

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



GENERAL FERDINAND FOCH

MARSHAL OF FRANCE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF THE ALLIES

Winnipeg, Man.

September, 1918

Rushing *Coca-Cola* to the Thirsty Westerners



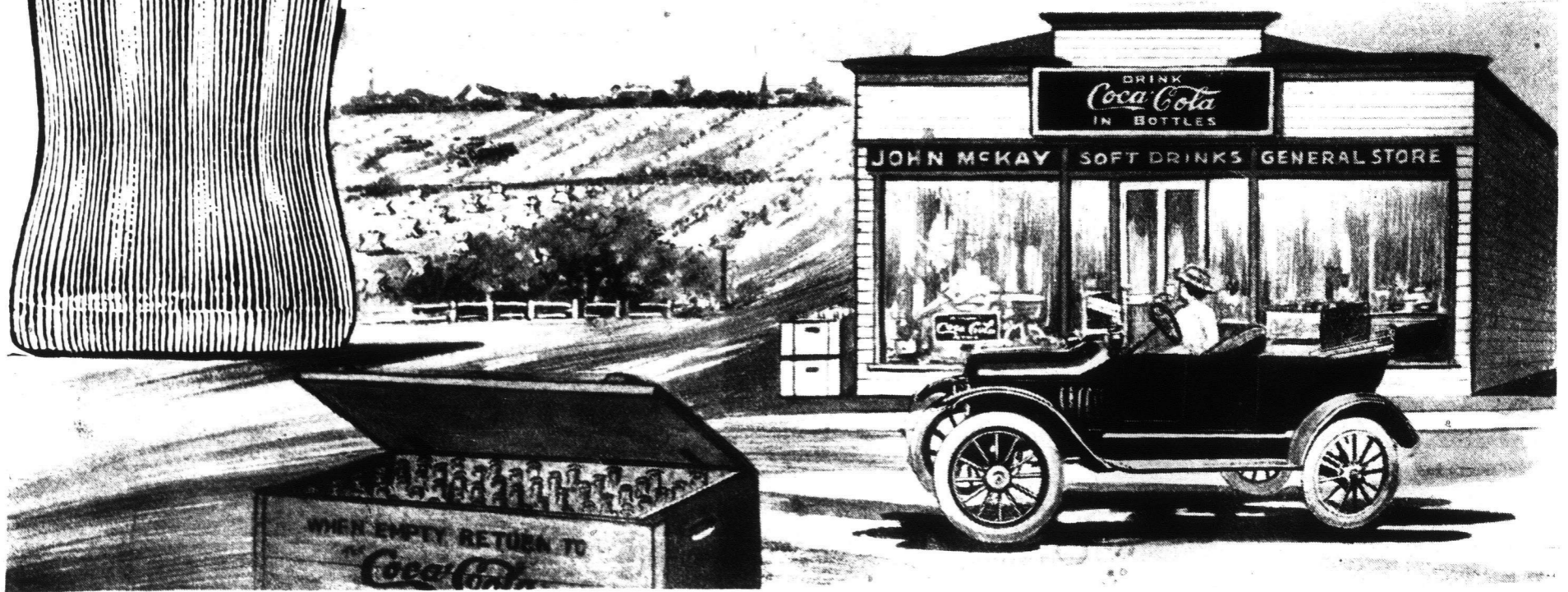
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The Western Home Monthly

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

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Chat With Our Readers

In this issue (pages 24 and 25) we have the pleasure of printing a number of articles from overseas soldiers, who in pre-war days were members of the staff that helped in the production of The Western Home Monthly. Many of these boys have been in the firing line for the past three years, and while they have not all escaped injury, their lot on the whole has been comparatively fortunate.

Our readers will, we feel sure, read their account of matters "Over There" with interest, and note with pleasure the splendid courage and faith in their cause that characterizes each contribution.

We have also been favored with an exceptionally able article by Capt. J. W. Wilton, the vigorous and aggressive member for Assiniboia in the Manitoba Legislature, and who, early in the war, relinquished the role of the legislator for that of the soldier; for it will be recalled that so great was his anxiety to be of service that he joined the ranks as a private, but, as was to be expected, has quickly risen to his present rank.

Another contribution is from the distinguished Canadian soldier who commands the Canadian forces in England, and who has been of inestimable service to Canada and the Empire in connection with this struggle, namely, Lieut.-Col. Sir E. W. Turner, V.C.

A cursory glance at our mailing lists shows that the larger majority of our readers do not fail in sending in their yearly subscriptions in good time, but there are accidents in the best regulated families, and a family with a membership as large as ours is bound to have a number who for a time overlook their duty. In the most of cases the explanation is that they have been absorbed with the many other activities that present themselves at a time like this, and in other cases circumstances have for a period made a change of residence necessary.

We are convinced that few indeed who have read the magazine for any length of time wish to give it up, yet to make sure of its regular arrival from month to month, prompt settlement of the small subscription fee is necessary. Remember it is only \$1.00 per year, or \$2.00 for three years, and we think we may add without egotism that there is no better magazine value.

Just at present the publishing of a magazine of the character and size of The Western Home Monthly is not altogether a profitable matter if one looks

at the financial end only, but we do feel that there is another side, and this is that any publication which is so helpful and interesting to thousands of people should, especially just now, be kept at its very highest pitch. This we are endeavoring to do, and our readers are not lacking in their appreciation of our efforts, so naturally we are very anxious that no single subscriber should cease reading the magazine. Some may have faults to find with it, and we would be very pleased indeed to hear from any such. Criticisms and suggestions are always welcome. The success that the magazine has attained can largely be attributed to the very many valuable suggestions that have from time to time reached us from all parts of the west. To be helpful to every household in the west and in the securing of interesting information which may be found of practical value in every household, is the ambition of this magazine.

In times gone by mothers learned much from hard experience, having to work out their household problems for themselves. Sources of information were few, and the securing of such meant a great deal of money and time. The Western Home Monthly has changed all this for the girls of the present day, changed it so that the woman in the home can take some time from the drudgery of housework, and is given an opportunity to grow herself and help others to grow and broaden. Departments dealing with Domestic Science, Household Hints, The Young Woman and Her Problem, Woman in the Home, Women's Quiet Hour, will be found by every reader to be of the greatest help. All these departments are conducted by experts who have long since proved their worth, and are recognized authorities in their respective departments. It is our hope to add other sections from time to time that will prove equally helpful. One in particular that is now under consideration is a Boys' and Girls' Club page. This we hope to give our young readers with our October number. It will be edited by a well-known gentleman who is giving all his time to this excellent work in Western Canada.

We are appending, herewith, a subscription blank for the benefit of those readers whose accounts are in arrears. The best time to attend to a matter like this is right now while it is fresh in your memory. We thank you in anticipation.

The Western Home Monthly,
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Editorial

Overlords or Servants

NOW that the post-office strike is over, it is possible to say, without heat some things regarding public servants and Public Servants. By public servants we mean the letter carriers and others who made up the body of strikers. By Public Servants we mean the officials at Ottawa; and in so far as they had anything to do with it, the members of the government.

It is a matter of common observation that many of our Public Servants object to the term. In their hearts they are overlords and not servants. They possess all the kaiser-like qualities of the overlord—pride, self-assurance, swagger, boasting, bumptiousness, haughtiness and the like. The true Servant is humble, courteous, generous, affable, ready to listen and anxious to assist. We have a strong feeling that somewhere at Ottawa will be found some who have not by nature nor by cultivation the qualities of Servants. They dilly-dally, or, which is the same thing, pigeon-hole important papers. We are not at this distance able to say whether it is laziness or incapacity which accounts for the inaction and persistent procrastination. What we desire in a government are men who act quickly in response to the call of duty, rather than tardily after they have felt the pressure of public opinion. There is no reason in the world why, if the government had been "on its job," the late strike should ever have taken place.

There is, however, another side to the matter. Just so soon as it was apparent that the government had really awaked and had promised remedial action or at least thorough investigation the men should have returned to work. There are always a few who do not know when they have won their case. They, like the Public Servants, swell with importance when they are the heroes in a public movement, and lose all sense of judgment. Fortunately the great body of workers had reason. They did well to get definite assurance that there would be speedy solution of the problem, and they are to be congratulated upon the fact that they made those in charge of public affairs get busy. There is something more important than that the posties get the increase in pay that was promised. It is that public affairs be carried on in a business-like way, and without unnecessary formality and provoking delay.

Some of the newspapers have been putting forward a theory that public servants have no right under any circumstances to strike. This position can hardly be defended in all cases. Those who represent the people—that is, the government—may be unfair in their treatment of civil servants, and indeed may not as in this case, reflect public opinion. They may become overbearing in their attitude and even arrogant and heartless. The only thing left for employees is to resign or strike. The strike is more effective, and when men are in the right, it is fairer. A civil servant who is able and conscientious in discharge of duty has no more reason to resign than a government.

It is said that there should be no strike during war times. Better say there should be no occasion for strikes during war times. Some of the strikes held in the Empire during the last four years were due to inaction of the government, some the unyielding attitude of employees, but the most of them, perhaps, due to the unwarranted demands of men who thought they had a whip-hand over employers, government and all else. In such cases the Lloyd George policy is the only right one. "Either get busy or go to the front."

In all this matter of strikes, the third party or the general public is usually overlooked. Why should the people of Western Canada suffer because a government and the postal servants are at variance? Why should the general public suffer because of any strike? The only way out is to make immediate arbitration compulsory and striking previous to arbitration a crime.

Stand Firm

IT took forty years for Germany to prepare for this war. It took the world four years to bring her to bay. It will take only one year or less to bring her to her knees. All that the Allies need is continued faith in God and in the righteousness of their cause, and continued determination till the war is won. Never did things look more hopeful than just now, and now is the time to exert every ounce of energy. The great writer Hall Caine has well expressed it in these forceful words:

"This is the hour of Destiny. Be strong, be brave, be stout of heart whatever happens. If you hear of losses, reflect that to hold our own is Victory.

"Remember that for every British soldier taken prisoner to-day, ten German soldiers are being left dead on the battlefields. The Kaiser is fighting for his life and dynasty.

"If he fails now his own subjects will sweep him away.

"But if he succeeds, what will it mean to the peoples

of the Free Nations—to the people of martyred Belgium and slaughtered Serbia; to the people of France, who have been in the forefront of almost every battle for Freedom that has yet been fought; to the people of Italy, who have so lately emerged from their age-long struggle for Unity after so much bloodshed and so many tears; to the people of America, who, leaving behind them the enmities of the old world, have built up on the far shores of the new one a Commonwealth dedicated to the high principle of equal rights for every man, malice against none, and charity towards all?

"And what will it mean to us, sons and daughters of this dear country, the Motherland of Liberty, the cradle of a line of mighty soldiers for Freedom, stretching back through 500 stern and hard but glorious years?"

"We must be free or die who speak the tongue That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold That Milton held.

"Therefore, as free men, as brothers in blood, and as joint heirs to the great inheritance that has come down to us from our great forefathers, let us meet this hour of Destiny with an unflinching face."

Our leader Lloyd George has also given us a like message:

"The message which I send to the people of the British Empire on the fourth anniversary of their entry into the war is 'Hold fast.'

"We are in this war for no selfish ends. We are in it to recover freedom for the nations which have been brutally attacked and despoiled and to prove that no people, however powerful, can surrender itself to the lawless ambitions of militarism without retribution, certain and disastrous, at the hands of the free nations of the world. To stop short of victory for this cause would be to compromise the future of mankind.

"I say, 'Hold fast.'"

Approaching the End

WE talk of hardship in Canada, but we scarcely know what the word means. Those who come to us from the Motherland can open our minds a little, those who hail from France can add something more, and those who have had experience in unfortunate Belgium can complete the story. Yet the hardship in any of these lands is little compared with that in Bulgaria, Hungary, Turkey and some parts of Russia. This hardship, which means an endless struggle to secure the three great necessities of existence—food, clothing and shelter—is growing more and more keen as the days go by. One of these fine days there will be a great break and the arch-fiends of Potsdam who have been responsible for it all will pay the price. It is a great race this between the Allies and an autocracy-ridden people. Which will get the Kaiser first? In 1914 we predicted that the war would end because of a power within Germany—that is it would come by way of revolution. Possibly it will be so, but the revolution will have been brought about by the great work of the Allied armies, and the greater power of the Grand Fleet, which has its home somewhere near the Orkney Islands. Who cares after all whether the Allies win directly or indirectly provided the "world is made safe for democracy?" And that is the one aim of the war, and the aim will surely be achieved.

The Grand Fleet

IN an interview after reaching home Premier Norris has this to say about the Grand Fleet. It makes mighty good reading.

"Away up in the Orkney Islands, north of Great Britain, lies the headquarters of the British Grand Fleet, the very existence of which has won for the allies this war.

"I say won, because nobody overseas ever thinks of anything else. They hardly ever discuss the end of the war any more. It has resolved itself, the people there believe, into a question of time. The might of the allied nations is sufficient to crush Germany into the dust. Everybody believes that. I never heard a faint heart all the time I was there or ever saw any indications of the presence of such an individual.

"With its headquarters located right up north there at a point from which all European coasts can easily be reached, the Grand Fleet maintains its constant vigil. For four years that fleet had rendered the vaunted naval strength of Germany impotent. Because they know of the strength of our fleet, the Germans have been afraid to try conclusions on the open seas. In this way the navy has made possible a continuance of the war.

"Canada could never have sent the men she has, nor United States the men it has, had it not been for that wonderful war machine which guards the seas.

"And the men of that navy are wonderful indeed. In season and out of season, in fine weather and calm they have ridden the North Sea for four years tempting the enemy to try them out. 'We have been here four years,' they told me, 'and are prepared to stay eight years more if need be.' That's the spirit of the

British navy, and it is that spirit which renders it invincible just as much as modern battleship improvements do.

"I am glad to be able to say that one of the things I saw while with the Grand Fleet was five huge fighting ships flying the Stars and Stripes. I was told that these five American battleships form the 6th squadron of the British Grand Fleet. They act as a part of the whole, under the supreme command of Admiral Lord Beatty."

Losses and Gains

AT the end of four years of war it is interesting to quote a few figures to show how matters stand. On the side of the Central Powers are Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, Bulgaria with population in millions represented by the numbers 67, 49, 21, 5, or a total of 148. On the side of the Allies are Great Britain and Overseas Dominions, France, Italy, United States, Belgium, Serbia, Portugal, Japan, China, Greece, Liberia, Panama, Cuba, Siam, Montenegro, Hayti, with population in millions of 348, 36, 40, 110, 7, 4, 7, 70, 400, 5, 2, 1/2, 2, 8, 1/2, 2, or a total of 942. Of course some of these countries are in the war only in a half-hearted way. Among nations that have severed diplomatic relations with Germany are Bolivia, Brazil, Costa Rico, Ecuador, Egypt, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Peru, Uruguay, with a total population of 50 millions.

The five main Allies, before the war had national wealth estimated at 406 billions, and the wealth of the Central Powers was 105 billions.

The cost of the war up to date is about one-third of the national wealth of all the belligerents. The average cost per day is a little over one hundred millions.

The national debts have increased six-fold and amounts to the following figures in billions, United States 4, Great Britain 20, France 24, Italy 7, Russia 24, Germany 35, Austria-Hungary 15.

The loss of buildings in Belgium is over a billion dollars and in France about the same. The destruction of raw materials, stock, merchandise, has been quite as much, and this says nothing of roads, bridges, etc. Germany in property abroad has lost over 3 billions. The loss in Balkans represents another billion, and in other devastated states more than another billion. These figures are typical.

The greatest loss of all, that in men is difficult to estimate, but a recognized authority has given the following figures. Killed of the Allies 4 millions and permanently wounded 3 millions; killed of the Central Powers 3 million, and permanently wounded 2 millions.

