cases an entirely unwarranted increase. But the amount of the increase is only a small element in the increased cost of living. Take any ordinary family: how much does the increase in costs mean to it? Families that spent ten dollars or twenty dollars a week for supplies in "the good old times" before prices were

increased, may now have to spend twelve dollars or twenty-two dollars, if the same quality and character of supplies are bought. Most of them actually do spend fifteen dollars or thirty dollars or more, because they buy more things, and costlier things. It is easy for families to keep their initial expense at the same figure if they are inclined to study economical buying and cooking, and live exactly as well as ever they did.

A correspondent in the Toronto Mail and Empire makes a very timely suggestion by way of promoting the war time economy that is being enjoined by everybody in a position of public responsibility. He proposes that menus be prepared under official auspices and circulated throughout the country. A bill of fare drawn for each meal of the day by persons competent to prescribe a really economic regimen for the people of this country at the present time would be of great public value. The data, as well stated by this correspondent, are cheapness and high nutritive quality for the making of muscle, nerve force and warmth in accordance with the conditions of our climate. Besides specifying what our breakfasts, dinners, and suppers should consist of, the menu cards should contain simple and full instructions for preparing and cooking the foods.

There are many ways of saving money, and at the same time having better things to eat. There is the fireless cooker. Its intelligent use may be made to balance all the raise in prices for foods, and at the same time furnish the table with more palatable and healthful food. It is not necessary to become a vegetarian crank to take advantage of the new methods of preparing the common vegetables. It is not necessary to face a stew diet in order to use the cheaper cuts of meat.

Let us get down to "brass tacks" in this matter. We may rail at the packers and the dealers all we like, but we cannot avoid responsibility for the increased cost of living. We can just as well live in a house that rents for thirty-five dollars a month, if we are making no more than twenty-five hundred dollars a year, as in a fifty-five dollar house. We may wear last year's suit another year, and so counter on the tailor who wants five dollars more this year for the same sort of suit. These things are in the nature of deprivations, but they are within our power, and if we look at the matter in the right way, they entail no hardship. When eggs are seventy-five cents a dozen for "strictly fresh," it is possible to get along with the packed article.

The cutting down of household expenses is desirable in the public interest. All that can be saved is so much added to the financial resources the nation has to draw on for increasing and continuing its efforts in the war. The preaching of economy is one thing, the practice of it quite another. Economy in foods embraces more than cheapness and the best combination of tissue-making, bone-building, brain-nourishing and life-sustaining properties generally. It takes in the great question of educating the people to make more use of their country's natural resources for food production. Canadians use far too little of their own incomparable cheese. Too few of them are acquainted with the flavor of our finest fish. Our splendid apples are seldom put before any of them in the most tempting forms in which they can be prepared for use as food. We grow many foodstuffs with whose edibility our cooks have not made us familiar. If the attention were given to cooking that its tremendous importance in the national economy and in the enjoyment of life deserves, we should be consuming scores of millions of dollars' worth of our own products more than we are consuming. That means that we should be producing scores of millions of dollars' worth more, and should be saving millions that we are now wasting. This country needs gastronomic leadership to make Canadians the healthy, wealthy and wise people they have the natural endowment to be.

Another thing that is necessary to cure this distemper of the high cost of living during war time is that the consumers learn how to buy, and have the courage to buy in the right way. If you are one of the complainers, try studying the markets, and try cooking according to the best modern methods. Buy for the day, pay cash, do your own marketing, and see that the butcher cuts the exact weight without undue fat and bone. Large joints are wasteful. Good stews with suet dumplings and vegetables are more nutritious than hash or mince. Eat less meat and more cheese. It is not necessary or, even wholesome, to eat meat three times a day. Large stores of groceries are a mistake and lead to waste. Imported products should be sparingly used, or, if possible, avoided altogether, so that the purchasing power at home may remain strong for war purchases. It is a very unwise economy to cut down expenditure on food, but a reasonable abundance of wholesome food is to be desired.

And another thing, you can be thrifty with fuel, kindling-wood and fire-lighters. Sift the ashes for cinders. In every ton of coal you get about 200 lbs. of small coal. Wet it well and bank-up the fires with it. It is not economical to burn gas-fire perpetually. Further, save light. Go to bed earlier and get up earlier.

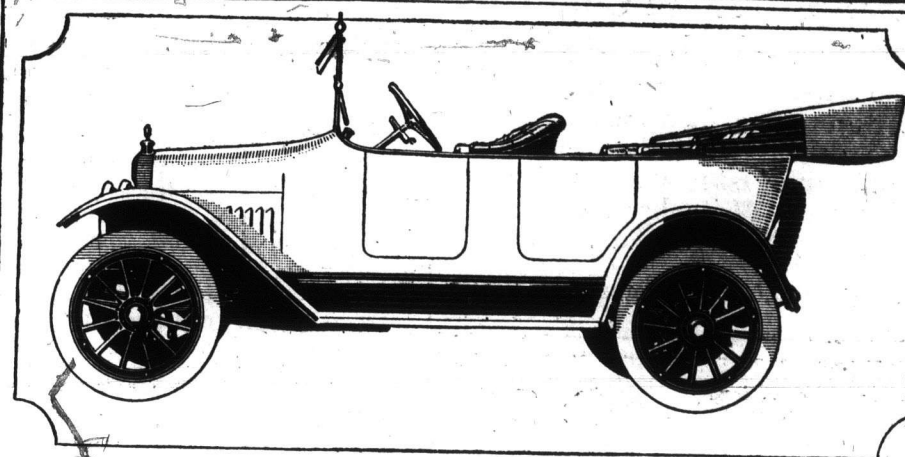
Wash small things at home, especially handkerchiefs, stockings, vests, laces, and your best muslin and lace dresses. You can learn how to get up fine linen at most any of the domestic science schools. Pay attention, take notes, and practise at home.

Reforms on clothing can be cut down to what is barely necessary. Wear out your old clothes. Buy nothing you can do without and let what you buy be of good quality and quiet in coloring. Resume the good habit of turning cloth dresses, of mending and darning underlinen and stockings, and of sending shoes that need repair early to the shoemaker. Make what you can at home, especially for the children, but avoid the "blouse or shirt-waist habit," that is, don't make half a dozen when you need one because the material costs little and the labor nothing. Dress your children very simply in wool and cambric and not in silk. Avoid "bargains," cheap lines of goods, and "ready-mades." These are usually made by sweated labor, do not wear, and are bad value for the money.

Much can be done if families will co-operate. I do not mean taking paying guests, but that two or three families (related for preference) should live together, pooling their financial, mental, and physical resources, and pulling together for their mutual advantage. This is peculiarly practicable in the country or in a large town house. Of course, tact, self-restraint, and mutual forbearance are essential to such an arrangement, and the habit of family criticism must be entirely abandoned.

In conclusion I would add that you must do your own thinking and make your own character be your aid and stand-by in carrying out the reforms you think necessary. Everyone spends their money in their own way, and have their own notions of retrenchment. Paying cash, filing receipts, keeping accounts are all necessary, but will not produce thrift of themselves. Hints can only help you so far as you take advantage of them and this means putting them into practice, watching the results, and rectifying your mistakes.

The two great reasons for our amazing extravagance in national, as well as in domestic economy, are lack of clear thinking and lack of self-discipline. We do not see our needs, as opposed to our luxuries, clearly enough, and we are not sufficiently strict with ourselves in the way of self-indulgence and laziness. To reform habits of this kind means hard work and self-sacrifices, but it is precisely the form of sacrifice which is the foundation of victory and what the country is asking for now. So let us economise efficiently and cheerfully, and let us not forget that every cent we waste is more than a cent given to the enemy, while every cent saved is a cartridge for our men at the front.



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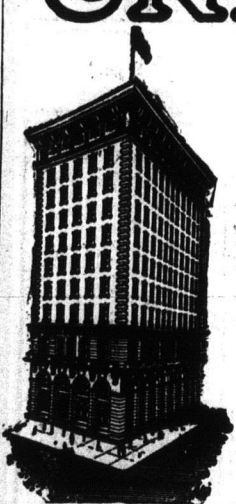


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The Tallest Vegetable in Canada

By Bonnycastle Dale

WE were far back in Vancouver Island—just a mile from the sea—and yet, for all the sky or scenery or sign of man's handiwork we could see we might as well have been in a cave—truly we were in a cave, but one built of gigantic trees that covered us in on all sides. "Look where the deer slept last night," called Fritz, pointing to a comfy looking depression beneath a hemlock tree—just then a rare call, between a screech and a whistle reached our ears, we looked above in vain for the Baldhead that uttered it, the canopy of boughs far above us formed a perfect green tent over the entire scene so that if that huge bird of prey slept in the top of that mighty Douglass fir last night it could not, even with its powerful powers of vision, have

towards the doomed forest. First to arrive was a small auto with a fat man in it. He looked quite hard at the imposing native growth, trotted up and down the deer paths, almost dislocated his neck trying to see how long and how clear a stick of our old favorites would make—but he left without breaking off even a branch, but he was more dangerous than many donkey engines—he was, as Fritz said, "The Whole Push."

The next day jolly surveyors with immature barber poles and glittering steel tapes and shining instruments were plunging into bog holes and falling over logs and climbing precipices, but all the time the blaze and the peg showed just where the axe would fall—right at the



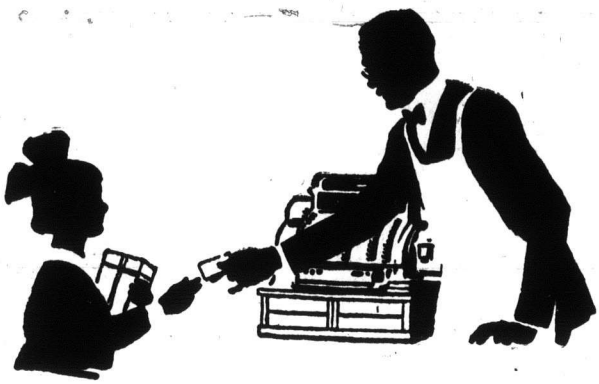
A New Road Through the Douglass Firs, B.C.

seen the timid deer that dozed beneath. As far as the eye could reach along the valley, and for a hundred miles beyond, this magnificent forest, stretched—from the backbone of Vancouver Island right down to the highest tide line of the sea, on all the continent I knew of none that excelled it, and rarely one that equalled it. Imagine the monarch that surrounded the lad and I—trees a thousand years old and often over 250 feet high, with enough board measure in one of them to build a ten room house, barns, fences and outbuildings. Now compare these forest giants with us puny mortals and tell me, if they had been able to read the telegram in my hand would they have believed it?—"A road 200 feet wide for power wire, 50 miles long will be cut at once."

"Goodbye to our deer stalking, our panther chases, our wolf hunts, no more creeping along with our brighteyed cameras. Mr. Trees you are going to be cut up over this," half laughed, half sighed the lad. I was dumfounded, here was a run of logging operations on an immense scale changing the forest primeval into a tangle of fallen trees and charred stumps and climbing berry plants.

As Fritz is always athirst after knowledge we daily watched the movements

edge of a clattering mountain stream it fell, of all trees the first one we had lunched under daily for years was the victim. We watched the two men advance with axe and saw and oil bottle, I took out my watch as the "knotch" was chopped on either side for the standing boards—for remember these B.C. trees are so huge near the roots, so gnarled, so filled with rich fats of their centuries of absorption that first cut is made from 6 to 10 feet from the ground, this leaves the country full of great unsightly stumps—it is a sight for the gods when this land is finally sold off into building lots of 25 x 100—it only takes about four six foot stumps to cover up and shut off the entire front of a man's lot, and when you blast these huge rooted things out you are apt to take a good part of the next man's lot with you. Well! we were watching the two brawny axemen, the boards were placed in the footholes, the axes cut out the felling notch, the saw was oiled and started and in 45 minutes hard work—from the time the first axe blade cut into the wood the mighty fire, it was standing when Columbus discovered America—before Cook, or Vancouver sailed the Pacific, long before our present English language was spoken before Elizabeth of high ruffles sat on the throne, its evergreen spire



TEACH CHILDREN TO GET A RECEIPT

It is often necessary to send children to the store. It is irritating when they bring back the wrong change. Usually it means a trip to the store for father or mother to straighten it out.

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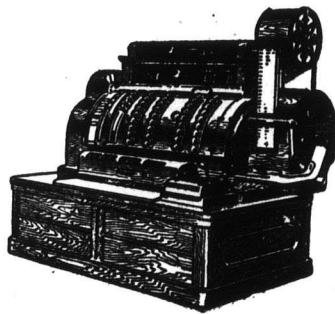
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pointed at the now called Halley's Comet hundreds of years before it was first noted in 1456—think what a stretch of time? the Great Auk was not extinct. Audubon, Napoleon, Washington, Titian, Mary Stuart, Luther, all were yet unborn, the steam engine, the printing press, aye even letters of wood were unknown, undeveloped mysteries in the womb of time—and yet two commonplace mortals slouch along and destroy? in a few minutes time a life that had extended over such immense periods. "Crash" falls the mighty fir and all the earth around trembles and shakes. We pictured the Giant as it swept earthwards and then walked over and seated ourselves on the mighty bole marvelling at its girth—8 feet through, 24 in diameter, with a clean log fully a hundred and fifty feet long—all destroyed in 45 minutes.

Could we but see the first tiny swelling within the seed that gave birth to this great fir—which came first, the plant or the animal? As plants are the only living things that know how to manufacture living material they must have arrived first, as they produce and we consume. First a tiny spore on the mud; then leaved plants, then upright plants, all built by cell growing upon cell, writers believe that life first began in the sea—all subject to the Tale of Creation in

rumbling of heavy trains, tumbling of trees made the day pulsate and the night hideous, over a thousand men backed and hewed, blasted and mined, and I saw the books at the end of the game—every one connected with it drew down a wage or salary, but the entire operation was conducted so that it might pay a dividend to a group of people in "Good old Lunnon" that had put up the funds to buy the tools and pay the men, etc., and it was very interesting to figure out how much profit each individual tree returned to the little black mites that encompassed its destruction.

Now came days and weeks of wild alarms and much loss and destruction. The timber had to be taken down to the sea, the logs also and any lumber cut had to be shipped to foreign lands. Huge booms were built and anchored out in the sea and the immense logs came bounding down the shoots from off the cars like acrobats, entering the sea with a mighty splash, some of them were over 12 feet through, see the lad standing beside the mighty raft, with the sun shining and the sea smooth this sight was very interesting, but after nightfall with a tide and wind the risk was awful, the entire "cut" might go to sea and never be heard of again, as soon as possible the logs are made up into small rafts and towed behind tugs to sheltered



A B.C. Logging Scene

the Good Book, as science only corroborates Scripture. Plants are living things, they eat with their leaves, they drink with their roots—carbon from the air, water from the soil, they marry and are given in marriage, have two sexes, male and female.

"Is the lecture over?" meekly asked Fritz, "as I am very narrow across the wide places now," his usual hint for lunch, so off we went, with grief in our heart at the death of our noble old comrade the Fir Tree.

A year later a public road ran through this great forest, sawmills had sprung up like mushrooms in a night \$2,000,000 worth of timber and lumber had already been sold off the clearing, Hindoos, Sikhs, Chinese, Japanese, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Icelanders, Poles, Russians all were cutting down these giant vegetables, Canadians there were none in the field force, the office was filled with Canadians, nearly all the chief officers were of our race, but the top notch sawyer "The Whole Push" as the lad described him, was an American. Jealousy should give place to admiration, for we as a race always get on top of the heap and if they (the Americans) are clever enough to get on top of us why they deserve all they get. Puffy donkey engines and yard engines did screech and "Whuff, whuffed," Did you ever hear a lion call? his "whuff, whuff" is exactly like that of a steam-engine—for mile after mile great blasts, horrid screeches, loud whistles, steady axe and saw noises, hoarse commands,

waters where the home mills can cut them up, then comes another danger. Man this time, these shores are infested by "Beachcombers" that live in rude huts or along the shore on their gasoline schooners, all logs "look alike to them" a neat little raft of a hundred logs are worth a large price to sell or a fair one for salvage, so these gentry used to help the tide and the current and the wind a little bit by cutting the chains of the last "swifter" and letting the logs drift out, it was an easy matter to gather them in some tidal cove and saw off the ends and make a few hundred dollars by a night's work, our captain told me of one chap that cut out two "swifters" on him some years ago, in those days he was running a small saw mill, the log thief had the nerve some months after to try and sell back to the victim his own logs, after careful examination and one visit to the authorities he accepted the offer and steamed off and collected his derelict raft, towed it up to his mill, counted them, measured them, gave the thief the cheque and took his receipt, when the beachcomber presented the paper to the bank the teller told him he was not sure he could give it to him, "have you read it he asked?" "I can't read," said the log pirate. "Pay the bearer as many swift kicks as you can get in to pay for my stolen logs." He left with murder in his eye, but homeward bound he tried to cut out his last log raft, for a searchlight picked him out and a bullet dropped him where fir logs are unknown.

"Seven Oaks"

The tragic turning point of Northwestern history one hundred years ago

By Isaac Cowie



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A simple monument marks the site of the shambles into which the Governor of Rupert's Land led the Hudson's Bay Company's officers and men, who followed him to death and butchery with courage and fidelity." Small as they were in numbers and so lowly in rank that their names have not even found a place on the inscription, their blood was not shed in vain. For their slaughter aroused the British and Canadian Governments to intervene and enforce the policy which caused the union of the rival companies, and thereby made possible the permanent and peaceful establishment of the Red River Settlement. (Company of Adventurers.)

While, "with loyal heart and true," the veterans of Winnipeg annually parade and decorate the monument and graves of their comrades who fell in the Saskatchewan Rebellion, no such regard has been ever paid to the memory of the forgotten Pioneers of Rupert's Land, who followed Governor Semple and fell with him on the field of Seven Oaks. And yet about the same number of men were slain in the one action at Seven Oaks as of Canadian troops in the whole campaign of 1885; while as marking a turning point in the direction of the future history of the North West the action at Seven Oaks was certainly not of secondary importance.

Those familiar with the published histories of the North West may have their recollections revived, and others who as newer comers may not be much acquainted with the ancient history of the country will be interested in the two versions of the "Battle" of Seven Oaks which are given hereunder.

The Ballad of the Metis Minstrel, Pierre Falcon

Falcon sang to his own glory and that of his fellow Burnt woodsmen who participated in the fight as partizans of the North West Company; in the language of an illiterate French halfbreed. His testimony as a participant in the affair, given in the ballad he composed immediately after it took place, may be turned into the form of English narrative as follows:

On 19th June (1816) we, Bois Brules like brave warriors, arrived at Frog Plain where we took prisoner three Orkney men, who had come to pillage our country. Just as we were about to dismount (to encamp) two of our men shouted, "Look. The English come to attack us." We promptly turned about to encounter them. We enveloped them. They halted, dispirited. Like men of honour we sent a messenger to parley with them, saying "Governor, will you stop a little moment, we wish to speak to you?" But he was enraged and commanded his soldiers to fire. They fired the first shot. Our messenger sent to parley barely missed being killed. The governor, thinking himself Napoleon (L'Empereur), behaved much too rigorously for his own good. Having seen us passing, from the fort, he came out mistakenly thinking to intimidate us, with the result that his whole party, except four or five who saved themselves by flight, were slaughtered. As the Bois Brules with exultant shouts pursued the English they tumbled heels over head from side to side. This chanson was composed by Pierre Falcon, "Le ban-garcon" in celebration of the Victory and glory gained by these Bois Brules.

The Fur-Traders' Version

The point of view of these authorities is given in Cowie's book, "The Company

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of Adventurers," from which the quotations hereunder are made:

The Tragedy of Seven Oaks

"On June 19th, 1816, a party of North-West Company's men, numbering sixty-five, and composed of French Canadian English, Scotch and Metis engaged servants, besides a large number of Metis and Indians hired for the occasion, while conveying provisions from a point above the fort to one below it on the river, in making this portage, out on the prairie to avoid the cannon of Fort Douglas, were pursued by Governor Semple, with a following of twenty men. The historian of Red River, Hargrave, says, The party under Governor Semple were provided with guns, but they were in an unserviceable state, some being destitute of locks and all more or less useless. (It is also said by another authority that they went without ammunition to recharge their guns.) 'This fact,' continues Hargrave, was, of course, unknown to their opponents, who were apparently sincere in the belief that the governor was prepared to offer serious resistance to them before the carnage commenced, after which their entire want of order and discipline rendered them incapable of reason or consideration. The infatuation which led the governor's party to attempt, by a vain exhibition of useless weapons, to intimidate nearly three times their number of men, to whom the saddle and the gun were instruments of their daily occupation, is almost incomprehensible.

"The native levies of the Nor'-Westers had a superstitious horror of cannon. But as soon as they had drawn their pursuers out of range of the fort, choosing their own time and ground, they faced about. Opening out into skirmishing order, at which they were experts, they then confronted the compact body under Semple with an equally strong opposing force, and threatened his flanks simultaneously with treble his numbers.

"While thus outnumbered and unsupported and nearly surrounded by his already incensed adversaries, the unfortunate governor lost his temper with the North-West clerk, Mr. Boucher, who had advanced to parley, and seized the bridle of the latter's horse. On this the first shot was fired on the governor's side, by a woeful accident it is said, and was followed by an exchange of volleys. One account says that on delivering their fire the natives threw themselves backwards on the ground to reload, which was mistaken by the governor's men as the deadly result of their fire, and they raised a cheer of triumph, bringing their opponents quickly to their feet with recharged weapons, which poured in a volley and converted the cheer into the shrieks of the dying and the groans of the wounded.

"Up to this point the affair had been a fight, forced upon a well-armed, skilful and superior body by a very inferior force, which can scarcely be said to have been armed, blindly led into the jaws of death by their incompetent governor. But from this point on it became a brutal butchery of the wounded and the fiendish mutilation of the dead also, which revealed in all its horrors the danger of employing savages in disputes between the whites.

"The lives thus uselessly sacrificed by Semple's unmitigated mismanagement were his own, those of his officers, Dr. White, Secretary Wilkinson, Captain Rodgers and Lieutenant Holte, and the only comparatively wealthy colonist, Mr. Alexander McLean, besides those of three other colonists and fifteen Hudson's Bay servants, whose names are not to be found in any of the histories mentioning the massacre. Only one of the North-West levies, Batoche, was killed, and one, Trotter, was wounded. Could not the names of those who perished with him be discovered and graven with that of Governor Semple on the monument which has been erected at Seven Oaks?"

(Editorial note—Professor Martin of Manitoba University has discovered an official list of all these names.)

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Plans of Colonial Design Farm Home

By Victor W. Horwood, Architect

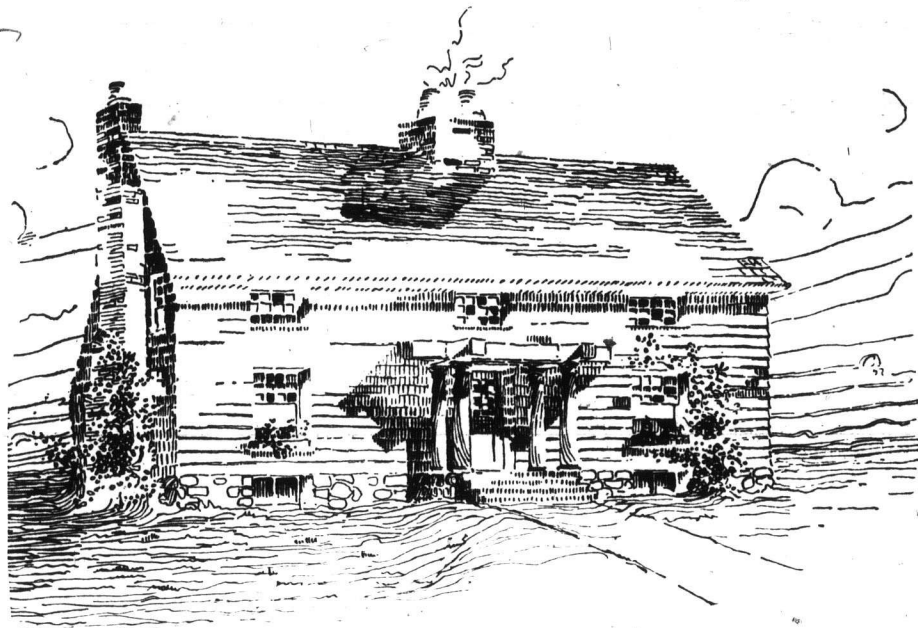
The house shown this month is one that has been built several times, and should please those who have been asking for a Colonial design.

Every house should have a front porch. It will be a protection to the front part of the house from the sun, wind, and partially from the cold. It is an auxiliary to the vestibule.

The kitchen is most conveniently arranged and contains a back stair and a basement stair. Beyond the back entry is a 6 ft. by 8 ft. baking room or pantry.

The house includes a cellar, and a heating plant. Quite a compact home, is it not?

Upstairs are four good bright, airy bedrooms, each having a clothes closet.



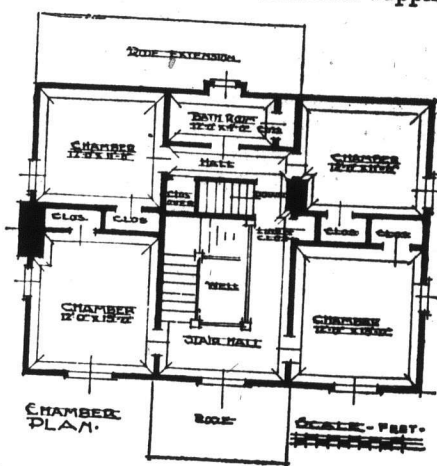
Clapboards stained a dark brown which in weathering assume a most pleasing color, were used for the walls, while shingles stained the same shade for the roof, and ivory white paint for the exterior trim and verandah, complete a quaint home.

Virginia creeper or some other hardy climber will express comfort and beauty, and tone down any stiff angles on house or chimney.

The plan meets the individual requirements of home builders who want the required number of rooms with proper conveniences.

There is a generous living room 12 ft. by 26 ft. with a fireplace; also a cozy sitting room for the women of the house, which could be used as a music room if so desired. Beyond this room is a good sized dining-room, with an open fireplace. The hall opens from a vestibule, which is such a comfort in our northern climate. There is a cloak closet on each side of the vestibule.

There is a linen cupboard off the hall, and a small closet over the back stairs for storing furs or extra bedding. The bathroom opens from the back hall, which ensures privacy. It has a towel closet which might also contain shelves for medicine or other bathroom supplies.



Poultry Chat

By H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek

IN most farms in the West a small flock of ducks can be easily reared at small expense. However, do not try to keep ducks if the farm home is located upon the banks of a good sized river, as after the flock of ducks have become large and fat, and visions of roast duck, served with green peas come into your mind, the water fowl will most surely float off, down stream when you are not looking and then good-bye to them! They usually fall a prey to somebody's shot gun. I tried for several years to keep the fine white Pekin, the best breed for the west and lost them time after time. They would swim off down the Assiniboine over the rapids and away toward the Red River. Northern Manitoba is quite ideal for duck raising, as there are so many nice little sloughs and ponds. Nearly every farm can boast a couple at any rate, and the flocks of ducks out there make a pretty picture, of course, water to swim in is not essential to the Pekin duck, except at breeding time. Then until the ducks have access to ponds or sloughs. The eggs are very infertile. At least that has been my experience. Duck eggs are often more infertile than the eggs of other fowl. Care should be taken to prevent the breeding ducks from getting too fat. Five females can be mated up with one drake.

Ducks are better away from other fowl for at best, they are dirty in their habits and make a hen house damp under foot. A small pen or out-house covered with roofing or tar paper will

make a comfortable duck house, as these birds do not need much warmth. Their quarters should be kept decently clean, however, and the straw litter renewed whenever wet and dirty.

In the spring the laying birds do not make much of an attempt at a nest, but will drop their eggs in the litter anywhere. Therefore, it is wise to keep the ducks indoors until 10 o'clock or thereabouts to secure their eggs, as they invariably lay early in the morning.

The fine flock of ducks and geese in the picture are disporting themselves in the duck pond at the rear of the poultry buildings at the Agricultural College, St. Vital.

Ducks can be hatched out profitably later than chicks, as ducklings are in their prime when 12 weeks old.

Hens hatch out duck eggs very well, taking 28 days for incubation and moisture is needed after the first week to soften the tough membrane formed in duck eggs. Sprinkling with warm water two or three times during incubation is sufficient. Where "mother duck" decides to set, which she will do after laying a dozen eggs or so. She will usually manage to waddle into water at feeding time and thus moisture is applied to her eggs from her feathers. An incubator is useful in hatching duck eggs and as the ducklings are easily brooded, a home-made brooder will cover them nicely.

Ducklings have a tremendous appetite and always seem ravenous from the first day, in fact their digestion equals that of the ostrich. They must

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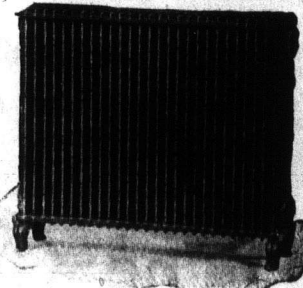
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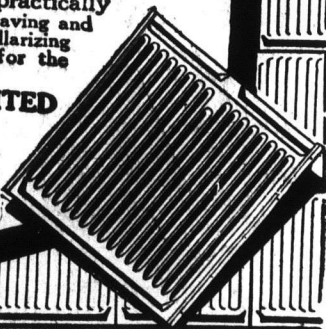
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181 Market St.

WINNIPEG

have damp food, adding grit or sand to a mash made of shorts and corn meal, and low grade flour. They must swallow their teeth. Lettuce or other green food, chopped up fine should be given in the crumbly food often. Moist mash with butter milk or curds of milk. If beef scrap is not to be had as ducklings require some animal food. Rolled oats is good to start them on, damped with milk and adding grit and charcoal. They need feeding five a day at first and afterwards when three or four weeks old, three daily meals is enough. Finely ground grains can be added to their mash with heaps of green stuff, of all sorts, found on the farm, oats, clover, alfalfa, vetches and rape, but this bulky green food must be cut up, for the growing birds. I have found that either wheat or barley, thrown into a duck pond over night, made a good feed for old ducks and half grown young stock.

A patch of rape or alfalfa is splendid for ducklings, but they require shade of some kind during the hottest weather. The hot sun will kill them some times, if shade is not near at hand. Another trouble I have seen, is a fat little duck getting turned on his back when waddling over broken ground. If not rescued or "put right side up," he will die in a short time, as he cannot roll over himself.

June is the month that broody hens need to be broken up and given a chance to lay more eggs. Take them from their nests and pen them in airy coops, with a floor of slats and after four or five days, they will usually recover from the clucking mood. Feed them whole grain and water, starving the poor things, and ducking them in water is quite useless and unnecessary. If a broody hen is taken in hand right away before she is "too sot" in her ways, the breaking up is a simple matter apropos of setting hens. Wee Bessie, aged four years, has hankered for a pussy cat for many moons she watched the budding of the pussy willows with much interest and when mother showed her a hen hatching out a fluffy family of chicks, her joy knew no bounds, "Oh Munnie," she cried, "let me get my pussy willows," and away she sped to a thicket and filled her tiny hands with willow buds. "Now I will put them under the hen and I'll soon get cats!" Now, is the time that all the spare milk, sour of butter milk should be given the laying hens to drink, if the egg yield is to be kept up to the mark. One experimental station in the States reports that laying hens given plenty of sour milk laid over 700 more eggs in a given time than those given water only to drink.



Russian troops marching to their camp in Mirabeau, where they will stay until sent to the front. These troops are every one of them picked men; some of the soldiers were decorated with the St. George cross before they left Russia.

When ducks are to be finished for market at 10 to 12 weeks they will fill out more quickly without water to swim just give them water enough to drink. If the ducks are not fattened and marketed at 12 weeks they will not be very profitable as they soon moult after that, and it takes some time for them to grow new feathers and get into condition for market and all the time the duck is tucking in all the food in sight.

Already I am hearing the usual complaints of bowel trouble in flocks of young chicks. What a stumbling block this disease is to successful rearing of incubator chicks in particular. I have great hopes that as the years go on some of the experimental stations in poultry work will find the real cause of this serious trouble and then "a remedy." Keeping the farm flock under the most natural conditions and hen hatching all the breeders, has proved the best remedy in my poultry yard. All sick chicks should be kept by themselves, the dead ones burned at once and the brooder disinfected. Boiled rice and powdered charcoal will help the sick birds. Sometimes Venetian red, a pinch in the drinking water or mixed in the food is an old remedy. Whole wheat well boiled and mixed with powdered charcoal has proved very helpful, and lime water added to the drinking water, a teaspoonful to a quart of water is good.

His Rivals

In Turkey it often happens that marriages are arranged affairs—arranged by the parents of the man and woman. Such was the case says "Demetra Vaka" in "Haremlik," with Halil Bey and his bride. They had never seen each other, and at first it did not look as if the match would be a good one, since the lady was buried deep in German philosophies in which the gentleman had little interest.

By the time I parted from Halil Bey's fiancée I was so filled up with high ideals that I kept thinking, "Poor Halil Bey!"

The next morning I found Halil Bey in the garden, very impatient to hear all about his fiancée.

"Tell me," he cried out, as soon as we had shaken hands, "is she beautiful?"

"Very," I answered; "but, my poor boy, she is crazy over Kant and Schopenhauer."

"Who are they?" he bellowed, thunder in his voice and fire in his eyes. "Tell me quick, and I will draw every drop of blood from their veins."

"I have no doubt," I said, "that in a fist-to-fist encounter you would leave the best of them, but they are both dead and gone, and only their miserable books are left to fight against."

"Oh," he laughed, "is that all? I think I can take care of that." As events turned out, he did.

What the World is Saying

He Will Never Get It Now.

The Crown Prince evidently intends to get a military reputation if it costs the last drop of German blood other than his own.—Birmingham Gazette.

The Enormous Preponderance of British Ocean Tonnage.

Britain has lost more ocean tonnage than all the other nations, but she still has more than all the other nations.—Capetown (South African) Cape Argus.

An Ottawa Banker's Loss.

Local domestic stole a banker's nightshirt. This is getting as close to the heart of a banker as anyone can reasonably expect to get these days.—Ottawa Free Press.

The Exposure of Kultur.

Now that German Kultur has been found out everyone is surprised that it dominated thought on matters educational so long.—Inverness (Scotland) Highland Leader.

The Food Shortage in Germany.

But only recently Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Chancellor, was loudly proclaiming that Germany has all the food she needed. He and Dr. von Jagow do not appear to agree.—New York Herald.

A Piece of German Self-revelation.

Berlin sheds a great light on the mysterious obliquity of the German mind when it treats willingness to keep Germany's pledged word as a "concession."—Halifax Herald.

Hardly a Cause for Turkish Rejoicing.

Considering what the Crown Prince has done to the Germans at Verdun the Turks should receive with apprehension the news that one of the Kaiser's sons will join their forces shortly.—Victoria Colonist.

German Finance.

An advertisement issued by the German Government with reference to the fourth war loan is headed: "Everybody Can and All Should and Must Pay." This doesn't leave a very fat exempt list, as far as a mere outsider may judge.—London Truth.

As the Prussian Mind Sees It.

A German editor refers to President Wilson's "fiery temperament." It sounds funny to us. But to the Prussian mind, we suppose, anything short of abject surrender to the Kaiser seems fiery and dangerous.—Dundee Courier.

The German Idea.

"Our training in Germany," said a witness in a New York court, "is such that if I asked a superior officer what he was doing I'd expect his fist in my face." That seems to be what happens diplomatically when another nation makes bold in the same manner.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Rather Important Distinction.

It is possible that Mr. Wilson, like a few millions of his countrymen, perceives this distinction between the British blockade and the German submarine warfare: The blockade has not caused the death of any citizen of any neutral nation.—Chicago Tribune.

The Dominating Factor in the War.

With Australians and New Zealanders and Russians helping to hold the lines on the western front, the Germans have cause to realize what the command of the sea means.—Manchester Guardian.

Imitating Napoleon.

The Kaiser has proclaimed his son Oscar as king of Lithuania. Napoleon also made his relatives kings of various countries, but they didn't stay long on their thrones.—New York Sun.

Something That British Sea Power Makes Impossible.

The downtown section of New York was nearly panic-stricken by the discharge of two three-inch guns. Where would Gotham's people be if the shell from a fifteen-inch German siege howitzer exploded on Manhattan?—Minneapolis Journal.

A Chicago Judge on Shakespeare.

That Chicago judge who gave it as a judicial decision that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays might now come nearer home and tell an equally anxious world whether Mrs. O'Leary's cow really kicked over that historic lamp that started the great Chicago fire. Chicago must think that Shakespeare's plays are interlarded with the ideas of Bacon—that they fairly bristle with them, in fact.—Toronto Evening Telegram.

Roosevelt and Woman Citizenship.

Theodore Roosevelt has declared in favor of women citizenship. It is a characteristic of the ex-President that he will not hold an opinion on a public question for which he is unable to give a reason.—Toronto Globe.

Revenue from the British Income Tax.

Government receipts from the British income tax this year are estimated to be over \$600,000,000. Small incomes are exempt. There is no grumbling about "Pay, pay, pay," with the well-to-do British citizen.—Duluth Herald.

The Pathos of von Bethmann-Hollweg.

The German Chancellor begins to grow plaintive as he tells how the wicked, wicked other nations loved war rather than peace and made it impossible for the peace-loving Prussians to spend their days in honest and homely labors.—Paris Matin.

Women for Norway's Council of State.

The Norwegian parliament has agreed by 91 votes to 14 to amend paragraph 1250 of the fundamental laws, thereby enabling women to be appointed members of the council of state. The land of the midnight sun is also a land of enlightened women.—Ottawa Citizen.

Ships Command High Prices Nowadays.

A schooner which was offered for sale a year ago for \$4,000 was sold the other day for \$50,000 at Mobile, Ala. Another, bought for \$125,000 in 1914, went for \$475,000 some weeks ago. A steel vessel of 3600 tons, built in 1888, was bought for \$41,450 in August, 1914; it was lately sold to Norwegian interests for \$195,000. Any vessel which can carry a cargo to sea is surely worth money in these war times.—Monetary Times.

John Bull's Staunchness.

John Bull has a long purse and endless pluck. When Mr. Lloyd George spoke of the importance of "silver bullets" in this war—silver bullets and sea power—he knew what he was talking about. There is many a lesson we in this country can learn from John Bull. His readiness to "pay, pay, pay," is quite as remarkable as his ability to do so.—Melbourne (Australia) Argus.

British Sea Power and the United States.

It may safely be said that only the dominant power of the great battle fleet of England has kept the war thus far from our very doors. Canada would have been a rich prize, and it is not at all certain that the neutrality of the United States would have counted more than that of Belgium—in fact, there are evidences that it has been as lightly regarded.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Blockade of Germany.

England's blockade has not involved the destruction of a single non-combatant. No Lusitania or Arabic "mistakes" have been committed under her flag. If she neglected to exercise her maritime dominion as she is exercising it, she would immeasurably prolong the war and present to Germany the freedom of the seas for which the great German fleet, hiding behind fine fields and shore batteries is unwilling to risk a fight in the open.—New York Times.

Only a Small Percentage of British Shipping Destroyed.

Four per cent of the total tonnage of the British merchant marine has been sunk by the German navy including submarines since the beginning of the war nearly two years ago. At this rate it will require something like half a century to starve out Britain, provided she builds no more ships in the meantime.—New York Tribune.

As to Neutrality.

Neutrality is in essence a failure of duty towards humanity. Either a war is a struggle between right and wrong, between progress and reaction, liberty and tyranny, in which case neutrality is, in Mazzini's phrase, the word of Cain. Or it is a quarrel in which no great principle is at stake, in which case all nations ought to combine to insist on its being settled by judicial means. In principle, there ought either to be no neutrals or no war.—Sydney (New South Wales) Daily Telegraph.

Crocodile Concern for Sweden.

Berlin is showing great concern, professedly, on Sweden's behalf, over the Russian fortification of the Finnish group of Aland Islands. Probably the Swedish people will accept the protestations for what they are worth, realizing that if Germany is worrying at all in the matter it is solely on her own account.—Glasgow Herald.

German Logic.

Professor Oncken, a Teutonic savant, reasons in this fashion: "German people are naturally peaceful, the German army is composed of the German people; therefore the German army is peaceful in nature." It will not be denied that a million or more of the army with which Germany began the war are now peaceful, and very quiet underground.—Allahabad (India) Pioneer.

Nelson's Long Wait.

Sea power is not a stage prosperity to be squandered to provide exciting stories for daily newspapers. When Nelson was awaiting the final triumphant meeting with the Napoleonic fleets he knew better than to fritter away his force in a series of futile attacks upon their bases, even though in his day the mine and the submarine were non-existent. He kept his battle fleets in their proper place—on the high seas—and the war was nearly two and a half years old before he met his enemy.—Wellington (New Zealand) Times.

That Planning for the Invasion of Canada.

If it is true that the hyphens in the United States subscribed millions of dollars for an invasion of Canada from the American side the great regret will be that somebody did not get at them first with the time honored gold brick. In case of such an attempt the first clash would be with the United States, not with the Canadian militia. The German element do not yet seem to appreciate the fact that they are American citizens, nominally at least, and amenable to the laws of their adopted country.—Brantford Expositor.

The Annual Fire Loss.

The annual average fire loss in Canada for the past three years has been \$35,000,000. Add the cost of insurance protection in excess of the losses paid, and the cost of maintaining waterworks and private fire protection, aggregating a total annual cost of over \$61,000,000. Those are colossal figures, and when you add to them the cost of fire waste in the United States, it makes a grand aggregate of \$230,000,000 a year in the United States and Canada.—Montreal Gazette.

The Kaiser's Character.

Essentially shallow-minded, judging every question from its surface aspects, picking for his counsellors men of like temperament and with the same lack of depth, William has deliberately produced the conditions leading up to a struggle in which the real question is whether the spirit evinced by the allies shall continue to have its place among men, or whether the world shall be dragged into accepting the standard of meretricious material values which the Kaiser has imposed upon the German people.—Contemporary Review.

Characteristic of the German Mind.

The chancellor can always blame the allies for continuing the war as he does for beginning it. If they would only sue for peace now, while Germany still has the profits of her superpreparedness in her grasp, all would be well. It is their wicked obstinacy in refusing to consent to be beaten, their perversity in developing their resources just as Germany's are beginning to fall, that is going to spoil the whole war. Endless is their guilt! Blind is their folly in refusing to Germany the reward of her years of patient waiting. How characteristic it is! The German mind.—Boston Transcript.

A "Passport to the Heavenly Gates."

"I helped boys and girls" is believed by Dr. James W. Robertson to be the wording of the passport to the pearly gates. At least that was the purport of an address delivered before the Ontario Educational Association. If an epigram is a familiar truth in unfamiliar or surprising dress, than Dr. Robertson has made one. Christianity is the Philosophy of Helping the Weak, and who are weaker than the children? One can see instantly the height of the pedestal to which all teachers are raised by this judgment. Indeed there is practical evidence to support the theory that teachers are the most important men and women in the community.—Toronto News.

A Counsel for Preparedness.

Optimism is our shibboleth, our religion, and our vice; not the optimism of courage and determination, but the optimism which resents discomfort and pain, the optimism of the fool's paradise. The European war, though it shakes the world, has hardly shaken this American optimism. We think we are immune to the misfortunes and perils which every other tribe and people have suffered since the world began. It is unpleasant to think of war. Let us not think of it. Many of us even cling to the belief that, if we do not think of misfortune it will not come, as a superstitious man refuses to make a will for fear it will bring his death.—Louisville (Kentucky) Courier Journal.

A Real Concert of Europe.

Speaking of the meeting of representatives of the allies in Paris, the Manchester Guardian says that the future historian will trace the germ of an international council of Europe to the deliberations forced on the statesmen of Europe by the immediate necessities of war. Having learned to act together in war, the allies may continue to act together in peace, and to establish and maintain a real Concert of Europe.—Kilmarnock Herald.

Classified Page for the People's Wants

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified advertisement columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

POULTRY AND EGGS FOR SALE

S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS of the heavy winter layers, eggs for hatching. Any quantity. All unfertile eggs replaced. Write for prices, stating quantity. Albert Middleton, Keystown, Sask. 7-16

"THEY LAY BECAUSE THEY ARE BRED THAT WAY"—Our Barred Plymouth Rocks are bred from America's leading strains. Eggs \$2.00 for 15. Arthur Ray, Creelman, Sask. 6-16

BABY CHICKS AND HATCHING EGGS; strawberries 100, 70 cents; currants, 10 cents; gooseberries, 15 cents. Carriage paid. Catalogue free. Charles Provan, Langley Fort, B.C. 7-16

WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCK EGGS from selected farm-raised prize winning hens mated to new imported cocks from the celebrated Blown strain; \$1.50 for 15, or \$8.00 per 100. Mrs. C. L. Tutt, Rouleau, Sask. 6-16

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCK EGGS—High class utility matings, \$2.50 for 15; \$4.00 for 30; exhibition matings, \$5.00 for 15. R. A. Alexander, Haultain, Sask. 6-16

SICILIAN BUTTERCUPS, prize-winning strain. Beautiful birds; grand layers. Eggs \$2.25 per 15 postpaid. Wm. Hodgson, Box 601, Yorkton, Sask. 7-16

BRED TO LAY—Barred Rocks, baby chicks 25c. each. Eggs \$1.50 per 15. Circular free. A. M. Tamblin, Corretta Dell Farm, Dellisle, Sask. 6-16

HIGH CLASS ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND REDS. Eggs from beauties, \$2.00 per 15. John Duff, Mekiwin, Man. 6-16

PURE-BRED BARRED ROCK EGGS bred-to-lay strain, \$2.00; prize-winning strain, \$3.00. Mrs. Isaac Lewis, Killam, Alta. 8-16

EGGS for hatching, pure-bred Barred Rocks, fertility guaranteed, \$2.00 for 15, \$3.00 for 30. Mrs. M. Vialoux, Littlecote, Sturgeon Creek P.O., Man. 6-16

BUSINESS CHANCES

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—My Special Offer to introduce my magazine "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the real earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. "Investing for Profit" is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 550-20 Jackson Blvd., Chicago. 12-1-17

WANTED—Enterprising salesman for every good district in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, where not represented, to sell our hardy tested varieties of Nursery Stock recommended by Western Experimental Stations. Liberal commissions, exclusive territory, free outfit. Stone & Wellington, "Canada's Greatest Nurseries," Toronto, Ont. 6-16

GET CANADIAN GOVERNMENT JOBS—\$50 to \$150 month. Examinations soon throughout Canada. Sample questions and list of positions obtainable free. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 177, Rochester, N.Y. 6-16

BE INDEPENDENT—Operate Candy Kitchen or Mail Order Business; spare time; home. We'll show you how! Circulars FREE! Henry, Box 579, DeLoraine, Man. 6-16

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE TO SUIT ALL NEEDS in one of the best wheat-growing districts in Saskatchewan. Enquire H. J. Reid, Perdue, Sask. 11-16

WANTED TO HEAR FROM OWNER of good farm for sale. Send description and cash price. R. G. List, Minneapolis, Minn. 6-16

CALIFORNIA—Little suburban farms near Los Angeles for sale on easy payments. Write E. R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma. 6-16

BRITISH COLUMBIA—FRUIT LAND—In tracts five acres and up; good soil, good location, plenty good water; easy terms. Apply Belle Vue Farm, Belford, B.C. 6-16

FOR SALE

HARNESS—The "Square Deal" Brand. Sold direct to users. No agents. Send for my Catalogue B, showing 30 styles. Thos. McKnight, Winnipeg, Canada. T.F.

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

RELIABLE INCUBATORS AT \$9.00 EACH. Write at once. The Raymond Mfg. Co., Ltd., Winnipeg. Agents wanted. 6-16

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100 CONSOL BOND ENVELOPES and 100 Noteheads printed to your order \$1.00 postpaid. Randall's Printery, Manna, Sask. T.F.

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STAMPS BOUGHT, Sold and Exchanged. Correspondence solicited. O.K. Press, Printers, 338 Main St., Winnipeg. T.F.

STAMPS—Collector will buy collection or single specimens; old Canadian or British colonial. Duplicates for sale or exchange. Advertiser, P.O. Box 1043, Montreal, Que. 6-16

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YOGHURT—A harmless milk preparation (Bulgarian Milk) destroys the auto-toxins and consequently removes nine-tenths of all diseases and prolongs life. Special Obesity Treatment. Particulars Yoghurt Co. (12), Bellingham, Wash. 6-16

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS—Brilliant snappy pictures, finished from your films; glossy or matte finish. Prices—Dev., 1 roll 6 ex. 10c.; printing, 4c. and 5c. each. Send for price list and sample prints. Story Photo Co., Fort William, Ont. 6-16

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts. Gillette, 35c. per dozen; Ever-ready, 25c. per dozen. Mail to Albert Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ont. 12-16

NOT LIKE OTHERS—Questions, birthdate, 25c.; psychics developed; dreams interpreted. Nellie Lewis, psychologist, Silver Lake, Oregon. 6-16

PALMISTRY, HYPNOTISM, astrology, character reading, Indian secrets, Hindoo mysticism. Illustrated book, revealing all, 10c. G. Elsea, Owosso, Mich. 6-16

PERCHERON STALLIONS—Three and four years old; weighing a ton. For sale at dealers' prices. T. S. Holmes, Fairchild, Wisconsin. 6-16

MAGIC TRICKS, JOKES, ETC. Catalogues and samples, 15c. Stone, Box 474, Fredericton, N.B. 6-16

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

PLAYER PIANO—Cost \$750 a year ago; will take \$350; owner going to war. Box 240 Western Home Monthly. 6-16

USED BOOKS—Bargains. Catalogue. Higene's, U-2441 Post, San Francisco, Cal. 6-16

About an Old Floral Friend

By Eleanor Lys

THE Geranium. Who does not know a geranium of some kind? Few of us know half of the family, but most of us remember it as one of the first flowers of our childhood, its brilliant scarlet blossoms pressing against the window pane of the cottage, the gorgeous masses of color in the formal beds of the public parks, in the more pretentious gardens, impressed it on our memory. Today it is still prime favorite with a great majority.

It is one of our best house plants, and certainly nothing gives better results for window boxes and summer flower borders in a sunny situation. Have you ever used a bowl of the cut blooms for the dinner table? either with fern or cut with its own foliage, the brilliant scarlets are most striking and set off by the white linen cloth, glass and silver appointments of the table are hard to beat. Cut with its own foliage it lends itself to an arrangement in a low bowl.

It is not to be wondered at, that this flower holds its own amongst the novelties that claim our attention when we consider the great strides it has made in producing new varieties and colors. It can boast of some of the softest and most delicate tints as well as the most brilliant colors that baffle description, so that the most fastidious tastes are satisfied.

The foliage is an important part of the plant in no way sacrificed to produce the bloom. The green leaves of a well grown plant are full of beauty, their shape is pleasing, their texture and color soft and rich.

Of the varieties grown almost solely for their foliage, perhaps the oldest and best known is Mrs. Pollock, she is described as a strong robust grower—the leaves have a green ground with yellow and chocolate markings the flower is bright red, but small. Sophie Dumaresque is a glorified Mrs. Pollock similar in habit and constitution but more brilliant in color. In fact I have often seen bits of almost scarlet amongst the golden and green Jones on the leaves.

Jubilee is another very handsome foliage in two colors, a golden bronze and chestnut, its flowers are salmon color, but do not equal the beauty of the foliage. Every one knows mountains of snow, it is such a popular bedding variety, light green and white leaves and brilliant scarlet flowers, Mrs. Parker is similar in foliage but has pink flowers and little Madame Sallerol with her dainty leaves on their slender stalks makes such a beautiful border (never more than a foot high) that she does not need any flowers, at least I have not seen her with any.

The other branches of the family who go in for bloom are innumerable, their names are legion, but amongst them are a few old friends who stand out like beacon lights.

Snowdrop is one of the loveliest single whites, while Trego is a deep velvety scarlet that puts other scarlets in the shade, it has very large flowers, and a compact habit of growth.

The Sidar is similar but has a white eye. The best single salmon pink and one of the best bloomers is Mrs. E. G. Hill, she is excellent as a pot plant or for bedding.

Amongst the double varieties S. A. Nutt still holds his own for all purposes, a bright crimson flowers, inclined to grow rather tall as a pot plant, so needs pinching back, to make it bushy.

Jean Viaud is a lovely rose pink of very robust habit—a buxom milk maid of olden days—the foliage is luxuriant, the trusses of bloom immense.

Mrs. Lawrence might well be called the double edition of Mrs. Hill, and has all her good qualities.

Beaute Portevine is a beautiful shrimp pink, and one of the best semi-doubles is Jean Oberlee, a soft pink shading to white.

General Grant is a universal scarlet bedder, and marshals his gay forces over many an acre in public parks.

Paul Cramnell is another of that bright color hard to beat.

All these are old friends of mine. I know them well and call them by their given names—once know plants well enough to think and speak of them by their individual names, they become true friends and mean much more than if they are just "plants."

The Ivy geraniums are cousins, having leaves that resemble the English Ivy, they are among our best hanging basket plants, come in a great variety of colors, are good bloomers and easy to grow.

The Pelargonium is another relative of distinctive type, is very beautiful and has many members in its family.

Geraniums are easy to grow and easy to propagate. As soon as a slip is rooted, in favorable conditions it immediately turns its attention to producing bloom.

Cuttings taken from old plants must be "ripe" enough, very sappy tender points are not suitable, side shoots two and a half or three inches long make ideal cuttings—books say cut off with a sharp knife and I agree that it is well to have the sharp knife handy to prevent tearing the bark or enter skin of the old plant, but I like to do as my grandmother did, carefully break them off, she seldom lost a slip and if they are put in sharp sand and kept just moist, not wet, they will soon root.

Beware of mould—caused by too much moisture and over-crowding.

A very good plan is to take a large flower pot and place a smaller one inside it (after corking up the drainage hole in the small one) fill between the pots with sand, put the clips in carefully, don't push them into the sand and so bruise them, make a hole for them, and press the sand firmly round them, I usually bury one point. Fill the small pot with water, sufficient will soak through the porous pot to keep the sand moist.

Almost any cuttings can be started this way if you have many and have no greenhouse use a hot bed for bottom heat, but be careful not to burn the roots of your slips by having the manure too hot.

Propagating tables can be made very like an incubator and heated with a lamp and are excellent for plants that require heat, but for ordinary hardy plants a shallow box of earth and sand is very useful, the main thing is, watch the watering, plants don't want a feast and famine treatment, but a regular supply to satisfy their daily need and none left over.

Facts Worth Remembering

A good way to stop a mouse-hole is to fill it with common washing-soap. Vinegar and fruit stains on steel knives can be removed if a slice of freshly-cut potato is rubbed on them as soon as possible after they have been used. Wipe them dry, then polish in the usual way.

A sheet of fine, thin, white paper dipped into a thick solution of gum arabic and pressed between two dry sheets renders the three transparent when dry. It is good for tracing, or writing, or painting.

Once a week the lavatory basin and bath pipe should have a gallon of very hot water in which a good quantity of soda is dissolved poured down each, but care must be taken in pouring the soda-water down the bath pipe not to let any run or drop on the paint; it will make it peel off.

A creaking hinge or a stiff lock can be quickly cured by the application of vaseline. Have a small camel-hair paintbrush, dip the tip into the vaseline, and paint the hinge with it. For the lock, paint a little on the wards of the key and put a little into the lock through the keyhole with the brush.

Mirrors should be placed in that part of a room where there is little or no sunshine, for sunshine is destructive to mirrors. It causes the glass to become opaque or milky in appearance, and unfortunately the mirror will never become perfectly clear again when once it has been spoiled by too much sunshine.

The Philosopher

PEACE TALK OF GERMAN ORIGIN.

Nothing could indicate more plainly the fact that Germany has begun to realize things as they are than these skilfully planned outbreaks of peace talk wherever in the world Germany has friends or influence. These startings of discussion are, of course, skilfully directed German campaigns, wholly German in their origin and designed solely to serve German purposes. More than one of these outbreaks of peace talk has occurred in the United States, where there will be, as the war moves irresistibly to its close in German defeat, many more cunning German moves made in the hope of serving German purposes. The New York Tribune says wisely:

"The Allies will do well to ignore any campaign on behalf of peace which has its centre in this country, whether official or unofficial. The German vote will be a factor in the next national campaign. Every German influence will be exerted to put the Administration into the breach to help along the peace movement. Let all the Allied nations remember that peace talk in America is German-procured, save for a little honest pacifism, and let them act accordingly."

The Allies are not talking peace. They are not thinking peace. They are more determined than ever that Germany must be decisively beaten, and the world made secure against another attempt to make the brute force of military despotism the master of human destiny.

THE RENEWAL OF THE YEAR.

What tales will be told of the deep snow and the blocked roads and the general severity of the winter of 1915-16; and how it set in early and tarried late, we can imagine now, and shall hear in winters to come, and occasionally with comfortable zest in the dog days of summer. But every winter comes to its end at last, even if sometimes a disagreeably lingering winter spoils the early spring. The loitering chilliness may fight a rear-guard action against the advancing forces of spring, but spring cannot be kept from coming into her own; and though delaying, always welcome, early or late. How welcome, and how filled with promise! "If God so clothe the grass of the field, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith." And as we pass from spring into summer, the beauty of the world assures us that there is beauty beyond earth, that ideals persist, and that the life of the spirit transcends the limitations of earth's limitations.

GOPHERS AND "NATURE'S BALANCE."

An unusually vigorous campaign against gophers is being carried on this year throughout the Prairie Provinces. It occurs to The Philosopher to note, in this connection, that the latest report of the Biological Survey branch of the United States Government announces that the extermination of prairie dogs throughout large areas of the Western States has practically been completed. "Ninety-nine per cent of the prairie dogs in the national forests of Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Oklahoma have been destroyed; and active campaigns are still in progress in Arizona, New Mexico, Montana and South Dakota, and in the Rio Grande forest of Colorado." The prairie dog and the gopher are entirely different creatures, of course. But the scientists who have studied the habits of both animals are agreed that both can be exterminated without any ill results. Certainly in the case of the gopher, which is a grain-eater, there is no reason to believe that its extermination would disturb "the balance of Nature" in any detrimental way, as the destruction of birds does by protecting the bugs and beetles, flies and moths and allowing them to increase and multiply. One of the most striking cases of the disturbance of "the balance of Nature" is afforded by the island of Jamaica, which was formerly infested by snakes. The little animal known as the mongoose was introduced from India to kill of the snakes, and he did it. Then he took an interest in birds' eggs; and, in time, the birds in Jamaica began to decrease materially in number, and the insects began to increase, until now one cannot enter the woods of Jamaica without being covered with wood ticks; and in the fields the insect plagues are no less troublesome both to human beings and to the beasts. Still the snakes had to be got rid of in Jamaica. The gophers, too, must be got rid of in this country; but no other creatures are being brought in to do it. The disappearance of the gophers would only mean the saving of the huge total amount of grain they eat.

USE OF POISON GAS PLOTTED LONG BEFORE-HAND.

Convincing proof that the introduction of blinding and asphyxiating gases into warfare by Germany was not the result of a violent impulse, but was deliberately planned beforehand, in violation of the pledge given at the Hague Conference against barbaric devices (poisonous gases being specifically mentioned in the pledge) is now furnished by certain trade records. Asphyxiating and blinding gases are produced from the highly poisonous seeds of the sabadilla plant, which grows in Venezuela. These seeds are of use in making certain dyes and disinfectants. Previous

to 1913 there were small exports of these seeds from Venezuela to Germany and to the Netherlands, and to no other countries. Never before 1914 were any of these seeds sent to the United States. In 1913, the year before the war began, the exports of sabadilla seeds to Germany increased suddenly to an enormous extent. In 1914 the exportation of them to the United States, unquestionably for re-exportation to Germany, like the increased quantities sent to the Netherlands. All this is set forth in the report of the United States Consul at La Guayra. He mentions in his report that the sabadilla seed is so virulently poisonous to the lungs and eyes that the men who gather the plant and handle the seeds have to wear carefully constructed masks. Sabadilla seeds have now been made absolutely contraband by Great Britain. The facts and figures given to the world in the report of the United States Consul at Guayra uncover the infamy of which Germany was guilty in this deliberate violation not alone of the dictates of humanity but of the explicit, definite pledge given by that professedly civilized and Christian country.

THE WAR AND BRITAIN'S WEALTH.