There are other losses which are suggested—potential population, decline of morality and vitality. Then there is lack of parental control, the breaking of home life, the suffering, the sorrow, the disease—and to these a hundred other items might be added.

There are gains which must not be forgotten. First many nations have found themselves. Canada is one of these. The United States is another. The labor party has been elevated, political life has improved; religion has a new content; men have learned to think of their fellows; the whole round world is linked together in friendship and in a determination that men shall be free. The gains socially, industrially and scientifically it would take too long to describe. Mr. Whittlesey of New York, has well put it in a few brief sentences:

"In the laboratories of the scientists many an important invention has been made of which as yet we know nothing, the secret being carefully guarded for obvious reasons, but from which, when peace is once more with us, inestimable benefits will accrue to all of humanity. Some old inventions have been perfected and have taken their permanent place in modern life, such as the aeroplane as a means of transportation and the application of the internal combustion engine to agricultural and other production.

"But perhaps the most important are the big strides made in the field of medicine and surgery. The great destructiveness of life incidental to modern warfare has been all but neutralized by the wonderful discoveries made in medicine and surgery, in curative as well as preventive treatment, and in the restoration of human limbs (which is certainly one of the greatest achievements of the human mind).

"The generous aid of the Allies in the way of relief to ravaged Belgium, to the civilian population made bare and homeless in the zones of war, to the ill and wounded, was prompted by a humanitarianism which is unparalleled in history and which is brought into light only by the grim contrast of the bestial atrocities practised by a merciless foe upon these very peoples to whom we hastened our unflinching aid.

"No less significant are the moral gains.

"If the war should mean the liberating of the Russian people from the evils of bureaucracy and the releasing of oppressed peoples of Austria-Hungary and Turkey, extending to them the privilege of individual initiative and the development of their economic resources, the war, in so far as it has hastened this development, may have been worth while."



your skin is pale and
sallow, write us for the
new steam treatment
for this condition. Try
this treatment one night
a week. It will give
you a new, fresh color.

What causes skin blemishes

*The way to remove blemishes and
to remove their cause*

EVERYONE is immediately attracted by a clear skin—soft, free from blemishes and unsightly spots.

Every girl longs for it.

If your skin is not as clear as you would love to have it, find out just what is causing the blemishes that mar it. Then start at once to remove not only the blemishes, but their cause.

Skin specialists say they are tracing fewer and fewer skin troubles to the blood—and more to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores with dust, soot and grime.

To keep your skin clear from the spots and blemishes caused in this

way, you must remove the blemishes you already have and prevent the appearance of fresh ones.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use this treatment regularly until the blemishes disappear, and supplement it with the regular use of Woodbury's in your daily toilet. This will keep your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes.

The 25 cent cake of Woodbury's will last for a month or six weeks of any facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. For sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

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



Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send

you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 6209 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



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Prize Package Polly

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

CYRUS HARTMAN had only one more errand in the big store. He was glad of it. He didn't take naturally to shopping, but Nancy had given him that morning a lengthy shopping list of household necessities, comprising nearly everything from needles to saucepans, and he had been compelled to leave the sociable circle in the rotunda of the little hotel where he usually put up when in town and sally forth to negotiate the red-tape, the moving-stairway, the supercilious clerks and the fussy crowds of the big departmental store where Nancy always dealt. He hated the city and all that pertained to it—the hot and dusty streets, the unending procession of tired-faced people, the rush and clatter and jangle. The commingled odors of tar, gasoline-exhaust, five cent cigars, talcum powder and restaurant cooking made him ill. He always carried his bills safely pinned to an inner pocket, and looked upon all new acquaintances as possible four-flushers who might try to unload a gold brick on him. He dodged the street cars with admirable circumspection, and his head thrust forward like a duck in a thunderstorm. The "slick city feller" that got ahead of Cyrus would have to get up early. And Cyrus wasn't really happy till he got away—away out upon the winding green trail that led to home and Nancy and supper.

Yes, he had only that dad-blamed linoleum to get now, as he patiently awaited his parcel and change at the notion counter as he heaved a sigh of relief. In another ten minutes or even less he would be turning his horse's heads home ward.

He gazed unseeing at the hurrying throngs of shoppers. The saleswoman who had attended to his wants was discussing some topic of popular interest with two co-workers—store gossip, no doubt, he supposed. He looked at the group in a bored way. He couldn't see why on earth they couldn't just give him his purchases and let him go, instead of sending them all away somewhere in a wire basket first and keeping him waiting.

"It's a plain case of desertion! That's what it is!" came to his ears suddenly and sharply.

Cyrus turned and looked at the speaker as these words penetrated to his consciousness. She was a severe-looking woman with hair that was drawn back tightly from a narrow brow, little keen dark eyes, and the general appearance of a female Diogenes, without the lantern. It was she who had served him.

"Your change is coming," she snapped, as she caught his glance.

"Oh, Miss Crabbe, do you really think she was deserted?" asked a young girl who was measuring hat elastic beside her.

"That's what I call it," averred Miss Crabbe, as she rearranged some tumbled boxes. "And I've seen a lot of happenings in my time. I ain't worked here ten years for nothing. . . . Something for you?" she added, approaching another customer.

"But she's bound to turn up. The store is so well systematized—" began a timid-looking girl who was down on her knees, pulling out new stock.

"Oh she'll turn up all right enough, poor little thing," Miss Crabbe cut in, "and then she'll be sent to the Refuge or a Home for Orphans or something."

Cyrus now leaned across the counter. "Scus me," he said, addressing Miss Crabbe. "Has there been a-a-an abduction or anything round here?"

Miss Crabbe turned a cold eye on Cyrus.

"Abduction nothing!" she rapped out. "It's only rich kids that get abducted. This is a case of abandonment. Haven't you heard about it? . . . Two rolls of this madam? Very well. . . . Why the news is all over the store!"

"I didn't hear nothin', so help me Han-ner!" declared Cyrus.

"Well, she was the sweetest little thing you ever saw. She couldn't have been more than five years old, and she had lovely golden curls and big blue eyes and was dressed just swell, wasn't she, Nettie? The mother—though it's a sin

to call such a creature that—was here at this very counter right after lunch and she had the child with her then. You couldn't help but notice them, they were that striking. People turned around and stared wherever they went."

"And where was she lost?"

"Right here in this store, they say. About three o'clock. Up on the fourth floor. But, of course, it might have been anywhere. If the mother left her on the fourth floor she'd hardly go right to the store detective and tell him so, when she'd made up her mind to desert the kid," and a suspicious moisture gathered in the hard eyes of Miss Crabbe as she spoke.

Cyrus made clucking sounds with his tongue against his teeth, sounds indicating sympathy and horror and his utter lack of words.

"The mother," went on Miss Crabbe, "was one of those fluffly blondes that the men fall for. She had a babyish helpless look, but I guess it was all put on. I sized her up for an actress. Didn't you, Nettie?"

"Oh yes, she was certainly an actress," agreed Nettie. "My! I never saw such a pretty child in all my life. A perfect picture."

"You mean t' say her ma went an'—an'—" began Cyrus, inarticulate with wrath.

"Abandoned her? Well, what else does it look like? The store has been

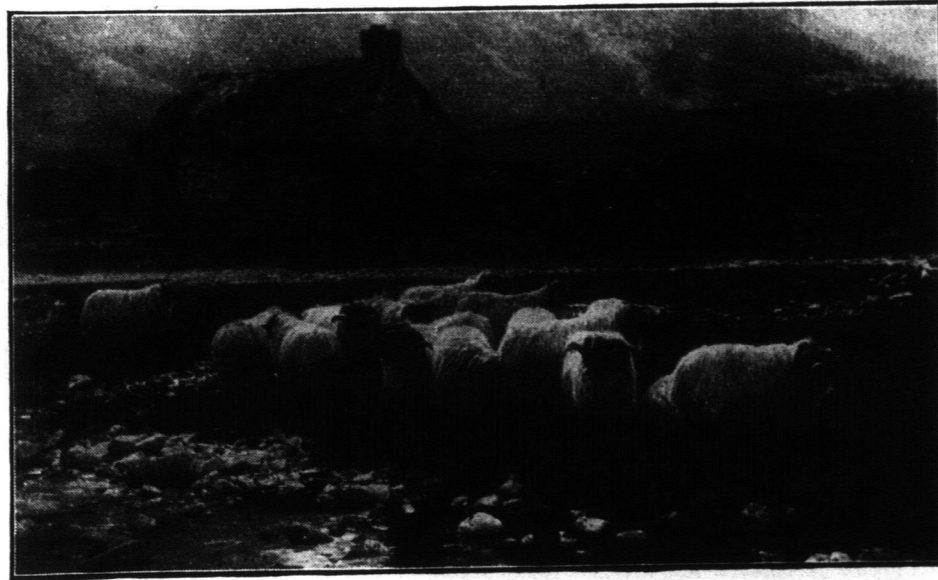
tive frame of mind. Elevators were his especial horror, so he trudged up the four flights of stairs till he arrived in the section where Nancy's roll of linoleum, which she had picked out from a bargain lot last time she had been in town awaited him.

"That's one thing they can't put in a wire basket and send for a ride!" chuckled Cyrus, and then perceiving the clerk, waved his hand after the manner of a signalman telling a freight train that the way was "all clear" and hailed him thus: "Where's that there roll o' oilcloth my old lady told you to keep for her, young feller? . . . Eh? The name? Why, Mrs. Cyrus Hartman o' the Bar K ranch to be sure!"

After a short search the bulky package, tied about the middle with a bit of rope, was found and Cyrus "hefted" it and finally decided that although it weighed a mite more than he had expected he would nevertheless scorn the assistance of any "store help" and just take it down and out to his wagon himself. He always carried his own parcels, he said.

The clerk humored him, but told him he would have to take the freight elevator to the ground floor.

"Well, well," said Cyrus, resignedly. "Mebbe goin' down won't be so disagreeable as goin' up. I do hate that all-gone feelin' at the belt line though. Still, come t' think now I couldn't be more empty there than I am, cuz I had my lunch in one o' your caffays here and they didn't gimme enough to keep a bird alive an' stuck me four bits jest



Aristocrats of the Downs

searched all over twice and there isn't a trace of the little thing. They say the mother took on terrible up in the manager's office, but, of course, that would be part of her role. She claimed that she had left the child in the toy department while she looked at some rugs—what an actress would want with rugs beats me—and that all of a sudden she caught sight of a friend and they stopped to have a chat—the usual bunk—and that when she went to get the child she wasn't to be found. . . . Cashier! Rustle this gentleman's change and be quick about it."

"I bet you could find her," remarked Cyrus admiringly. "I'll be gosh-durned if you don't look like a sister o' Sherlock Holmes!"

"I've got sense," admitted Miss Crabbe, reaching up to the parcel-carriage that now came trundling along. "Sorry 't have kept you," and she emptied the change into Cyrus's big brown paw and handed him his package.

"An' you say she was an actress, eh?" observed Cyrus, stowing his parcel into his capacious pocket. "My my, ain't it a pity them stage folk have to have children at all!"

To his single-minded integrity the profession, especially for women, was the ne plus ultra of iniquity. Miss Crabbe merely smiled a tight-lipped smile at his shocked accents.

"Oh, we mustn't be so narrow as to disparage what is sometimes a noble calling," she said generously. "Still that kind of life is bad for children, and I just hope some decent honest hard-working person finds the little girl and keeps her."

Cyrus went on his way in a rumina-

the same. Gosh-all-hemlock! It beats my time how you fellers manage to keep body an' soul together! So long, an' beggin' your pardon. No harm meant."

The clerk watched Cyrus disappear and then shrugged his shoulders and murmured something about "fresh old rubes"; but as the store's biggest trade came from just such as Mr. Hartman he was perforce obliged to be philosophical over the matter.

Cyrus drove rapidly out toward the suburbs, humming a happy little tune meanwhile. Nancy would have fresh doughnuts and pancakes and maple-syrup for supper, in addition to his favorite pork pies and scalloped potatoes. Presently as twilight drew on he became silent, cogitating upon city life and its baleful effect on young people. That clerk now, the puny pale-faced shrimp! Wouldn't he be much better out on a farm doing a real man's work?

And he wasn't the only one. There were lots of others that slid through the draft because they were too insignificant, too small and spindling to bother with. Perhaps Mr. Hartman was a trifle prejudiced about cities. Back of all this was the experience of his own so well known to the neighborhood, when his only son Jim had rebelled and left the parental roof to seek a livelihood in town. He reflected gloomily on this, flicking the off horse with the whip from time to time, and wondering what Jim looked like now after nine years of living in towns and cities. Would he be a dressed-up dude with a sallow skin and socks and necktie that matched like that clerk? God forbid!

"Nine years, by heck!" muttered

Cyrus. "Swallowed up by the great maw o' the city. Went to Chicago an' Frisco an' then New York, an' in all them years he ain't sent us more'n four postcards. . . . Poor Jim. Never had no use for a plow, did Jim. Purty mean luck, an' me gittin' old an' sorter used-up in the hind-legs. . . . Always was strong for music—fancied he had a voice! Poor Jim. . . . The darn fool! . . ." and a great sigh rent the bosom of Mr. Hartman, wealthy rancher and deacon of the church. "I'm considered by some a hard-boiled old hypocrite, a heartless pharisee, cuz I licked the feller that time. . . . I wonder now. . . . I wonder if mebbe I wasn't a mite hard on him after all. . . . He was only seventeen. . . ."

The thought was by no means a new one, but to-day it seemed to acquire a fresh poignancy for some reason. Perhaps Cyrus was feeling more tired than usual after a trip to the city. Of late these journeys seemed to tucker him out quickly. He was getting on, he reflected. Yep! Pushing towards seventy now.

Coming apparently from some distance the wail of a child suddenly broke in on his reveries.

"Sounds like his pa was lickin' him good," muttered Cyrus, and the crying becoming more voluminous he added: "If I had my hands on the person that's makin' that kid howl I'd mop up the floor with him!"

A hot unreasoning anger stirred him. "I bet it's Bartlett. He calls me a harsh old bird. I'd sure like to demonstrate to him that he was right for once."

Bartlett was known to have once beaten his wife.

Cyrus heard the crying again several times, receding apparently now, as he whipped up his team. Cyrus was a trifle deaf, however, so he eagerly scanned the wayside for a stray child to be sure he overlooked no chance of seeing him. The sun was setting and the air was pleasantly cool now with a slight breeze stirring the restless poplars. A soft frog-chorus came from a nearby slough, intermittently. Birds twittered in sleepy strain. Cyrus had been smoking and now he put his pipe away for the buildings of the Bar K loomed suddenly up in the middle distance. Ten minutes later he drove briskly through his lane-gate and brought up with a loud "whoa!" at the side door of the ranch-house. Simultaneously Nancy appeared, a fresh white apron covering her neat alpaca dress.

"You're late," she greeted her spouse. "It's sech a nice night I was beginnin' to suspect you was out joy-ridin' with some designin' blonde widdler."

"You hadn't oughter put them ideas in my head Nance!" returned Mr. Hartman, descending rheumatically and throwing the lines to his hired man. "I don't deny I'd lots o' chances to flirt, but I swear they can't none o' them tempt me—not when I got sech a fine old girl as you to home! Supper ready?"

"Ready an' waitin'. Did you fetch that there linoleum for the settin'-room floor?"

"Don't I always get what I go after? Tell the old man to pull down the stars an' he'll make a try at the job anyhow, you bet. Gosh! What's that?"

"What's what?" asked Nancy, stopping in her task of lifting parcels from the wagon. "I don't hear nothin'."