The statement made by Sir George Paish, the eminent English financial authority, that Great Britain is maintaining her productive power and adding to her wealth in spite of the war, has been the subject of a series of articles in the New York Commercial, which has analyzed the whole matter and arrived at the conclusion that Sir George Paish's statement is an incontrovertible truth. Investigation into the details of the subject brings out the fact, as the New York Commercial makes plain, that the United States is paying toll to Great Britain for shipping facilities at the rate of fully \$600,000,000 a year; and the total increase in the earnings of British shipping was in excess of \$500,000,000 over the year before, more than one half of which came from United States importers and exporters. German commerce and German shipping on the high seas have been wiped out. British ships are now carrying more than one half of the total of the world's overseas trade at shipping rates that are exceedingly profitable for shipowners. The shipping alone of Great Britain is making more than enough profit to pay the interest and provide a sinking fund sufficient to retire the huge aggregate of the British war debt, as it stands now.

WESTERN PROVINCES CO-OPERATING.

If the difference between the mankind in the savage state and civilized mankind had to be indicated in one word, what word could better be chosen than "Co-operation"? The beginnings of mutual helpfulness were the beginnings of human progress from barbarism towards civilization. And civilization will not have really begun to realize its possibilities until "the family of nations" becomes an actuality. This is an ideal that seems far ahead as yet. But surely, if there is a Divine purpose in the universe, mankind must be moving towards the time when the only war will be the war that all nations will unite in waging against the enemies of all—namely, disease, ignorance, and the other sources of evil in the world. These reflections may seem somewhat large in their scope in comparison with what has prompted them, that is to say, the announcement which The Philosopher has just read in the newspaper that the Governments of the four Western Provinces have agreed to enter into a partnership arrangement under which Manitoba will carry on the education of the deaf mutes in all the four Provinces, Saskatchewan the education of the blind, Alberta the care of the feeble-minded, and British Columbia the custody of the incurably insane. From such co-operation between Provinces to like co-operation between nations may seem an advance so great as almost to be unthinkable. Many generations may pass away before it is made, but is it not in the logical line of human progress co-operation between nations will begin to attain an approach to the full measure of its possibilities. Who can doubt that in that direction humanity must move?

QUEER WAR SUGGESTIONS.

It was reported in a London paper more than a year ago that the suggestion had been made in all seriousness to the Admiralty by a retired sea captain that large numbers of pigeons and other birds should be trained to regard the warships as their home, and should be fed grain out of funnels of the same shape as periscopes, so placed as to be just out of the water—the idea being that they would flock to any German periscope showing itself, and would so serve as submarine detectors. Needless to say, the suggestion was not taken seriously. There have been countless other suggestions, naval and military, of varying degrees of unpracticability or usefulness. In the Military Gazette, a Canadian publication, the suggestion was put forward a couple of weeks ago apparently in all seriousness, that umbrellas be issued to the Canadian troops. The suggestion is that every

Canadian in khaki be provided with "a combination of swagger-stick and umbrella." The Victoria Colonist is moved to mirth by this proposal, which it hastens to supplement. "Let every soldier's cap be provided with some little arrangement resembling, but not too closely, the spike of a German helmet," says the Colonist. "Into this the swagger-stick-umbrella might be screwed, and thus the arms of the soldier would be left free. It might be possible to so treat the covering of the umbrella as to make it shrapnel-proof." But somehow the only jokes about the war which sound right are the jokes that come from the front, from the men in the trenches—who, amid all the strain and agony, are by no means without the relief afforded by blithe-hearted laughter.

WORLD LANGUAGES OF THE FUTURE.


How the prevalence of the respective languages in the world will be affected by the results of the war is a question which was the interesting theme of an able address given a couple of weeks ago for the public school section of the Ontario Educational Association by Professor Croissant of the University of Kansas. He showed how each of the leading languages—English, French, Spanish, Russian and German—has progressed, by citing the number of the people whose means of communication each has been at various times in history. Statistics prove that the English language is at present spoken in the intercourse of ordinary life and business by a larger number of people than any other tongue, including not merely the whole of the British Empire, but also the United States. The Russian language, by this test, comes second, followed by French, Spanish and German. As to the future, Professor Croissant predicts an increasing lead for English, followed by Russian. He bases this forecast partly on the national character and the commercial enterprise of the British people, with their freedom of intercourse and their immense carrying trade; but partly, also, on the fact, that as a spoken language English is learned by foreigners with comparative ease. If any one language is entitled to be called a "world language" to-day it is English and its claim to be so designated will be strengthened more rapidly after the war than it has ever been in the past. What Professor Croissant says about the use of learning English, however, applies only to it as a spoken language. It is one of the most difficult of languages for a learner to write on account of its erratic spelling, which is, indeed, a formidable obstacle to overcome.

THE DEFECT OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

The world at large has had abundant proof that immense numbers of German-Americans are unable to grasp democratic ideas, and in their inner minds still live under the flag of autocratic militarism and personal government—hereditary subservience to which is so deeply implanted in them as to form part of their very nature, of their very flesh and blood. It is not a matter of conscious reasoning with them; it is instinctive. They are the descendants of many generations of Germans, and they have the qualities they have inherited. The lack of what Matthew Arnold called "civic courage" (later writers term it "political instinct") and we may give a more extended definition of it by saying that it means the spirit of independence and self-government and the practical instinct necessary to the securing and the maintenance of self-government) is, in reality, as apparent in these people in the United States, who shape their thinking and feeling according to the will of the Hohenzollern dynasty, as it is apparent in the Germans in Germany, of whom Althoff wrote: "We Germans are the most learned people in the world, and the best soldiers. The greatest philosophers, the greatest poets, the greatest musicians are Germans. We have taken the foremost place in the natural sciences, and in almost all technical spheres, and we have achieved an enormous industrial development. And yet, strange and wonderful thing, we Germans are politically asses. There must be a weak spot somewhere." the much-vaunted "intellectual classes" in Germany are the most subservient tools of the arrogant, Prussianized military system of absolute rule. The university professors and all the teachers in the upper educational institutions are Government employees, holding commissions which carry with them social and class privileges, and they are ardent upholders of everything connected with militarism and autocracy. They howl with the wolves. For years the military caste has been lordling it arrogantly; and in the halls of learning, where truth, humanity, theology and knowledge should reign supreme, the dogs of war have been barking. Materialism, militarism and "mailed fist" have dominated the German mind—the learned Germans as well as the unlearned—and the result has been the increase of that deeply implanted, hereditary defect, the German lack of "civic courage" and of "political instinct"—the instinct of self-government.

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Young People

Dorris's Queer May Basket

"Grandmother," said Doris, as she was being put to bed on the last day of April, "I should like a real May Basket this year."

"And what," inquired Grandmother fondly, "would you like in it?"

Doris looked into the fire very thoughtfully. When just one little girl has a mother, a father, a grandmother and an aunt who are constantly bestowing nice things upon her it is really very hard to think of something new one might wish for!

"I should like," she said at last, "a nice little locket with a diamond on the front and a place inside for a picture."

Grandma looked astonished, and Aunt May looked very displeased.

"The child is going to be entirely selfish if we are not careful," she said with a sigh.

Next afternoon Aunt May took Doris for a walk.

They went to a queer, unpleasant part of the city which Doris had never before seen.

At Aunt May's knock upon one of the many doors in a long, ugly hall, a young woman with a white cap on her head opened it.

Aunt May asked her a few questions which Doris did not understand, and she wrote some numbers on a slip of paper for them.

"Walk right in," she said as they started away, "there is no one to open the door."

Very high up in a big building, Aunt May opened a door into such a room as her little girl had never before seen. There was a green paper shade at the window. The floor was bare. The furniture was old and battered. Upon a bed in the brightest corner lay a thin, pale little girl.

She looked tired and ill, but her eyes brightened when she saw Doris.

After a little visit, Aunt May asked:

"What would you like best of anything you can think of, Letty?"

"Oh," cried Letty, clasping her hands, "pictures to put on the wall—pictures of little boys and girls, and birds, and—something pretty to look at!"

Doris listened in astonishment. Then, as her eyes followed Letty's about the bare, ugly room, she began to realize what it must mean to stay always in such a place.

The next room into which Aunt May led her was even more dreary because there was no sunshine here—but the little boy who lived there could sit in a chair at the window.

"If only I had a big box of building blocks," he told kind Aunt May when she repeated to him her question, "I could make houses and cities and farms, and keep busy all day!"

Doris looked very thoughtful.

"There is one more place before we go home," said Aunt May, "to see a poor child whose back has been hurt."

Little Margy's face was white with pain. Like the other children, she stayed alone while her mother went out to work for food for them both.

"If only I had something to do to forget the pain," she said wearily. "If I had a dolly to dress, and some pretty beads to string, I should be so happy!"

Doris was silent all the way home.

"Are there many children who have so little?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, very many," answered her aunt, sadly.

When Doris reached home, she went up and looked about her playroom. Suddenly it seemed very wonderful and grand to her.

Scarcely had she finished her dinner when she was called to the door. There stood a covered basket tied with pink ribbons.

"That is certainly the largest May Basket I ever saw," cried Father laughing, as he lifted it into the hall.

Doris pulled off the cover. Upon the top lay a large flat box: in it were the prettiest colored pictures of children of many nations, birds, and animals, flowers and trees and brooks.

Under this was a big box of building blocks—Doris smiled when she saw them.

Next came a pretty doll with dainty clothes. And a box of colored beads, stout thread and blunt needles.

In the very bottom was an envelope upon which was written:

For Doris's Locket
Inside there were three new ten-dollar bills!

Doris ran to Aunt May.
"Oh, oh!" she cried, "Can we make each of those poor children a May Basket and give them these things? And may I use my money to make their rooms nice and pretty?"

"Don't you want your locket?" asked Grandmother.

"No," said Doris, "I don't think I care for it after all. The things I have seem awfully nice to me, to-night, Grandma dear!"

And Aunt May kissed her tenderly, before they started gaily for the attic to hunt for three "right-sized" baskets!

The Robins

One morning Mr. Robin sat in the apple-tree singing more wildly and more sweetly than ever before. His little body seemed too small to contain the joy that came bubbling forth.

A very wonderful thing had happened at the nest in the apple-tree. There were three tiny blue eggs there—such beauties! Mrs. Robin was not hopping about getting worms this morning. O no! She must stay at home and keep the eggs under her warm red breast. Mr. Robin was very attentive to her. He brought her nice juicy worms and great kicking grasshoppers, and he talked to her in soft crooning love tones.

Mrs. Robin sat patiently on the eggs day after day, only coming off once in a while for a little exercise or to find something to eat. For two long weeks she carefully tended the little blue eggs, but one morning, Mr. Robin had a strange new story to tell—although he was really too busy to spend much time telling it. Three baby birds had come out from the three blue eggs and were opening great hungry mouths to be fed. They were not very pretty—these baby robins—with their bare bodies, small necks, and great gaping mouths. At least we might not think so, but Mr. and Mrs. Robin no doubt would have been highly offended if anyone had said they were not beautiful.

Such appetites as those baby robins had! They kept both Mr. and Mrs. Robin busy feeding them. They ate everything that was brought—worms, insects, berries—and still they wanted more.

When it was at all cool or when the sun was too hot for the little robins mother Robin brooded them under her wings and kept them safe from heat, cold and all other dangers. She loved them very dearly.

One day a boy climbed the apple-tree. He wanted to get one of the baby robins for a pet. This was very wrong of him, for the little robin would surely have died without its mother to take care of it. The boy climbed up and looked into the nest, when whirr!—father and mother Robin came at him like two small whirlwinds, flapping their wings in his face and pecking at him:

"Leave our babies alone!" they warned. "We'll fight for them; we'll die for them! And we'll hurt you if we can!"

The boy climbed down the tree in a hurry, and there was a great talking among the robins before everything quietened down again.

In a few days funny little feathers began to grow on the baby robins, and after awhile they flapped their stumpy little wings and tried to climb to the edge of the nest. It was nearly time for the little robins to go to school. Do robins go to school? Yes, they go to school to their mothers and fathers.

The baby robins were afraid to leave the nest and father Robin wanted to teach them to do so. He got a nice wiggly worm, and sitting on a branch just outside of the nest, held it out to the children and dared them to come out and get it. They all opened their mouths very wide, stretched their necks, and got as near to the edge of the nest as possible, but not one of them could reach the worm. Sly father Robin was very careful not to let them. Then they tried in a very clumsy way to climb out of the nest, but they kept falling back

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an hour's time and you lose the production that you ought to be able to show for that hour. And if that hour is lost day after day and week after week fooling with broody hens, believe me, you are paying for an incubator right there—and not getting it—about every year that you live.

Another way you lose is by not being able to get chicks out at the most favorable season, on account of not having any broody hens. Every one who depends on the natural method has had the annoying and costly experience of holding eggs long after they ought to be set because there were no broody hens to give them to—valuable eggs that should hatch early broilers to sell at 40 to 50 cents or more a pound, or pullets that would begin laying early in the fall when prices are high—and going higher. Every spring you have to hold such eggs, day after day and week after week, waiting for the hens to get in the proper humor. They never do, though, until the season is far advanced, and then you have to set just when every one else is setting, and you have to sell when every one else is selling. Poor business, that!

I know, because I have tried it. Season after season I depended solely or mainly on hens for hatching and had the distressing experience of having the eggs get so stale that they were hardly worth setting at all. And the few chickens that I succeeded in raising came straggling along to broiler size a month or more after the top of the market had gone by—after the really good prices had been cut in two—and when prices are cut that way the profits go with the top cut and what is left is mainly feed bills. I admit I was some tortoise, but there are a lot of folks to-day who are just as slow as I was about putting their fingers on the spot where they are losing out.

That isn't the only spot of course. There are several—more than I have time to write about just now, but there is one more that I want to mention and that is the small size of the flock that results from this misplaced confidence in the hen as a practical hatcher. It is simply impossible for the average man to maintain a flock of commercial size if he has to depend on broody hens. He could not do it if he worked for nothing. I have a good deal of sympathy for the farmer who, in spite of poultry papers and the United States census, refuses to increase the size of his flock much beyond the self-perpetuating point. As long as he is wedded to the natural method, that is a rational thing to do because his time is worth a good deal too much along other lines to spend any of it wrangling with sitting hens.

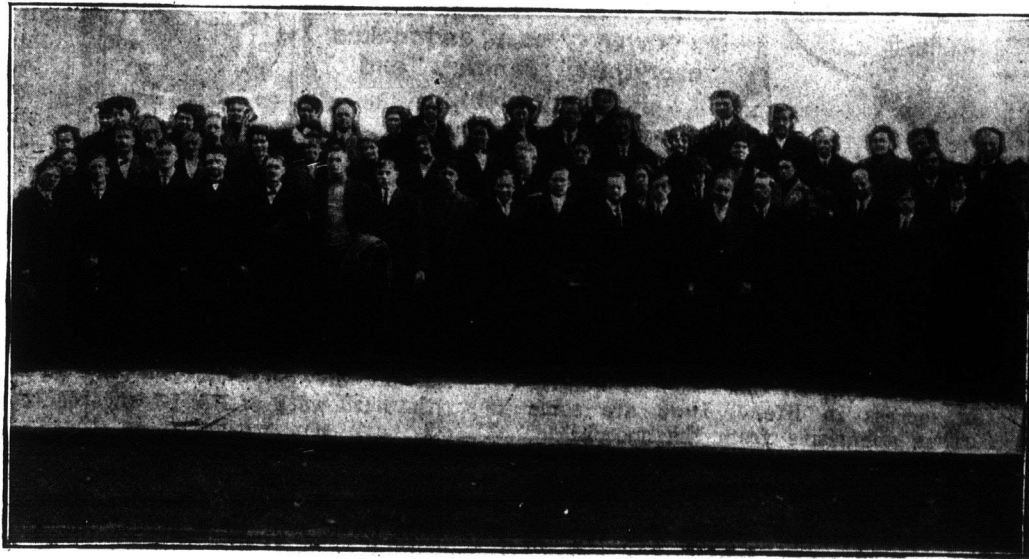
But when he gets to the point of considering buying an incubator—a good one, underscored—then that is something altogether different. I'll venture the assertion that there is not a farmer reading this paper who has bought a good incubator and a brooder ("good" again) and has built up a flock of commercial size, who has not found his poultry one of the most profitable branches of his farm work, time and invested capital considered.

But remember that much depends on getting a really good incubator—not one of the "never-again" kind. Many a farmer has tried the latter and been glad to go back to the hen again. But a good incubator is a money-maker wherever it goes. With that, and the generally better equipment and better methods that go along, you are just about as sure as you can be of anything in this world that you will have better prices, better demand, as large flocks as you have accommodations for, production large enough so that you can afford to give proper attention to its preparation and sale, work reduced to the lowest possible point, losses eliminated, the many disagreeable and disgusting duties of waiting on broody hens avoided—all these and more!

My notion, in short, is that if you can't afford an incubator you just can't afford to keep fowls at all. JAY.

In they drop with a click, clack, click,
Kernels so hard and yellow;
Round they whirl with a hop, skip, hop,
Each little dancing fellow.
Up they leap with a snap! crack! snap!
Tossing so light and airy;
Out they pour with a soft, swift rush,
Snowballs fit for a fairy!

TRAVELLING FROM DISEASE TO HEALTH



THIS PHOTOGRAPH Represents the Average Number of Patients Passing Under the Care of Drs. Munro, McPhail and Fuller, Daily.

Many belong to the City, while many come from the many hamlets and towns throughout the West and East, some come from near, while some come from far, as for instance, Mr. Scully came from Renfrew County (near Montreal, 1,500 miles distant), Mrs. Wakefield came from Minnesota, Mrs. Allis came from North Dakota, Mrs. Sleeman came from Southern British Columbia, while Mrs. Johnson came from one of the forts of the far north.

The Ailments of these patients vary greatly, the most common ailments being Indigestion, Constipation, Gall Stones, Heart and Kidney Weaknesses, Bladder, Womb, and Ovarian Troubles, Headaches, Neuralgias, Sore Backs, Spinal Curvatures, Etc. A few are unable to walk, two are unable to speak, several are afflicted with deafness, some are weak-minded, many are subject to Nervousness, others having had St. Vitus Dance, and others Epilepsy.

Are They Improving?

Suppose we let them answer. Here is what a few of them say:

MRS. JOSHUA ELLIOTT, 476 Spence St., Winnipeg, Man., says: "For the benefit of those who suffer from physical ailments, I here give my opinion of Chiropractic Adjustments as given by Dr. H. J. Munro, 31 Steele Block, Winnipeg. It has been my privilege to watch a number of cases pronounced incurable by other methods of healing, and some have been entirely cured, others are far on the high road to complete recovery. I have also taken these Adjustments, and have received more benefit from them than anything else I have ever tried. From a scientific viewpoint, I consider this the best and most logical method of treating disease."

MRS. S. GOODERHAM, 844 Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg, says: "I suffered for over 40 years and doctored with the best doctors in Ireland, Eastern Canada and Winnipeg, and got no relief. The best year of my life, as far as health is concerned, has been since I got to know of Chiropractic."

MRS. A. MUIR, 384 Pritchard Ave., Winnipeg, says: "I cannot tell you how I have improved since I took your Chiropractic treatment: for I have suffered for 14 years with Womb and Stomach troubles and I was never free of headache. I can do my own house work now, which I could not do for years. I do hope others will find the same benefit from this wonderful Chiropractic method."

MRS. F. WELSH, Balduf, Man., says: "I can certainly recommend Chiropractic treatment for Nervous Prostration as I was in bed for over two months and had almost lost the use of my limbs, but after five weeks' treatment I was able to do all my own housework and have continued to do so ever since."

MRS. H. HICKS, 724 Simcoe St., Winnipeg, Man., says: "I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism, but I am thankful to say, I have greatly benefited by Chiropractic Adjustments. I would gladly recommend it to all sufferers of this disease."

Concerning Ourselves

Dr. Munro, graduate of Universal Chiropractic College of Davenport, Iowa.

Dr. McPhail, post graduate Fomon Medical Review College, Chicago, Ill., graduate of the National College of Chiropractic, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Fuller, graduate of the Davenport College of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa.

If the state of your health is causing you uneasiness—no matter what the trouble may be—write us and we will communicate with you immediately.

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31 Steele Block WINNIPEG

is soon as they got to the edge. Mother Robin hovered about watching proceedings anxiously and giving an encouraging word now and then. Finally, one youngster, a little stronger and a little braver than the rest, managed to get to the branch. Father Robin at once rewarded him with the worm, and the little robin sat huddled on the branch beside his proud father. Mr. Robin was so delighted that he sang a solo, while Mrs. Robin, her motherly heart aching for the children who had no worm, went to procure them some dinner.

If You Keep Chickens You Need an Incubator

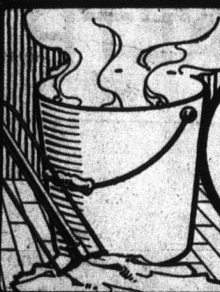
It seems to be customary to take it for granted that every one who needs an incubator has one, or knows that he ought to. As a matter of fact, I do not believe this is the case. Instead, I think we ought to start the argument right back at the beginning, for there are a lot of folks who desperately need incubators who do not realize the fact at all—just as there are others who are struggling along with one machine where they ought to have two, or two where they need four.

This lack of proper or adequate hatching equipment is a serious matter to thousands who are not getting the right results in their poultry keeping and do not know the reason why, I don't believe that any one who depends on hens for hatching has ever carefully considered all the disadvantages and losses of this uncertain and expensive method.

It is a curious fact—but a fact just the same—that the average man who needs an incubator explains his lack on the ground of expense—he "can't afford to buy one." As a matter of fact, the man who thinks he cannot afford to buy an incubator is exactly the one who cannot afford to do without it. The man of small means is just the one who most needs to weigh the cost of every move and who must make every dollar of funds and every hour of time count. Such a one simply has to have an incubator or lose money right out of his pant's pocket; lose in time and labor, lose in results, lose in eggs, lose in prices received, lose all along the line.

Of these sources of loss one of the biggest, and one that often receives no consideration whatever, is the labor cost. Every man's or woman's time is worth money—much or some as the case may be. If it takes you two hours to do what might be done in one hour you lose


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You are not waiting for good should prefer to go up by a ladder."

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I have no great belief either in talent or genius.... So far as the hard work of life is concerned I have not witnessed in those around me any striking proof of its great value.

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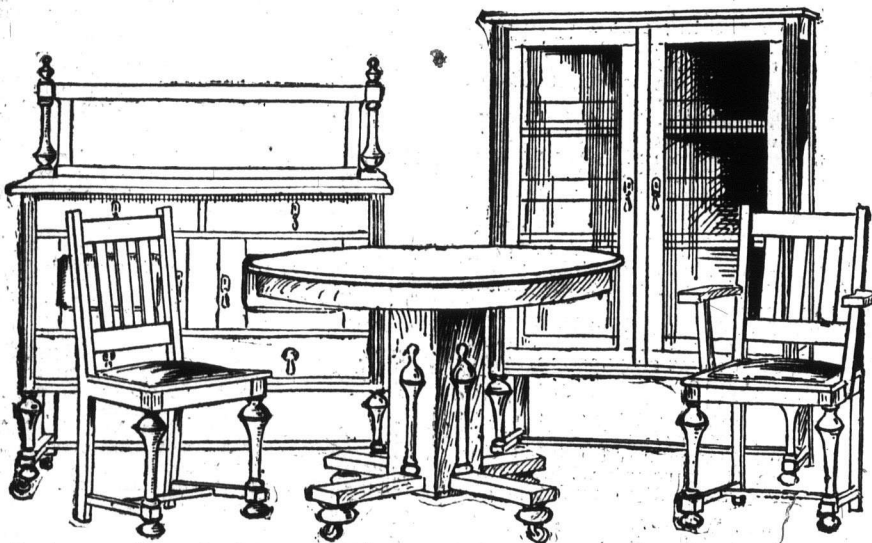
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WINNIPEG

Woman and the Home

Children and Pain

By Jacob Saunders

The mother should always keep in mind that she is rearing men and women into whose future lives some degree of suffering must inevitably come, and that she is not doing them a kindness by making them weak and whining about every trivial form of pain. She should remember that the very foundations of fortitude under both bodily pain and adverse conditions are to be laid early in life, and that a good deal of this work must be done by her. A very little child can be taught to regard pain with a certain lightness of view. It can be taught to bear without complaint, and that to give way to whining overmuch is a species of cowardice.

A calm and even way of looking at pain can be impressed on a very immature mind. This is an important factor in establishing the habit of self-control. While she treats the suffering of her children with the most tender sympathy, making them feel sure that in the mother's ear and heart there are always ready attention and help, yet it is her duty to insist on a certain hardihood toward pain. Lessons of endurance should be taught them, impressing them that it is a necessity of life and therefore to be submitted to. Also that to bear pain well is an act of both bravery and heroism. She can teach that to endure cheerfully is to conquer it, is a victory of the spirit over the flesh. It should be made clear to the child also that some form of suffering is universal, that no one escapes. He should know that every present pain well borne strengthens him to bear future inflictions.

The idea of the brevity of most pains, that they soon pass away and are forgotten, should be kept before the mind of a child. A hopeful attitude of mind should be maintained to that end.

The mother is wise who banishes from conversation the sufferings of a child except when recognition is absolutely necessary. Constant conversation on a subject only emphasizes it, and encourages in the child a spirit of self-pity. This works against all healthy development. While not, of course, neglecting any necessary alleviations of pain, nor releasing the mother from the ready sympathy which is the child's natural due, the general attitude toward the pain should be to encourage endurance without murmurings, to be hopeful of a speedy recovery, and to inculcate a spirit of heroism.

While the Children are Little

The babies are in your arms to-day and running about the house to-morrow. The day after to-morrow you will cry a little, dear mother, as you shear off the boy's golden curls. He must not be mistaken for a little girl when it is time for him to go to kindergarten. The sensible fashion of the hour has given the little girl a new freedom. She wears rompers as her little brother does, and is as likely to be mistaken for a boy as he for a girl. Off they trot to kindergarten to have a happy playtime and take their first lessons in accuracy of touch and quickness of vision and in living comfortably with other people. On this planet there are always degrees of adjustment, and the first initiation is given in the kindergarten. After this we may stop talking of to-day and to-morrow and the day after, for time rushes on for the children, and they are presently in the primary school. Where there is a little family, three children, five or six, home life at this period is ideal. As a garden grows from bud to flower, the children grow, brighter, sweeter, dearer, more precious every hour of their lives. Sometimes, it is true, illness comes, and brings anxiety; sometimes a dark angel slips over the threshold, and there is a little vacant chair in the household. Thenceforward the other world has more reality for the home than it had before, since the child who has gone is living still, safe and forever happy in the Father's house. Anxiety and grief are hard to bear, but in comparison with the general course of life in the ordinary home they are the exceptions and not the rule. We have many days of happiness, many hours of pleasure, and our sorrows are as showers after which the sun shines out with a warmer ray.

The mother has not a free foot while the babies are in the nursery. If she visits a friend or spends an afternoon at the club, she is tethered to her home by a string two hours or three hours long. As the children emerge from nursery dependence she continues to be limited so far as leaving them for a great while is concerned. If it prove necessary for her to go away for weeks or months, she still carries their burden on her heart, though she leave the bairns in competent hands until her return. During the first ten or twelve years, while the children are frankly lads and lassies, little men and little women, they must be the first consideration of father and mother. Their shoes wear out so fast that the father's pocketbook is taxed and the item of foot-gear is formidable on the family account book. The sensible mother does not fret and fuss over frills and furbelows. She knows that her children look best when simply dressed, and are happiest when they are not scolded and nagged about their clothing.

Don't Let the Young Folks Monopolize the Good Times

Another feature of home life that is interesting is the prominence taken by young people in social functions. When the holidays come, the first consideration is how to make them satisfactory to the returning students. Parents take a modest back seat and let the juniors monopolize the stage. The summer vacation hitherto quietly spent in a sleepy village among the hills is no longer sufficiently gay for the children. The young people want excitement, and a place must be found where they can meet their friends and have the diversions they prefer. The mother may be tired, but she is not too tired to act as chaperone at house parties and dances; the summer outings cost more than they used to, but the father bends his back to the task uncomplainingly.

Looking over the announcements of social functions during the last Christmas holidays, I was impressed with the fact that in a brilliant suburb of a large city, a suburb occupied by fashionable and cultured people, the social functions were all for the young. Receptions, dances, theater parties, dinners, coming-out teas, were provided in abundance for the young people, but there was a dearth of social life for those who were older. Holidays and vacations pass by and still the older people have little of the mental friction that tends to keep their faculties from rusting. Men are reluctant to go out again after a business day, particularly if there is occasion for evening dress. Women, having seen one another at luncheons and clubs, do not expect to join in general society beyond this. This habit of life is not wise. There should be, if people are to retain intellectual powers unimpaired, something for the middle aged more than mere living within the boundaries of domesticity. Neighbors and households ought to intermingle in agreeable friendliness, and we should be at pains to erect a breakwater against the temptation to apathy and inertia.

Hygienic Dress

On the subject of hygienic attire for women, there has always been a great deal of honest nonsense talked and much mispent trouble taken for the reason that a great number of people have the type of mind that irresistibly associates the ugly with the healthy and the nauseous with the wholesome.

Just as they think medicine can not be efficacious unless it is thick and black and nasty, so they think women cannot breathe and prosper unless they look like a bale of hay with the middle hoop cut; and in pursuance of this conviction they refuse many of the alleviations of life, among which sugar-coated pills and well-made corsets should take high rank.

When looking at the portraits of the Spanish school of which Velasquez is master, one is constantly struck by the way the women seem to be confined in some barbaric instrument of torture, so flat are their chests and so narrow and tiny the uncomfortable-looking drawn-down waist. Surely no material less rigid than wood could be trusted to produce this invariable effect in women of all ages and degree.

Now turn from these women of medieval days to a modern picture-gallery, and observe the freedom, the individuality, the graceful ease which, for the most part, the woman of to-day permits herself, and is permitted by modern sanctions. Indeed, it is not necessary to contrast her with the woman of the middle ages. She is so much more comfortable and sensible in her dress than was her grandmother, or even her mother.

This fact is largely the result of the general acceptance of athletics for women. With the invasion of the up-to-date girl of the tennis-court, the golf course and the lakes and rivers, the seventeen-inch damsel who seemed to spend a large portion of her time in fainting spells vanished, one may hope forever.

It is possible to knock a croquet ball about in tight clothes, but for a game like tennis, that calls for real play of muscle and free action from head to foot, one must be properly dressed.

So much has been done of late years to improve the corset that its reproach as a menace to health has, in fact, been wiped out. The best corsets no longer interfere with the breathing apparatus, and many modern corsets leave the diaphragm free, and support and restrain as they should.

With their help, and provided that skirts are not too heavy and dragging from the hips, women are often better off with corsets than without them.

A Little Traveller

By Marion Wathen.

One morning a little water-drop found itself lying cozy and happy on the edge of a big, warm ocean. As it lay there it could look up at the beautiful blue sky and over to the land where waved green palm-trees and huddled closely together huge trees with sweet, spicy odors. Every now and then it heard the sweet song of a canary bird or the swish of a humming bird, and sometimes it caught glimpses of birds of green and scarlet and gold. Then again came the shrill voice of a parrot and the gay chattering of monkeys.

"Perhaps I shall be here forever by the shore of this sunny southern land," thought the little water-drop.

But just then a sunbeam came along, and said, "Hey, little water-drop, come with me for a ride!"

And before she had time to reply the drop of water-found herself being drawn through the air in the sunbeam carriage. Higher and higher she went. It seemed as if she would never stop—up over the treetops, over the hilltops, still onward. Was she going to the beautiful golden sun?

By and by she began to get chilly. She began to shiver. "I should have brought something warm to wrap about me on such a long journey," she sighed.

Just then she met some more shivering drops.

"We all seem to be going the same way, so let us journey together in cloud-fashion, and perhaps if we keep close to each other we shall be warmer," said the little drop, drawing closer.

The wind was travelling that way, and as he came blowing along met the cloud. He said:

"Hello, little cloud! I shall help you on your journey." So he blew the cloud before him. At last he blew so hard that he scattered the little drops again.

"What next?" murmured the drop, as she found herself flying on toward the north, with the cold wind still blowing behind her. On and on she went, nor ever stopped until she had reached the top of a mountain in a cold country called Greenland.

"I know I am frozen stiff!" she sighed, scarcely daring to look at herself. But when she did, instead of being a lump of frozen water, she saw herself a six-pointed crystal star, so white and pure that she exclaimed, "Oh, I am as white as snow—and I believe I am snow!"

But before she had time to reason about it she found herself hurrying down the mountainside. She was going so fast that she began to get frightened, and thought of turning back. She tried to turn her head, but she was crowded and jammed so by millions of snowflakes, which came rushing down behind her, that all she could do was to keep on her way.

She could see in the distance a narrow valley, toward which they seemed to be hastening. As they came nearer it,

all the snowflakes from the broad mountainside were heaped together—millions on top of her, millions in front of her, and millions all about her—and still the crush grew greater.

"I'm being crushed to death! All the life is going from me!" murmured the little drop. But it was only the air leaving her, and when that was gone she found herself part of a great river of ice, that went creeping on toward the valley.

Then, crack! crack! the river of ice had reached a sea. It slid over the brink of land—it was breaking in pieces.

Crack! crack! once more, and then, splash! went a part into the sea—and in the part was the little drop. So she was soon sailing about on the bounding, heaving ocean, not in a warm ocean like the one she used to live in down in the sunny southern land, but a cold, shivery ocean.

"Never mind! It's fun to go sailing about in the polar regions, part of a big iceberg!" joyfully spoke the little drop. So all day long she floated onward, part of the big ice house. Sometimes the little drop looked at the shore, expecting to see waving palm-trees and birds of scarlet and green and gold, to hear the sweet songs and the monkeys gay chattering; but instead, she saw only banks of snow and ice, and now and then a big white bear, or more often the bobbing head of a seal. Then the sun began to shine. Warmer and warmer grew the water and warmer and warmer the air. Every day the iceberg was growing smaller, and at last, one sunny day, great warm waves came dashing over its sides, when, pop! right over into the sea went all that was left of the iceberg; and the little drop was once more a free, real water-drop, floating side by side with other little water-drops, down toward the south country, the palm-trees and the birds.

"I'm getting warmer—so warm!" bubbled the little water-drop. "But I suppose I won't mind the heat in a little while, for I shall get used to it, just as I became used to the cold when I was up in the north country," she wisely concluded.

On toward the south went the ocean, and one morning, splash! went a big wave, and then the little drop found itself lying on the edge of a beautiful shore. She looked up, and there were the feathery palm-trees, the parrots, the monkeys, the beautiful birds of rainbow colors—and from the treetops came the gay songs and the spicy odors.

Then the little water-drop knew she was back to the warm, tropical country, and as she carefully looked all about, she knew this was the very place she had lain on that sunny morning so long ago.

"Can it be all a dream?" she whispered. "Am I really the same little drop that was once away up in those clouds and sliding down the mountain, part of that big glacier, and floating in that big iceberg up in the cold north, among ice and snow?"

"The very same!" murmured the lapping waves.

"The very same!" gently breathed the waving palm-trees.

"The very same!" sweetly caroled the birds.

"The very same! The very same!" then joyfully answered the little water-drop.

A Lovely Time

By Ethelwyn Wetherald.

When I was a girl, in youth's fair clime,
All my thought was "a lovely time."

A perfectly lovely time, indeed,
Was the length and the depth and the height of my need.

I said, I will work and think and plan
To have just as good a time as I can;

And my life will be, when I come to my prime,
That grand sweet song called "A lovely time."

Well now, with my love for my brothers four,
My sister and parents and neighbors a score,

My friends, who number a hundred and three,
And my own adorable family,

My love for my baby, my love for my home,
My love for all lovers, wherever they roam,

My busy life, like a silver chime,
Is a lovely tune to a lovely time.

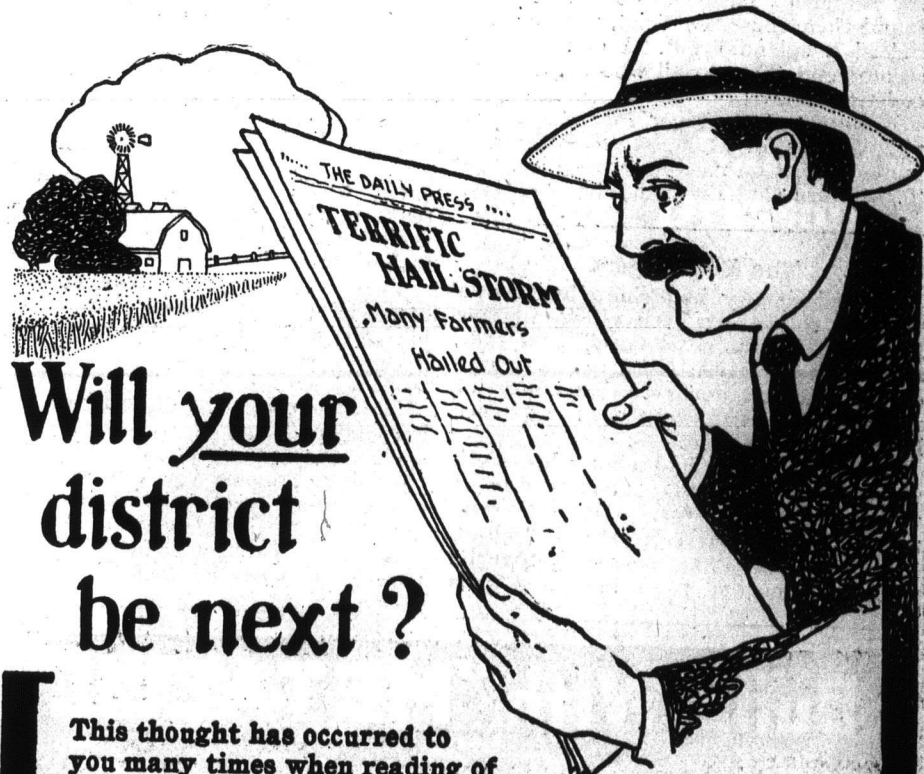
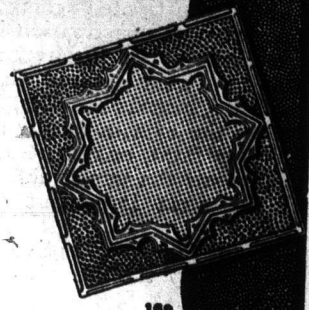
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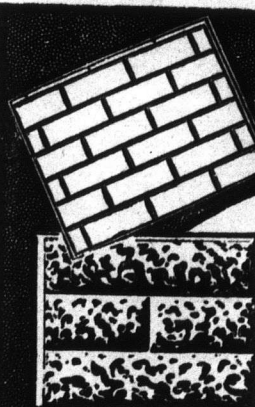
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The Bell-ringers

The missionary had come back on a vacation to his own little village in New England. It was a village of poor folk, and had never given much to missions—except the missionary. Its state of mind, in consequence, was at once humble and exalted.

The missionary told about his work three times on Sunday; but it was at the Sunday-school service in the afternoon, that enthusiasm waxed highest. The missionary was always a favorite with children, and these boys and girls

of his own town listened with rapt attention while he told about the little meeting-house that he hoped to build out West, and the different ways in which he and his Indians were trying to raise money for it. At the end of the talk the children clapped and clapped and clapped, and when the din was subsiding, one little boy cried out with explosive earnestness:

"Can't we help? Can't we do something?"

The missionary smiled, and the mothers sighed; but other voices had taken up the question, and now on all sides was heard the same cry:

"Can't we help?"

"Could you build the steeple?" suggested the missionary; and he named the sum of money necessary.

Mothers and fathers shook their heads, and the children's faces fell.

"Perhaps you could give us the bell to call the Indians to meeting?"

Again there was a shaking of heads; but suddenly out of the silence spoke the little boy who had first asked the question.

"We could give the rope to pull the bell," he said.

There was a burst of delighted applause. The little boy was allowed to pass the collection-plate, and he wondered why some of the mothers had tears in their eyes as they dropped in their nickles, and why some of the fathers seemed so deeply stirred.

Two years afterward the missionary came home for another vacation, and brought with him a photograph of the little mission church. In the doorway stood an Indian lad, pulling on the end of a bell-rope. He passed the photograph round among the eager children, and as they studied it he said to them: "My little friends, you can see here one end of your benefaction; the other end stretches up toward heaven."

And the children's faces shone, for they knew what he meant.

The Figure That Lied

By E. W. Frenz.

Roy Marshall had been in school nearly three years, and almost all the time he liked it. It was fun to read and write, and geography was easy. But the number work was not like the other studies. It was a good deal harder, and he had to work longer at his lessons. Peter Greenwood, who sat just in front of him, got on much better than Roy did in the number work, and this made Roy unhappy, for always before, in the reading and writing and other things, he had kept ahead of Peter. Roy could not see how it was that Peter could add up long columns of figures and multiply and divide, and always get the right answer, when he himself worked just as hard, and even harder, and often got a wrong answer.

One day the teacher, looking over Roy's shoulder at his paper, pointed out a mistake he had made, and said, as she turned away, "Remember, Roy, figures do not lie."

It seemed a funny thing to say, and Roy thought about it a good deal. Figures must be very good if they always told the truth. He wondered if it was easy for him. He tried always to tell the truth himself, but sometimes it was not easy. Once or twice he had been punished for things he had done, and had told the truth about, when it had seemed almost as if he would not have been punished if he could only have told a lie about it. But still he knew how his father and mother felt about it, and so he did his best to tell things just as they were.

But figures must be strange things if they never told a lie. Perhaps they were real and alive, like himself, and had to do things sometimes that were hard and that they did not like to do. At any rate, he thought about it a good deal.

The spring examinations came in March. Roy knew it weeks ahead, and he knew, too, that he ought to be reviewing the work he had gone over; but it was just marble-time then, and it was hard to stay indoors and study when everybody else was out playing marbles.

The examination in number work seemed to Roy easier than he had thought it would be. He did all of the first six examples, and was pretty sure he had got them right. But the seventh was a hard one. He worked and worked on it, and still he could not do it, so he skipped that and did the others, and then went back. He tried and tried again, but it would not come out right.

Then, when he was very tired, he looked up just as Peter Greenwood asked to leave his seat for a drink of water. Peter left his paper on his desk, and although Roy did not intend to look, he could not help seeing some of the examples. Number seven was right before his eyes, and where Roy had the figure eight, Peter had a nine.

Roy went over his own work again and saw that it ought to be a nine, so without thinking much more about it, he changed his own work and put down the nine where he had had the eight.

Being in a hurry, he did not make a very good nine. It was hunchbacked and stooped over, with a big head, that seemed to be hanging down. But he turned in his paper, and hurried out and played marbles till dark.

After supper that evening he began to think about the examples again, and he remembered the figure nine that he had put down in place of the eight. He remembered how it looked—how it was bent over, and how it hung its head, as if it was ashamed of something. He kept thinking about it, and even after he had gone to bed the figure stood there before his eyes, looking mean and sorry.

The more he thought about it the more it seemed to him that he had made the figure lie, when it did not want to, and had not meant to. That was why it looked so mean and ashamed.

The first thing the next morning Roy went straight to his teacher. "Please may I change one of the answers in my examination-paper?" he asked.

"Why, my dear boy," she said, "I couldn't let you do that. It wouldn't be fair. If you have looked up the answer out of school you must not change it now. That would not be right."

"Oh, yes'm, it would, because one of my figures lied," said Roy, eagerly. "He didn't mean to, but I made him; but I didn't mean to, either."

"Why, child, what do you mean?" Then Roy told the teacher all about it: how he had not got the right answer himself, and how he had seen Peter's paper, and put down the figure he had seen there.

The teacher laughed and hugged Roy the way his mother did sometimes. Then she took out his examination-paper, and where the poor, mean-looking figure nine had stood she put a great big eight that stood up so straight and looked so strong and honest that anybody could see at a glance that he was telling the truth, no matter if he had made a mistake.

And now Roy knows that if figures ever lie it is not because they want to, but because some one else makes them.

Treatment of Burns

Writers of surgical works usually divide burns into three degrees of severity. In the first there is nothing more than increased redness of the skin, with more or less smarting of the affected part. In burns of the second degree the surface is still red, but it is also more or less covered with blisters of variable size and extent. In the third class are placed the burns which are really burns—cases in which the tissues are charred or completely destroyed.

The danger of a burn varies in general with the extent of surface affected rather than with the degree. Thus a burn of the first degree, inducing only redness without blistering, but involving about two-thirds of the surface of the body, has caused death, while the actual carbonization of an entire foot and part of the leg has been survived.

The most desirable thing in the case of a burn of any extent or degree is to exclude the air and protect the part from pressure or rubbing. Cloths wet in a solution of ordinary washing-soda or cooking-soda and covered by oiled silk to prevent drying serve the purpose admirably; and the soda has the further recommendation of relieving the pain better than almost anything else. A mixture of equal parts of linseed-oil and lime-water—the well-known carron-oil—is a time-honored remedy. If blisters have formed, the water may be let out by making a little snip of the raised skin near the edge of the blister, but great care must be taken not to tear off the covering skin.

If the burn has been severe the constitutional symptoms may be marked, and treatment may be needed to ward off shock and prevent collapse. If the skin has been destroyed to a greater or less depth, antiseptic treatment will be needed to promote healing and prevent exhausting suppuration, or even gangrene. Of course if the burn is extensive or deep only "first-aid" treatment should be given. Medical assistance should be secured as soon as possible.

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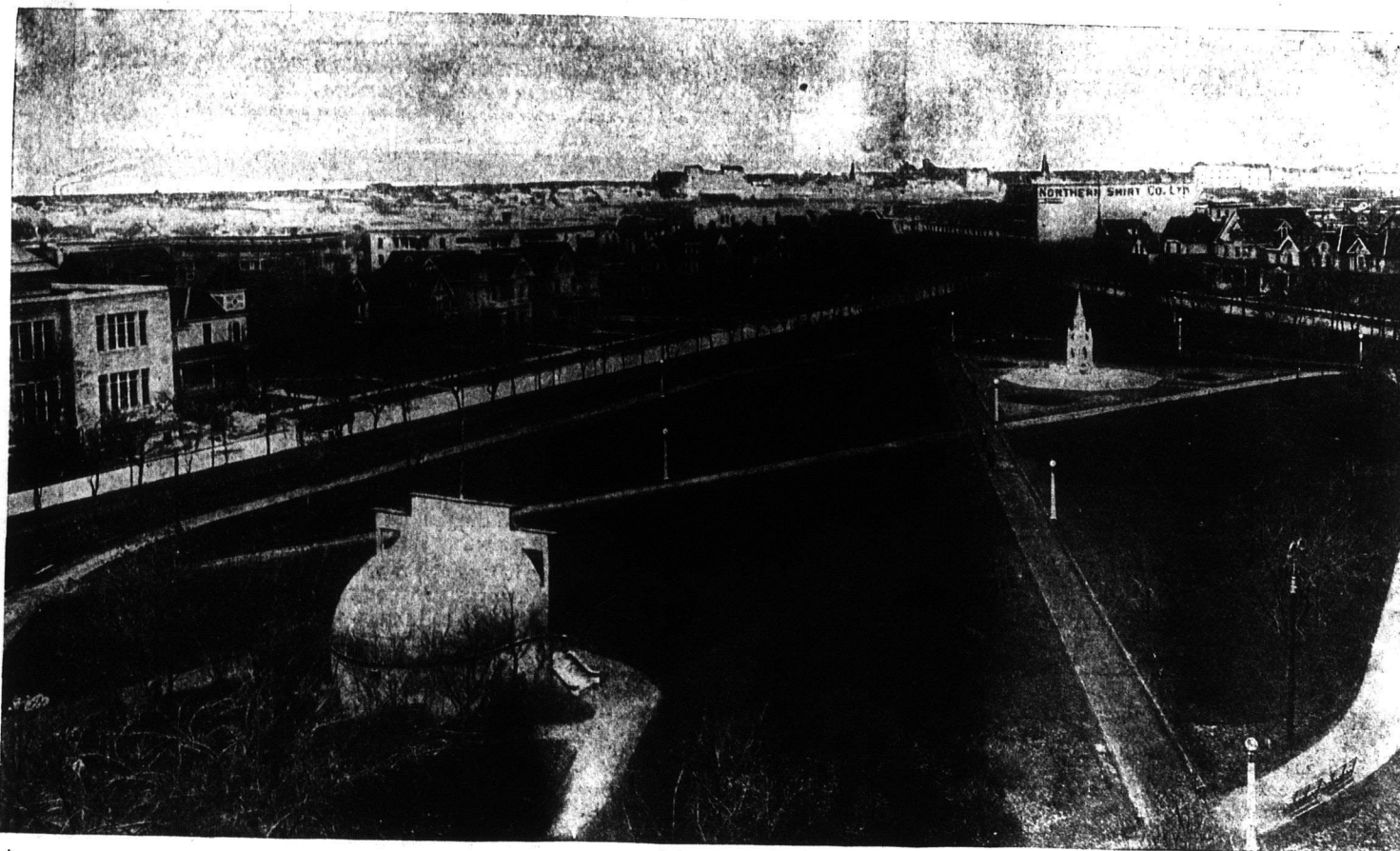


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Plasters and liniments will not cure the kidneys, for they cannot get to the seat of the trouble, but Doan's Kidney Pills do, and cure the kidneys quickly and permanently.

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."

The Home Doctor

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D., (John Hopkins University.)

The Preyers and the Preyed Upon

MOST living creatures, certainly all animals, may be considered as the quarry or the hunter, and many of them are both the prey and the preyer. Some run away in order to live and fight another day, while others are eternally aggressive and never act as protectors. Should they be possessed of armor as an oyster or a turtle or piercing, offensive darts such as the spiny puffer fish or porcupine, they play the appropriate roles, which such an equipment offers them.

The hermit crab, unendowed by a careless development with either an offensive or defensive equipment, hies itself to the empty, cast off shells of snails, and thus obtains a fine lot of second hand armor at no expense to itself.

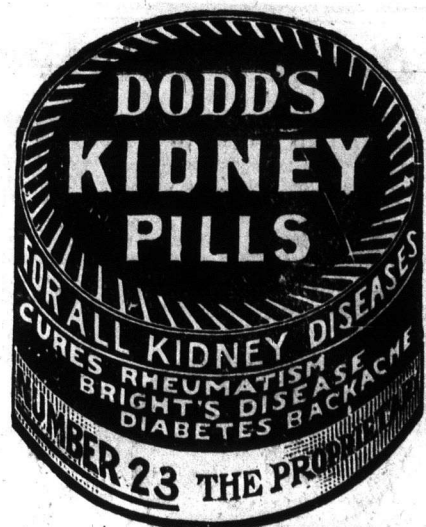
The cuttle fish and the octopus—also called the "devil fish"—has adopted itself to its dingy surroundings in this way. That is to say it escapes its enemies and protects itself from danger by discharging, not a poisonous bromine gas such as the Teutons do, but an inky fluid which

ly with their environments and whose colors ward off by concealing them, the very enemies that seek their destruction.

At times, but less commonly, the animal will be marked, colored, and patterned to match one particular object, such as a twig, a leaf, or a branch of a tree. The wings of the katy-did are veined like a green leaf. The larva of moths resemble the shape and color of a dry twig; the hibernation state of many butterfly cocoons mimic the dried and crumpled leaves of autumn.

True enough, not all animals are colored merely for defense. Many others such as the bumble bees and wasps, beetles and other bugs, like Cyclops himself, are strikingly colored apparently to strut around and bully other creatures into terror of their flaming tints.

This aggressive kind of advertisement, which bumble bees and other creatures use to herald with noiseless trumpeting, their impressive assaults, is used to advantage by many others that lack the lance of the bee creatures without means of defense. On the wing, many weak



Gold Standard Salad Dressing

A Mayonnaise dressing so good you can eat it alone on bread.

Pure, appetizing, wholesome, spicy and delightful—used in endless combinations of vegetables, fruits and nuts

Packed in two styles ready mixed and powder.

Ask Your Grocer.



Big 110-page Cook Book, free upon request

The Gold Standard Mfg. Co. Winnipeg, Manitoba

The tide rolls east and the tide rolls west;
And men like the waters are moving;
And God is directing in ways that are best;
For He is most patient and loving.

The tide rolls west and the tide rolls east;
And hearts like the tempests need stilling;
But He who forgets not the frailest and least
Is always His purpose fulfilling.

The tide rolls on so boundless and wide,
And men are its wonders beholding;
And grand is the roll of the temperance tide
Which now is all nations enfolding.

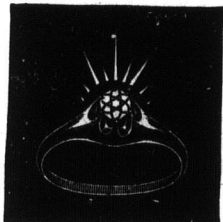
Deep is the voice which speaks in the tide;
And grand is its music which rolleth;
And plain is the message which bids us confide

In Him who all nature controlleth.
T. Watson.

Iona Station, Ont., 1913.

Diamonds of Quality

OUR SPECIAL \$50.00 DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING



Whether your purchase is a \$100 Diamond Engagement Ring or a \$5 Watch, you can rest assured you will get nothing of inferior quality if your purchase is made at Black's.

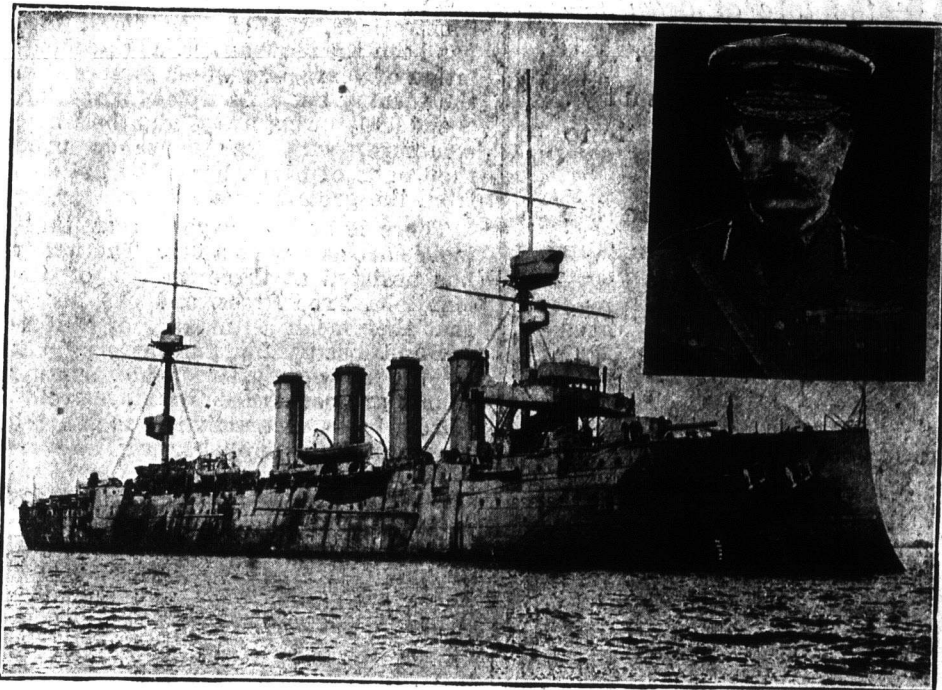
Our Diamonds are the perfect kind. We sell no others, as it has taken us too long to establish a reputation for fine Diamonds to trifle with our reputation by selling the imperfect kind.

Any purchase made by mail is subject to return and refund of money if not entirely satisfied.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Watch Repairing Done by Mail and Guaranteed.

D. E. Black & Co. Ltd. JEWELERS
Herald Building Calgary



Earl Kitchener, British Minister of War, and his staff were lost when the British cruiser "Hampshire" was sunk to the west of the Orkneys by a mine. The cruiser was on her way to Russia.

blackens the surrounding water so that it can make good to escape.

When a sparrow darts into the shadows of a large tree, you lose sight of it. Why? Because all white and yellow birds have been destroyed, captured, killed, and otherwise eliminated. Those that are protected by their colors, escape the strained eyes of the hunter and trapper. An insect such as a butterfly flies out of the bushes and you are startled by its iridescent beauty. You chase it, and lo! it ceases to be distinguished from its surroundings. The glorious array of colors, while on the wing, makes it abrupt fusion with the foliage into which it flits, all the more amazing. When at rest it harmonizes so completely with the background that it cannot be recognized by sharp search.

This is called by naturalists "protective coloration." The gulls of the white sea shore are white, the living things of rock are slate colored or striped; those of the deserts are sandy, inconspicuous tints. In the leafy depths of the forest, insect, reptile, and bird-life have greenish tints. Robin Hood and his men recognized unconsciously the value of green garments in the greenwood. The tree-fog, the katy-did, and other creatures of the woods and fields are green to conform best with their surroundings.

The very animals which look most gorgeous to the eye, when brought to the circus, the zoo, the museum, or stage, such as parrots, gold fish, butterflies, and caterpillars are often the very ones that merge most complete-

and unprotected flies, therefore, escape their enemies of man, too, because they are mistaken on the wing for stinging insects.

The monarch or milk-weed butterfly, "Anosia" is often confused with the viceroy butterfly, "Siminitis." The larva of the monarch feeds upon the milkweeds and thus as prey, itself, it must have a nasty, repulsive taste to birds. The viceroy butterfly, on the other hand, is such a delectable morsel, that birds hanker for it as a lover for his loss, or a glutton for his supper. The latter looks so much like the monarchs that even naturalists are deceived by the masquerade. It, therefore survives and escapes the hungry beaks of the air creatures.

So it goes throughout living types. Men imitate the dress and style of other men with the same unconscious aim of escape from their own shortcomings or to achieve the conquests which others have made.

The Tide

Psalm 93: 4.

The tide rolls in and the tide rolls out;
For strong is the heart of the ocean;
And there is no place for depression and doubt:

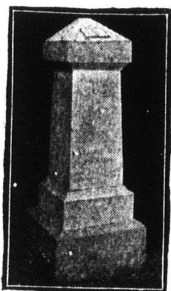
Peace reigneth beneath the commotion.

The tide rolls out and the tide rolls in;
And men in their weakness are pleading:
But Goodness unfailing the battle shall win:

The work is most surely succeeding.

MONUMENTS

Guaranteed Money Back if not Satisfied



Get our new catalog of moderate-priced Tombstones and Monuments, showing new designs. We can save you money and guarantee entire satisfaction. Write for this illustrated book to-day. It is free. It shows epitaph designs, freight rates, etc.

Standard Cement Stone Works
P.O. Box 104 GIBROUX, MAN.

IF IT LEAKS Get MENDETS

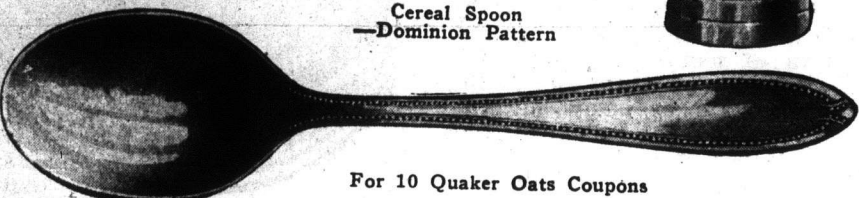
They mend all leaks instantly in granite ware, hot waterlags, tin, copper, brass, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivets. Any one can use them. Fit any surface. Perfectly smooth. Wonderful invention. Household necessity. Millions in use. Send for sample package, 10c. Complete pkg. asst. sizes, 25c postpaid. 2 pts. wanted COLLETE MFG. CO. Dept. B., COLLINGWOOD, Ont.

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Quaker Oats Premiums Silver Plate Jewelry, Aluminum

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.



Cereal Spoon
—Dominion Pattern

For 10 Quaker Oats Coupons

What's Beauty ?

Its Nine-Tenths Vivacity
Its Bubbling Spirits, Snap and Glow
It is Often Oat-Fed Vim



The very joy of life
— the love of beauty —
urges Quaker Oats.

Not placid beauty.
That's a gift, and little to be envied.

The charm lies in life and sparkle. It lies in bounding energy.

It comes from fires kept burning. And they

must be fed by food.

One is never unattractive who lives life to the full.

That's one great reason for Quaker Oats in plenty. It is animating food.

It's a mine of stamina, endurance, vigor, force.



To "feel your oats" means joy, success and charm. Oats are not for young folks only. At fifty they are more important than at ten.

It's a vast mistake, at any age, to neglect the morning oat dish.



Quaker Oats

The Luxury Dish

We have made a luxury dish of oats—a dish that is always delightful.

We do it by discarding all the puny oats—by using queen grains only. We get but 10 pounds from a bushel.

But these big, plump grains

Regular Package, 10c.

Large Round Package, 25c
Except in Far West

monopolize the flavor. And they make large, luscious flakes. From all the world over, true lovers of oats send to us to get them.

Every package branded Quaker Oats contains this extra quality. Yet it costs the usual price. You owe it to yourself to get it.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont.

(1312)

Saskatoon, Sask.

New Round 25c Package

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.

Woman's Quiet Hour

The Western Home Monthly has passed through "the ordeal by fire," and surely like the Phoenix is "rising from the ashes of the old."