"Listen, then. . . . There. . . . Consarn it. It's a kid cryin'! I been hearin' it this half hour or more. Some folks have 'bout as much heart as a turnip. It seems to me some o' them got too many kids. If they had less (or none at all) they'd appreciate them more! . . . Great Ceasar's ghost! You ain't let them young kittens out, Nance!"

and Mr. Hartman peered under the wagon, for the sound seemed to come from a point near at hand now. She was tugging frantically at a pair of small, white-stockinged legs that protruded, wriggling, from one end of the big roll of linoleum.

"I swan to cal'late!" muttered Cyrus, staring, stock-still.

"Don't give me no gab, Cyrus Hartman, but lay holt o' the roll an' pull from the other end," directed his wife.

"I guess it's one o' them Bartlett young ones, playin' tricks as usual. Mighty nigh smothered herself too, I reckon."

Cyrus obeyed and finding that the im-

prisoned child was unable to proceed either one way or the other, he quickly cut the rope that bound the roll, and out popped a small girl of five or six. She slid to the ground at once, a mussed little figure in a soiled pink frock, with golden hair that had once been curled but which was now matted almost hopelessly. Her face was streaked with dirt and she stood a moment silently observing them and then broke forth again into a storm of sobbing and crying.

They saw at once that it was no child of the Bartlett's or of any other family in the immediate neighborhood. When they had taken her into the house, Cyrus carrying her part way and Nancy the rest, they discerned further that she wasn't a country child. Every item of her attire was the final word in luxury from the rich hair-bow and sash to the small patent-leather slippers with solid silver buttons.

"Must a' hopped on behind when I wasn't watchin'—" began Cyrus, while Nancy washed the child's face and smoothed her hair.

"I ain't got the least idea who she is. There ain't any visitors around that I know of. Whose little girl are you, dearie?"

But the little stranger only shook her head.

"I want my mamma, and my woolly dog," she said, gulping.

"Who is your mamma, dear?" asked Mrs. Hartman, kindly. "What's her name—Mrs. who?"

"Don't let's bother her, Nance, till she's at her supper. I bet she's hungry."

When she had eaten a bowl of bread and milk and two cookies she told them her name was Pauline.

"But everybody calls me Polly," she explained, gravely. "Oh, dear, I'm dreadful dirty. I guess I won't play any more tricks on mamma."

"Oh, you was playin' tricks, eh?" and Cyrus made a face at her which almost frightened her.

"I was playing hide," she admitted. "And your woolly dog? Was it a live one or—?"

The child's eye rounded in surprise, at Nancy.

"I guess it was pretty near alive, anyway. It could bark if you squeezed it. Mamma buyed me it in the big store."

Cyrus Hartman started violently. His mouth opened to speak, but refraining he closed it again quickly. (The woolly dog and also a crushed little silk hat were found in the wagon the next morning.)

Polly played with the two white kittens till she grew very sleepy, and Mrs. Hartman then took her upstairs and put her to bed in her son Jim's old crib. The only clue they had gotten as to the mother was that she was "boo'ful," and that Polly had played hide-and-seek often with her. In the store she had "cwallied in the big fat pipe" and could not get out. Nancy and Cyrus had concluded that she had then fallen asleep, and so had been carried away.

"An' a God's mercy you carried it sideways, Cyrus!" said his wife, as she dropped into the rocking-chair by the window and took up her knitting, after having put Polly asleep.

"It struck me at the time it was a gosh-blamed hefty thing," admitted Cyrus.

"Well, I'm thinkin' as how mebbe we'd best go to town first thing in the mornin' an' report—"

"Hold on, now Nance! What do you want to git into sech an all-fired rush for? Let the parents advertise."

Mrs. Hartman glanced sharply at her spouse.

"It strikes me you don't look near so surprised as you'd oughter 'bout this affair," she said, suspiciously. "I jest wouldn't put it past you, Cyrus Hartman, to abduct that young one!"

"Nance, you sure have got an awful suspicious nater," said Cyrus in an injured tone. "I ain't any foolisher over kids than you be."

Nancy sighed.

"She's a beautiful child," she remarked knitting away industriously in the semi-darkness. "I reckon she comes o' nice folk, too, for her little underclothes are sheer an' all hand-embroidered. Her mother must be a refined person."

Cyrus cleared his throat. He was glad that the long prairie twilight made

it unnecessary for the lamp to be lighted yet.

"Her mother," he said, abruptly, "is an actress."

Nancy's rocking and her knitting ceased with a suddenness that was nothing short of startling.

"What!" she cried.

"Polly's ma is an actress."

Mrs. Hartman started over her "specks" at Cyrus's dim outline on the other side of the table. She looked as though she were petrified and might never resume any other position.

"An actress!" she said, at last. "An actress! Oh, my goodness gracious!"

"Yep, an actress—a stage woman," Cyrus maintained, and there was a stubbornness about his jaw which if she could have seen it would have warned Nancy that he was in one of his "determined fits."

"How—how do you know? I jest knew you had more in your head than a comb would take out!" she demanded.

"How do you know?"

In a few brief sentences Cyrus related the story of the abandoned child.

"An' so you see, Nance, she hadn't oughter go back to sech an onnateral mother," he ended. "We'll keep her."

The profession of acting was only a little less anathema to Nancy than to her husband. She was silent a long time. Finally, however, her latent sense of justice prevailed.

"Cyrus, we ain't got no right to that child. We don't know all the facts. You only got that saleswoman's word for it. Then, again, mebbe her ma is out o' a job an' despondent an' goin' to take poison an' she wanted to leave the child in a big store where she'd get a lot o' admiration an' run a better chance o' bein' adopted by wealthy people. You can't leave a child as old as that in a basket on someone's doorstep! It was the only way. An' now if the poor soul hasn't already done away with herself we'd mebbe be in time to do her some good an' mebbe give her a lift an' fix her so's she'd grow more encouraged an' perhaps even change into decent work an' make a home for her child."

Cyrus knew in his heart that his wife, whose motives were always clear and honest as daylight, would stand for no dishonesty.

"Well, have it your own way," he grudgingly admitted. "Only I wager you won't find the mother. She's prob'ly three hundred miles away by now—mebbe she's run off with some actor chap. Her sort don't take poison."

"Set the alarm for five, then. We'd oughter to get off by six. I only hope an' pray we ain't too late!" and motherly Mrs. Hartman drew a long sigh. "We'll do our best to restore the poor lamb to her poor ma. Actress or no actress, she's her ma, an' if you had the feelin's o' a mother Cyrus Hartman—"

"I've taken a right smart fancy to Polly," said Cyrus, with a wistful sigh. "I—kinda hope we don't find her ma. So there!"

And he stumped upstairs to bed.

The manager of the big store placed chairs for Mr. and Mrs. Hartman and little Pauline and listened attentively. The element of surprise had long since ceased to make an impression on him, but this tale was something quite out of the ordinary.

"An' so if you'll give us her ma's address—" Nancy concluded, cutting in upon a disquisition of her husband's anent "actor folk" and their curious ways.

"The mother is nearly prostrated with grief," the manager told them. "She'll be wild with joy. Take the fastest cab you can find and go to 127 Maitland street. What makes the affair so much more—what shall I say—so regrettable is that the child's father only got back from France this morning, and he is almost as grief-stricken as his wife. Of course, this will pick them both up at once. They've been telephoning us all morning, and a big army of searchers has been abroad in the city since yesterday afternoon. What a relief it is to us all!"

At 127 Maitland street they were shown into splendid drawing-room and left, apparently, forgotten. For as soon as Polly had been recognized by the maid servant who opened the door she had

been snatched up and carried off amid the girl's hysterical laughter and tears. They could hear sounds of joy from somewhere above, the glad cry of a woman and Polly's own silvery laughter. Cyrus shot a furtive glance at Nancy.

"Purty swell place, eh?" he whispered, cautiously.

"Sh-h!" returned Nancy. She, too, had been visibly impressed by the house, which was a substantial brick one in its own grounds, and also by the interior, but she had no intention of allowing anyone to think she was overwhelmed by all this magnificence.

"Listen to 'em," said Cyrus, wonderingly. "I reckon she was mighty tickled to get her kid back jest the same. I—I wonder if we'd better give her that little lecture after all, Nance?"

For overnight they had made a resolve, and it was to give the silly young mother some wholesome advice. They would draw a picture of her criminal act and its consequences all down the years, with Polly growing up and asking questions about her parents which none could answer. They would show her the error of her ways, the responsibility that devolved upon any woman who brought a child into the world, the selfishness of deserting that child, of foisting her upon others to bring up as best they might, the heartlessness of casting a child off in the first place—the well, the unnaturalness of it—

Cyrus had slept but fitfully last night. There was something in the proposed lecture that bothered him. He could not help feeling that in his case it was the pot calling the kettle black!

Nancy made no reply to Cyrus's observation, because at that very moment the swish of a silken skirt was heard on the stairs and in another instant Polly's mother had entered the room. They knew she was Polly's mother at the first glance. There was the same flower-like face with the blue eyes, the same expression of innocence and the identical golden hair with perhaps less curl to it. She paused a moment with one arm raised as she drew back the heavy green velvet portiere, and in that pose she made a striking picture. Cyrus and Nancy had always thought that an actress must of necessity be bold and forward, "a hussy," in fact, with but the superficial polish of polite manners which the world demands of even its favorites, that her face was always painted and her eyes filled with belladonna. They had pictured Polly's mother with numerous long strings of beads hanging from a very deolette neck with a half-smoked cigarette in her fingers, and with an ever-present desire to make bold bad eyes at one. As a matter of fact, Cyrus had straightened his tie a dozen times in five minutes and smoothed what little hair he had in the expectation of the lady by taking a fancy to roll her eyes his way. He had gotten to the point where he was actually hoping she would! It made him feel young and spry again just to think of such a thing. But, of course, to his spouse he said nothing of his feelings in the matter.

But this slim girl in the plain blue morning frock, with her cheeks guiltless of rouge took him utterly by surprise and quite routed all his preconceived notions about her probable appearance. She came forward, looking from one to the other, and they saw that her eyes had dark rings around them and that her face was drawn and white from the sleepless night. Cyrus had risen awkwardly, twirling his hat about in his great brown hands.

"Oh, thank you for bringing Polly back!" said Polly's mother in a low vibrant tone that had just a suspicion of a sob in it. "What can I say—"

"Don't mention it Miss—Ma'am," Cyrus put in hurriedly. "We jest done what any person—"

"We nearly came to stealing 'Prize-Package Polly,'" Nancy confessed. "Set down here beside me, do. You sure look played out! I s'pose the child has told you she crawled into our roll o' linoleum. It must have been lyin' right on the floor near to the toy department there, where you had left her—but we might as well begin at the beginnin' an' tell it right. Where is the child's pa?"

"He just arrived to-day—early in the morning. (He's been in France for the past year). And he's neither eaten nor

slept since he came! He's been haunting the police-stations, but I've telephoned him the good news. But Polly—wasn't it a mercy she chose that roll, was able to breathe? Supposing the other end had been stopped up! Oh, it's dreadful just thinking of it! Yes, do tell me at once please. You kept her all night?"

"We live out o' town. That's why. We have a ranch fifteen miles west."

"Don't—don't you kinda think Miss—Ma'am, that a home is better for a child than boardin' houses an' hotels an' sech?"

Cyrus said after the tale was finished. "I do indeed! That's why we've bought this house," replied Polly's mother, frankly. "You see, when my husband—he's the well-known tenor of the New York Operatic Society you know—cabled me that he was getting six months' leave I decided to cancel my engagements at the date when he would get back, so we could have a little taste of real home life for a time. Although I'm the head of my own company it didn't have to disband here for I provided a substitute for the next half-year. So since night before last I've been free and only awaiting my husband's arrival. The company has gone on to the Coast. Otherwise I'd be very much pleased to offer you complimentary tickets."

"That's real kind o' you, Ma'am. I guess neither the wife nor I has been to a show in a blue moon," said Cyrus. "An' we'll take the will for the deed," added Nancy, hurriedly, and looking rather uncomfortable.

"Here he is now!" she exclaimed, breaking off suddenly. The front door had opened, and now there entered the room a tall well-built young man of about twenty-six, though he looked much older than that. He was in officer's khaki, but the signs of strain upon his face had only recently begun to wear away and he was almost haggard from weariness.

"Where's Polly?" he demanded breathlessly of his wife.

"Upstairs getting into a fresh dress. Wait, Jim. First meet these good people who—"

"Jim—Jim! Is it you?" from Cyrus, hoarsely.

"Jim—our son!" from Nancy, weakly.

"Mother! father!" from the young man, wonderingly.

"No, we didn't come a-purpose! It's all a blessed accident!" said Cyrus, pumping his son's arm up and down.

"Do introduce me, Jim," at last spoke Jim's wife, demurely, smiling upon the three. "You see I didn't have sense enough to ask their name."

When the introductions were properly effected Mrs. Hartman put her motherly arm about her daughter-in-law and kissed her warmly while Cyrus with eyes blinking very rapidly and a tremble to his voice that he could scarcely control patted the actress's arm and said:

"Our son Jim's got purty good taste, anyway!"

"And how soon can you all come out to the Bar K?" asked Mrs. Hartman.

"Why as soon as you like," conceded Jim with a happy grin.

"And you must both remain with us till we go," insisted Jim's wife. There's the luncheon-gong now."

Cyrus fumbled in one of his capacious pockets and produced a large orange which he gave to his golden-haired grand-daughter.

"What do you say?" whispered her mother, in an aside.

"She says," remarked Cyrus adroitly, "that she's goin' to come an' give her old grand-dad a big hug an' a kiss."

And that was just what Prize-Package Polly did.

"How are you off for help on the ranch, Father?" asked Jim, suddenly. Could you use another hand?"

"Pshaw Jim! I ain't goin' to ask no celebrated tenor to stook grain. Any-way, I'd reckon you'd wilt in an hour!"

"I would eh? Wait till I tell you some of my experiences in France before you go making any bets about my just aching to learn cooking from mother, physique! And I know that Pauline is Oh, I think you'll find us a little help. We're both in dead earnest anyway if that's any recommendation."

Cyrus gazed half-incredulously at the young pair.

"All right!" he said at last, grinning. "It's a go—or I'm a goat!"

With the Canadians in France

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Capt. J. W. Wilton, M.P.P., Assiniboia

MUCH has been said and written of the glorious achievements of our boys on the embattled fields of Europe. Much still remains to be said and written before the full story of their accomplishments has been told. A more eloquent pen than mine must attempt to do justice to the theme, so it is my intention in the brief space at my disposal to send a message to the people at home who, while proud beyond words of what our men have done, are, nevertheless, beset with anxious fear as to their physical and moral welfare.

During the period I have been in France (now about eight months) I have had splendid opportunities to observe the conditions that obtain, and have obtained, amongst our men. I have seen them going into the trenches and coming out therefrom. I have mingled with them as they stood on duty gazing out over "No Man's Land"—the forward sentries of a threatened civilization! I have passed them on the road, bearing their heavy packs and equipment; weary, foot-sore and dust-begrimed at times, but always cheerful! I have watched them going through the monotonous drill and the daily grind of routine duty, which is an inseparable part of life in rest billets. I have been an interested spectator at the various games in which they have participated when the toil of the day has ended. I have also seen them in the canteens and estaminets with which this country abounds, and have heard and

according to Kipling do not "grow into plaster saints," I did not see one man under the influence of liquor. Could as much be truly said of a similar concentration of civilians at home, even in peace times? I think not! And yet it has been said that drunkenness is prevalent amongst our troops over here. It is a base calumny, and absolutely without foundation in fact.