The Ordeal By Fire

The May issue, which appeared slightly late, had a most adventurous career as part of the forms of the type fell through the flames from the top to the bottom of a five storey building, and were rescued from the debris and used for running off the paper. Possibly this may not seem as wonderful to the uninitiated as it does to those who are familiar with all that goes in connection with the forms of type, but all appreciate that it was very wonderful for the publishers of The Western Home Monthly to be able to get it out after the almost total destruction of their great plant, and their brothers in the trade are unbounded in their admiration for the pluck and enterprise of the company.

"New and better in every way" is to be the order of the new building and equipment, and in the meantime everyone is putting their shoulder to the wheel in order to keep things going until the new building and plant are completed.

Perhaps there is no other business which suffers as much as a printing plant in sudden destruction by fire. All the files of information, the cuts, the illustrations, the endless detail that has been the slow and steady accumulation of years, and which is needed in the turning out a first class magazine, is suddenly swept away, and the whole structure, with its thousands upon thousands of parts, has to be built up from the ground once more.

There is an old saying that three moves are as bad as a fire. The writer has assisted at three moves of the Manitoba Free Press, and can testify that they mean all manner of confusion and loss of time and material, but so far as newspapers and printing plants are concerned, six moves could hardly be as destructive as such a fire, as overtook the publishers of The Western Home Monthly.

This is just by way of giving my readers some idea of what the magazine has been through in the interval of publication. It will enable them to more fully appreciate the magazine when it reaches them.

During the month a letter reached me from a reader who is a hunter in the mountains of British Columbia. Late last fall this man had written me to know where he might obtain Nellie McClung's new book, "In Times Like These," having read my review of it in the Quiet Hour. I sent him a copy and the letter this month was to acknowledge that book and to speak of how much he had enjoyed the reading of it. Not only he but his comrades had read it, and now it is on its way to his sister in Norway.

It is always a great pleasure to the Editor of the page to get letters such as this. We cast our thoughts and ideas out into the great void, as it were, and if even one of the many thousand subscribers to the magazine remembers to write and express their appreciation, it is a great help.

It seems to me that a thousand books might be written about the problems that are confronting the world "in times like these." I was sorry to find that my article on the "war widows" in last "In Times Like These" issue had given great offence to the officers of the Salvation Army. I think their offence was uncalled for as there was no attack made on the Army itself, but only a criticism on certain methods with regard to placing war widows in Canada which they proposed to make use of.

I am glad to make a partial correction of one statement in my article. I spoke of them leaving part of the widows' children in England and bringing out only the oldest and youngest. This separation, the officers assure me, is only intended to be temporary.

They claim that it is to be only a matter of months and at the most not more than two years. This is, of course, better than a permanent separation, but I still continue to think that the principle of separation at all is unsound. As I tried to point out last month, it is not so much even to defend ourselves against the matter of an added burden as on account of the women themselves that the proposed form of immigration should be objected to.

The Army officers assured me that they are receiving applications for these widows to work in farm homes. I did not succeed in pinning them down to any very definite details but from what they told me and from my own knowledge of farm conditions it would seem to me that the women would have small chance of caring for their children by the time they got through the house work and cooking which would be expected of them on the farm.

No loyal citizen of Canada has any desire to turn down immigration that is English speaking. We know already something of the terrible difficulties of assimilating non-English speaking immigrants.

The drainage on Canadian manhood by the war will unquestionably limit the birth rate of English-speaking children in Canada for a couple of decades at least. In the past in Canada, and more particularly in Western Canada, the number of men has been very materially in excess of the number of women, but we cannot hope that the end of the war will find us with any such conditions; in fact the evidence is all the other way. The chances are that by the close of the war the women may be slightly in excess of the men, even in the West, while in Eastern Canada the discrepancy will be even more serious and many of the returning soldiers will be incapacitated and unable to maintain homes. This means that many of the young women of Canada will be unable to marry and have families. There has been no corresponding drain on the manhood of the foreign nationalities resident in Canada. Their birth rate has always been relatively higher than our own, and marriage and the bearing of children will go on with them as it has done in the past. This means that a larger percentage of the Canadian citizens of the next generation or two will be the children of non-English speaking fathers and mothers. The task of making good Canadians of these children will fall largely to the lot of the very women who were deprived of husbands and families of their own. It is a very grave task that lies before the women of Canada, both west and east. The question of the foreign child is, of course, more pressing in the west than it is in Ontario or the Maritime Provinces, but to some extent it exists everywhere. To use the pithy old Scotch phrase the task before the women of Canada is "nae lichtsomes," but that they will face it with high courage there is no manner of doubt. If any means can be devised whereby English speaking children and their mothers can be brought to Canada and placed in such positions and under such conditions as will make it possible for the children to grow up into good citizens, I am sure that the women of Canada, both west and east, will welcome such immigration, but that this can be accomplished by any such methods as suggested by the Salvation Army I am still wholly unconvinced.

There are individual cases, of course, where such war widows can be brought out, and become a real help and benefit to the community, as well as having an opportunity for themselves and their children;

The Individual for example, there is a small town in Alberta which is badly in need of a seamstress. The women's societies of that town have offered to take a war widow with several children. They have a small house ready for her and are preparing themselves to see that she has work, and to help her in growing

accustomed to her new surroundings, and they also pledge themselves to see that the children attend school, and various matters of this kind. This is, I am afraid, rather the exceptional case. There are few of the small towns in the west but what have widows of their own who need all the work that is going and all the help that the women can give them in order to raise their families.

Personally, I would be very glad of the expression of opinion from readers of this page as to what they think of the whole matter, but in closing this section I wish once more to place myself on record as willing and anxious that English speaking immigrants should come to us. It is not the immigration that I object to, but the method under which it is proposed to bring it out, and the danger that these war widows will find themselves in, in a terribly severe climate, in wholly unaccustomed surroundings, and that instead of being a benefit to them, it will be a real injury, and also an injury to Canada.

Every woman who reads a daily paper, and I imagine there are few in the west who do not, must be appalled at the revelations of the various commissions sitting in Ottawa, and must feel that there has been something radically wrong in our system of education, both in the home and the school, when so large a number of the public men of Canada seem to have conceived of this awful war only as a means for lining their own pockets. The rank and file of the men of Canada by the thousands are going abroad fully prepared to lay down their lives on the altar of civilization, for that is what this war means; it is a fight for civilization and world freedom, and in the face of this the men who remain at home, the men in high places, are seeking to make money out of this terrible disaster. For a long time it seemed incredible that this could be true, now we can no longer refuse to believe the evidence presented before the various commissions, and it comes home that our standards of living and our idea of honor must have been sadly out of gear before this war began.

It is not possible to go back over the past, but there is certainly a solemn duty ahead of the women to whom the franchise has been granted in the west, and that is to see that any public men in whose election they may take a part are of such calibre as will prevent the possibility of the recurrence of such scandals for the future. While the onus of having elected such men to office at present lies with the men of Canada, the fact that so large a number of men can be found with such low ideals of public service is undoubtedly in some measure the fault of the women. While our hearts thrill with pride at the deeds of Canadian men in this war, we must blush and hang our heads for the conduct of public men at home.

Surely, surely, there is something wrong in the home training that has produced these men. This is assuredly the time for the women of Canada to "clean house," not only physically, but mentally and morally, and find out where this canker of public immorality and dishonor has sprung from and root it out. There can be no sound nationhood until this is done, and we owe it to the men who have given their lives in this war to see to it that they have not died for freedom and honor in vain.

A Fortunate Escape

Crossing from Rotterdam to New York recently, Alan Dale, the author of "The Great Wet Way," met an acquaintance who was evidently in trouble. He describes the meeting and the cause of his friend's anxiety:

She wore a look of haggard distress, and could scarcely find time to ask me how I was, or say how pleased she was to meet me. She stood quite still as she reached the deck, and inquired of me most imperiously, "Have you seen Miss Myers?"

"Who is Miss Myers?" I asked. "Oh, I don't know," she replied. "I wish I did. I'm so tired! I've been trapesing about Boulogne all the afternoon, waiting for this wretched boat. I should love to go to bed, but I must see Miss Myers. Do please see if you can discover her. Ask the stewards; search well, and bring her to me. I will wait here."

High and low I searched for Miss Myers. I read labels on steamer chairs, and got down on my knees to decipher legends on trunks. It was no use, and I had to give up the search.

I broke the news as delicately as I could. I had not found Miss Myers; in fact, I believed there "wasn't no sich person."

"But there is! there is!" Mrs. Kelly almost wept. "They told me about her in London; they told me about her in Paris; they told me about her in Boulogne. The very thought of her drives me wild—"

Then, and then only, it dawned upon

me that my poor friend, Mrs. Kelly, was mad. Pleasure, European pleasure, had unhinged her reason.

"Never mind," I said, gently, trying to humor her. "Never mind. Perhaps there is a Miss Myers, but she won't hurt you. I will see that she does not. Now if I were you, I should go to bed, and to-morrow you will feel better and more like yourself."

"Don't be idiotic!" said Mrs. Kelly, peevishly. "I won't go to bed. This Myers woman is my roommate, and I've got to find her. I begged the company for a room alone, but all they could give me was a small cabin with Miss Myers, and"—here Mrs. Kelly tried to keep back the tears—"I'm a stout woman. I may even say that I'm a fat woman. I need space. Suppose, suppose Miss Myers is also fat! What then? What does the company care?"

A little later Mrs. Kelly was told that she could have the cabin to herself, as Miss Myers had been accommodated elsewhere.

A Simple Expedient

It was the custom of Mr. Cameron to fall into an easy attitude wherever he might be. This habit led to an occasional dialogue of a spicy nature, and the dialogues led to a small square package which Mr. Cameron presented to his wife one night.

"What in the world are these?" inquired Mrs. Cameron, as the unwrapping of the package revealed a few cards neatly marked, "For Use," and two or three dozen marked, "For Show."

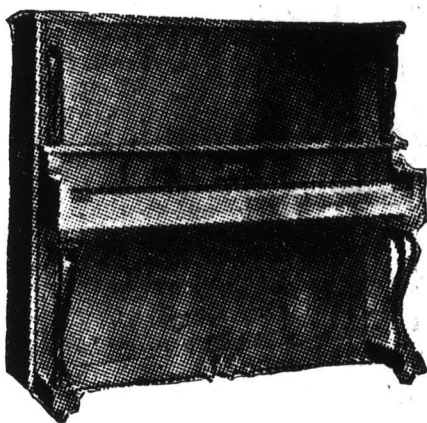
"Those, my dear," said Mr. Cameron, "are for you to attach, by the small pin on the under side, to the various sofa cushions, chair-backs and unoccupied wall spaces in this house. Then neither my head nor that of any chance visitor will rest in or on any object designed for ornament; and once more, even with Christmas coming every year, and your friends as loving and generous as ever, we shall have a happy home."

Retired from Retail Business

That's why you can now secure these new high grade standard pianos at such extravagant discounts. When the Doherty Piano Co. of Clinton, Ont., decided to abandon the retail business in Winnipeg, on April 30th, we took over the balance of their stock at very advantageous discounts—in some cases below actual manufacturing cost. Now we are in a position to allow you to

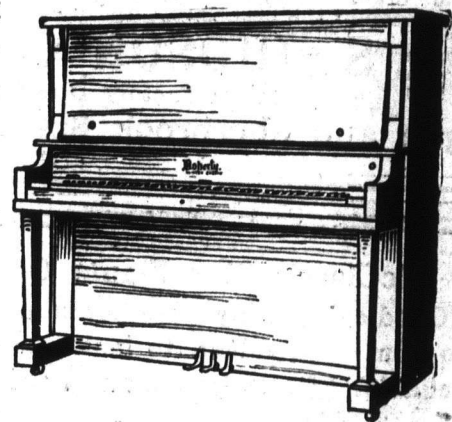
Share This Saving With Us Fill in the Coupon Now

The manufacturer takes the loss, and the ultimate purchaser saves One Hundred Dollars and more, as you will see from these sample values.



New Doherty

Style Louis XV. Regular \$425. Now \$320



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We Pay Freight

No matter where you live in Western Canada we will pay freight and guarantee safe delivery to your nearest station.

Terms

One-eighth cash with 10 per cent discount for extra cash payment, and balance in one, two or three equal fall payments, or monthly, quarterly or half-yearly payments arranged as you desire.

Our Guarantee

Despite the fact that prices have been severely cut, the same ten-year guarantee goes with every new piano.

FREE

At the present time we have a number of new piano benches with receptacle for music. With each purchase made from this advertisement we are giving one of these free.

Slightly Used Pianos

We have on hand a number of slightly used and second hand pianos at \$150, \$175 and \$200. A list of these will be sent you on request, and purchasers have the privilege of exchanging at any time within three years for any new piano on our floors with allowance of full price already paid.

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Winnipeg Piano Co.,
333 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg.

Please mail me full particulars and catalogue showing Doherty piano advertised in The Western Home Monthly for

\$.....

Name.....

Address.....

WINNIPEG PIANO CO

333 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG.

"SILVER GLOSS"

(EDWARDSBURG)

"Silver Gloss" has been doing perfect starching in Canadian homes, for nearly 60 years. In one pound packages and six pound fancy enamelled tins.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, BRANTFORD, CARDINAL, FORT WILLIAM.

Laundry Starch

Makers of "Crown Brand" and "Lily White" Corn Syrups, and Benson's Corn Starch. 235

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

GIRL GUIDES

Many requests have come to this department for information concerning the organization known as Girl Guides. Women in towns see the necessity of interesting young girls in the towns. One woman writes: "We want to keep our girls off the streets." I know of no organization that would be more helpful to young girls. The Girl Guides movement is a patriotic organization and must in time be as important as the Boy Scouts. At present there is no organization in Western Canada. There are a few clubs doing the work, but no definite organization here. I believe Eastern Canada has an organization with headquarters in Toronto. This is something for our women's organizations to think about.

At present I have the handbook for Girl Guides at hand. It is written by Miss Baden-Powell and Sir R. Baden-Powell. This convinces the reader that Sir Baden-Powell must have considered this organization as important as the Boy Scout organization. The following I quote from this book. This is written on the title page "The handbook for Girl Guides or How Girls Can Help Build The Empire, by Agnes Baden-Powell in collaboration with Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B."

The Girl Guides is an organization for character training which has been started much on the lines of the Boy Scouts' movement in principle but differing in detail.

Its aim is to get girls to learn how to be women — self-helpful, happy, prosperous and capable of keeping good homes and of bringing up good children. The method of training is to give the girls pursuits which appeal to them, such as games and recreative exercises, which lead them to learn for themselves many useful crafts.

This training has been found attractive to all classes, the restraining influence is a character training for the mothers of the future men and women. The Girl Guides movement extends not only to most parts of the British Empire but to many foreign countries as well.

The girls are encouraged to cut out and sew their own skirts and knickers, also haversacks, stretcher-slings, flags, etc.

The Guide's law binds girls to be loyal, kind, obedient and cheerful. Most of the time is spent preparing to carry out things under difficulties. Badges of promotion are given. The motto of the Girl Guides is "Be Prepared." Here are some of the duties:

Be Womanly. Under this head Miss Baden-Powell urges girls to be real girls—not ape men.

Be Strong. A Guide is taught how to take healthy exercise, plenty of open air, good wholesome food and drill work.

Be Handy. Know how to do useful things in the most economical manner.

Be Good Mothers. A girl guide is taught how to bring children up to be honorable useful citizens for the British Empire. Britain has been made great by her great men, and these men were made great by their mothers.

Girl Guides are taught wood craft, open air duties, endurance, tending the injured, saving life, hospital duties, home duties, care of children and patriotism. A Girl Guide would rather lose her life than her honor.

Guide Laws.

- (1) A guide's honor is to be trusted.
- (2) A guide is loyal.
- (3) A guide's duty is to be useful and to help others.
- (4) A guide is a friend to all, and a sister to every other guide, no matter to what social class the other belongs.
- (5) A guide is courteous.
- (6) A guide keeps herself pure in thoughts, words and deeds.
- (7) A guide is a friend to animals.
- (8) A guide obeys orders.
- (9) A guide smiles and sings.
- (10) A guide is thrifty.

In woodcraft the study of animals and nature, girl guides begin a study

of birds and animals that will interest them for life.

Girl guides are interested in camping, rendering first aid, learning good literature, playing healthy games, in fact, it is all a splendid training for girls—the very best I know to make a good woman.

What's a good woman? An angel of light. Toiling for others from morning till night. Bearing her gifts to the cottager's door, honored and loved in the hearts of the poor. Greeting the weary with soft loving words. The friend of the children, the flowers, and the birds. There's love in her glances, there's balm in her smile. Her lips breathe no scandal, her heart knows no guile.

To sum up—the whole object of the Girl Guide's organization is to seize the girl's character in its red-hot stage of enthusiasm and weld it into the right shape.

This is an opportune time for forming the Girl Guide's organization in Western Canada. I wish there were one in every town. Miss Baden-Powell's address is 116 Victoria street, London, S.W.

A splendid summary of their object is in this—one of their songs:

Daughters of Britain.

Be prepared, true Guides of Britain,
for the things that are to be,
For the chapters to be written, as the
rolling years shall flee,
'Tis to-day we make to-morrow, fear-
ing nought whate'er betides—
From the past new courage borrow,
for the honor of the Guides.

Refrain.

Be prepared, true Guides of Britain,
be prepared for what may be,
To you belongs the Empire world that
rules on every sea;
Then march to meet the future, fear-
ing nought whate'er betides—
Be strong for truth and Empire, for
the honor of the Guides.

Be prepared to aid the weaker, to be
numbered with the strong,
And for duty's path a seeker, stem to
overcome the wrong;
To our comrades ever loyal, ever ready
in our place—
Gallant Guides of courage royal, for
the honor of the race.

Be prepared! In bygone ages hero
sire's our Empire made;
Watch we lest her future pages at our
hands may be betrayed.
Hail our country alma mater, nor of
present glories brag;
Strike to make our Empire greater, for
the honor of the flag!

THE SIGN ON YOUR FOREHEAD!

If you want to serve your country, whether it is as queen or maid servant, you must be efficient—that is, good at your work, you must be trained.—Elbert Hubbard said:

"I put no enemy into my mouth to steal away my brains." He was often asked the question: "How do you find time to do all of your work?" In the last few years of his life he had attained the height of his power to work.

We like to keep old age in the distance and this is possible if we make our work a pleasure. For fourteen years Elbert Hubbard wrote one Little Journal a month, each one of which required a vast amount of study and reading. He wrote nearly every bit of each issue of The Philistine, averaged seventy-five lectures a year, besides writing much for other magazines and advertising propositions.

Besides all this he managed and built up the Roycroft Shops. Work with him was a pleasure—he believed that work was the greatest blessing of mankind.

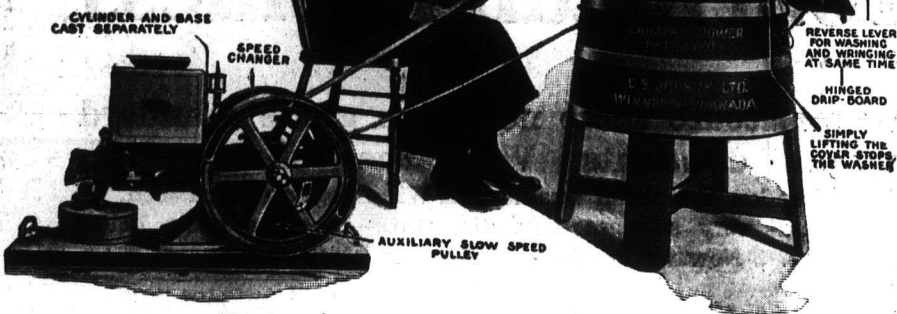
It is said that his presence among the shops was an inspiration—his personality so permeated the atmosphere that everyone wanted to work. Idleness is contagious — so is ambition. "The reward that life holds out for work," he said, "is not idleness nor rest, nor immunity from work, but in-

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 Handy Boy 1½ h. p. Engine, all complete for only

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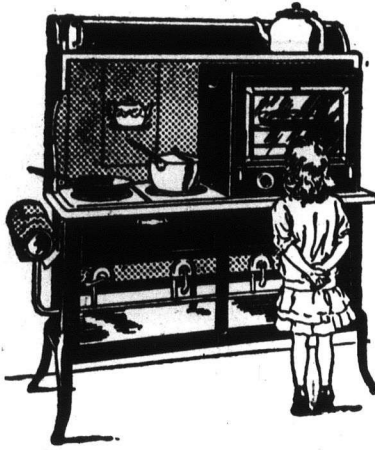
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A glass bull's-eye always shows you how much oil is in the tank. The upper reservoir holds a gallon.

Ask your dealer to show you the Florence—if he cannot, write to our nearest branch.

GOODY! GOODY!

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ST. JOHN, N.B. CALGARY EDMONTON SASKATOON 826

creased capacity, greater difficulties, more work." The girls of the nation have the moulding of the men of the future. This great empire is entrusted to their care, and what it will be in the future is just what the girls try to make it. Girls have great power and influence in forming minds and characters. Ask not for easier work but more strength.

So many girls spend two-thirds of their time looking for easier jobs. The search for ease is the greatest crime of the girl of to-day. "I'll find you easy work," says the temptress for she knows this is the best bait to throw out to catch the girl in her teens. The girl who has the easy job laughs at the hard working girl, and tells her she is foolish to work so hard. Her influence weakens her associates.

How much would a child amount to who would remain for years in the primary department because it is easy? Yet this is just what girls are doing in the school of life. We are placed here to rise in the school of life through solving difficult problems.

The musician must exercise the muscles of his wrist and fingers—so must we exercise the muscles of the mind.

I see two pictures. The forehead of one girl is opened and the top of her head is filled with rubbish—her brain is a waste basket. The other is a picture of a girl whose brain is orderly. It is full of files in which ideas are carefully stored in their proper places ready for use. Systematic concentration on her work makes her a superior mental housekeeper. We do so much mental shopping at life's cheap bargain counters, and leave the soul out. We buy piano players today because we have not the time and energy to learn to play. We go to the movies to see an event in history acted that our parents had to dig out through hard study. We buy sets of somebody's interpretation of classics—mental hash—that save us the time and energy of studying to form our own ideas. In the mad rush for change we have not the time to think.

Ruskin says: "A thing is worth precisely what it can do for you; not what you choose to pay for it."

Show me girls who say: "Where shall we go to-night? What's doing? What's on at the movies?" and I will show you girls who are mentally dead—putting in time till the body wears out. At forty they will be faded, flabby, lazy, indifferent lumps of human clay.

"Intelligence begs, 'Give me more time!' Ignorance asks, 'What shall I do?'"

Is this sign written on your forehead? "Closed—gone out of business."

THE LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

The most representative organization of women that has ever gathered in Winnipeg met here the sixteenth of May. The Local Council of Women includes 55 affiliated societies of women in Manitoba with a total membership of 9,046. So many societies working together must be a splendid power for good in Manitoba affairs.

Mrs. R. F. McWilliams was elected president. The organization made a wise choice as Mrs. McWilliams is especially fitted for the position. She is familiar with women's club work, has splendid executive ability and is a college woman—besides she has a keen sense of duty toward the community and is generous in her judgment.

Two minute reports from each society were read at the meeting and all present were astonished at the enormous amount of work done by women's societies in Manitoba.

Nearly all societies assist in the Red Cross work. I note that the one who represented girls' work suggested the inauguration of a live club for business girls with rooms down town. Some months ago the writer of this page wrote on the great need of such a club. It is something for those interested in girls to think about. Any movement that has for its object the welfare of wage-earning girls is

worthy of encouragement. The women of the council are anxious to extend a helping hand to girls for which we are sincerely grateful.

We are fortunate, indeed, at this time to have an organization of this kind in Western Canada—an organization consisting of women of all ranks.

One of the chapels in Liverpool cathedral is devoted to recording deeds of good women. The painted windows immortalize women of all callings, ancient and present day, who have served and helped their country. There are windows in honor of Queen Margaret and Queen Bertha, and paintings of Hannah and of Ruth of the Bible, and, more modern, Mary Somerville, Mary Rogers the stewardess, Josephine Butler, Mrs. Browning, Elizabeth Fry, and numerous others.

Some women are called upon to govern, and others are destined to live and work alone; but each in her own way can do good, and can help in a nation's welfare.

DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE

A convention of this worthy organization was recently held in Winnipeg. With chapters all over the west the women under Mrs. Colin Campbell as leader, have devoted their entire energy towards helping the soldiers and everything pertaining to the needs of those who are fighting for our protection and honor. Many members of this organization are giving all of their time and money, and after the war is over the British nation will reflect with astonishment on the valuable contribution of service from this wonderful organization of women.

Singing is the best antidote for sighing.

Respectability is more than position. A buzzard perched on a church steeple is a buzzard still.

What if the road be rough that might be smooth?

Is not the rough road best for thee, until Thou learn, by patient walking in the truth,

To trust and hope in God, and to be still?

Why should 'st thou strive, and fret, and fear, and doubt

As if His way, being dark, must bode thee ill?

If thine own way be clearly pointed out, Leave Him to clear up His and

Be thou still—Walter Smith

An interesting biography of one who was a successful missionary in a foreign land tells how, on the eve of his departure from home, he went to call on a friend. He was accompanied by an associate in his chosen work, a grave, ascetic man, also bound for the same distant field. The hostess, greeting them, drew forward a rocking-chair, but the more serious brother promptly declined it and selected a less comfortable seat.

"No, madam, a missionary must learn to do without luxuries," he said.

The lady glanced hesitatingly at her remaining caller.

"You will take it?"

"Certainly. A missionary must learn to fit into any place," he answered, with a mirthful readiness that saved the situation, as the same sunniness and sense of humor saved many a more difficult situation in the years that followed.

The heroism that accepts hardships when they come and bears them courageously is scarcely more admirable than the common sense that quickly and gratefully accepts and makes the most of the blessings and helps that are also scattered along life's way. All are the ordering of the Father, "Who wisely knows to give or to withhold," and to refuse the comfort and sweetness that come to us is as faithless and foolish as to complain of the trials that befall, and try to escape all difficulties in our path.

When God sends privations He sends compensations also, but the needless sacrifices we manufacture for ourselves bring no gift of grace with them. A cheery heart, ready to adapt itself to circumstances is better than any asceticism.

Hand Feeding Baby

Troubles and Failures.

Some of the causes of these can well be pointed out again. Ordinary cows milk is unsatisfactory—it contains too much indigestible curd, too little milk sugar, and is frequently acid. To correct these faults is more than can be undertaken successfully in the home. Remember—"Milk is peculiarly susceptible and liable to contamination not only while in the hands of the producer, but also after it reaches the consumer. Thus as is well known it causes and spreads serious diseases, and has a great influence on infant

mortality." (Leading Medical Opinion.) Cows milk varies in quality so that the child seldom receives two feeds alike. Condensed Milk, as usually given, errs in that it contains too little cream, and has large quantities of preservative sugar added, and as with cows milk the curds are indigestible. Consider these points, and when selecting an alternative to the natural food make sure it closely resembles healthy mother's milk. Physicians agree that "Progressive Dietary" is most valuable.

Simplicity and Success

When baby is very young or delicate he should be given the 'Allenburys' Milk Food No. 1. This food is identical in composition with maternal milk, and can, if necessary, be given alternately, so alike are the natural and the prepared food in this instance. It is pure, completely nourishing and digestible.

After three months the Milk Food No. 2 follows. This food can be adopted at this age if breast feeding has ceased, or in place of other substitutes which it is desired to discontinue. The Food No. 2 contains all the essential additions to form bone, nerve and muscle.

When a farinaceous food can be given the Allenburys' Malted Food No. 3 provides what is necessary in an ideal form.

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Sunday Reading

Some Reasons

I bear no malice toward those engaged in the liquor business, but I hate the traffic.

I hate its every phase.

I hate it for its intolerance.

I hate it for its arrogance.

I hate it for its hypocrisy, for its cant and false pretence and sordid love of gain at any price.

I hate it for its domination in politics; for its corrupting influence in civic affairs, for the cowards it makes of public men.

I hate it for the load it straps to labour's back; for the palsied hands it gives to toil; for the tragedies of its might-have-beens.

I hate it for the human wrecks it has caused.

I hate it for the almshouses it peoples; for the prisons it fills; for the insanity it begets; for its countless graves in potters' fields.

I hate it for the mental ruin it imposes upon its victims; for its spiritual blight; for its moral degradation.

I hate it for the crime it commits; for the homes it destroys; for the hearts it breaks.

I hate it for the malice it plants in the hearts of men; for its poison; for its bitterness; for the dead sea-fruit which starves their souls.

I hate it for the grief it causes womanhood, the scalding tears, the hope deferred, the strangled aspirations. Its burden of want and care.

I hate it for its heartless cruelty to the aged, the infirm and the helpless; for the shadows it throws upon the lives of children; for its monstrous injustice to blameless little ones.

I hate it as virtue hates vice, as truth hates error, as righteousness hates sin, as justice hates wrong, as liberty hates tyranny, as freedom hates oppression.

—J. F. H.

Don't Stop Short

In South Africa, in looking for diamonds, they often find a substance that is half charcoal and half diamond. It was intended to be a diamond, but it stopped short, and it is only diamondiferous; it is partly a cinder and partly a jewel. It stopped short, and will never get into the king's crown.

Scientists say copper is elementary, aboriginal matter, which was on its way to become gold, but by some accident it got shunted on to the wrong track—it stopped short.

Let me say this to you. Don't be content to be sprinkled on one part with diamond, and the other part with slag. Mind you go all the way, so that when the king comes at last to make up his jewels you will be with him and shine in his crown. Be sure that you take the last step the final surrender, the inward trust and love of the heart, and you shall become the fine gold of the sanctuary, and be acknowledged by the Master in the day when he shall give to every one of us according to his Spirit, and his work shall remain.—Dr. W. L. Watkinson.

A Jolt to his Pride

An artist who has attained fame and an income was telling some friends of his early struggles. "I had spent eight weeks on the picture," he said, "and had put my very soul into it, and we were penniless. My wife was hungry and in rags, the baby was sickly, and I was discouraged. I hawked that picture about town desperately, only to bring it home at night. No one would have it."

"I suppose that was the hardest blow of your life," suggested a sympathetic friend.

"Oh, no, it wasn't either. I could stand that. I knew I was right. But next day I went out to answer every promising advertisement. The last on the list read, 'Dish-washer wanted.'"

"I felt sure of that, so saved it for the last. But when I applied, the greasy proprietor of the restaurant looked me over with a critical eye.

"Ah, yes," he said, "and what experience as a dish-washer have you had?"

"Of course I hadn't any, and he would not take me. I've never forgiven him for that awful jolt to my pride."

The News in Jerusalem

That evening before sunset some women were washing clothes on the upper step of the flight that led down into the basin of the Pool of Siloam. They knelt each before a broad bowl of earthenware. A girl at the foot of the steps kept them supplied with water, and sang while she filled the jar.