Now as to physical conditions. Actual trench life is not, nor can it possibly be made, healthy; yet everything that can be done towards that end is done. The men, however, are not continuously in the trenches. Only a comparatively small portion of their time is spent therein, by far the larger part being spent behind the lines in reserve, or in battalion, brigade, division or corps rest.

While in reserve or rest, every precaution is taken to preserve the health of the men. They are inoculated against typhoid and vaccinated to prevent smallpox. Drinking water is tested by experts before consumption and treated to destroy all disease germs. Billets and quarters of all kinds are kept scrupulously clean, and flies (the great distributors of infection) are rarely seen in a Canadian military camp. Clean underclothing is liberally provided, and frequent baths are insisted upon. All food is carefully selected, rigidly inspected and distributed with the utmost regard to cleanliness. Clothing is supplied as required to meet the emergencies of the varying seasons,



British aviators map studying prior to a visit of destruction over the foe lines. They evidently anticipate the trip with pleasure

enjoyed the merry repartee which is passed about from one to the other including the madame or mademoiselle who usually presides over the last mentioned establishments.

After close, and I believe, accurate observation, for the period stated I wish to say to the people at home, and to state most emphatically, the boys are all right! Physically and morally they are as sound and wholesome as when they said "good-bye" and set out on this "Grand Crusade." He who alleges to the contrary has either not observed or has observed wrongly. Here and there a man succumbs, as at home, to the temptations which exist in this country as in Canada. There will be weaklings while the world lasts and "human nature is prone to err," but the number who have "been weighed in the balance and found wanting" is infinitesimal, while the names of those who have stood the test is legion. And what of the few who have perhaps stumbled? Let "he who is without sin (at home) cast the first stone." These also will recover and atone for any mistake made. "Nor is he the wisest man who has never proved himself a fool," therefore, I say that in the long run and at last, without exception, our Canadian boys are all right.

Permit me to give an illustration, the truth of which will be vouched for by thousands. Recently corps and divisional sports were held behind our lines. I was privileged to attend two of the latter, each of which was attended by at least 20,000 men, and the former where perhaps twice as many were present. Amongst this multitude of soldiers who,

and the officer who has a shabby man under his command renders himself liable to censure or something more drastic. In every battalion there is a tailor and a shoemaker whose duty it is to make necessary repairs free of charge. To every battalion also is attached a medical officer (a duly qualified medical practitioner), who is responsible for the health of the men, and generally speaking these officers fill their difficult and important positions efficiently and sympathetically. There is also a quartermaster with an ample staff, whose main duty is to provide a sufficient supply of good, wholesome food, clothing and the other things necessary to health.

The result of all this was seen at the sports I have referred to above. If the people at home could have seen the multitude of healthy young Canadians cheering vociferously at the baseball, football and lacrosse games, encouraging with their cheers the representatives of their battalions in the various events, and generally enjoying themselves as clean, healthy young manhood generally does, I say if those lugubrious ones over there who are dolefully shaking their heads and deploring overseas conditions, could see our boys as I, out here, have seen them, they would cease their wailing, hold their heads high with pride and thank God for a country which produces such men. May you across the Atlantic who have been privileged or compelled to remain at home see to it that our country is kept as pure and sound as her sons who have quitted her shores to preserve her liberties from destruction. May Canada remain a fit home for men who have per-

The Stretchable Firebox



Durability in a firebox depends mostly upon its ability to expand when hot and to contract when cold, without cracking.

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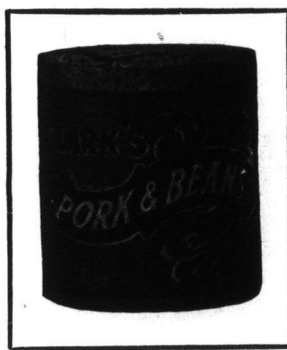
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THE FACT THAT AN ARTICLE IS ADVERTISED IN THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY MEANS THAT IT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS REPRESENTED TO BE.

formed deeds, the glory of which has rarely been equalled, never excelled, and which will never be forgotten while history itself lasts. Your sons have done, are doing, and will continue to do their full duty at whatever cost to themselves. See that you fail not in the accomplishment of yours.

From Lieutenant-General Sir R. E. W. Turner, V.C., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., Canadian Headquarters, London.

"At this crisis in the great world struggle, the thoughts of Canada's soldiers turn towards their Homeland. The existence and success of every army is dependent upon the support from the nation behind it, and the support which the people of Canada have given to their Forces in the field is magnificent and inspiring. However great this has been

places ore and makes a rich vein poor. The Chicago News has an anecdote of the late Clarence King, who was sent to inspect a mine in the far West.

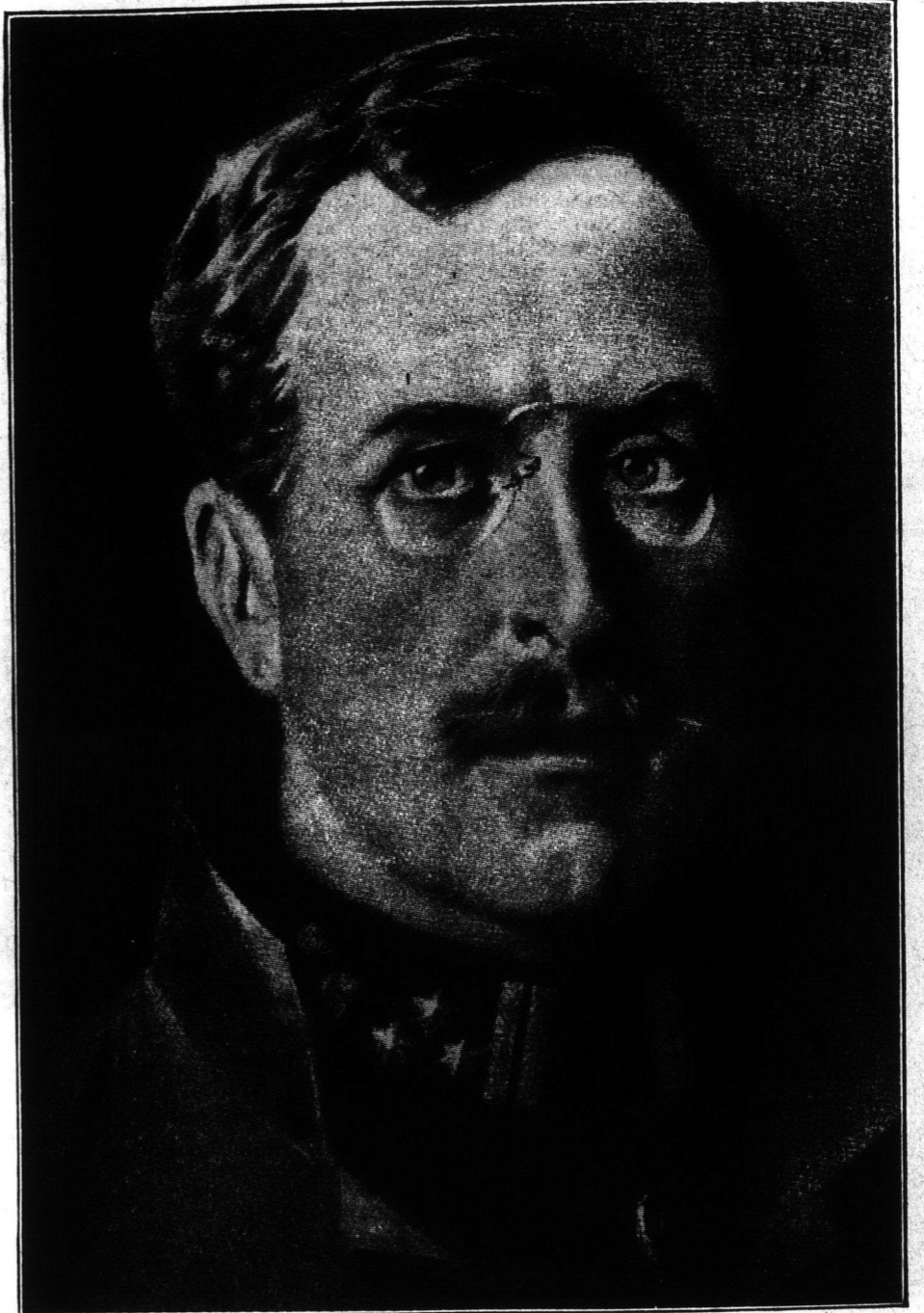
One of the owners telegraphed King to visit the mine immediately and telegraph the results of his examination, especially in regard to an alarming rumor that the value of the vein has been much impaired by finding in it a very large "horse."

When King came out of the mine after his inspection, he found another telegram waiting for him from his impatient friend, asking, "Is it true there is a 'horse' in the mine?" To which he promptly replied:

"The mine is a perfect livery stable."

The Better Deed

He was a colonel of the old school, says the New York Evening Post, and, al-



THE HERO KING OF EUROPE

In the world crisis the figure of Albert I of Belgium will stand out as the Hero King. It was his decision on the memorable Sunday, August 2, 1914, when he declared for honor and not for temporary immunity from strife, that supplied the keynote to the great struggle. The decision to do the straight thing, taken quickly at the moment when the foe was thundering at the gates of his little kingdom, has been resolutely upheld during four years of anxiety, suffering and deprivation, within sight, too, of the torture to which his loyal people have been subjected.

in the past, Canada must be prepared to face further trials and further sacrifices.

"The future Peace of the world is still at stake, and it will take very effort of all who prize liberty to overcome and overthrow the German autocracy, which is striving to crush everything that stands for Home and Freedom.

"An inconclusive Peace means the betrayal of the next generation. The spirit that animates every Officer, N.C.O. and Man serving in the Canadian Forces overseas is of the highest and the future is regarded with every confidence. True to the flag, and true to one another, Canada's sons will emerge from the conflict with the knowledge that they have fought for the highest ideals in the Universe, God—Country—and Right."

"Horse" is the miner's term for a body of worthless rock which sometimes dis-

though suffering from chronic financial embarrassment, he could always find the proverbial friend in need.

Meeting an old comrade one day, he asked the loan of \$5. "I shall need it for a short time only; a tradesman has grown rather insistent," he said. His friend had not \$5 in change, but gladly pressed a \$10 bill upon him.

The colonel expressed his thanks, then asked, "And how is your charming wife to-day?"

"Not at all well, I am sorry to say," was the answer.

"And no appetite, I'll venture. Perhaps some of these hothouse grapes may tempt her."

Whereupon he stopped at a near-by stand, purchased a basket of rare fruit, paid the \$5 the dealer asked out of his newly acquired \$10, and walked jauntily to the gate of his friend's home, carrying the basket.

A Paying Quarrel

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Marvin Leslie Hayward

THE brief New Brunswick summer had drawn to a glorious close, and it was "diggin' time" up and down the St. John valley. Potatoes were turning out one hundred barrels to the acre with half a ton of fertilizer; the dealers were paying "a dollar out of the field," and an air of genial peace, prosperity and contentment seemed to hover about the old-fashioned "homesteads."

The Denton "place" was, apparently, a generous partaker of the prevailing bounty; but on this particular forenoon Bert Denton walked in from the potato field with an agitated look on his round, boyish face, and headed for the verandah of the old farm house snuggled beneath the big elms, where his mother and sister were preparing for the usual midday meal.

"Something's gone wrong in the field again, I'm afraid," declared Mrs. Denton, anxiously.

"I suppose father's been finding fault with him again," said Eva. "I don't want to find fault, but really it's getting almost impossible to get along with him at all."

Mrs. Denton sighed uneasily, and glanced at the approaching Bert with motherly pride.

"Yes, but it's only his way, and he has a lot of things to worry him," she said gently, "and see what a fine wedding he's providing for you and Harry."

"I know that," agreed Eva, "but every time Harry comes I hardly dare breathe for fear father will make one of his usual scenes, and Harry's parents are so mild and get along so peaceably."

Bert hurried up the verandah steps, flung himself into a chair with a despondent thud, and smashed his battered "cows-breakfast" hat on the floor.

"What brought you home to dinner so early?" queried Mrs. Denton.

Bert leaned against the verandah with the deep despondency of youth.

"Father's in one of his bald-headed rages again," he declared, "and my presence in the field is not very welcome."

"What's wrong now?" asked his mother and Eva in unison.

"Oh, one of the men couldn't make the digger work just right," replied Bert, "so father flew into one of his usual tantrums. The other men took it up, and father discharged the whole crowd of them, and they're half way to town by this time."

The mother allowed her paring knife to clatter to the floor and raised her hands in the orthodox gesture of despair.

"Discharged them right in the digging season, and men worth their weight in gold," exclaimed Mrs. Denton. "What could your pa have been thinking about?"

"Oh, father never stops to think about anything like that," averred Bert bitterly. "He's getting to be the biggest crank in Lecarnot County."

"Yes, and the biggest potato farmer, too," defended the mild Mrs. Denton, "and he always thinks better of these things the next day."

"That may be," retorted Bert, "and then it's generally too late. Now, I don't suppose we can pick up a digging crew again in less than a week or ten days."

A tall young man sauntered up the path, and the manner in which Eva sprang to meet him showed plainly enough that he would be the other principal in the wedding to which the mother had referred, and that it was Eva's intention to lure him away from this scene of domestic infelicity.

"What are you doing at the house at this hour of the day?" bantered Harry Escott, the newcomer. "Potatoes won't hold up to a dollar for more than a week."

Before Bert had time to reply, his father hurried in from the field. He was a big bluff man, and his weather beaten face was flushed from his recent encounter with the digging crew.

"Put 'Bess' in the buggy," he ordered briskly. "I've got to drive to Hartville and hire a new crew, and there's no time to lose, either."

Bert braced stubbornly against the verandah post, and made no move to obey. Eva winced as she sensed the coming storm.

"There'll be some time lost before you get another crew that will do the work of the ones you just discharged," replied Bert sulkily, in spite of his mother's warning glance.

Denton whirled as if potato phosphate

had doubled in price, and his dark eyes snapped beneath his shaggy brows.

"I suppose you think I've got to take any amount of 'lip' from you," he roared, "but I want you to understand that I can fire you just as quick as them 'durgins' that were getting \$2 a day."

Bert clenched his fists fiercely; an angry flush mounted to his face, and with the pent up restraint of a lifetime, he flung discretion to the breeze.

"And I want you to understand that I am just as willing to go," he retorted hotly.

Denton took a furious step forward and then checked himself.

"Go then, quick," he shouted.

"Please, please," pleaded Mrs. Denton. "Neither of you ever went that far before."

Harry Escott broke from Eva's detaining hand, a conciliating smile on his honest face, and a deep desire to pour the traditional oil on the troubled waves. "Come, Mr. Denton," he remonstrated, "you don't really mean that, you know."

"Don't I," sneered Denton. "We'll see about that, buttin' into matters that don't concern you, so while I'm about it, I'll give you notice right now that it's all off between you and Eva, and if I catch you around here again I'll horsewhip you. The idea of my daughter marrying an Escott, anyway."

"But, papa, you can't mean that," Eva faltered, "and the wedding announced for July."

"Don't I?" declared Denton. "Well,

we'll see who's running this place." And he stamped off to the barn.

Bert had not waited to hear the conclusion of the discussion, but sought his little room over the kitchen, opened his grip and threw it on the bed.

"I won't stand for it, that's all," he fumed, as he began piling his clothes into the grip. "I'd rather work with the 'ragoes' on the C.P.R. for a dollar a day. Now, mother, it's no use to say anything," he declared as Mrs. Denton gently slid into the room. "I know what you're going to say, and I'm sorry to leave on your account; but father's been going from bad to worse lately, and I'm not going to put up with it a day longer."

"You're as determined as him, in a way," she replied sadly, as she stood watching him fling his personal belongings into the grip. But, as he turned to close

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a refractory bureau drawer, she furtively placed a small roll of bills in the bottom of the grip—the butter and egg money of the preceding months.