While they plied their hands, rubbing and wringing the clothes in the bowls, two other women came to them, each with an empty jar upon her shoulder.

"Peace to you," one of the newcomers said.

The laborers paused, sat up, wrung the water from their hands, and returned the salutation.

"There is no end to work," was the reply.

"But there is a time to rest, and—"

"To hear what may be passing," interposed another.

"What news have you?"

"Then you have not heard?"

"They say the Christ is born," said the news-monger, plunging into her story.

It was curious to see the faces of the laborers brighten with interest; on the other side down came the jars, which, in a moment, were turned into seats for their owners.

"The Christ!" the listeners cried.

"So they say."

"Who?"

"Everybody; it is common talk."

"Does anybody believe it?"

"This afternoon three men came

across Brook Cedron on the road from Shechem," the speaker replied, circumstantially, intending to smother doubt. "Each one of them rode a camel spotless white, and larger than any ever before seen in Jerusalem."

The eyes—and mouths—of the auditors opened wide.

"To prove how great and rich the men were," the narrator continued, "They sat under awnings of silk; the buckles of their saddles were of gold, as was the fringe of their bridles; the bells were of silver, and made real music. Nobody knew them; they looked as if they had come from the ends of the world. Only one of them spoke, and of everybody on the road, even the women and children, he asked this question, 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews?' No one gave them answer—no one understood what they meant; so they passed on, leaving behind them this saying, 'For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.'"

"Where are they now?"

"At the khan. Hundreds have been to look at them already, and hundreds more are going."

"Who are they?"

"Nobody knows. They are said to be Persians—wise men who talk with the stars—prophets, it may be, like Elijah, and Jeremiah."

"What do they mean by King of the Jews?"

"The Christ, and that he is just born."

One of the women laughed, and resumed her work saying, "Well, when I see him I will believe."

Another followed her example: "And I—well, when I see him raise the dead, I will believe."

And the party sat talking until the night came, and, with the help of the frosty air, drove them home.—Lew Wallace in "Ben Hur."

A Fine Compliment

In the interesting articles "What do you remember?" in the Methodist Time, a writer says:

Did any of my readers ever hear the late Richard Roberts in his prime preaching his wonderful sermon on "Man, lower than the angels, equal to the angels, judging angels?" There were three texts to that sermon and fifteen heads. I forget just how long the sermon lasted, though I heard it preached several times. At any rate, it was considerably over an hour. I hardly know how modern congregations would feel towards a preacher who held them for over an hour with his sermon. But that word "held" expresses exactly what happened.

Of course, Richard Roberts was a master-preacher, and was accustomed to hold vast audiences as in the hollow of his hand; but on one occasion when I heard him preach this particular sermon a great sigh of relief escaped the people at its close, and a man sitting near me raised his hand to his brow, brushed back his hair, and said quite audibly, "Thank God that man is finished."

He had been so wrought upon that the strain on his nerves had been almost unbearable.

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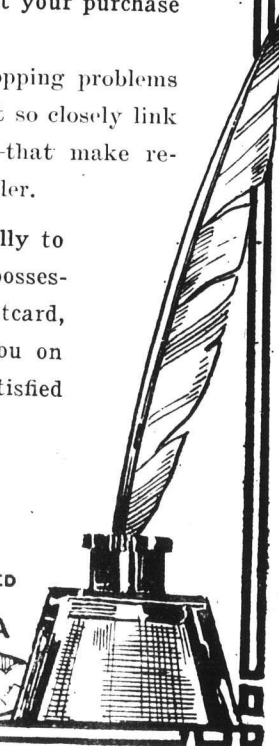
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Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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About the Farm

The Farm Dog
By Dell Grattan

Is a farm dog really needed? Well, I think if anyone has need of a dog it surely must be the farmer. But that dog should be an intelligent, well trained, stay-at-home dog. The collie has been bred for generations as a herd dog, and with suitable training is very useful indeed to the farmer on a stock farm. They can be trained to handle all kinds of live stock, and if taught never to leave home unless in company with some person for the purpose of driving stock is a valuable labor saver to the farmer.

The collie we have is black with white markings, and has a short, wavy coat. He is a very wise dog—wiser than plenty of men when herding or driving cattle—and could not be coaxed from home unless sent with someone to drive a bunch of cattle. He is also a good watch dog, and let anyone beware who tries to take or molest anything he has been told to watch. Who can deny that he is valuable to us?

Three years ago the country round here was overrun with dogs of any and every breed, a perfect nuisance and danger to both man and beast. Steps had to be taken to exterminate these brutes that had no legitimate excuse for existence. A by-law was passed by the council. The owner of every male dog was taxed two dollars, while the owner of every female dog was taxed four dollars. Farmers that had a good dog gladly paid the tax and received a brass tag which had to be worn on the dog's neck. At a given date all dogs not wearing the tag were shot by the authorities. Then any dog with or without the tag found roaming was also shot. Although there was grumbling done, also a few complaints made at the time the by-law was put in force, now every farmer speaks unanimously in saying it certainly exterminated the useless, common nuisance.

Most collies are sensitive and suspicious, of a fine temperament and this characteristic often makes them appear rather cowardly than brave, while cowardice really is not a part of a well-bred collie, which has been properly cared for and considerably handled.

Many people say that to be useful a dog should never be petted or even noticed except when working, but I have found it the opposite, and believe plenty of notice is a good thing, and that the trainer should make him his constant companion when on the farm. The pup should be handled and looked after, especially by the person who is to train him. A pup should never be permitted to have a place of refuge, where on hearing a slight noise or unusual disturbance, or at the sight of a stranger, he can run and hide away. He is almost certain to take advantage of such a retreat whenever he has the least cause to be alarmed, and the habit becomes second nature to him.

After separation from his mother, the pup should be shut up at night and let out in the morning by the one person who is to train him. Every effort should be made to get his confidence and to make him know you are his friend. If the pup is to be a cattle dog, the place for him at night is a cosy corner in the cow stable where nothing can hurt him. In no case should whipping ever be allowed except for stealing eggs or killing fowl. (Feed them well and they won't do this.) I know nothing about the proper training required by a dog to handle sheep, but imagine the training would be quite similar to that given a dog to handle all other kinds of farm stock.

I would first teach him his name, and to come when called in a quiet tone of voice, and then to come by sign. It makes little difference what the word or sign is, but they should always be the same and as few as possible, and until well trained to any command or sign let no one else

attempt to make him obey these or any other commands. Be careful to get him well trained in one command before commencing a second, as only one thing should be taught a dog at a time. After teaching to come, teach to stop where you wish. This is easily taught when shutting him up at night by using the words “stay there” or “watch.” If the pup exhibits good courage it matters but little when his training on cattle begins, but I consider the pup should be at least 10 months old, as when too young if hurt by stock, he is likely to be spoiled as a heeler. When he is being taught to drive use gentle cattle which are easily handled. Let him keep back of the stock with you while you drive the cattle without undertaking to teach him, for as he learns by observation he must have the example made plain. Very quickly he will show a desire to help, and then you may take advantage of the act, encouraging him in it, and by following up this mode of management he will soon become a driver at the heel. Keeping to heel is an item that needs to be well taught, because this is a very necessary part of a dog's training. When he once becomes a good driver at the heel and silently nips up the laggards always keep him in control so he will drop back at once when called. By this time he can be easily taught to turn the cattle to the right or left, to head them off, stop them, or go alone into the far fields and bring the cattle to the stable. A dog should not be allowed to drive fast, that is to hurry the cattle, as in this way he is apt to become careless or develop a disposition to chase for the spirit of the thing. Particular care should be taken to compel him to return promptly on command, and every time he is sent to heel a straggler, as this is just where very many cattle dogs are spoiled.

After being well taught how to keep the cattle moving the commands already learned can be easily applied in teaching the dog to help with other stock—the pigs, hens, turkeys, etc., for which a good dog is extremely useful in herding in at night. For years our dog regularly brought in the milch cows, and drove every cow to her own particular stall. This same dog was once left to watch a coat thrown on the ground beside a dinner pail. In an hour or two a heavy thunder shower came up, and the men hurried home forgetting the dog, and the faithful thing stayed there until he was commanded to come home the following day by his trainer. Never be too anxious for the dog to know it all at once, or be too hasty in scolding for some error in his work when he really did not understand what was wanted. Never scold the dog for your own mistakes—or when he fails to understand your meaning. Many an otherwise good dog has become only partly trained by these very faults of the trainer.

We must believe the collie capable of great things, and then with careful persistence and clear, distinct methods guide him until he sees and attains to the idea of the lesson, and when he does the work honest praise belongs to him, which, if given, serves to heighten his desire to repeat the act for the master he loves. The collie has a wonderful memory, never forgetting the thing he has learned to do. We are well paid for the care and time in making his lesson plain.

Management of the Dairy Cow
By William F. Purdue

As to how long a cow should go dry before calving again, practices and opinions vary. In some localities where dairying is the main business, the cows are bred very rarely or not at all after about five years old, but fed heavily with the best feeds possible, and right along, until age renders them unprofitable. But on the average farm where dairying is not a specialty the raising of a good calf is usually considered an important item, and the cows, no matter what the breed,

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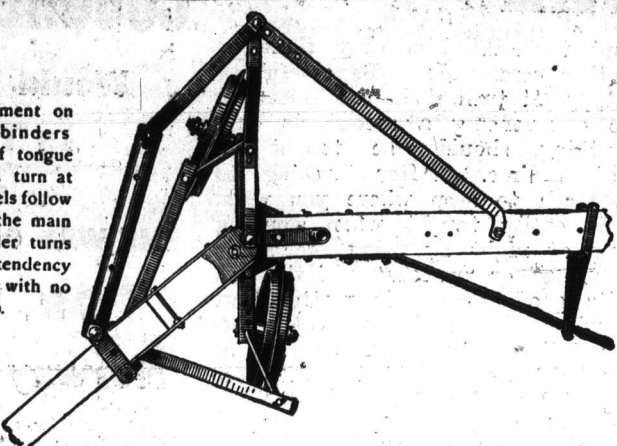
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Auto tongue truck equipment on Deering and McCormick binders. Illustration shows position of tongue truck wheels when making a turn at end of swath. Note that wheels follow a natural circular track with the main wheel as a pivot. The binder turns squarely and easily with no tendency of wheels to drag or lift and with no twisting strain on binder pole.

The New Auto Tongue Truck on Deering and McCormick Binders

THE announcement of a new auto tongue truck on Deering and McCormick grain binders this year is great news for Canadian farmers. It means less work and less expense for them at harvest time.

With this new auto tongue truck the binder pole is held in line with the truck pole. An 8-foot binder enters the grain and continues to cut as squarely as a 6-foot machine.

Equipped with this auto tongue truck, the binder cuts a full 8-foot swath without crowding the horses into the grain—a gain in the width of every swath, with far less work for the driver.

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are bred about as often as nature will allow.

The plan of untimely and unnoted breeding is never a good one, for unless the date of service is carefully recorded, the cow may be milked too long or, as is more often the case, dried off too soon. A majority of the cows kept by diversified farmers are dry nearly or quite half of the year, which certainly is not very profitable. A rest from milk giving of from thirty to ninety days undoubtedly is beneficial to the cow, and more especially to the development of her calf, but a longer period of idleness cannot profitably be allowed. A dry cow on high priced land is not a money maker, even though she be made to rustle her living from the stalk fields and straw piles.

of bran, a pound of oats, a pound of oil meal and a handful of salt, and a little good hay. She should not be given cold water within three days after freshening.

After the third day of freshening the cow should be given such balanced rations as will enable her to produce a large flow of milk, and it is very important to keep her milking steadily until her rest period again arrives. Care must be exercised at all times, however, not to overdo her or sicken her by feeding too heavily. It is always best to raise the amount of feed given carefully and gradually, as thereby she will be stimulated to produce the greatest amount of milk that lies within her possibility and will suffer no injurious effects.

If a heifer or young cow is once allowed to go dry after only a short period of milk giving, it is very hard to ever make her a profitable cow for dairy purposes. High feeding may do it, but the better plan is to breed her at a reasonably early age, feed liberally and milk carefully after calving for about twelve months during her first lactation period; she then forms a habit that will tend to make her a fairly profitable cow all her life. This habit once established, she can then be bred to suit, but a record of the time should be carefully kept so she can be dried off about two or three months before she is due to freshen. It is sometimes necessary to almost starve a good milking cow in order to get her dry, but others dry themselves off.

Clover as a Soil Builder

As a soil builder clover has few equals, especially if it is grown and fed on the farm and the resulting manure is returned to the land. Corn, wheat, oats, barley, timothy, etc., are great consumers of nitrogen; that is, they draw nitrogen from the soil, but give none back. Clover, while it contains more nitrogen per ton than any of the grains or grasses, still leaves more of this element in the soil. Clover draws the bulk of its nitrogen from the air and takes but little from the soil. It is this element—nitrogen—in the soil that gives the rich, rank growth to corn, wheat, oats, barley, etc., while continuous cropping to these grains exhausts the soil of nitrogen to a non-paying basis, rendering the soil so hard and cement-like from lack of humus or vegetable matter that it is only a question of time when the crop yield will not even pay the labor bill, say nothing about taxes, up-keep of buildings, and interest on the investment.

Don't starve the cow after she is dry. As soon as she stops giving milk, feeding should begin at once for the following year. There are three specific purposes for which she should be fed during her brief vacation. First, if she is a good, hard-working cow, her last year's work has been wearing on her and her digestive apparatus should have a rest as far as practicable. To accomplish this purpose, feeds of a cooling and light, bulky nature, as pasture grass in summer and silage in winter, should be fed. Secondly, in feeding the dry cow it is essential to build up the future calf. Nitrogenous or protein feed must be given for this purpose. About all the alfalfa or clover hay that the cow will eat, combined with a little bran is excellent. The third purpose in feeding is to store up in the cow's body fat to be drawn upon later, as well as stamina for her coming work. To make fat, nothing is better than corn or corn silage with a small amount of ground grain. And there is nothing better for imparting stamina to an animal than oats.

The fertility of the soil is the capital of the farmer and he who so farms as to fertility than he puts back is surely constantly take away more of this using up his capital, and it is only a question of time until it will cease to be of any value. That this is true has been demonstrated time and again, especially in the eastern states where hundreds of farms, once farmed, have been abandoned. Even in the Central West where the soil has been thought to be inexhaustible, many farms have become almost worthless from a profit-producing standpoint due to soil robbing.

The basis of the dry cow's rations then, should be pasture grass or corn silage, alfalfa or clover hay, about all she will clean up, and a mixture of finely ground corn and oats and bran. This should be fed in amounts according to the condition of the cow. If she is running on good grass, then the grain ration, of course, will be sufficient without the roughage named.

Some 60 years ago a farmer—perhaps a soil robber would be a better name—homesteaded an 80-acre farm in Illinois. His sole aim was to make a living from the soil without giving anything back to it. The farm has been cropped every year to a few years ago. The man, now over 80 years of age, is unable to perform manual labor any longer and his farm is so poor that it can not produce paying returns any longer; in fact, it will not pay for the labor necessary to grow crops. The result is that this man has become a county charge. Think of it! A man with 80 acres of as good soil as Illinois ever had—a soil rich with thousands of years of Nature's work—being robbed in 60 years so it only yields three bushels of grain per acre! Surprising as this statement is, it is a fact that this same bad system of farming is going on all over the Corn Belt to-day. Many elevators at the various railroad stations are mute witnesses of this fact. So-called good farmers are annually selling hundreds and thousands of bushels of grain off their farms, depleting their fertility and leaving nothing but a bankrupt legacy for posterity.

Exercise in fine weather is all right, but a warm, dry barn is the place for her in bad weather. One night in a cold wet storm may mean a heavy loss. The cow that is kept confined constantly is liable to grow inactive and lazy. Her organs thus become clogged and somewhat dormant, which makes it absolutely necessary that she take gentle exercise as frequently as may be done safely. This will loosen all muscles, open the secretive organs, and cause her whole system to work smoothly.

We have said clover is a good soil builder. While this is true, if used wisely and with good judgment, it may also be used as a means of robbing the soil. It brings up the elements of fertility from the subsoil to be drawn upon by succeeding grain crops, and if these are sold off the farm, its fertility will be reduced to a non-paying basis just the same. Nitrogen, phosphorus, and potas-

Pregnant cows should be kept in separate lots from other stock for at least three weeks previous to freshening. A kick or a bunt from another animal is liable to cause abortion, and is sure to weaken the offspring. Undue exercise, fear or excitement are to be carefully guarded against, as they always prove injurious.

Unless the weather is warm and settled, a warm box stall is the best place for the cow at calving time. A loose condition of the bowels is best; if the cow is not in a laxative condition, it is advisable to give her a pound of Epsom salts, which usually she can be persuaded to eat in her feed. For several days after freshening the cow should receive special attention, such as being given a reasonable amount of warm water to drink, bran mash made of two pounds

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sium are the three principal elements necessary for plant growth. The lack of any one of them in a soil renders that soil unproductive. Let us see the amount of each of these elements taken up by a ton each of several crops and grains:

	Nitro- gen,	Phos- phorus,	Potas- sium,
In One Ton of lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
Clover hay	41.4	3.3	36.5
Timothy hay	25.2	4.6	14.9
Corn-grain	36.4	6.2	6.6
Wheat-grain	47.2	6.9	8.3
Oats-grain	41.2	7.2	11.3
Barley-grain	30.2	6.9	8.0
Flax-grain	72.2	12.2	16.8

From the above table we see that these crops all take out the same elements in greater or less amounts, but clover leaves more nitrogen in the soil than it takes out. The grains and grasses add no nitrogen to the soil whatever. Clover takes phosphorus and potassium out of the soil just like the other plants, and unless these elements are returned to it in the form of manure or commercial fertilizers, it will eventually render the soil unproductive.

Here is where the stock farm plays a most important part in keeping up soil fertility. Clover is not sold off such a farm, but is consumed by the stock. If the dairy cow consumes the clover and other crops, the lowest possible loss is sustained. A ton of butter contains less than 50 cents worth of fertility. Then, too, the dairyman buys more or less feeding-stuffs that are high in protein to balance up his home-grown ration. Bran cottonseed meal, linseed meal, etc., are high in protein and correspondingly high in the elements of fertility.

If we grow clover, nitrogen need not be considered, as clover will supply that element. It will fill the soil with humus, without which no crop can be profitably raised, no matter how rich a soil may be in the three principal elements of fertility. By turning under a clover sod and by carefully conserving the fertilizing value of the manure made by feeding clover and other feeds rich in protein, phosphorus, and potassium, one can not only maintain the fertility of a soil, but actually increase it.

One of the greatest farm problems of to-day is the conservation of soil fertility, and the man who preaches and practices the conservation of fertility is a benefactor to present and future generations of farmers. Study this question; learn how to maintain and increase fertility, and profitable production will surely follow. Grow more acres of clover, and fewer acres but more bushels of corn. Like a good cow, soil must be fed to its full capacity in order to produce the greatest net results. It must be fed nitrogen, phosphorus, and potassium, and be kept filled with humus. Clover will do two of these things, and by returning the manure made by feeding it and the corn crop with a little purchased feed rich in these elements, you can solve the fertility problem.

Many say clover is difficult to grow. We think this is a mistake. Most people do not give it an opportunity to grow; they sow the nurse crop too thickly and smother the clover. Sow less grain and more clover seed. Put the ground in the very best condition for the clover. One and one-half bushels of oats per acre is enough to sow when seeding to clover, Barley is a better nurse crop than oats and five pecks an acre of this is enough. Don't skimp on clover seed. One year we seeded four quarts, six quarts, and eight quarts of clover on adjoining strips of land of the same quality. The eight-quart seeding out-yielded the four-quart by 50 per cent, and the six-quart seeding by 25 per cent. For new land that has not grown clover before, 12 pounds of seed per acre is not too much. Sow less grain and more clover and failures to secure a stand will be fewer.

United Farm Women of Alberta

From east and west, from north, from south come rolling in enquiries as to this organization as to its aims and objects, and how to start organizing local branches. The little stone thrown into the waters at Convention, seems spreading its ripples in ever widening circles, and bringing interest in the farm women's organization to many homes.

For this is first of all an organization for farm women run by and controlled

by farm women, and entirely independent in its line of work; it has the backing and support of the United Farmers whose board are in entire sympathy with its aims, and the two executives hope to work together in helping one another.

To be the entire success they deserve to be, these organizations should have—not alone the passive sympathy, but the active assistance and membership of every man and woman on the farms of Alberta. I hear a busy Martha, worried with the care of many things saying, "What is the the use of joining? I have the children to look after, the baking, and washing and chickens and the hired men to cook for—I've no time for anything outside my home!"

Well my good woman you are the very one who most needs to join in our work, so hurry up, and get a club started in your district right away! It is the busiest women who most need the refreshment and recreation of another kind of work—the sympathy and support of organized women. And never forget oh, busy Martha! that it is useless to feed the stomach, and starve the mind—one re-acts on the other and if the mind is not kept well fed and healthy and sane, the food you put into your body, will not help you to do your work in the best and most efficient way, with the least expenditure of nervous force. Mind and body must co-operate, and the mother who is working one at the expense of the other, is not a woman to bring up children in the way they should be brought up, and will awake one day to find herself old before her time, to realize that while she has been giving herself body and soul to her daily chores, her children have grown away from her in confidence, in sympathy, in mind, and there is no longer any connecting link between them. Mother is just a drudge, and it is no good going to her with any of our dreams and ambitions, she would not understand, she never reads, and takes no interest in all the exciting things that are going on in the great world outside!"

Well, you say, and how is your organization going to help me anyway?

It will, I think, help you first of all in this way, that the mere fact of women getting together in an organized united body, and discussing the problems they all have to face, feeling that all share the same burden, all are in sympathy one with the other, all are striving for the betterment and uplift of conditions in rural life for the women and children—is going to ease the load on your shoulders, to bring you new interests in life by widening your horizon. Until you start a club in your own community, you cannot realize the difference it will make to your interest in life—as one of our club women said to me, "Every month now is worth while; there is always our next meeting to look forward to, and think about and plan for." And that was a busy woman too, with a family of small children beautifully cared for and brought up, several hired men to cook for, and often indifferent health to contend with. There are many more like her among our best club workers.

Now look at a few of the things we want to work for as a body of united women. Better legislations for women and children, the education of a strong public sentiment in favor of clean politics, better rural education, pure food laws, better marketing conditions for the small produce of the farm, such as eggs, poultry, butter, vegetables, which should be bringing in the farmer's wife a comfortable income of her own, but which under present conditions might often as profitably be thrown in the nearest ditch, for all the cash they bring in, as return for hard labor—school gardens, the beautifying and making of the farm home worth while, the planning of some scheme by which maternity conditions can be improved in the remotest district, the holding out of the hand of friendship, to the stranger within our gates, the foreign immigrant, helping her to understand the ways and customs and ideals of a different civilization—these are but a few of the things, which the United Farm Women are holding before themselves as their aims and objects in being, and the sooner all you women who read this will join us, the sooner will our aims see some likelihood of fulfillment!

Irene Pailby.

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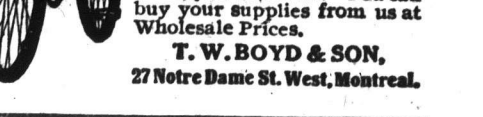
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Household Suggestions

The Cooking of Vegetables

Soak wilted vegetables in cold, salt water to freshen them.

Put salt in cooking vegetables when half done.

A dash of soda helps green vegetables to keep their color.

Peas and spinach are much better color if left uncovered.

Cook delicately flavored vegetables in a small amount of water.

Cook vegetables which have a strong odor or taste in a large amount of water.

Cook young carrots and beets whole, then skin and slice.

Clean vegetables with a brush.

Salt tends to darken cabbage, cauliflower or brussels sprouts.

Tie cauliflower and cabbage in a

piece of cheese cloth. It is easy to handle and keeps its shape.

Always wash a dozen pea pods to cook with the peas. This gives them a better flavor.

Peas are delicious when cooked in the pod. The pods burst open and rise to the top. The peas settle to the bottom.

Vegetables thoroughly ventilated while cooking are thought to be more wholesome and of better flavor.

The over-cooking of vegetables renders them unpalatable, and destroys the coloring matter and flavor.

Vegetables should not be cooked in an iron kettle.

Strong flavors frequently are due to careless preparation.

Careful trimming and thorough washing are essential.

Points in Laundering

Mend clothes before they are sent to the laundry, so that when they are returned, clean and nicely folded, there will be no need to disarrange them for mending purposes.

Instead of rinsing laces in blued water, use skimmed milk which will give a soft, creamy tint.

Calico shrinks in the washing. When making it up, allow one inch in the yard for this.

When washing new black stockings add a handful of salt and a tablespoonful of vinegar to every two gallons of water.

Stockings washed before wearing will last in good condition far longer than those not washed.

To set green, blue, lavender and pink colors in wash goods soak in alum water before washing, two ounces to a tub of water. Black, dark blue, and gray

should be soaked in strong salted water.

Save all the lemon hulls, drop them into the vessel in which you boil your tea towels and it will whiten them wonderfully, and there will be a clean freshness about them that is very desirable.

Cotton dresses and petticoats and other starched goods should not be put away till next year with the starch in them. Wash them and rough dry them, and then they will not rot.

"The proper way to wash and dry woollens, flannels," etc., says a large manufacturer of woollen goods," is to wash them in luke-warm water and pure soap and to hang the garments on the line dripping wet without wringing out at all. If dried in this way the shrinkage will be so slight as to be almost unnoticeable."

Washday Hint.—When one uses a wire clothesline it is often difficult to wipe the line clean enough so that no black streaks are left on the clothing. The following plan is most excellent: Take an old muslin sheet, tear lengthwise in strips about eight inches wide pin these at intervals along the line, then hang up the washing, and there will be no dirty streaks left on the clothing when dry.

How to Double the Life of Clothes

The problem of making clothes last a long time is one that many girls who have to economize in this matter would like to solve; but really, it is not such a very difficult one after all, when it has been worked out.

In the first place, it is only reasonable to expect that if the clothes are wanted for long wear, a fair price must be paid for them, so that the material is good, as cheap garments will wear out quickly unless they are exceptional bargains, which is seldom the case.

Then comes the making of garments, which is almost as important as the quality. A well-made gown will last much longer, as it is obvious that if the cut is good, the garment well made, and finished off, it is bound to outlive one that fits badly, and soon begins to ravel at the seams because of careless making, and has to be put aside as it is too shabby to wear.

If clothes are to be worn for a considerable time, extreme fashions must not be indulged in, as they so soon change, and consequently, garments that have been made in the very latest style have to be discarded, as they become so conspicuous when the fashion has died out.

For a winter outfit, the economical girl could not do better than invest in a tailor-made coat and skirt. They always look smart, and are not likely to go out of fashion for some time to come, because of their popularity; and a nicely-made shirt-blouse of a pretty delaine or flannel, with a suitable hat, completes an ideal attire for everyday wear.

One great secret of making clothes last longer is not to be continually wearing the same garments, but to have at least two changes that can be worn in their turn, as one is apt to grow tired of and dislike a costume that has to be donned day after day; while if this plan is carried out, the clothes seem quite fresh when they are brought out after being put aside for a few days.

Many of last winter's garments will stand another season's wear, and, with a little alteration can be brought sufficiently up-to-date for this season's wear. Last year's sleeves can easily be made into the style now worn, and to smarten up a skirt is an easy matter; for, with perhaps the addition of some stitched heads or other suitable trimming, it can be made to look quite stylish.

Canning String Beans

String fresh young beans, and break or cut into inch lengths. Add one teaspoonful of salt to each quart and pack firmly into jars, and cover with cold water. Place on the rubber rings and covers without pressing down the wire spring at the side of the jar. Place the boiler on the range, put in the false bottom, and set in as many jars, taking care that they do not touch each other, as it will hold. Pour in three or four inches of cold water, it is not necessary to have the water reach up to the necks of the jars as was once supposed, it is the steam

How often do you fix the fire?



IT is necessary work which we have tried to lessen for you in making the Kootenay. And this is how:

The "Kootenay" is fitted with duplex (double) grates which clear out the ashes with a few turns of the shaker. Ashes do not cling to the smooth sides of the firebox; a glance shows the almost imperishable strength and solidarity of its thick semi-steel linings which are of the highest heat-resisting power, never getting out of order.

In taking out the ashes, there is no need of spilling them over the floor. The ash-pan is made large enough to hold more than one day's ashes.

McClary's Kootenay Range

Careful thought now, before you buy your range, will save your time, your money and your temper in years to come. Our new booklet explains clearly the things that you should know about your new range. We have these booklets for free distribution, and you may secure one by sending the coupon to the factory.

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Saskatoon Edmonton

Tear
off this
Coupon

Kindly send me
a copy of your book-
let about the Kootenay
Range.

Name.....

Address.....

that will do the sterilizing. Place on the boiler cover, and bring the water to a boil and keep it at this point for one hour. At the end of this time take off the cover and allow the steam to escape. Lift out each jar separately, and push down the spring at the side as for sealing, and set aside, or return to the boiler for the next day's boiling. On the second day raise the spring at the side of the jar, place boiler over the fire and boil for another hour as before. Again remove jars, push down the spring, and allow them to stand in the same manner as the preceding day, and repeat this process the third day. At the end of this time remove the jars, clamp down the tops, and let them stand in the closet for two or three days, then test. This is best accomplished by first releasing the spring, and picking up the jar by the top, if there has been the least bit of fermentation, or the sterilization is not perfect, the top will come off. In this case the jar should be returned to the boiler and re-sterilized, but it is safer to throw out the contents and refill with fresh vegetable. If, however, the top is secure you may be sure your vegetable is properly sterilized and will keep as long as you wish.

Courtin Cake

1 lb. flour, 1/2 lb. butter, 1 lb. currants, 1/4 lb. sugar, one teaspoonful baking powder, 5 eggs, pinch of salt.

METHOD.—Rub the butter in the flour, then add the other ingredients, lastly the eggs—well beaten up. Mix all together, and divide into five flat cakes. Put on floured tin, and bake in a moderate oven till light brown. If not eaten as soon as baked, put in oven to get hot. Slice and butter them.

Nelson Pudding

2 oz. cornflour, 3 oz. cake-crumbs, 2 oz. ground almonds, 4 oz. currants, 1 teaspoonful ground cinnamon, 1 oz. chopped beef suet, 3 eggs, 1 gill of milk, 1 wineglassful of sherry, lemon-rind.