Out in the barn Denton angrily flung the harness on "Bess," talking to himself as was his custom when especially disturbed. As he finished hitching the mare in the buggy, he noticed Bert come out on the kitchen verandah. He glanced up sharply, walked into the house and up the back stairs into the empty room.

"I believe the boy does mean it," he declared, as he noticed the grip.

He drove his gnarled hand into his pocket and brought out a thick roll of bills, which he placed in the grip.

"I won't give in," he mused, as he went down the stairs; "but he'll be back in a couple of weeks, and the trip'll do him good," and he jumped into the buggy and started off.

Eva and Harry hoped that he would make some overtures before he left; but he drove by "straight as a crowbar," as Harry said, and took the "Fort road."

"I told you he wouldn't give in an inch," declared Bert, "and I want to be out of here before he comes back."

"But you'll come back to the wedding," pleaded Eva.

"By the sound of father's conversation

I don't think there'll be much of a wedding," answered Bert grimly.

"We'll see about that," declared Harry positively, and Eva gave him an admiring glance.

"Well, I wish you luck," said Bert, running down the steps with the light grip in his hand and a heavy lump in his throat.

"Let me drive you to Stevens' Siding," suggested Harry.

"No," said Bert, "you needn't do that; but if you'd go with me we could walk out through the Nevers woods; you could row me across the river there and come back, and then it's just a step through the woods and Turner's back field down to the Siding."

"All right," said Harry, "get your grip."

Five minutes later, in spite of tearful feminine protests, they started out. A mile took them to the end of the "clearing," and another half mile into the woods brought them to the steep gravel bank on the south side of the river, at the foot of which an unwieldy "catamaran" was tied to the shore.

Bert had hardly spoken during the walk. He had never been away from the farm for longer than a week at a time, and the lump in his throat was still threatening.

"You can set me over," he said as he stepped on a boulder on the edge of the bank, "and in ten minutes I'll be at the railroad."

"All right," replied Harry. "There's a big run of water for the time of year, isn't there?"

Bert turned for a last look in the direction of his home.

"Poor old dad," he muttered. "I'm sorry—"

"Look out!" screamed Harry. Too late. The boulder tipped over, and in the midst of a slide of gravel and rocks Bert went into the rapid current.

Three hours later after a frantic search, Harry burst into the Denton kitchen with the news, and before dark a hundred men or more were beating the woods in every direction, and searching every foot of the river bed for miles.

Four days later even the most sanguine gave up all hope. The body must have been carried down to the lake, ten miles below.

As the weary and dejected searchers drew together at the close of the last day and discussed the situation, Denton stood apart, engaged in an earnest discussion with John Armour, the Deputy Sheriff from Wilnot, who had been assisting the search.

"What do you think, Sheriff?" asked one of the men.

"I think the whole thing is settled now," replied the officer, pompously.

"How so?"

"Because," said Armour, placing his hand on Harry's shoulder, "I arrest this man for the murder of Bert Denton."

"Arrest me?" exclaimed Harry. "Why, he was my best friend. What possible reason could I have?"

"Because there was \$2000 in his grip," roared Denton, "and that's disappeared, too."

The next morning Denton, who was decidedly averse to scenes not of his own making, did not mention to his wife the interesting fact that Harry had already been taken to Woodville jail, and strolled out into the "back field."

As he came to the "cant of the land" and looked down into the hollow beyond, he saw Ramsdell, his southern neighbor, building a short piece of "toggle" fence.

"What are you doing there?" demanded Denton, as soon as he came within speaking distance.

"Putting this fence on the line," replied Ramsdell.

"No such thing," declared Denton stoutly. "It's nearly a rod over on me, and I'll throw the whole crossed thing back on your land."

"I've got a granta this land, and if you do I'll law you to h— and back," fumed Ramsdell.

"Me or my lawyer'll be there," roared Denton, "and if you want to settle it any quicker just pull off your coat and come over here."

"Stack your dud," accepted Ramsdell; but young Allan Ramsdell interposed.

"You both ought to be ashamed of yourselves," he declared. "Men of your age fighting this way, and right after the trouble Mr. Denton's had. If you can't agree on the line get a surveyor to run it out and settle the thing for good."

"I never thought of that," admitted Ramsdell; "but I'm agreed."

"Me too," from Denton. The preliminaries thus arranged, they soon agreed on a surveyor, and the next morning the surveyor, Denton, Ramsdell and a number of chain bearers and axemen started on the "base" and ran the line back towards the "rear."

The work through the cleared land proved easy enough, and about two o'clock they came to the wooded portion of the two farms, which crossed the river and extended a couple of miles beyond into the unbroken forest.

As they progressed into the woods the work became more difficult, and the axemen were frequently called upon to clear out a path so the surveyor could "sight" without hindrance.

"We must be fairly close to the river now," he said, as he set up his compass on the top of a small knoll.

"Yes, and there's an old camp down in the hollow," exclaimed one of the chain men, glancing ahead.

"And the line goes right through it, too," said the surveyor squinting along the compass.

"Some fellows from Caribou cut pulp over this ground year before last," explained Ramsdell. "Likely that's onea their shacks."

The man who was going ahead and spotting the trees to indicate the line paused in front of the cabin, glanced inside, and the next moment his cry of alarm brought the whole crowd scurrying down.

"Tell me about it," he said gently.

"There's not much to tell," explained Bert. "I went into the river with the gravel slide and was partly stunned. I must have floated nearly a mile, when I managed to pull myself out and get to this cabin, and here I am."

"Fix up a stretcher of some sort to carry him on," ordered Denton.

"Where's Harry?" queried Bert. "Oh, he's in jail for stealing your money," blurted one of the men, "\$2000 that was in your grip."

"I hung onto the grip, and it's back under a big tree by the river," explained Bert. "I didn't know until now that there was any money in it."

"Money be hanged," exclaimed Denton impulsively, as he turned to Ramsdell and held out his hand.

"If we wasn't the two hot-headest old fools in Lecarnot County, we wouldn't have found Bert, would we?" he declared genially.

"That's right," agreed Ramsdell heartily, as he grasped the olive palm of peace.



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My Fish Trip to Nipigon Waters

By C. W. Higgins.

YES, time is sliding right along these days. It will be nearly twelve months since Johnny Kibusha, a white-haired, thoroughly smoke-cured old Indian, introduced us to Nipigon.

Those who have experienced the difficulties of reaching the world-famed Nipigon country where "the trout are jumping crazy for the fly," lived in the days of yesterday as a transcontinental railway—the Canadian Northern—now runs along the very shore of Lake Nipigon, and taps what has often been described as the finest trout fishing region in the world.

We were seven days in the Nipigon country, and I believe that in all the vast fishing grounds reaching from the north shore of Lake Superior to Hudson Bay, and from Temiskaming in the east to Great Slave Lake in the north and west, Nipigon is rightly described as the greatest fishing region on the continent, and lies at the doors of several million Americans and Canadians.

To go to this country it is not necessary to make long preparation, at least we didn't. From the middle west one should make for Port Arthur or Fort William, either by rail or water, to get into the fishing country at best advantage. All through the fishing season, water transportation is open; and one can buy a ticket from Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit or Chicago to Port Arthur and return at less expense than he can travel one way from Michigan to Maine, or from Chicago to the Minnesota woods. Even from the far eastern states the water route to the north shore of Lake Superior is the cheapest and pleasantest, though it is about a day and a night longer than the rail route.

During our "expedition" around Nipigon, we visited half a score of lovely, sequestered lakes; followed the twisty courses of as many rivers, some turbulent and troublesome, others purring and peaceful; found new strength in the toil of paddle and portage; and laid up a happy store of pulse-quickenning reminiscences.

The day we left Orient Bay (which, by the way, has an excellent fishing lodge called "Nipigon Lodge," and operated by the Canadian Northern in connection with the Prince Arthur hotel, Port Arthur), was ideal for canoeing. Following the bay round green mountains to Virgin Falls, made an excellent trip. However, relief of walking after kneeling on an unfriendly canoe bottom was very welcome.

We camped the first night alongside Lake Emma. Two of our party did not sleep over well. Softened by the upholstered side of things, a city man takes an hour or two to adjust himself to primitive expedients for comfort, which, to the real bushman, may be drowsy luxury.

We would have lingered around Lake Emma, but Johnny told tales of wonderful fish that homed in the eddy beyond the next portage. We reached Lake Jessie in time to see the redoubled glory of a wonderful sunset. The lake laughed back the red faced mirth of the sky; the foolish, gobbly cry of a lonesome loon cracked the quiet, the sweet wild notes of a white-throat tempered the harmony again; the sun, "like a ruby from the horizon's ring" dropped down into the night.

That evening we proved the truth of Johnny's fish stories. There are the so-called lake trout and pike in Lake Jessie. We ate fresh caught trout for supper. Hooked, he is a fine bundle of fight; cooked, he is the most toothsome titillating delicacy that ever graced the table of the most exacting epicure. The spruce hunger may have had something to do with the zest with which we ate the meal, but even now the thought of crisp, fried bacon, a trout steak and a pannikin of hot tea, arouses gustatory desires that the best chef in town cannot satisfy.

From Lake Jessie we journeyed by canoe and foot to Bass Lake. Here the only bass in the district are to be found, hence the name Bass Lake. The most popular way to reach this lake is by

portage from Camp Alexander. This gamey fish runs as high as pounds. As we were reluctantly leaving the waters after pulling out a few bass, we could hear the red deer galloping across the meadow on the south bank of the lake and drifting noiselessly into the bush. I did not see them. Old Johnny has a bird's keen vision, but his whispered intimation of their presence was none too clear. Consequently I only caught a tantalizing glimpse of the animal as he melted into the velvet shadows of the woods.

We camped for the noon spell on a wide stretch of sandy beach on the shores of the lake. The beach was cross hatched with deer tracks, and even while we were resting, Johnny pointed out the antlered head of a buck deer on the water swimming toward the point.

The following morning we struck for Cameron's Falls, and from there left via Canadian Northern, reaching home on time the next day. But before closing my episode I would like to give a gen-

eral outline of the fish country from what I gathered from the time I left till I returned.

From Port Arthur the fish country reaches out for hundreds of square miles—north, east and west. Along the lines of rail for a distance of several hundred miles the towns are mostly towns in name only—"dropping off points" in the wilderness where one will find a general store or two, a post office, and a population of honest-souled wilderness people who are actually glad to see you when you jump off the train, not because there is money in sight, but because you are a stranger, and will help to break the monotony. Here is where the big saving in expense comes to the tenderfoot hunter. At practically every one of the scores of little wilderness stations, there are men who will gladly furnish a canoe, camp equipment—and even a gun if you have not brought one—for a dollar or a dollar and a half a day. You supply the grub and the tobacco, which will cost about ten dollars for a month's trip. I have known of many instances in which "good fellows" have offered their services free just to have a good time in the woods with a stranger. There is no point

at which one cannot secure whatever he needs, with the one exception of good fishing tackle; and once in the woods the hunter will be surprised to find how little he requires! Canada's fish country is a wonderful land of lakes and streams, and it is seldom that one strikes a point where he cannot go inland by canoe.

One need not go far from Port Arthur for real wilderness sport—both fish and game. Between Whitefish Lake and the Superior shore there is a virgin country in which the moose and bear shooting would be hard to beat in any part of Canada, and yet it is almost unvisited, except directly along the line of rail. It is an ideal country for the man with from two to four weeks at his disposal. Canoe trips may be taken from several points near Whitefish Lake. Several of these lead into the magnificent lake region of the Rainy River district to the west, a paradise for deer and bear and fish; and another, that may be easily covered within a month, strikes east and south from Whitefish Lake into Arrow Lake, and thence through a splendid wilderness country down to the Minnesota border.



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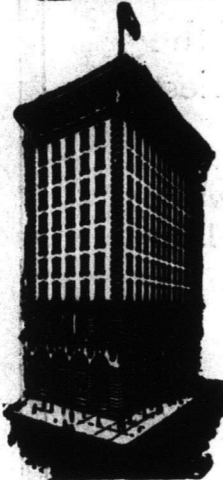
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From Ontario to the Foothills---Impressions

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Nell R. Harrison

EARLY in the morning we arrived in the fair city of Calgary in the land of brightest sunshine, the land of the chinook winds where the exhilarating air fills one with a joyous feeling, a sensation of great freedom. One felt almost as though one might very easily soar—up, up into those skies of azure, and rest there on the banks of cloud land and when evening came swing within the pale moon's crescent or build a rainbow bridge to Venus. Thoughts such as these come within one's field of fancy when one first beholds the Alberta country. It is the golden, sparkling air, possibly, that does it.

We came from the sunrise country, from the home of laughing rivers, rushing rapids, peaceful farmlands, towering forests, cosy hamlets and crowded cities, where the Laurentians twist and turn in their endeavor to pursue the wayward wanderings of the Ottawa. It was with many yearnings that we left our native town, where for many years our family had lived happy and content till the voice of adventure called one member after another out to the distant western land where now most of our kinfolk dwell.

What sights and scenes we beheld upon our journey, scenes that set the imagination in a riot and seemed to send one's spirit skimming over the tree tops, scaling heights of jagged mountains, seeking out the gurgling sources of gay brooks and valley streamlets, travelling far ahead of us as though eager to find the point of meeting of these waters with the ocean!

As the train—our little home on wheels—sped along day and night, hastening to the land of the crimson sunset out there beyond the span of daylight, one's heart was filled with strange and thrilling emotions. A first journey to the Great West is always like this. One beholds wonder upon wonder with the eye and with the spirit one feels "things that may not be uttered."

Northern Ontario is perhaps not all beautiful. There are barren stretches, but then one may admire the cloud formations as Charlotte Bronte used to do on her lonely Yorkshire moors. But soon the shapely, dense, deep-green forests reappear, and crystal gleams of inland lakes and streams flash past. You catch the sheen of the multi-colored rock cuts where buried ore reflects the sunlight and the eye dwells restfully on long, verdant marshlands, where at this season of the year the buds were just bursting, and the shrubs coming to leaf.

Would that one might be able to wield a more gifted pen in a description of that weird but fascinating country, the rolling prairie. It is a vast expanse stretching endlessly to the horizon—or so one fancies—a veritable waste of desolation to the eye that is accustomed to woods and dells, thick maples and rich orchards. In Manitoba the land is of great flatness, an ideal farming country and highly cultivated but almost treeless. One cannot call the scrub poplar a tree. It is merely a tall, rangy shrub. But the farms of Manitoba are splendid types.

Saskatchewan is a more rolling country but quite barren and colorless. In portions particularly toward the Alberta border, the land rolls and heaves like the sea when it is in the storm king's grip, but it is doubtful if this phenomenon adds in any degree to the landscape or really lessens the monotony. Not in all those far-flung miles may one glimpse a tree, and the shrubs along the right-of-way or nestling in the water coulees seem almost discouraged as though they lacked spirit to put forth another leaf. The tiny shacks scattered here and there are "home" to somebody one supposes, but they seem to add a note of deeper sadness too, and to intensify that remoteness from the busy, thronging world of towns and cities. Like the mother's extra special brand of love for the homely child of her flock, the dweller in Saskatchewan must needs love his province very hard to make up for its glaring ugliness.

The little prairie hamlets appear like dice rudely shaken from some giant's hand and thrown promiscuously. If one seems a bit too hard upon the prairie, remember these are but first impressions. One can scarcely grasp the fact, at any rate from the window of a Pullman, that the wealth of kingdoms is yearly wrested from this land. Yet this is the message

mutely but none the less eloquently told by the little towns, villages and hamlets that are built around the tall grain elevators where the golden grain is hoarded.

Three long days and three nights—nights of rather fitful sleeping—passed and at length the dawning of the fourth day found us at our journey's end. It seemed eminently fitting that it should be a glorious spring morning. Youth and hope and springtime and Sunny Alberta! What an irresistible quartette! We were soon with our loved ones, and having removed the grime of travel, were exchanging greetings and impressions, as we breakfasted. We had at last reached the Land of Desire.

Oh, with what anticipation do we look into the future! It is so full of promise. What does it hold for you and me—for each one of us? First, of course, comes the delight of building anew the happy home circle. It is our privilege and joy to add one more home, one more "centre of sympathy" to this land of homes; to make a sunny little spot where the dear friends may foregather from time to time; to gather up loose threads and help to fashion the great fabric of national good, of national greatness. Each one of us is but a unit, yet how forceful, how far-reaching our united effort may prove to be! Opportunity's wide portal stands open for our entering and we only pray that we may find the courage, the wisdom to choose aright our share in life's great duties, to shrink from no necessary task but to perform all that comes to our hand.

Yet those dear friends we left behind us shall not be forgotten. We shall ever love and cherish them in our hearts. They hold a place no others can fill. It is part of life that one must relinquish old ties, make new ones, push on and do our share in nation-building. How else could we develop? How else hope to make of Canada that great and glorious nation of the future which we dream about?

We must take our lives day by day. We must live in the small as well as the great things. We must remember that the fullness of life is made up of the little trivial, dear, everyday things, even though ambition has its own place, too. "There are so many things—each laughing day

More sweet with little gladnesses has been;
A friend's hand touching mine, a word to say,
A laugh to hear, a flower along the way
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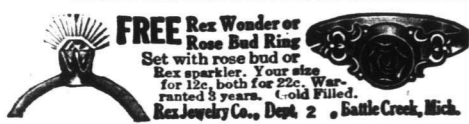
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Commercial Education

By D. F. Ferguson, Principal, Success Business College, Winnipeg.

IT is one thing to dream about the things we want to do; it is another thing to do them. Dreams do not amount to much until they have outgrown the dream stage; but, like aspirations, they simply point the way to achievements that are within the realm of possibility. To realize the possibility, however, there must be preparation. If through our own negligence we let our physical and mental powers remain undeveloped, it is our own fault if the plans we have formulated become nothing more tangible than mental pictures. If, then, we possess the power to realize our ambitions, we are wholly to blame if our projects come to nothing. Success in life is a straight problem in sowing and reaping. Luck plays no part.

The demands of the world are getting more critical, more severe day by day. A mere stop at the street corner, a visit to our farms, mills or offices, will convince the most casual that there are many things now deemed absolutely indispensable which were not known five years ago; and we are using all these for the betterment of mankind. But with all our great success in commerce, let us not overlook a greater problem, viz., the education of Canadian boys and girls.

The war has brought ruin and disaster to millions of homes. Bright prospects have been blighted by its ravages; millions who had definite arrangements for

foundation on which the young person may build for the future. Sometimes the educational plans for the student are well defined, leading through the collegiate and university to professional walks in life. In the majority of cases, however, the outlook for the future is not clear. But no matter what special line the young person may follow, no profession, trade or occupation is complete without a business training. The time has gone by for the world to be satisfied with deft fingers; we must have trained heads, and the demand is that the employer as well as the employee, in whatever relation in life must represent the fundamental things of the world.

How nobly the women, girls and boys responded to the call for more business-trained help when war robbed Canadian business offices of their fine young men, the very flower of our nation. Now every business man in the country is employing girls, not alone because it is impossible to get young men, but because they have learned that our girls are proficient and efficient in their work. Banks, insurance companies, railroad offices, and mercantile houses of all kinds are asking for girls. In many instances these girls are given positions of importance. Not only have they discovered that business life is pleasant, but they have learned that it is remunerative as well. They now realize that a business education is one of the most



The sentry of the herd.

comfort are now dependent on their own efforts to earn a living. And fortunate indeed is the woman or man who can now rely on an education so wisely acquired in youthful years. Never before has the necessity of education been better demonstrated. It has now become the means of support for thousands of homes.

The employer of to-day witnesses no sadder sight than the procession of the unemployed men and women that are exemplary in life, have some general intelligence, are respectable, honest, and frequently of good, social position, and yet who can get only menial, routine, poorly-paid positions. The reason for this is that they have no definite knowledge, no special experience. They can do "almost anything" they say, which really means that they can do nothing. The successful man of to-day is he who knows how to do one thing better than most other men can do it.

The educated men and women of large ability in any special field are always in demand. They are never looking for a job. They are constantly going up. They are always busy in the present, and the future takes care of itself, and of them. They are pointed out by the envious as "lucky." Opportunities seem to strew their pathway. But it is merely the working of natural law—the reward of education and good work is more work and better work. Responsibilities flow to those who can shoulder them. Large concerns are always looking for men and women who "know how."

There are two general lines of education, cultural and practical. Neither should be neglected; one should supplement the other. A good public school education with, when practicable, a year or two in high school, forms the best

direct routes to independence and success.

And from what source must we draw our future business managers and commercial leaders? Doubtless many of our returned soldiers will not be incapacitated for these responsible positions, and we hope that the employers will be patriotic and broad enough to give these heroes preference and consideration. But there will be a shortage that only the ranks of boys can supply. Even now bright boys are receiving large salaries in business. Never before have boys been confronted with more and better opportunities. But only those who are far-seeing enough to train for business will receive the call for the higher places in life.

And what of the farmer? Some people have the idea that a business education is intended only for persons living or doing business in the city or town, and that a farmer has little or no need for a business training. A moment's thought will convince any person that this is a great mistake. The business dealings of a farmer are not confined to a certain line, but involve a little of everything. With the present competition in production, and his relation to commerce and commercial men, he should be possessed of a thorough, systematic business education. The class to whom he sells his produce, and of whom he makes his purchases are shrewd business men.

The farmer should know how to draw notes, drafts, leases, contracts and all the ordinary commercial forms; he should have a good business handwriting, spell well and have a knowledge of practical grammar; he should understand bookkeeping so as to keep a correct and systematic record of business; a good knowledge of arithmetic is indispensable to him. He should, therefore, be able

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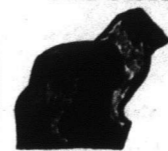
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A course at a reliable business college is what every farmer boy should have. It will make him a better farmer, and citizen. Should he give up farming, as a great many do, he can go into business for himself or secure a good situation with a business house.

Parents give your boys and girls a chance. If you are well supplied with this world's goods, then you can well afford to give them a good education. If you have not great possessions to leave them, then it is all the more essential that you should sacrifice a little in order to equip them for life with something that is always an asset, and that can always be realized upon. Nothing can deprive them of a good education. It will last as long as life and reason are left, and will be their only remaining asset should financial difficulties overtake them.

Patrick arrived home much the worse for wear. One eye was closed, his nose was broken, and his face looked as though it had been stung by bees.

"Glory be!" exclaimed his wife.

"Thot Dutchman Schwartzheimer—'twas him," explained Patrick.

"Shame on ye!" exploded his wife without sympathy. "A big shpalpeen the loikes of you to get bate up by a little omadhoun of a Dootchman the size of him! Why—"

"Whist, Nora," said Patrick, "don't spake disrespectfully of the dead!"

Who's Who in War Time

He—"Have the car ready at the Admiralty at 4.30."
Chauffeuse—"Very well."
He—"I am accustomed to being addressed as 'My Lord!'"
She—"I am accustomed to being addressed as 'My Lady!'"



Citizens in the Making

The accompanying camp scene was taken during a recent week-end outing of Troop 22 Winnipeg Boy Scouts. This troop was organized about three years ago in a foreign-speaking North End district by the members of the Young Men's Club of Tabernacle Baptist Church under the leadership of S. R. Tarr, editor of "Canadian Finance." The two first scout masters, Arthur MacIntyre and Harry Proctor, are now in khaki. The present scout master is C. Curie, an honorably discharged sergeant from the Canadian forces. The assistant scout masters are W. Reid, who was over two years at the front, and Marcus Talnikoff. The troop contains a large number of lads of foreign parentage, but a more enthusiastic bunch of loyal young Canadians would be difficult to find. At present a large proportion of them are busily at work in the harvest fields of Manitoba doing their bit for Canada and the Empire.

Young friends, there is inspiration all about you. Consider, if you will, the humble dandelion. It "gets there" because it is first up in the spring, last out in the fall, and "on the job" every minute. And that's a through ticket to success. Get an early start, persevere right through to the ultimate finish, keep your eyes open and your mind active. Remember the three great principles of business—truth, honesty and integrity—really do you know of anything that can stop such a combination?

The Water Cure

A Swedish farmer who lived on his wheat farm in Minnesota was taken ill, and his wife telephoned the doctor.

"If you have a thermometer," answered the physician, "take his temperature. I will be out and see him presently."

An hour or so later, when the doctor drove up, the woman met him at the door.

"How is he?" asked the doctor.

"Vel," said she, "I ban put the barometer on him like you tell me, and it say, 'Very dry,' so I give him a pitcher of vater to drink, and now he ban gone back to work."

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"A short, funny tale," answered the little fellow.

"Quite right," said the teacher. "And now, Johnny, you may write on the blackboard a sentence containing the word."

Johnny hesitated a moment, and then wrote: "A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote!"

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Letters from Laddie

By Bonnycastle Dale

COME ON DECK," called my cabin mate; "I guess the whole U. S. Navy is going by." When I got a glimpse of the ocean I thought about the same—as far as we could see ahead, and behind, stretched a modern Armada—great transports and myriad destroyers. All the huge ships were covered with figures in khaki, and even the scurrying small craft showed signs of human occupation; all rising and falling on the ceaseless swell, signal flag answering signal flag, wireless answering wireless. Thus we learned of the announcement that about a million U.S. troops were in France or afloat, and we cheered and waved at each passing ship until our torn lungs, or shattered legs or arms ached; even the dear blind chaps waved wildly—in the right direction, too. For almost an hour this mighty procession swept proudly along—with its eyes above it: as a fleet was in the air as well as in the water. Once, as a huge steamship rolled along, we could hear the Sammies singing our old familiar trench song, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," then we all struck up "America"; at least, we got the tune and some of us the words, and there was tremendous counter cheering and hat waving. Each ship was fairly alive with troops. I saw some of the counter strokes intended for the sneaking Hun subs, but I can't write them down; but rest assured, the de-

later, and he was telling us of the dodges, now public property, that the squadron worked on Heine. There was one route on which many northern lumber laden vessels had been torpedoed, so one would wonder to see a squat, illy rigged, square bowled lugger, deckloaded with lumber, tacking along this dangerous course. On the only clear space aft sat the women relatives of the Captain or his men, a not uncommoh practice in the North Sea—this taking the women folks along for a trip. They were now in the most dangerous part of the sub-infested zone—up pops the peeper of a German sub and alongside the creature crawls, men at gun, commander yelling, "Get the women in the boats, we are going to sink you." Just then a sort of puzzle picture trick happened, and the whole side of the clumsy lugger falls off and a perfect hail of shells tears the stuffing out of that fool sub; every gun of the six put its shell at less than a hundred feet alap bang into the vitals of that sub, and it would have made you laugh to see the skirts and waists fly off those "women," and trim hardy A.B.'s emerge and launch the boats and save the struggling wretches, for the sub was awash and down within ten minutes. Our new shells have the pep in them, I'll tell you. "Next," I sang out to a quiet looking chap who had been smoking innumerable fags. "Say," I'll bet you fellows couldn't guess until we get to God's



Life aboard a French battle cruiser

stroyer and the depth bomb, as described by the U.S. in their report; are sinking more subs than the enemy can build. "It makes me sore," said matey; as the last stately ship and her numerous convoy bobbed and rolled and dipped and disappeared in the distance, fully an hour after we had first met them, "to see those lucky chaps just going in and out, Westward bound, coming out." We had all crowded down around a lifeboat's station. We were a conglomerate body. Matey was American, or U. S. rather, we are all Americans, now more so than ever. "Where are you from?" he questioned his right hand neighbor, a man as black and woolly topped as I had ever seen. "Solomon Islands," he replied, in fairly well accentuated English. "You," asked Boston of the next. "Kaiser William's Land." He was a black man all right, but there was a German ancestor somewhere, as he said "Verboten" once. Still, he had fought and lost an arm for the right side. These three South Sea men had four Hawaiians with them, and even a ukelele. Among the white men in the group, besides ourselves, was an Australian, two New Zealanders, a man from Pepita on the French isle of Tahaiti, some Figi Islanders, big woolly chaps now their hair was beginning to grow again; men from all over the southern Pacific—and they all agreed that not a single German bottom sailed those southern seas nor a single German flag rippled in the breeze—good news from "down below," as Boston says. So there's a fat half-million colonists and an island empire lost to Berlin. We had a sub man in the group

country (a Pacific coast U.S. chap this, all in one guess) what job I held down—I was lungs for the salvage. We had the one fine outfit. Before I signed on I was on the "lead" in the cable ship Restorer. We had five miles of fine piano wire on a big reel, and we could find the broken ends of the cable in any of the deep sea valleys; so I was right at home when they cast me on a "sea doctor." She was a glutton for coal and a witch for wallowing—positively the only bottom I ever sailed on that could roll and pitch and buck at one and the same moment, the only man on the muster who was not seasick was the cook, and he was down ashore with the mumps or some such joy. I had a nice little outfit of air pumps all to my lonesome, and I had to feed those gasping lungs of the divers down below, for on the very first job we had sounded and touched and grasped a twenty hundred tonner down in near a hundred fathoms with a nasty Hun hole in her engine room. Just to give you some idea of the number of torpedoed ships raised by the fleet of old sea doctors, this one was reported on our wireless as number 501. She had been down nearly a year, and was no doubt settled in a bit and coated with sea slime—the lecturing cuss told us there was a steady rain of fine dead tiny shell fish all through the water of the oceans all over the globe and this made a deep coat of fine mud on the sea floor. Well! we made all the preliminary dives, did some jockeying with mine sweepers for cable holds, pumped out all the ballast tanks, pumped in air—no go! We put in a million air saucages, more or less, stuck these pliant tanks wherever the divers could get them

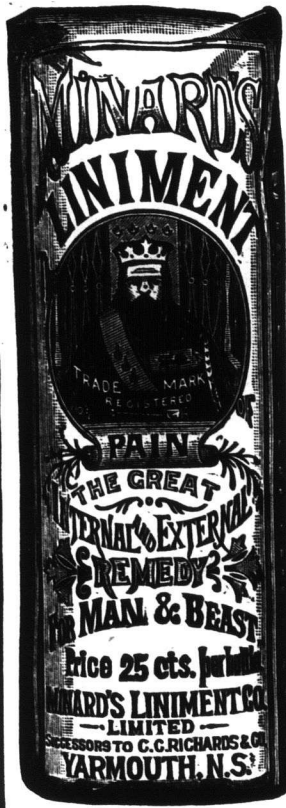
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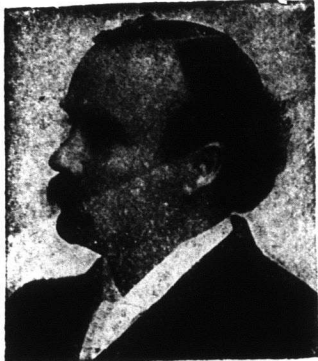
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in—clang! clang! went our pumps; in fact, our old sea doctor was just one big collection of pumps, and the first thing you know a wrecked ariel appeared above the great even roll of the sea, and soon a fairly presentable looking modern liner was sluicing and dowsing in the seas. But it was not to be, even if we had two watchdogs circling the work day and night. Another Hun got in and blew the flinders out of our airbag work and down went 501 once more. We didn't raise that Hun sub; the port destroyer got it with a depth bomb. No; we left it to tell Davy Jones just where the big liner lay. We got her up again in a few days. We had to run to port once to escape a nasty sea that threatened to put No. 3 down below. We did smash up one of the riding craft that was helping us, and had to tow her and her three sisters into port, all crippled; but we got that big weirdly painted liner well above, and with all the pumps going, we installed a full set away out there, clear out of sight of land, and a stout couple of ocean tugs with long gleaming cables puffed off with our salvage, our deep sea guard closed in behind and beside, others circled ahead, and in a few watches we plumped that great craft on to a nice, soft mud bank near a tide dock, and I had the pleasure of walking all about below her once she was floated in and the dock drained—just a few plates bulged and cracked, and a hole about as big as that lifeboat bang into the engine room, both port and starboard side. Of course, I feel sure it wasn't this liner we are on that we drew up out of the clean, green sea, but it was a Clyde-built boat of very