METHOD.—Butter a plain pudding mould, and besprinkle the bottom and sides with currants. Blend the cornflour with the milk, and boil for a few minutes. When cool, stir in the beaten eggs, the cake-crumbs, ground almonds, suet, cinnamon, grated lemon-rind, castor sugar, and the sherry. Mix well, and with it fill the prepared mould. Steam gently for 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Serve with jam or currant sauce.

Rolled Currant Pudding

1/4 lb. currants, 1/2 lb. beef suet, finely chopped, 1 lb. flour, 3/4 pint milk, lemon, fresh butter or cream, sugar.

METHOD.—Mix all the dry ingredients in a basin, add the milk, and work into a fairly stiff dough. Shape it into a roll, and tie up loosely in a floured pudding-cloth, and boil gently for 2 1/2 hours. Serve with quarters of lemon, fresh butter or cream, and sugar (moist or castor).

The brushing and shaking of garments before they are put away cannot be over-estimated, as they will be brought out again looking ten times fresher than those that have been put away unbrushed.

The real secret of making clothes last is to purchase good ones in the first instance, to have them well-made, and to bestow on them proper care and attention, and there will be no question as to their durability.

A piece of furniture that has stood for years in a place where it constantly gets strong sunlight often looks faded and full of fine lines. To remedy this, oil the surface with pure boiled linseed oil, rubbing it in well. It will probably need to be done several times at intervals of a few days. Afterwards polish with beeswax and turpentine, or with one-third boiled linseed oil and two-thirds turpentine, shaken well together.

When the gums are tender and bleeding the mouth should be rinsed with warm water to which listerine has been added.

Scotch Currant Cake

3/4 lb. butter, 5 eggs, 1/4 gill milk, 1/4 lb. castor sugar, 1 lb. of flour, 6 ozs. currants.

Method.—Beat up the butter and sugar to a cream, gradually add the eggs one by one, the flour by spoonfuls; then lastly beat in the currants. Stir up thoroughly with a wooden spoon, and add the milk. Line two cake-tins with buttered paper, pour in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour and a quarter.

American Currant Cake

1/4 lb. butter, 1/4 lb. castor sugar, * eggs, 6 oz. currants, 1/2 lb. flour, 1 dessertspoonful ground cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoonful lemon essence, 1 teaspoonful baking powder.

Method.—Beat up the butter and sugar to a light cream, and work in one by one the eggs. Beat the mixture well for at least ten minutes and stir in the currants. Sift the flour, mix it with the baking powder and add to it the remainder of the ingredients. Pour the mixture into a paper-lined and well-greased cake-tin, and bake for about 45 minutes in a moderately-heated oven.

How to Peel Onions without "Crying"

Cover the onions with cold water and hold both onion and knife under water while peeling.

How to Peel Tomatoes Quickly

Have on the stove a pan of boiling water. Put ripe tomatoes into a wire basket and lower them into the water. Leave them in the water one minute, remove and skin.

A beautiful scene uplifts the spirit within us until it is strong enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation; it breaks, link after link, the chain that binds us to materiality; and opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.—Ruskin.

Hopelessly Wrong

"Heckling" is often an entertaining, although sometimes a tiresome incident of English political meetings. The experienced public speaker is usually able to turn the laugh on the interrupter, but in the case reported by a writer in *Tit-Bits*, the man in the audience was victorious to the last.

A political speaker was attacking the government with more venom than reason. A man at the back of the hall at last cried out, "You're wrong, sir!"

A little nettled, the orator continued without heeding. Presently, in answer to another strong assertion, came again, "You're wrong, sir!"

The speaker looked angry, but continued on the war-path. "You're wrong, sir!" again rang out.

Angrily addressing the persistent interrupter, the orator cried, "Look here, I could tell this man something about the government which would make his hair stand on end!"

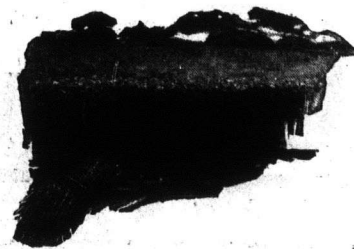
"You're wrong again, sir!" came from the critic, as he stood up and removed his hat. His head was as bald as a billiard-ball.

Recent Canadian Patents

The following is a list of western patents recently granted and submitted us by Fetherstonhaugh & Co., patent solicitors, Winnipeg:—G. R. Matheson and Jos. B. Shaw, automobile tail lights; M. Berfield, Frazee, Man., grinding machines; J. Fox, grain picklers; M. E. Sheridan, starters for gasoline engines or motors; H. M. Vincent, collar crimpers; Thos. Pennington, Sr., Thos. Pennington, Jr., and Jessie Truell, switch rail controlling devices; Arthur Crisfield Dennis, methods of ventilating tunnels; Russell George Kemp, cattle pump; Hector C. McMartin, oil drums; Wm. Duncan Grant and Engolf A. Jackson, means for punching holes under water; Stafford Beverley, safety horse shoe; Peter E. Sagmon, plows; P. R. Abel, form of resilient stretching devices; A. N. Conrad, grain shockers; Geo. L. Dodds, food products; J. H. Worsell, grain scoops.

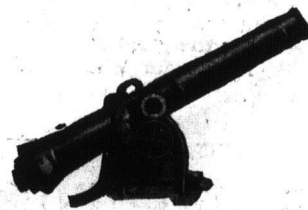
A Head of Wheat

Its History



It grew on a western prairie. Nature stored its every layer with the elements we need. Each grain, at the harvest, had 125 million food cells. It was a fine example of a major food.

The farmer found the grains hard, extra large and plump. He said, "That wheat is too good to grind. It is a wheat to serve whole." So he sent it to our buyer, who shipped it to our mill.



Huge guns awaited it. The kernels were sealed up in one of them. Then the gun was revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

The moisture in each food cell was converted into steam. Then the gun was shot; the cells exploded. And the whole grains came out, airy, crisp and porous, puffed to eight times normal size.



Then those grains came to a table. They came as thin, fragile bubbles, with a taste like toasted nuts. They were served with cream, or in bowls of milk. And someone tasted in them the most fascinating wheat food known.

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

That is how Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are created, under Prof. Anderson's process. The finest whole grains are made wholly digestible. Every food cell is blasted.

There are, of course, other whole-grain foods. But not with each food cell exploded. Not with every atom fitted to digest.

In Puffed Wheat you are serving an unrobbed wheat. Puffed Rice is unrobbed rice. In both of them every element feeds. And both are food confections.

Do you think you are serving such foods as these as often as you should?

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont.

Saskatoon, Sask. (1314)

Temperance Talk

A Little Story from Real Life

Here is a little story from real life. It is a comparatively mild one, and devoid of the usual harrowing details.

The father of the family in question is an engineer, who earns about seventy-five or eighty dollars a month when he works. He drinks steadily, however, and finds it impossible to hold a position

for any length of time. He lives with his wife and daughter. He has three married sons, drinkers like himself, who contribute nothing to the support of their parents and sister. When out of work these sons and their wives live with their parents. The daughter adds eight dollars a week to the family income by working in a department store. She might have been earning a little higher

wages if her education had not been cut short at the sixth grade. The mother and daughter are refined, people and Christians. The daughter is good looking and of much charm of manner. Three or four years ago she met a college student at a church gathering, and in the course of time the two developed a considerable affection for each other. She invited him to dinner one day when, unluckily, the family skeleton was stalking around the house. It was too much

for the young man, and there the romance ended.

A couple of years ago the father was coming home one night on the street car, drunk, and in getting off the car he fell to the ground and was unable to rise. A crowd gathered, and a policeman came to the scene and sent in a call for the patrol wagon. The daughter had been to church that evening, and as she came near her home and saw the crowd gathered around, she was moved by the usual curiosity and wished to see what was going on. She was startled to find that her drunken father was the cause of the commotion, and that he was about to be taken to the police station. She pleaded with the policeman to let her take her father home, but to no avail. The officer insisted that, since he had rung up the patrol wagon, he would have to keep the man until the wagon arrived; otherwise it would go against his record at headquarters. She renewed her entreaties, and as a compromise he suggested that she might try to influence the officer in charge of the wagon when he came. And so this high-strung, fine-natured girl waited, and furnished a target for the remarks of the crowd until the wagon arrived. Then she had to go all through the process of expostulation again with the other officer, and finally she was allowed to take her drunken father home.

A few months ago the father had been drinking and got into a quarrel with a boy who worked in the same shop, and struck him with an iron bar. Thereupon the employer discharged the engineer, and ever since that time the family has been living upon the eight dollars a week earned by the department store girl. The furniture has been gradually disappearing from the home and now the vital problem is: How long will the landlord allow the family to occupy the house before he ejects them for the non-payment of rent?

Sticking to the strictly utilitarian, pleasure-pain view of political economy, who will dare to say that on that particular evening when the father fell from the street car his pleasure, the satisfaction of his wants through the use of alcohol, has not more than outweighed by the pain, the sense of dissatisfaction and discomfort on the part of the daughter? And who will dare to say that the satisfaction of this family, as a whole, in the course of a year, or in the course of a decade, is as great as it would be if no liquor had been consumed by any of its members?

Nor is this an extreme case of the suffering entailed upon the family of the heavy drinker. Rather it is a typical case. Here is a girl with sensibilities as keen, perhaps, as those of any of her more fortunate neighbors. She has as good a right to respect and love and the good things of life as any one has, and yet they are denied her through no fault of her own. And the shame of it all is that the case is not an extreme one, but rather is typical of the life of the heavy drinker's family. It it departs from the typical at all, it is rather exceptional in that the girl has been able to hold the family together through these years. And yet there are people who will complain loudly when any suggestion is made which leads towards the placing of restrictions upon the liberty of the individual to consult his own judgment in the matter of what and how much he shall drink, forgetting that it is not the individual that is the unit in society, but the family, and that on any rational principle of satisfaction of wants, pleasure and pain should be distributed throughout the family instead of the pleasure being apportioned to one member and the pain to the others.—From "The Political Economy of Alcohol"—Frank O'Hara, Ph.D., in Catholic World.

For chronic constipation massage is often a great benefit; it should be done at some regular time every day, usually twice, but not directly after a meal. The mother's hand should be warm and with her fingertips she should make a series of circular movements pressing gently but quite deeply into the abdomen, beginning at the right groin and working up toward the ribs across the abdomen and then down to the left groin. This should be continued for from five to ten minutes at a time. A little olive-oil or cocoa-butter may be placed on the fingertips.

Production and Thrift

"CANADA from her abundance can help supply the Empire's needs, and this must be a comforting thought for those upon whom the heavy burden of directing the Empire's affairs has been laid. Gain or no gain the course before the farmers of Canada is as clear as it was last year—they must produce abundantly in order to meet the demands that may be made, and I believe this to be especially true in regard to live stock, the world's supply of which must be particularly affected in this vast struggle. Stress and strain may yet be in store for us all before this tragic conflict is over, but not one of us doubts the issue, and Canadians will do their duty in the highest sense of that great word."—HON. MARTIN BURRELL, Minister of Agriculture.

"MODERN war is made by resources, by money, by foodstuffs, as well as by men and by munitions. While war is our first business, it is the imperative duty of every man in Canada to produce all that he can, to work doubly hard while our soldiers are in the trenches, in order that the resources of the country may not only be conserved, but increased, for the great struggle that lies before us. 'Work and Save' is a good motto for War-time."—SIR THOMAS WHITE, Minister of Finance.

THE CALL OF EMPIRE COMES AGAIN IN 1916

TO CANADIAN FARMERS, DAIRYMEN, FRUIT GROWERS, GARDENERS

WHAT IS NEEDED? THESE IN PARTICULAR—

WHEAT, OATS, HAY,

BEEF, PORK, BACON,

CHEESE, EGGS, BUTTER, POULTRY,

CANNED FRUITS, FRUIT JAMS,

SUGAR, HONEY, WOOL, FLAX FIBRE,

BEANS, PEAS, DRIED VEGETABLES

We must feed ourselves, feed our soldiers, and help feed the Allies. The need is greater in 1916 than it was in 1915. The difficulties are greater, the task is heavier, the need is more urgent, the call to patriotism is louder—therefore be thrifty and produce to the limit.

"THE AGRICULTURAL WAR BOOK FOR 1916" is now in the press. To be had from The Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE



TICKETS EVERYWHERE
EAST OR WEST ~ NORTH OR SOUTH



Canadian Northern Railway System
between
OTTAWA, TORONTO, WINNIPEG & VANCOUVER

Electric Lighted Trains—Observation Cars in Mountains
Via: JASPER PARK AND MOUNT ROBSON
HIGHEST PEAK IN CANADIAN ROCKIES

WRITE **ROBERT CREELMAN—GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, WINNIPEG.**

COAST TO COAST



Correspondence

WE have to tell the friends of our correspondence pages that a great number of letters were destroyed in the big fire which took place in our establishment on May 2nd. We will, therefore, for some time to come, welcome a larger supply than usual.

Will the following kindly send their addresses to the Editor, so that all correspondence addressed to them may reach its destination:

"Rebecca, A Farmer's Wife," "A Canadian," "A True Britisher," "Blue Eyes," "Morganrodnaden," "Cowboy All," "A Farmer's Daughter," "A Western Lass," "Homesteader," "Shorter" and "Progressive."

Country Musician

Unity, Sask., April 10th, 1916.

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have just finished reading the Correspondence Column, and thought I would have enough nerve to write a letter myself.

I am a young girl, and have always lived on a farm. I'm quite pleased with the life I'm having, and am proud of all kinds of sport, dancing, playing ball, horse riding. I wear overalls when I do outside work. I can play the organ, accordion, auto-harp, and I am learning to play the violin. We had a banjo, but my brother sold it and got a mandolin. I think it is hard to learn.

Regarding bachelors, there are some around here that keep their houses every bit as nice as a woman, and cook even better. Of course there are others that don't care what their homes are like, or just think it does not need cleaning but once in two or three years.

"Just a love sick boy" must be a dandy by the way he writes.

Well I guess I had better quit for this time, as it is my first letter.

Wishing the Editor and readers every success, I will sign myself "Country Maiden."

His First Appearance

Norval, Ont., May 2nd, 1916.

Dear Editor:—This is my first attempt, and I will be very discouraged if I don't see it in print. I have been a reader of your very good paper for about six years, and I find good reading in it, including the correspondence letters. I wonder if any of those Westerners would write to me. I am a farmer's son.

I noticed a little item in "A Beulahite's" letter, saying women have too much pride to sell their vote. They may, but don't you think if they had a good friend they would give it away? Will close, hoping this will appear.

"Curly."

Join the Game!

Manitoba, May 7th, 1916.

Dear Editor:—I don't see any of the writer's mention anything about this summer's sports. Why not form leagues and play patriotic games? We are going to play patriotic baseball this year. I enjoy all kinds of outdoor sports and play them the year round. I think that "Lonely Brown Eyes" has a good opinion of the girls, and I also agree with "Prairie Lad" on the liquor and tobacco question. I think the Liberal Government passed a good law when they passed the MacDonald Act.

As this is my first letter, I will not make it very long.

My address is with the Editor if any person should care to write.

"Shorty."

Heroes 'All

Alberta.

Dear Editor:—I see that most of the correspondents have a good opinion of the bachelor homesteaders, but there are some inclined to think that they are a little lower than the ordinary. One girl asked me how the homesteaders found their way around—she thought there were no trails up here. Of course, she has lived in the city all her life, so we will forgive her. Now

they talk about the hero of war, but I think a young man that will leave a comfortable home and come out here to pave the way for others is just as big a hero as the others.

Myself, for example. I have worked and saved till I have got a start. I have 5 head of horses, farm machinery, chickens, and a 5-roomed house. I prove up on my homestead this summer, but what good is it to me; it is not worth while, life is too short. Some of you readers would ask why. Well, I will tell you. To put a good day's work in the field you have to be there from 7 in the morning till 6 at

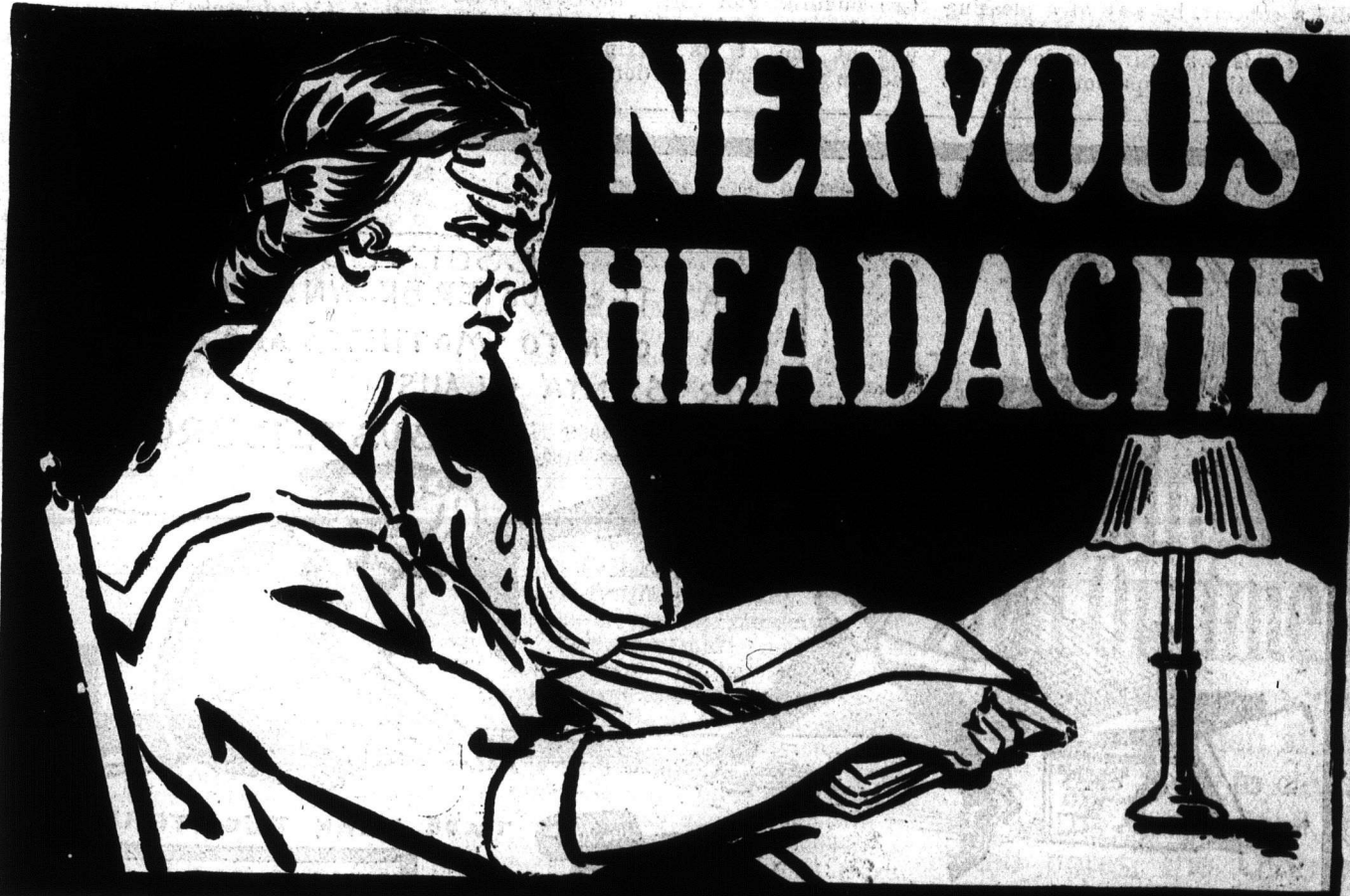
night, allowing 1½ hours at noon; then you have at least half an hour's work with your horses before going out in the morning and after coming in at night. So you can imagine how much rest one gets when they have to cook their own meals. I have come in at night all tired out, and have gone to sleep without any supper, but I don't intend living like that much longer. I believe I have wasted the best part of my life. I came here when I was 24 years old, and I have been here 4 years. It is all right for those young men who have girls they expect to share their home with. To them I say by all means start homesteading, as it is the best and safest

way to get a home of your own, but to those who have not got a wife in view I say hunt one up before starting homesteading. Now around here there are 15 bachelors. Out of the 15 there are only 2 who drink to my knowledge and 5 who smoke; 3 of them have enlisted, so I think if the bachelor homesteaders are the same all over as they are here they are a little higher, not lower than ordinary.

I will be glad to hear from any readers.

"Homesteader."

Corns cripple the feet and make walking a torture, yet sure relief in the shape of Holloway's Corn Cure is within reach of all.



Headache is not a disease in itself, but comes as a warning to tell you that there is something wrong with the system. Consequently when you stop a headache by the use of powerful narcotic drugs, you merely stifle the "danger signal" by which Nature tells you that there is trouble ahead.

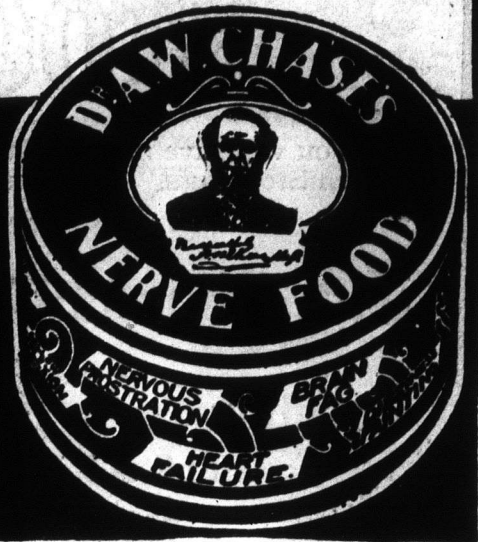
A starved condition of the nervous system is by far the most frequent cause of headache. You may be going too fast a pace and burning the candle at both ends. The nervous system has no opportunity to renew its vigor, and the result is nervous headache, sleeplessness, indigestion and irritability.

50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

Why not select a treatment that aims to remove the cause of trouble by enriching the blood and building up the starved and exhausted nerves. Such is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and the effectiveness of this food cure is so well known that we scarcely need tell you about it.

In almost every newspaper you will find some cure reported as a result of using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The mention of it among your friends will reveal the fact that nearly everybody knows it as the standard medicine for diseases of the nerves and other ailments arising from a watery condition of the blood.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food



Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free if you mention this paper.

Lighter Vein

Astronomy and Music

In the new letters of Carlyle there is one which gives an amusing description of the attendance of the gruff and glum great Scotchman at the opera when Jenny Lind sang. His wife was enraptured, like everybody else; but he himself experienced only a contemptuous amazement at the fuss people were making about it all. Besides, he was sure he had heard other voices which were sweeter than the "Swedish Nightingale's," although no fuss at all was made about them.

He could not, with his nervous and dyspeptic temperament, be expected to enjoy the opera as another famous man once did a concert, by way of a pleasing musical accompaniment to his own thoughts. This was Sir Charles Lyell, whose sprightly companion on that

occasion, the late Miss Frances Cobbe, reported the experience to a friend.

"Sir Charles sat beside me yesterday at a great musical party, and I asked him, 'Did he like music?' He said, 'Yes!' for it allowed him to go on with his own thoughts. And so he evidently did while they were singing Mendelssohn and Handel. At every interval he turned to me:

"Agassiz has made a discovery; I can't sleep for thinking of it. He finds traces of the glaciers in tropical America."

"Here intervened a sacred song.

"Well, as I was saying, you know two hundred and thirty thousand years ago the eccentricity of the earth's orbit was at one of its maximum periods; and we were eleven million miles farther

from the sun in winter, and the cold of those winters must have been intense; because heat varies, not according to direct ratio, but the squares of the distances."

"Well," said I, "but then the summers were as much hotter?" (*Sacred song.*)

"No, the summers weren't! They could not have conquered the cold."

"Then you think that the astronomical two hundred and thirty thousand years corresponded with the glacial period? Is that time enough for all the strata since?" (*Handel.*)

"I don't know. Perhaps we must go back to the still greater period of the eccentricity of the orbit three million years ago. Then we were fourteen millions of miles out of the circular path." (*Mendelssohn.*)

"Good-by dear Sir Charles. I must be off."

Not Worth the Money

A tall woman with a determined expression, and surrounded by six children of assorted sizes, approached the attendant of the menagerie and eyed him with a relentless gaze.

"What nationality is that elephant?" she inquired, indicating one close at hand.

"Come from Africa, ma'am," said the attendant.

"He's dreadful light-colored to have come from tropical parts," said the woman, sternly. "And look here," she added, as the attendant started away from her family group, "they've got a mighty poor lot of camels here, according to my lights. Not but one hump on any of 'em except that feller that's so old he keeps his eyes shut!"

The attendant again assayed to depart, but she clutched him by the sleeve. "You tell the owners of this show what I say!" she commanded. "You tell 'em that when a woman pays fifty cents for herself and one fifty for a mess of children she looks to see more'n one double humper, and more hair on the single humpers—not have 'em look as if the moths had got into 'em. Now mind you tell 'em!"

Lincoln's Sensible Hint

Abraham Lincoln was no sooner inaugurated President of the United States than he was besieged by a horde of office-seekers; and much of the time he should have given to the weighty concerns of state he was compelled to devote to listening to their claims. It is a marvelous tribute to Mr. Lincoln's patience and kindness of heart that he never lost his temper. He hated to say no, but there were not enough offices to go round; so he often met the importunate applicant with a story that left him in good humor, but effectually balked his ambition to serve his country as postmaster or in one of the departments in Washington.

Among those who went to Washington soon after Lincoln was inaugurated was a man named Chase, whose home was in New Hampshire. He had worked hard for Lincoln's election, and thought he was entitled to some consideration. He wanted an office of some kind. He had several interviews with the President, but could get no satisfaction. One day Mr. Lincoln noticed him in the throng of office-seekers, and calling him into his private office, said:

"Chase, you are from New Hampshire, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"I never was in New Hampshire but once," said Mr. Lincoln, "and that was in the fall of the year—a cold, rough day, and a high wind was blowing. Just outside the city I noticed a big bull-thistle, and on this thistle was a bumblebee trying to extract honey from the blossom. The wind blew the thistle every way, but the bumblebee stuck. I have come to the conclusion that persistency is a characteristic of everything in New Hampshire, whether men or bumblebees."

Chase laughed, but said nothing. Doubtless he thought that at last he was to be rewarded with an office. Then Mr. Lincoln went on, thoughtfully:

"Chase, I have often wondered whether that bumblebee got enough honey out of that bull-thistle to pay him for his gymnastics."

This completed the interview. Chase left the presence of the President, and a few hours later started on his way home to New Hampshire.

He went back to his business, which was that of running a sawmill, and managed it so successfully that he became one of the substantial men of his town. He had the good sense not to be offended at the President's somewhat pointed story, with its personal application, and when Mr. Lincoln was shot there was no more sincere mourner than he.

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Fashions and Patterns

An indispensable feature of a practical wardrobe is the separate skirt, which adds more than the usual variety and interest to its real usefulness. A simple chic skirt of dark colored silk or serge, or one of mannish suiting, shepherd check or jersey cloth will answer very nicely. Taffeta seems to be the popular choice for separate skirts, but faille, poplin, and gros de Loudres comes next in favor. Satin, too, will be worn. A smart model in brown taffeta was trimmed with straight rows of small jet buttons. White satin skirts, tailored in the simplest manner, are shown for sport wear, both with and without coats to match. Summer tub skirts are made up in the usual materials, gingham, chambrays, linens, and corduroy. In fine cordings the washable corduroys are especially popular. Since the introduction of the barrel skirt, many of the dresses have the width at the hem gathered over a cord or cable drawing the fulness in. There are also skirts finished with several shirred casings, through which reed or cord is run to produce the stand-out effect.

Net continues to be much in use, and is being brought out in many new varieties. In a weave rather coarse with lustrous finish, it is pretty, trimmed with bands of gold or silver gauze, and lends an air of youth to the gown of simple outline.

Belts are an important accessory just now. They are narrow, wide and of medium width, and made up in materials to match any and every gown. All new shades in silk, cloth or wool and cotton may be matched in the new belts. There are also lovely ready-to-wear sashes of flowered or embroidered ribbon with tasseled or fringed ends. Plain colors in sashes are always in good taste.

One notes with pleasure the predominance of the coat with open front and flat collar. Some coats are double breasted, others have a single line of buttons, and each coat has "plenty" of pockets.

Now that petticoats have come into their own again, it is nice to have them match the coat lining of a suit.

This is surely a season of color and even the woman of conservative tastes will show a touch of color on her gown or its accessories.

There are lovely handbags of changeable taffeta, embroidered in beads that reflect the hues of the silk. Just the thing to use with a tailored gown of cloth or an afternoon frock of silk. Linen bags embroidered in cross stitch in colors and with small white beads are very effective. Dressy silk bags are shaped in vase outlines and ornamented with large cameos on amber green or blue backgrounds.

Irish lace has again come to the fore as a trimming for lingerie, in silk, batiste and organdie, and also in silk linen in pale pink, white and ivory.

It is rumored that shawls will be worn draped in fichu styles.

Warm weather frocks of thin material may be prettily trimmed with rows of ribbon of graduated widths. Black tulle and black tulle combined with lace or net over a silk foundation is lovely and cool. Tiny flat bows of black satin may trim the skirt, and a narrow frill of net edged with gold thread may serve as a finish at the hem of the underskirt.

1711—Ladies' and Misses' Bathing Suit (With Bloomers).—Mohair, brilliantine serge, flannel and silk are nice for this model. The waist fronts are crossed over a vest that is cut in with round low neck edge. Bell shaped short sleeve and a four gore flare skirt complete the design. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes for Misses: 16, 18 and 20 years, and in 5 sizes for Ladies, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1-2 yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size; size 38 would require 3 3/4 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1705—Girls' Dress With Long Sleeve Finished With a Cuff, or With Sleeve in Short Puff Style—White challie with pink dots is here shown. The

panel and belt edges are piped with pink china silk. The chemisette is of pink Georgette crepe. This style will please the wearer. It has a shaped panel front in princess style, and full waist portions joined to full waist portions under the belt. Back and front portions of the waist are cut in kimono style, with sleeve sections combined. Lawn, marquisette, crepe, voile, poplin, charmeuse, messaline, dimity, cashmere, gingham, chambray and percale are also nice for this model. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/4 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.