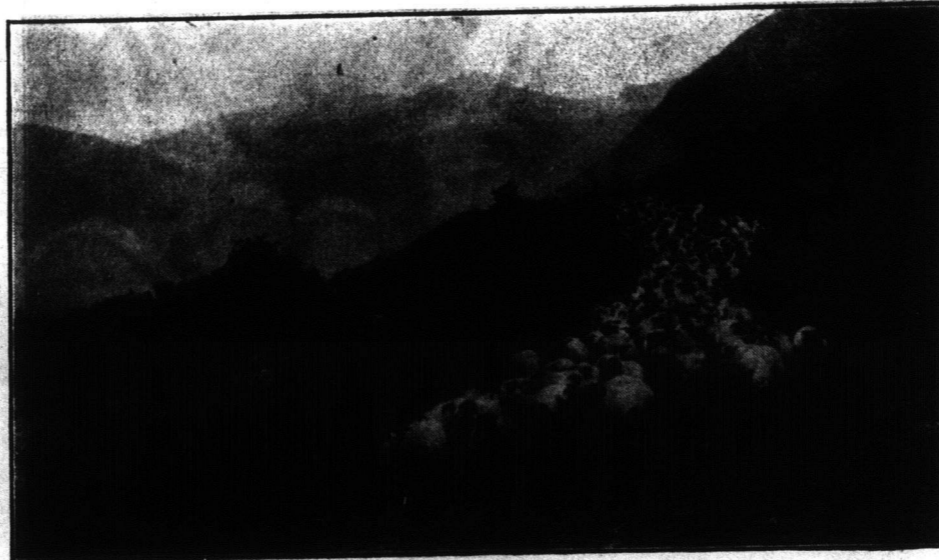
down she went. Two of ours went over after struggling Heines before the collapsable boats got away. We managed to save a few, but she was a big sub with possibly fifty to seventy-five men—one of the new cruiser class, and all the rest went to Davy Jones' locker. We were keeping a bright lookout for her mate, as the big ones often have a companion—

"I see it," came a voice from above—Land ho! Land ho! Mateys! cried a deep voice, and we all rushed to the side, forgetful of the companion sub and her fate, for this was Canada or the U.S., the voice was announcing. One chap who had been back and forth on hospital ships, said "It was somewhere in Canada," and we rushed in one yelling mob for our cabins and our kits.

A Northern Solomon

The "floating court" is an institution founded by the United States government for administering judgment in the far north. An interesting example of the unusual problems that confronted Capt. A. J. Henderson, one of the first judges of the court, is told by Mr. Walter Noble Burns in the Wide World Magazine:

One day, at Point Hope, there appeared before the court held on the Thetis, Captain Henderson's ship, an old Eskimo and his wife. They were accompanied by their pretty daughter and two stalwart young men, who were suitors for her hand. In choicest Eskimo, that sounded like a series of explosions of vocal dynamite, the venerable father poured a voluble tale into the ears of the interpreter.



On the stern and wild hills of Caledonia the Black Face thrive.

similar top hamper; as I had lots of time to study it inch by inch as it slopped up out of the briny." He rolled a cigarette with his uninjured hand as deftly as if lefthand work came naturally to him, and continued: "Oh, say! one day we had a picnic. There was an old coal coast tramp—she used to carry coals to the west coast—a lubberly, sloppy old hulk, if ever there was one. Her captain was a bit of a joker and flew his red flannel shirt as salute when we broke out the ensign—we were on a destroyer at this time, doing a 39-mile clip, and we nearly upset his old washtub with our afterdrag. He obeyed orders and lay cavorting in the trough and jockeying over the crests. I was in the boat that went across. We shipped a crew and off went the tub on her Hun decoy mission. We made port and put on a rig I cannot mention, but it looked like peace and it certainly was war. Out we porpoised into deep water—right where the enemy subs were working overtime. Say, it was in no time till we were deep in trouble, running in zigzags, dodging shells and getting some, too—at last we gave up and lay, with a bit of a bow tackle anchor afloat, rising and falling like an old black cork on the smooth seas. Along came Mr. Sub, giving us a couple of shells that brought down the wee top hamper and the old stovepipe of a funnel. I guess he hit us too hard as the shock seemed to stave our bulwarks and the cabins and the sides actually fell down and such a shower of shots from rapid fire guns held therein that the uprising sub was swept clean of its men and conning tower and opening jack-knife gun tower. They tried to shoot—couldn't; tried to submerge—just in time for another broadside from us, and

"This man, he say," began the interpreter, "these two feller want this gal for wife. One feller he offer a rifle, ten-pound whalebone, six walrus tusk, a dog team and sled. The other feller, he give kayak, two reindeer, a bearskin, and six fox skin. This gal the old man's only daughter. He old, and he want good trade. But he not know which he best take. He say maybe you tell him."

Captain Henderson is no cupid,—he stands six feet two and weighs 250 pounds—but he determined to essay the role of Cupid's first assistant.

"You love this girl?" he asked one suitor.

"Yes," replied the interpreter, "he love her."

"And do you love her?" the captain asked the other.

"Yes, he love her, too."

The captain looked at the girl, who was a pretty little thing, something over four feet high, with coal black hair plastered down over her temples and sloe-black, roguish eyes. Let no one doubt the vital beauty of Eskimo maids in the flush of youth and health.

"Here," said the captain to the girl, "which one of these men do you want?"

"This one," she said, and there was no need for the interpreter to translate.

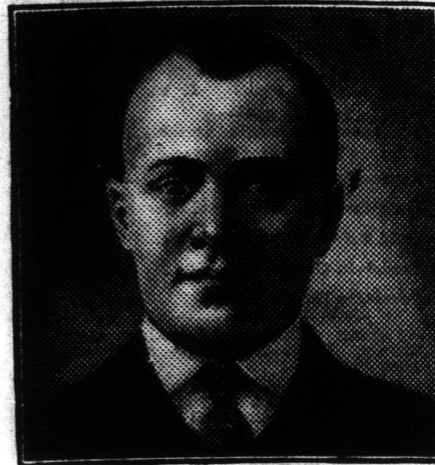
"All right," said the captain, with a roar of laughter, "take him."

And he married them on the spot. Straight from the ship back to the village the newly wedded couple paddled, to set up housekeeping and to live happily, no doubt, ever afterward. The bride's father touched off a few more explosions of vocal dynamite into the interpreter's ear.

"He say," declared the interpreter to Captain Henderson, "he satisfied."

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The Boy Who Broke Caste

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten

I KNEW that something was wrong directly I entered the office. Old Corbit sat at his desk, frowning savagely, a scrap of paper, scribbled all over, before him. Corbit Still was the founder and millionaire president of the Amalgamated Pork, Soap and Beans Company of New York City, and I was his confidential secretary.

"Here's a nice state of affairs," observed my employer, with distressed indignation. "Young Mono again! You know I sent him up into the Cattle Country to learn how to take care of himself. Well, the young beggar's been there nearly two years now, and—and he won't come back."

I confess I laughed outright, and that amazed old Corbit.

"Yes," he cried savagely. "You sympathize with him. You think office life isn't worth living. What do you imagine I pay you ten thousand a year for?"

"If you did," I answered, "office life might be worth living. But, as regards Mono, you have only yourself to blame. That idea of yours about a boy learning a bit of everything in practical life instead of going to college may be excellent when applied to any ordinary youngster, but Mono isn't ordinary. He's got ideas of his own."

"What d'you mean, isn't ordinary?" snorted Still, blowing himself out like a pigeon. "He's clever enough, isn't he? Takes after me in most things, doesn't he? I'm ordinary, aren't I?"

"Yes," I agreed heartily. "Absolutely, but the boy doesn't take after you. You've made a pretty respectable pile, and now your one thought is to make more. Mono cares no more about money than the man in the moon. He'd rather be happy and free with three dollars per day than chained to the city with three thousand. He told me so."

My employer placed the tips of his fat little fingers together.

"That's neither here nor there," he argued. "The fact is that the silly young beggar has settled down there on a bit of a cattle ranch, and positively refuses to come home. Here's a magnificent business awaiting him—money, influence, everything a man's heart could desire—and yet he prefers to live up there like an Indian. It won't do. We'll have to rid him of these foolish notions. You'll have to go up to Montana and fetch him back."

"That's entirely the wrong idea," I replied after a moment's thought. "He'll simply tell me to go to Jericho, and then it will probably mean a row. Our best plan is this: You need a rest and change, and I can always do with one. Write and tell Mono we're coming to see him for a week's fishing and shooting. He'll be pleased to have us, and then we can talk to him, and argue, and persuade, and a thousand to one he will come round to our way of thinking." Old Still looked at me and grinned.

"Mulliner," he said, "you possess the most remarkable gift I know for combining pleasure with business, amusement with the unpleasant. The idea is a good one, and may save endless trouble. We'll spend a week with him, then bring him back to work."

So it was all settled, but I didn't like it. I saw that Still's idea was to see the boy, call him a silly young ass, and order him to return with us, and that, I knew, would cause trouble. I had known Mono since he was a small boy, and fancy I understood him better than anyone. I therefore got the old man in a good temper one evening, and made him promise to say nothing to the boy till I had talked to him, and, three days later, we stepped aboard a Westward-bound Pullman for Montana.

Mono met us at the railway depot at the other end. It was a typical prairie stepping-off place, but away to the west were rolling foothills dotted with patch-

es of timber. I must confess it was a glorious region, which gave me the impression of the greatness and beauty and sweet-scentedness of God's earth.

The boy met us with a kind of loose-wheeled buggy, drawn by two fiery, white-eyed ponies of the mustang breed—too much breed for my liking, and, when first I clapped eyes on him standing there, hat in hand, a red cloth knotted about his neck, and wearing beaded mocassins, chaparjos, and a black shirt to show off the color, I began to fear the worst. But it was not his clothes only. He had changed in looks no end during the last few years. When I saw him last he was a neatly-dressed city boy, like thousands of others. Now his face was tanned to the huse of an Indian's, and in all his movements there was an alertness peculiar also to the Indian. But it was his eyes that made me think, or rather, a certain expression in them which I can't describe. One sees the same look in the eyes of cowboys sometimes, and other men who wander from valley to valley and from range to range, and are accustomed to looking great distances. Indians, too, have that look. I suppose it is the greatness of their surroundings, the quiet beauty of it, and the necessity for constant alertness. Anyway, the eyes of city men never have the same far-away, restless expression.

Of course, the old man kicked off by saying the wrong thing.

"What's the matter with my clothes?" for?" he demanded. "Coming to meet us got up like a man with a barrel-organ! What d' you mean by it?"

The boy gave a little laugh.

"What's the matter with my clothes?" asked he. "They're the best quality one can buy out here. They're light, and serviceable, and sanitary—not like the heavy things you city people wear. How's Aunt Matilda, and—"

So they began to talk of other things, but, as we wended our way to the buggy, I noticed all the idlers, broken-down cowboys, half-breeds, even the

Indians, touched their hats to Mono, and wanted to help with the baggage.

We reached the ranch at midday, a picturesque little place it was, with creepers on the walls, and a respectable cabbage garden at the back. The boy boasted about having built it all himself, "and," he added, with a quick little glance at me, "it's real home now."

The old man snorted, and we went in. After an excellent lunch Corbit proceeded to fall asleep, and Mono slapped me on the shoulder.

"Come on, Bill, old boy," he said. "I'll show you round the property."

I shall not forget that ride in a hurry. The sky was flecked with clouds that gave us welcome shade, there had been rain the night before, and everything was fresh and clean.

We cantered over little hillocks, skirting the woods, surprising the prairie dogs and wood chucks, and sending them scuttling for their burrows. Then at length we reached a high plateau, overlooking range after range. Here the boy drew rein, and waved his hand towards the vast panorama.

"Isn't that grand?" he cried. "Isn't that something for you tired-eyed Easterners to remember?"

He regarded me narrowly, as I drank it in, then:

"Bill," he said, "I shall never go back!"

I stared at him, but he avoided my eye, looking out into space. His red bandana fluttered in the breeze, and his sun-tanned face had taken on that strange Indian expression again.

"Never?" I repeated. "That's a long, long time, boy!"

He slipped from his saddle, leaving the reins dangling, and seated himself on the soft green turf. I did the same.

"Never," he said again. "Never, Bill! It would break my heart—the confinement and restraint—in less than a year."

We sat side by side, the great dim loneliness all around. Mono picked up a pebble and rolled it, and we watched it speed down and down, disturbing a flight of blue grouse, some hundreds of yards away.

CHRISTIE GRANT'S FALL AND WINTER CATALOG

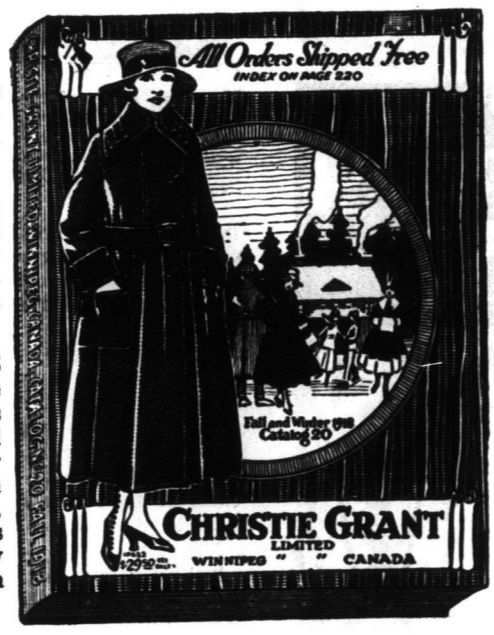
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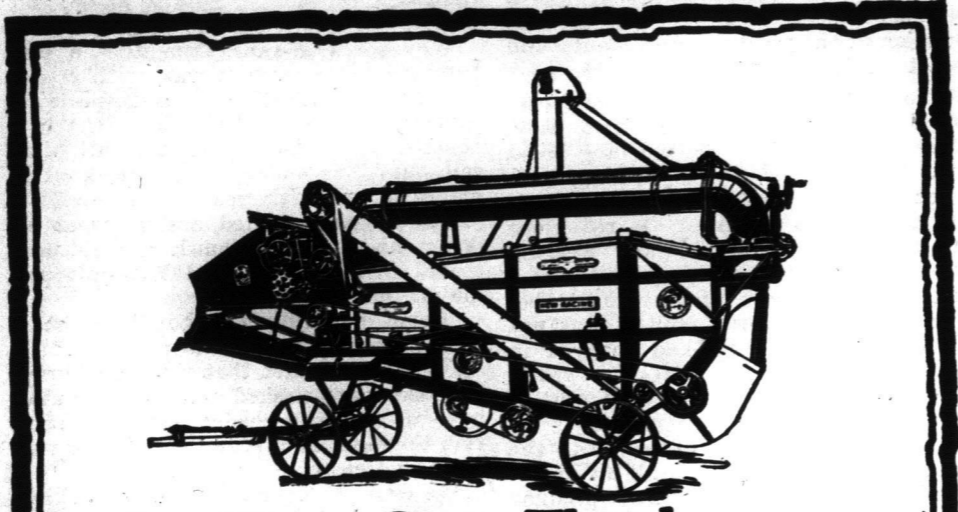
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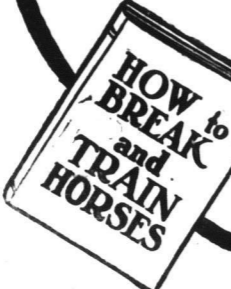
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"I fancy," said I, "that it will kind of break the old man's heart if you remain out here."