1712—This style has deep yoke sections, lengthened by plaited skirt portions. The sleeve is cut in one with the yoke and is in kimono style, with an added undersection, which may be omitted, or may be made of contrasting material. The closing is at the yoke in front. The low neck is trimmed with a smart collar. As here shown linen was used. Serge, voile, mohair, repp, poplin, taffeta, gabardine, gingham and chambray are also nice for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1715—Ladies' Apron With or Without Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths and With Collar, or With Neck Edge in Square Outline—Percale, brilliantine, mohair, sateen, gingham, seersucker, lawn or cambric may be used for this design. It may be finished without sleeves and with the yoke cut in square outline at the neck. It may have loose sleeves in short length, or be made with sleeves in wrist length, thus affording a complete covering for the dress that may be worn beneath it. This style is good for housekeepers, or for studio wear. 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 with sleeves; without sleeves, 6 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1714—Girls' One Piece Dress With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—This will make a splendid play suit. It may be worn with bloomers. The sleeve in wrist length has a band cuff. Back and front of this model are cut in one with the sleeve, so that there are only a few seams to sew, and as the dress hangs from the shoulders, there will be little trouble in fitting and making it. Brown crash embroidered in blue or red, white linen embroidered in self color or in pink or blue, will be lovely for this model. It is also nice for percale, gingham, chambray, voile, repp, poplin, pique and drill. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for a 10-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1721—Girls' Dress With Sleeve in Wrist or Elbow Length—Striped dimity is here shown in blue and white, with white batiste for collar, cuffs and belt. Checked or plaid gingham, chambray, percale, galatea, serge voile, poplin, repp or linen would be nice too. The body and sleeves of this model are cut in one. The sleeve in wrist length has a band cuff. In short length the sleeve is ideal for warm weather. It is finished with a trimming band. The pattern for this neat little dress is easy to develop. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 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.

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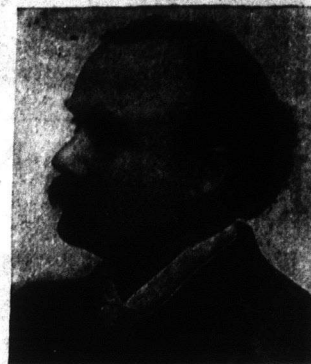


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1706—Dress for Misses and Small Women (with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths) — Embroidered and plain crepe are here combined. The skirt has back and front panels and a hip yoke, lengthened by gathered sections. It is cut with ample fulness and is finished with a gracefully draped overportion or tunic. The waist has double vest portions, joined to side front sections, under a deep tuck fold. The neck is cut in "V" outline, and is finished with a smart collar. The sleeve may be in short length, finished with or without the extension, or made in fashionable wrist length, with a deep cuff. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 7 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures 3 1-3 yards at the foot. To make as illustrated will require 4 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for full portions of skirt, vest, collar, sleeve extension and skirt yoke, and 3 3/4 yards for panels, sleeves, waist

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.

1720—The "one piece" dress has lost none of its popularity, and is especially attractive in the lovely materials of this season. The style here portrayed has a chemisette, cut with low neck outline. The waist is finished with a new collar. The sleeve may be in wrist length, with a band cuff, or in the cool and comfortable elbow length finish with a turnback cuff. The skirt has four gores and a smart pocket. The pattern is good for serge, gabardine, gingham, linen, taffeta, faille and poplin. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 will require 6 yards of 44-inch material 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.



portions and drapery for an 18-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1716 — Ladies' Kimono — Figured challie, dotted mull or dimity, any pretty lawn or crepe, also silk, cashmere, nun's veiling and albatross, batiste or linen may be used for this style. The sleeve is lengthened by a gathered ruffle. The collar is in ruffle style, and meets the smart revers of the fronts. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5 5-8 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.

1710—Girls' Apron — Gingham, percale, chambray, lawn, drill, jean or sateen could be used for this style. It would be nice in checked gingham, with pipings of white, or in figured percale, finished with feather edge braid. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 2 1/4 yards of

1702—This style may be made with a separate guimpe or underwaist, and with sleeve in single or double puff. The neck may be high or round and low. As here shown figured crepe was used with batiste for the guimpe. Challie, tub silk, crepe de chine, lawn, dimity, voile, batiste, nun's veiling and organza are also nice for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1 3/4 yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe, and 3 3/4 yards for the dress, for an 8 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1717—Ladies' Dress With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—This will be a splendid style for development in linen, taffeta or gingham. In taffeta in a new mauve shade with piping and trimming of white, or in blue gingham with piping or embroidery, this dress would be very attractive. The waist is made with a square yoke, to which the pleated sections are joined. Smart pocket effects are placed at the

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yoke joining of the fronts. The collar forms a suitable finish for the "V" neck. The sleeve in wrist length is dart fitted, and has a tiny cuff. The short sleeves show the regulation turnback cuff in straight outline. The skirt is plaited in back and front to conform to the plait lines of the waist. The closing is practical—at the centre front—and waist and skirt are joined in one piece style under the belt. This pattern is good also for serge, gabardine, chambray, voile, poplin, jersey cloth and faille. It is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44-inch material 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.

1364—A Simple and Becoming Dress, Suitable for House, Porch or Business Wear. Ladies' House Dress With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths— This desirable model has a popular

with or without Bolero, with Two Styles of Sleeve, and with Skirt in Raised or Normal Waistline—As here shown white batiste was used, with all over embroidery and insertion for trimming. The waist is simple but charming in its simplicity. The puff sleeve is quaint and a new style feature. The bell sleeve is cool and comfortable, and is cut on new lines. The square neck outline on waistline and bolero is becomingly graceful. The skirt may be made with or without the heading, and finished in raised or normal waistline. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 7 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for an 18 year size, with 1 yard for bolero. The skirt measures 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.

Waist, 1709. Skirt, 1703—For this charming style printed taffeta in brown and white was chosen. Lace



4 piece skirt, made with a neat lap tuck at the back seam. The waist shows a square yoke (a new style feature) with plaited fullness at the fronts. The sleeve in wrist length is stylish and quite in keeping with the shirt waist style of the waist. In elbow length it is attractively cool and comfortable. The skirt has "popular" pockets, is cut with ample fullness, and will be very satisfactory as to fit and style. This design is fine for gingham, chambray, percale, voile, linen, galatea, seersucker if used as a house dress. For business wear, tub silk, voile, crepe, poplin or taffeta would be nice. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1351—A Dainty Summer Frock. Dress for Misses and Small Women

was employed for collar, vest and cuffs. The waist fronts are full and cut with overlapping points at the centre. The skirt has a hip yoke lengthened by circular portions and is draped at one side in deep cascade folds. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 44-inch material to make the entire dress, for a medium size. The skirt measures 3 1/2 yards at the foot. 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.

1701—This style is lovely for voile, challie, chambray, crepe, tub silk, batiste nun's veiling, taffeta, silk chiffon, crepe de chine and similar soft materials. The bolero may be omitted or made of contrasting material. The front is made with gathered fullness, that is outlined by a box plait. The



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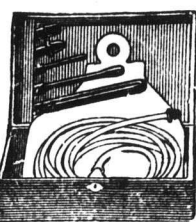
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WINNIPEG - - MAN.

sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 yards of 36-inch material for a 12-year size, for the dress and 1 1/4 yards for the Bolero. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1698—Dress With or Without Peplum, and With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths for Misses and Small Women. Striped brown and white gingham with white linene is here combined. The waist is made with a pointed vest, topped by a jaunty collar. The ripple peplum may be omitted. The sleeve in wrist length has a deep cuff. In short length a pointed cuff is turned back on the sleeve. The full flare skirt has a lap tuck in front. This style is also nice for taffeta, faille, chambray, voile, gabardine, lawn dimity, nun's veiling, crepe, challie, linen and pique. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires

wide plait over the centre. The pattern which includes all styles illustrated, is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. No. 1 will require 15 1/4 yards of 44-inch material. No. 2 will require 3 yards and No. 3 will require 25 1/4 yards, for a Medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1708—Ladies' Apron—For percale, gingham, drill, sateen, lawn, or cambric, this model will be found very satisfactory. It is cut with sufficient fulness for comfort and ease in wearing and has deep arm opening, which assures freedom of movement for the arms while working. The back is finished with a belt. 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.



6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures 23 1/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1713—These attractive styles may be used for any material. Lace, embroidery, embroidered crepe or voile, taffeta, faille, net, tulle, chiffon or crepe de chine, all are suitable and appropriate. Style No. 1 is made with plaits over the front, is cut with deep points at the sides, and gathered to a band or belt. Style No. 2 shows a deep plait over the centre front and at the sides; it has gathered fulness; which falls in graceful folds over the hips. Style No. 3 is equally attractive, showing a long point in front and in the back, where the fulness forms a

1695—Flouncing, voile, crepe, challie, lawn, dimity, organdy, gingham, percale, crepe de chine, batiste, mull, linen and silk, are all appropriate for this style. The dress is a one piece model, gathered at empire waist line. It is pretty and becoming and very simple in development. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires 2 yards of 36-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.

1691—Ladies' House or Porch Dress With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. Novelty voile is here shown, with pique for collar and cuffs. The style is simple but attractive. The waist is shaped at its front closing. The skirt is made with a round yoke that is

THE BLESSING OF A HEALTHY BODY

Has Not Had An Hour's Sickness Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



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73 Lees Ave., Ottawa, Ont.,
August 9th, 1915.

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50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

joined to the flaring skirt portions, under a deep tuck. Gingham, chambray, linen, lincene, percale, lawn, dimity, gabardine, serge, taffeta, tub silk or crepe is nice for this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Lake Kathlyn and Environments

The fine two colored reproduction appearing as the frontispiece of The Western Home Monthly this month is from a photograph of Lake Kathlyn, Hudson's Bay Mountain, B.C., which was taken by Mr. R. C. W. Lett, Tourist and Colonization Agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, some time ago. At our request Mr. Lett has given the following excellent description of the scene:

The photograph which you have selected No. A. 752, Lake Kathlyn, Hudson's Bay Mountain, B.C., is one which I secured in August, 1914. The first time I had seen the lake was when on an overland trip in 1910, and at that time it just took me 91 days to go from Wolf Creek, West of Edmonton to Prince Rupert by pack horse, canoe, and "shanks mare." The trail used by the old Hudson's Bay company, but first by the Northwest Trading company led along the north side of the Nechako River, while this beautiful little lake is situated to the south of the river.

I remember well the night we pitched our camp on the long trip spoken of, directly opposite the beautiful Hudson's Bay Mountain, the glacier hanging the lowest of any I had ever seen, in fact this particular mountain seems to be the principal physical feature in that part of the country. Some of us around the camp fire discussed the question as to the distance that we were from the mountain, my own opinion being that if we could find a means of cross-

ing the Nechako River, we could reach the lake in a couple of hours time which would be about seven miles all together. The next morning we were up bright and early, and giving instructions to the packers to continue the trip, if I did not return by the following morning; the cook and I started out, travelling light as far as provisions were concerned but heavily loaded in the matter of photographic equipment. We found a single log about as slippery as an eel to answer the purpose of a bridge, at a considerable height above the foaming water below. We made the crossing in safety, however, and struck directly south for where we felt the lake must lie. Up to this time the lake had been known to the near-by settlers as Bolling Lake and Chickens Lake, neither of which names can in any way describe this beautiful mountain gem.

Well, we finally reached the shores of the lake, and in the still waters, which were perfectly clear, was reflected the great glacier hanging between the two great peaks of the mountain. We built a make-shift of a raft and poled laboriously over the smooth surface of the water, keeping as near to the shore as possible, and finally reached the west end, where we took again to the woods. We had made such photographs as would answer our purpose, and at the time I made up my mind that the name "Kathlyn" should rest upon this attractive sheet of water for all time, to come, if that august body, the Geographical Board of Canada would consider my application to have it. Now the lake is known, only officially I may say, as Lake Kathlyn, and like its name sake, its deep truthful reflections of things beautiful are its chief charms.

We started back towards evening to our camp, but this time we were not as fortunate in striking the river where the one log bridge lay, and night coming on, we were at a loss to determine whether or not the bridge lay to the east or west of us. We scrambled over and down timber

for fully a mile and a half down stream, without success, and as it was then pitch dark we built a fire on the shore of the river and passed the night, thinking of what we would do to the pork and beans and coffee when we reached camp the next day. We had only a light lunch on this long trip and occasionally snatched some high bush cranberries as we hurried in our search for the bridge. At daylight we made up our minds that we were below the crossing and struck eastward up the river, and inside of an hour and a half were back to camp just in time to see the pack train pulling out.

A lone settler came to our rescue and provided us with new made butter, fresh eggs, and a glass of hot milk, which put us on our feet once more, and mounting our horses which had been left tied by the trail side, we quickly overtook the pack train.

When accompanied in 1914 by that poetic lecturer, W. J. Speers the spell of the lake came upon him as he gazed across the shadowed surface of its bosom, and taking out his note book wrote the following lines:

"The shadows were dazingly beautiful during our stay on this lake shore. The shadows of dawn were adequate compensation for any necessary effort required. We have visited many shadowed lakes, but none comparable to this. The spirit of every season rested or romped at will upon this mountain locked mirror. The tenderness of spring, in delicate green, played on the shore line. Summer shimmered at the rippling inlet, while autumn stood on high lily leaves, listening for distant rustles and to the weird cry of the lonely loon. Winter rested his pale brow in glacier reflections on the bosom of the waters, calm as a sleeping babe. The place seemed sacred. High, high above, overlooking this glassy stage, is placed the throne—Hudson's Bay Mountain—where the storm king of the north holds high carnival in season. Here mighty winds swing fluffy clouds bedecked in lace."

I have not described or attempted to detract in any way from the lake by mentioning other features of interest in this district, such as agricultural possibilities or the wealth of mineral resources, nor have I spoken of the gamey trout, which inhabits the cool depths of this beautiful little lake, but anywhere through the central portion of British Columbia is a more restful spot to be found than Lake Kathlyn.

R. C. W. LETT.

Now that spring is really here and summer just ahead, the ladies of Winnipeg and the West are looking up their recipes for easily made hot weather dishes. Many house wives have been using the same old desserts and puddings and jellies and cakes month after month simply because the old recipes hold good and forgetting that many new ones are just as good.

The pure food products manufactured by The Gold Standard Manufacturing Co., Winnipeg, are commanding a great deal of attention and giving splendid satisfaction and those who have not tried them have a treat in store for themselves and their families.

The Gold Standard people publish a beautiful, illustrated cook book containing 110 pages. Its 19 chapters contain 268 recipes for the making of bread, biscuits, and rolls, muffins and gems, griddle cakes and waffles, cookies, doughnuts, cakes, pies and fritters, puddings, pudding sauces, "Just a Minute" puddings, quickly prepared desserts, frozen desserts, miscellaneous recipes, sandwiches and salad, cheese, vegetables, game, fowl, etc., eggs, fish and soups.

Taking this cook book from cover to cover, it is a splendid work and one which should be on every pantry shelf. It is free for the asking. Better write for one now while you have it in mind. Just address: The Gold Standard Manufacturing Co., Winnipeg, Canada.

Nurse's Acute Kidney Disease

Completely Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets after Operations Failed

Two years ago Nurse Dowdeswell, of 37 Alfred Street, Gloucester, England, wrote to say that Dr. Cassell's Tablets had cured her of acute kidney trouble, and saved her from an operation. Seen recently by a special representative, she said:---

"I am pleased to say that I have had the best of health since I told you of my cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets some two years ago. People remark on how well I look. When I think of what I suffered before I knew of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, I feel I can never sufficiently praise your splendid medicine. Kidney trouble had reduced me to such a state of helplessness that I could not walk alone. I had undergone two

operations, and taken endless medicine; but nothing helped me. Often I was in frightful pain, pain that lasted for hours at a time. I was also a martyr to dyspepsia, and so weak and spiritless that I used to wish I could die and be done with suffering. Although, as I have said, I was twice operated on for kidney trouble, I got no relief at all. I was urged to undergo a third operation for the removal of a stone on my left kidney, but by that time I was taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and the benefit was so apparent that I refused the operation, and persevered with the Tablets. After that I passed no fewer than ten stones at various times. Then I mended rapidly. I had no more pain; the dyspepsia, too, was cured, and I began to gain flesh. In a remarkably short time I was thoroughly well and strong. Now, if ever I feel a little run down—and my work as a nurse is sometimes very trying—I just take a dose or two of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and they never fail to set me up again. They are just splendid."



Nurse Dowdeswell



Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative and Anti-Spasmodic, 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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| Nervous Breakdown | St. Vitus' Dance | Dyspepsia | Wasting Diseases |
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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.

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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 and Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

In the Spring a Woman's Fancy

By Mary Van Brunt Hunter

I'VE a lovely scheme for doing over Juliet, as she poured John's second cup of coffee. "I read a description in the last *House Charming*. Flemish oak and old blue, with old blue window-hangings of raw silk—"

"Doing over the dining-room?" John looked up from his muffin uneasily. "Does it need doing over?" He glanced about. "Looks all right to me as it is."

Juliet shook her head. "This golden oak and the red in the rug and curtains are—ordinary. Ethel, don't put so much sugar on your orange—it's bad for your stomach. Well, the sour is what we eat them for—acid is good for us in the spring."

"We get a whole lot of acid in the spring," observed John, his intonation suggesting dark and hidden meanings. "Yes, a lot of acid—taxes to pay, and life-insurance, and bills for Easter clothes. But this house-cleaning and renovating is the worst dose of all. Why, it's only a year or so since we had the dining-room done!"

"John Carlton! It was the year before Billy was born, and he's in the third grade! Billy, don't take such great mouthfuls—there, half of that. Yes, that's better. You know yourself, John, the paper is frightfully shabby. I never liked it anyway; and I shall have to give a luncheon or something for Louise, when she comes on in June. Old blue, with panels, and a wide plate-rail."

"It doesn't sound attractive," protested John helplessly. "Dark woodwork and paper. Why, you said the other day light colors were the thing."

"Oh, that is for bedrooms—light, dainty effects there, and the solid, more somber colors in living-rooms."

"Cheerful on a dark morning!"

"Well, as the *House Charming* article said, electric lights are most effective on dark backgrounds. And an open fire. I'm so glad we have an open fireplace in our dining-room!"

"I suppose the *House Charming* will pay the electric light bills for the sake of artistic effects," grumbled John. "What about the table and chairs?"

"Of course we'll have to change them. And I'll have a low, broad buffet instead of that hideous old sideboard."

"And what do you propose to do with this furniture?"

"Well, you know, I've been thinking about that. Mrs. Butler sold a lot of her things to Loewenstein when she broke up housekeeping. She got enough for them to pay for her beautiful new tailor suit."

"That second-hand man! Juliet, you're crazy! Those fellows make their money off people like you and Mrs. Butler. It's the wise ones who pick up bargains in their shops. Same thing with collectors of antiques—that Sheffield-plate tray you're so proud of—some foolish person sold that for a tithe of its real value."

"What's a shuffled plate?" Billy, who had been clamoring to be heard, at last succeeded, with unhappy results.

"It's time for you and Ethel to go," was his mother's unsatisfactory response. "Run up-stairs and brush your teeth—thoroughly, now, Billy—inside as well as out. Ethel, see that he does it properly; and bring down a fresh hair-ribbon and I'll tie it for you. That one is mussed. Hurry, for I'm very busy this morning."

"What's doing to-day?" John asked from the hall, struggling into his light overcoat. "The attic, or closets, or—"

"I did those weeks ago," Juliet followed him, answering abstractedly. "To-day we're going to begin down-stairs; the living-room comes first."

She glanced in as she spoke, and John, his eyes following hers, sighed.

"What in the world you want to clean that room for I can't imagine. It looks in perfect order. It's a strange thing how this microbe of cleaning and changing about infects women. You're in now. I can see, for a regular jag of it—an orgy, a saturnalia of tearing things up and putting them back again. What possible pleasure you can find in it—"

"Pleasure!" exclaimed Juliet, and then paused, restraining herself heroically. "Now, go on, John." She opened

the door as she spoke. "You talk just like all men—you don't know anything about it. It has to be done. You'd hate a dirty house as much as any one."

"Of course I'd hate a dirty house, but it never is dirty. That's why it's so absurd—"

"And why isn't it dirty? Oh, John! It is you who are absurd—you're talking in paradoxes, like the 'Alice in Wonderland' people. Go on, now, do—it's late, and I must get to work. The children are coming down-stairs. Don't let us wrangle before them. Good-by." Her voice fell to a soothing cadence. "When you come home to-night it will all be in order—you wouldn't know anything had been done if I hadn't told you."

"Now, that's exactly what I said—"

Juliet closed the door on his insistence, somewhat forcibly. She tied Ethel's hair-ribbon, inspected Billy's teeth, kissed the children good-by, then donned her dusting-cap and apron as she instructed the maid:

"Get the dishes out of the way as soon as you can, Anna. James is here already for the rugs. Never mind about luncheon. There's that cold roast left from yesterday; we'll make that do for dinner, with—oh, baked potatoes, and sliced oranges for dessert. I'll get at the books directly. We must get the living-room and den both done to-day—Mr. Carlton does hate it so!"

The living-room, a picture of comfort with its soft, deep-colored rugs and mahogany furniture, was Juliet's joy. It was the one room in her house whose contents, with a sole exception, perfectly satisfied her esthetic longings. Book-cases in mahogany matching the wood-work filled corners and spaces beneath windows; but at one side of the mantel towered a tall black-walnut case, whose old-fashioned outline and inharmonious coloring vexed her soul.

"So out of keeping with the rest," she often sighed to John.

His reply was always the same—that it was perfectly good, that the glass doors protected the books from dust, and finally that he had used it in college. To Juliet the last statement was good and sufficient proof that the case had outlived its usefulness. John, who, with all cats and some people, inclined tenderly toward furnishings, no matter how shabby, to which he was comfortably wonted, regarded this as the best of reasons why his bookcase should continue to do service where it stood, so long as it held together.

Juliet surveyed it now with a pang. They certainly needed more book-room. The table and desk in John's den were heaped with homeless volumes, and the children, too, were accumulating so many. If John would only be reasonable and

do away with this horror, she would replace it with two low cases of mahogany, one on either side of the fireplace. She would hang the Shakespeare portrait and inscription over one, and the Aurora over the other—and upon the one at the left the bronze Cossack should stand against the gray-green burlap wall. But there—what was the use?

So Juliet pondered as she dusted books, wiped glass, and washed *bric-a-brac* throughout the morning.

After luncheon, when James came in to wax the floors, an inspiration seized her.

"I'm going to try that bookcase in the den," she told him. "We can move it, I'm sure, now the books are all out. Anna and I will take this end and you the other."

"I'll scratch the floor something awful," he objected.

"We'll put down some old rugs to run it on." Small obstacles did not hinder Juliet when her course was decided.

"My, but ain't the wall faded terrible!" cried Anna, when they had succeeded in launching the unwieldy craft upon its voyage.

"An' I don't believe it'll go through the door, it's that tall," contributed James.

Juliet looked at wall and at door, while her face assumed the expression well known to Billy when he too long persisted in a contrary course. It couldn't be the inscription and the portrait, but there was that tapestry she had been hoarding for an age. And really, she liked the burlap better in its faded state.

"That carved top will come off," she said. "Take the step-ladder, James—just pull that top piece up. It hasn't been off in years, but it will come if you pry it. Wait, I'll find something."

She was out of the room only a moment, but when she returned the deed was done. The top was off and in three pieces.

"I don't know how it ever happened, ma'am," said James contritely. "But it can be mended."

Mended? Never! Suddenly Juliet saw her opportunity. It was an accident of course; but a broken bookcase is quite different from one in good order—even John would admit that. Blithely she went toward the telephone.

Some hours later the despised bookcase left the house in the second-hand man's wagon. Juliet gazed speculatively at its outline on the wall, while in her hand she clutched the result of an hour's haggling with the buyer—a ragged two-dollar bill.

At six-o'clock she listened with some apprehension for John's footstep. He was late. This was fortunate, as it gave her time to make his favorite pudding. Ethel joyfully relinquished her half-hour's practise for the privilege of running to the market, whence she returned

with a thick and tender porterhouse—no cold roast and makeshift dinner would do to-night.

Save for the piles of books on the floor, the room was in its accustomed order, as Juliet had predicted. She had made an attractive toilet, and a sacrificial fire was laid on the immaculate hearth, ready to be touched into a blaze. John liked open fires.

"What is that noise?" asked Juliet, bending stiffly, match in hand. After her strenuous day she longed to throw herself on the davenport, letting dinner and the situation take care of themselves. "Is it father? Look quick, Billy, and see."

Billy clambered upon the window-seat. "Yes, it's father!" The match scratched, and kindling flames brightened the room. "There's some men with him—there's a wagon—they're bringing something to the house," came successive bulletins from the lookout.

"Well, you look cheerful here!" cried John from the hall. "Look out there, men—careful, going through the doorway—yes, right in here. Juliet, I'm going to prove to you that I knew what I was talking about this morning. On my way home, going by Loewenstein's I struck the greatest bargain! There on the sidewalk I happened to see this bookcase, exactly like mine—yes, the one I had in college. Nothing the matter with it, except the carved top is broken in two places. A little glue will fix that in no time. I've heard you say we needed more book-room, and must have a case on the other side of the mantel. What luck, wasn't it, to find one exactly like—what on earth's the matter with you, Juliet?"

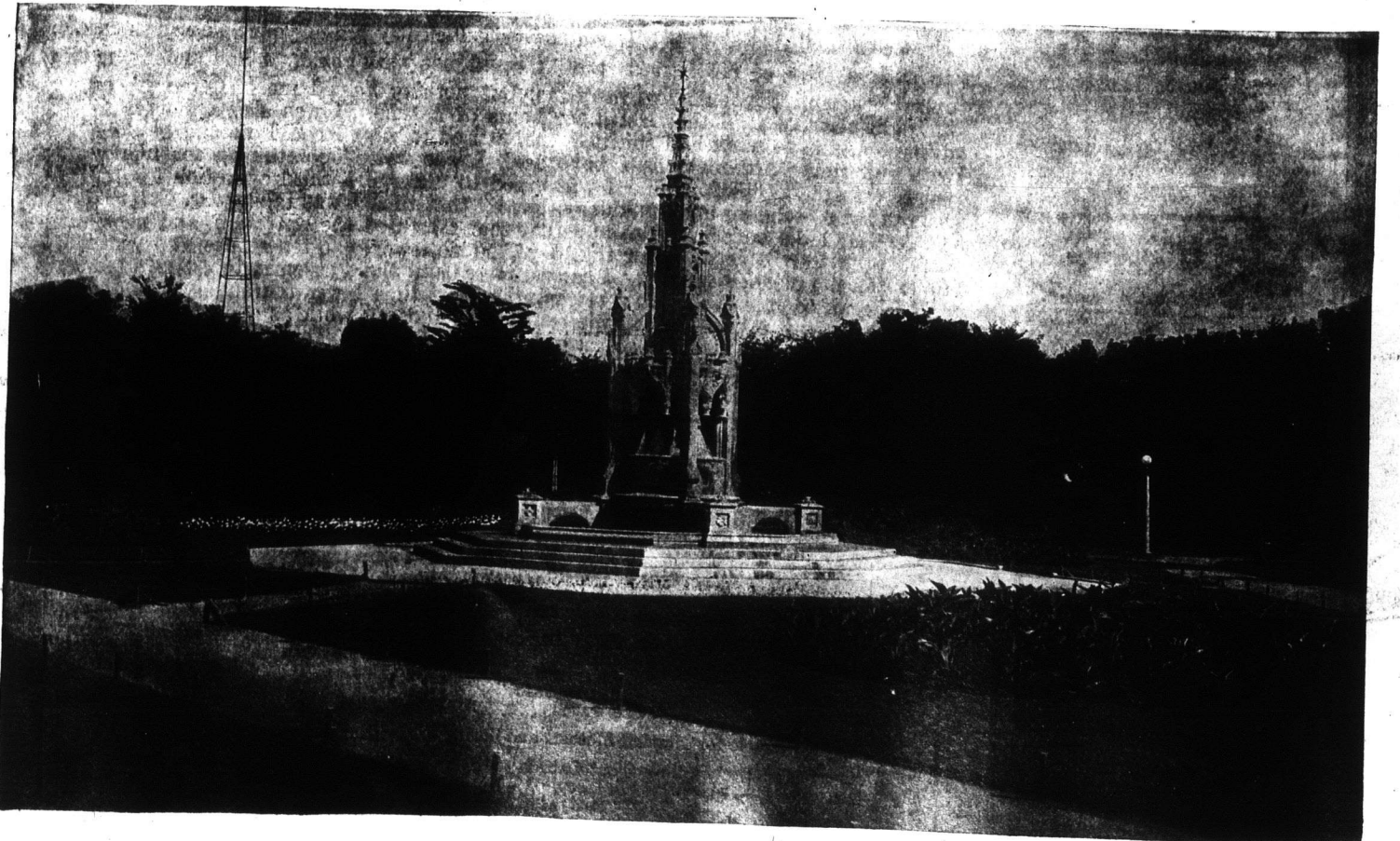
"John Carlton, how—much—did—you—pay—for—that—bookcase?"

"A trifle compared with its real value—it's worth every cent of twenty-five dollars—it's a good old piece, in fine order—exactly like the one I had in college, I tell you. And I got it for seven and a half!"

Juliet fell over on the davenport, her face buried in the pillows, shrieking with hysterical laughter. John's eye, as he advanced in alarm, lighted on the orderly pile of books, the vacant space, the bright, unfaded spot upon the wall. For an instant he stared, bewildered; then as Juliet's laughter redoubled, a sickly smile of comprehension spread itself over his countenance.

"Well, I'll be—blowed!" he substituted, remembering Billy.

The Last Asthma Attack may really be the last one if prompt measures are taken. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy will safeguard you. It will penetrate to the smallest bronchial passage and bring about a healthy condition. It always relieves and its continued use often effects a permanent cure. Why not get this long-famous remedy to-day and commence its use? Inhaled as smoke or vapor it is equally effective.



Popular corner in Central Park, Winnipeg—Wadell Fountain in the foreground

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They like its power and pep. It shoots up a hill like a streak of greased lightning. It gives, but seldom gets, the dust.

Put five in (there's lots of room), give her a little gas and away she flies—free from vibration, rattle, stress or strain.

What do you suppose appeals to the more elderly people? Just the solid comfort. This car, unlike most of the smaller and popular priced makes, has none of that stiffness or rigidity about it. Deep, soft, divan upholstery and shock absorbing cantilever

springs takes all the stiffness out and puts all the comfort in.

Large tires (4 inch) also add materially to the riding qualities of the car. Also, and just as important, they help keep upkeep at a minimum.

Another thing to remember this car comes complete. No expensive starter or speedometer or anything extra to buy.

It's the little conveniences that seem to have the broadest appeal. The electric control buttons on the steering column, convenient foot pedals and shifting levers bring everything within everyone's reach—even the price.

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