He gave me a quick glance, then fell silent.

"I see," he said presently. "You've come to take me away, Bill." There was a sort of broken ring in his voice, and he was regarding me closely.

"Not quite that," I answered. "We have merely come to put every aspect of the case before you, in the hope that you, realising your duty, will decide to return with us."

"I see," he said again, then, with another odd little laugh, he went on—"it's all very impossible, Bill—impossible to make you understand how I hate the east, and how I love the west. Out here we are free! Free to go where, and when, we like, and with all God's earth at our feet. To me it is more than just a place. It is life, air, food, everything! We live a clean and manly life, in a country for men. Isn't it a man's life, Bill? The stars are your compass, the sun is your watch. Out in the ranges you have to hunt for your food. If you lose yourself you die, if you can't hunt you go hungry. All the time you are up against the wisdom and reality of things, fighting for your living, as it were, with the sand as your pillow, and the open skies as your roof. And then—then, Bill," he added, with a faint choke in his voice—"you want me to go back yonder, to wear a starched collar, and take tea in drawing-rooms with people who don't understand! You want me

where for long, all my best chances gone! Other men have homes, and friends, and little children, but I—I threw away my chances and took to the wild when I should have clutched them with both hands. Don't do the same, boy," I advised. "It's a blind alley that leads to nowhere. You aren't the only one who has tried to cast off the fetters of civilization and be free. I've known them in the far east and in the islands, but it always ended the same way. The fact is, and this is what I'm coming to, every man has his place in the world, which he must try to fill as his duty to himself and to others. He may find it trying for a time, but soon a whole host of new interests will crop up all round him, and—he is happy!"

"Happy!" echoed the boy. He pitched another pebble down into the golden space at our feet. "No, Bill, you easterners don't know what happiness it. You burden your bodies with heavy clothing and your minds with a thousand unessential details. As for my place in the world, I've found it, thank God! Why can't you leave me alone? Don't you know, Bill, that I couldn't stand the east again?"

His hand closed on my arm like a vice, and he stared into my face. I saw his chest heaving like that of one who has been running.

"There's your duty," I said, "to the world and to your pater. He's getting old, and he's a widower. You were born with influence and power such as few men possess, and surely you aren't going



Here are some of the "greys" of the British cavalry which have been cited for their wonderful courage in driving back the Boche Ghouls. The valiant deeds of the British cavalry on the Western front have resounded from China to Peru, and have re-echoed throughout the walls of a certain war lord in his palace at Potsdam. As a German said when he saw the British cavalry, "Ach, have you got der cabalry, too?"

to ride in street cars and sit in stuffy offices, and supervise hot factories! You want me to live a life where everything is cut and dried for to-morrow and the next day and the day after! Where there is no risk, no fight against Nature, no—God! Ah never! Never!" He rose to his feet and flung out his arms, as though someone were trying to strangle him. "Never again, Bill!" he cried. "It isn't right to ask me. Never again!" Then he squatted at my side again, his head between his hands, and for a time I left him.

"Boy," I said at length, "I know. I've been through the mill, for I was young once, too. I loved freedom the same as you, and at length I cast off my fetters just as you have done. For five years I wandered about the Pacific Islands—trading, pearling and planting. But the day dawned when the call of civilization came back to me. I longed for life and merriment, and the music of human laughter, for crowded pavements with the glare of the lamplight on them, for all the hurly-burly of that eastern world of ours. And I went back, boy, had to go back! I returned to find most of my old friends were gone, of that those who had not gone were changed. They bored me. I hated them. In truth it was I who had changed. I went back without money, to realize that the prime of my life was past, and that I was alone. "Boy," said I, "I've been alone ever since—unable to settle any-

to throw it all away? Think what you could do, man!—build homes out here in the prairies you love for tired old city clerks and homeless town children! Think of it, I tell you. You musn't live just for yourself, boy!"

That kind of hit him where he lived. He sat very still, looking down at a little yellow flower at his side. There were thousands of them where we sat. Presently he pulled its head off, examined it carefully, and dismissed it into space.

"Look at the elk!" he cried, suddenly, pointing far across the valley. But all I could see were the hazy hills in the distance. Long he tried to make me see them, "coming down in single file to the drinking hole," he said, and when at last I remarked "Ah, yes! yes!" he laughed a little cynically, and said:

"Oh, Bill, Bill! You wouldn't do to have to live by your sight." He sighed then went on: "If you were asking something possible I wouldn't mind, but you know as well as I do I should make a hopeless mess of it. "But," he added, "I like what you said about old city clerks and city children. It sounds great, and real. It has possibilities. But still, you musn't think I am living a useless life out here. Ask the Indians who brought about the necessary alterations in the laws for the preservation of game. Ask them in the city what I've done there, who started the picturesque homesteads campaign. Why, every ranch along this

range was like a dunghill when I came, and now they have pretty creepers about them, and a border of flowers. And Bill, I have my ambitions. I want to own, to build, a city out here, in God's own wilderness, a city with gardens and fountains, and having no drinking halls and gambling hells. You ask me to go away to a life of influence and power. I ask you to let me stay here to build up my own influence and power in the land I love. Lord! How I love it, Bill!"

He buried his face in his hands again, and I could have cried out—"you are right, boy; go on with your uphill life! It's glorious! It's beautiful! Never turn your face again to these rotten cities of the east; they are not worthy of you." But, of course, I had the old man to consider.

Just then I glanced down the bit of trail we had followed, and saw two figures coming towards us. They were on ponies. The foremost was a girl, and evidently she was trailing us. Behind her rode a little fat man who didn't seem exactly at home with the pace she set.

"Who is this coming along with your father?" I asked the boy, nudging him from his stupor. The color rushed to his cheeks as he scrambled to his feet, and stood looking towards them—hands half raised, eyes shining.

Then I understood. I understood whence came all these crazy notions I had heard, and what was at the root of things. Freedom indeed! A pretty sort of freedom he was heading for!

When the girl saw him she gave a sort of whoop, and waved one hand as though she were swinging a lariat as she cantered up.

Almost before her cayuse stopped she had slipped from the saddle, leaving the reins dangling, and caught the boy's two hands. I must admit it was a pretty scene. Her black hair blew across her forehead. She had pink cheeks, a kind of soft brown skin, and her eyes were as black as her hair. It was a wonderfully open, laughing face, refined in a wild and rugged way, and she dressed as the boy dressed, after the savage custom of the west. She wore high lace boots, I recall, and the usual crimson and black upper parts, and her bandana was knotted loosely, so as to show her neck. I noticed also that her teeth were like pearls, small and regular, between thin red lips.

She clutched the boy's hands, as I say, laughing up at him, and for a moment he touched her forehead, then motioned to me and whispered something. At that she came across and shook hands, and then the old man came panting up, mopping his forehead, and flung himself on the turf alongside, while the boy and the girl busied themselves with the ponies.

"What does it mean?" queried old Corbit. "What the devil do you make of it, sir? That girl can ride like a—the dickens!"

"What the dickens do you think it means?" I snorted back. "Look at them, good-night! Look at them!"

Apparently they had forgotten all about us, for they were looking into each other's faces, and Mono was talking rapidly. I saw him make a listless gesture towards the east, then nod in our direction. At that the girl gave a little low cry, and clutched his shoulders. She darted a glance at us, and her black eyes flashed fire. I half expected her to draw a dagger from her stocking and come for us, but she didn't. Instead they sat down side by side, still talking rapidly, and I fancied I heard the words "old city clerks and little children."

Being pretty full of all the boy had said to me, I poured it into the old man's ears, hot and strong, with elaborations of my own, and he stuck it fairly well till I came to the good work the boy was doing in the country—the corner he was making for himself—his high ideals in the great work of pioneering.

Then he burst out: "D'you think I'm blind? My stars! D'you think I can't see?"

Old Corbit got up and strolled a little distance, his hands knotted behind him. He came back grunting loudly, as he always did when a decision had been reached.

"It's a great country," he observed, "and I suppose we were all young once. Probably even you—had your ideas?"

Just then the boy started towards us, leaving the girl where she sat, staring into space, her chin in her hands.

"I'll come, Dad," he said quietly, his hand on the old man's shoulder. "We think that perhaps my duty lies over there. But—" (here his voice shook a little), "of course she can't come with me. She has never known anything but the prairies, you see. Books don't interest her after the real thing, and tea parties would bore her stiff. She's used to the open air, and the great ranges, and freedom. She'd die of consumption if I took her east. I shall have to leave her, Dad, and—"

He spread out his hands to the beauty of the view, then clutched them suddenly to his eyes. Corbit touched his shoulder:

"Do you love this woman?" he demanded, staring hard at him. The boy looked, his face was ghastly pale.

"I never considered that," he said, "but now I think of it, I suppose I do. Do I love the air and the hills and the stars and the sky? It is all the same to me. God and her, and life and heaven are all one."

"Then," said the old man, his voice trembling, "if you love the girl, hang on to her with both hands. Hang on to her even if the whole world goes to smithereens, and the solid earth gives way under your feet. As for the rest—" he fung out his little white flabby hands, as the boy might have done, then we two—we two old men, turned and mounted our ponies.

When we looked back the girl's hands were on her companion's shoulders again, and she was staring up into his face. The wind still ruffled her hair, and the boy's crimson bandana fluttered in it. I heard the old man give a little gasp, which he turned into a cough.

"I wonder if he will succeed in building that city of his," he remarked presently. "Gad! I would like to see it!"

And late that night, when I went to my employer's room with a "nightcap" for him, I found him asleep, smiling happily, a photograph in his hand, one of the boy's mother, when she was young. Ah well, well! What havoc these women do play with a man's life! I would rather be as I am, managing a home for old city clerks, and another for destitute city children, built with the money the boy did not need. But then, even I was young once, and had my high ideals.

Chinese Proverbs

When I desire to make an American better acquainted with the Chinese, said Consul Moy Hin, I quote Chinese proverbs. One of our temperance proverbs is:

"It is not wine that makes a man drunk; it is the man himself."

There is another: "A red-nosed man may be a teetotaler, but no one will believe it."

A feminist proverb seems to be appreciated by Americans to whom I have told it: "A man thinks he knows, but a woman knows better."

A Useful Invention

At a sportsman's show in New York one of the novelties shown was a portable wireless telegraph apparatus which could be carried in a hunter's pack, says the New York Mail. It attracted much attention from the visitors.

"That thar is shorely a great thing," said an old Maine guide. "Suppose here's a dude hunter got lost. What does he do? He climbs a tall tree, fixes the majigger, and lets go."

"Click, clackety, clack, click—I'm lost in the woods."

"Clack, dashety dash, dot, click—W'ere be ye?"

"Clackety, clack, dash, click—I dunno. If I did I wouldn't be lost."

"Then all they got to do is to send out a search party and find him. That's shore a great invention."

The police-court magistrate of a town in southern Kentucky was walking down the street one November evening with his friend John Markham, a distiller.

"Judge," said Mr. Markham, "have you ever tried my Number One brand of Old Markham?"

"No, John," admitted the judge, "but I tried three men in court this morning who had tried it."



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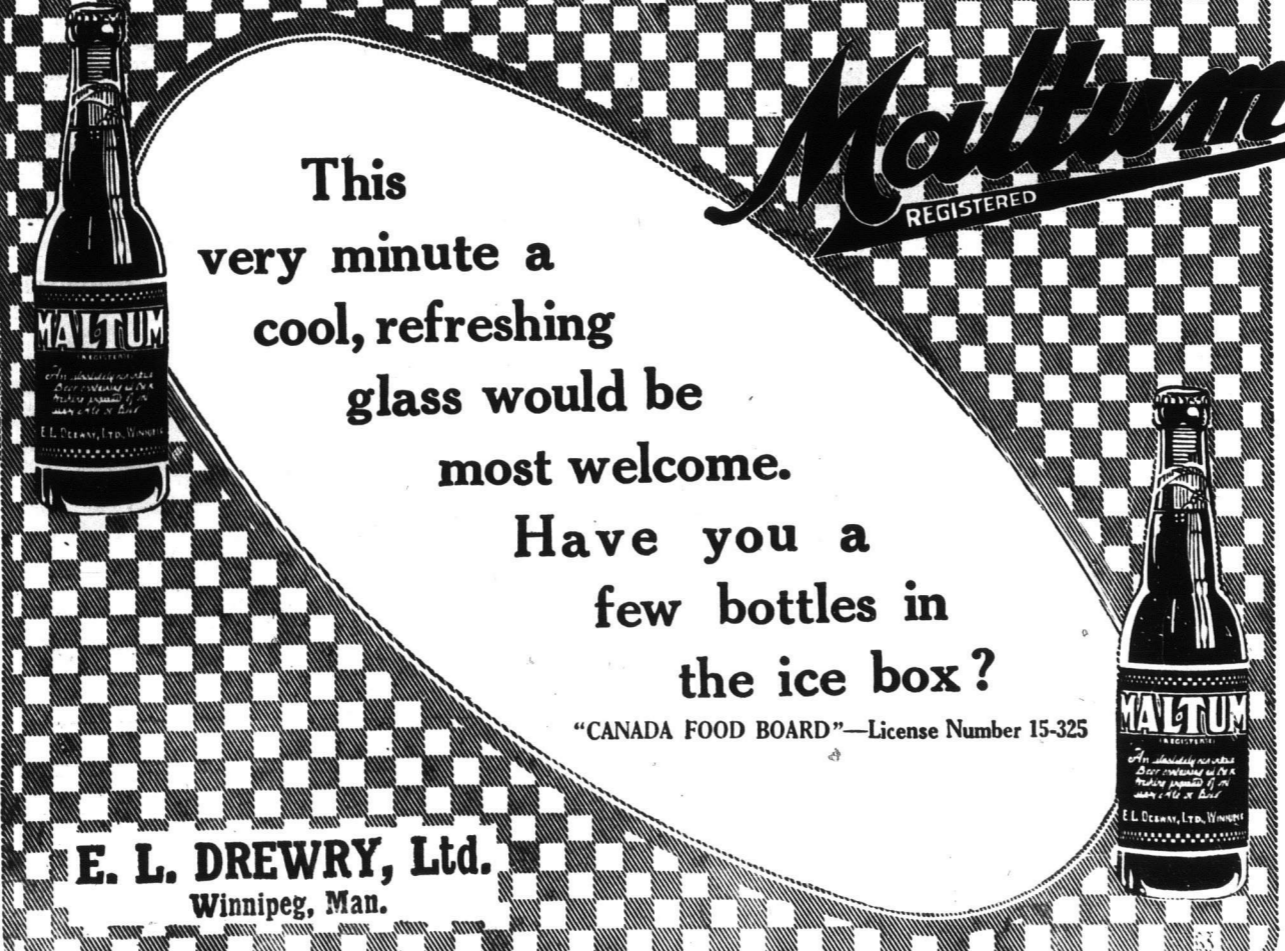
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The Bush Meat

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

THE Colonial chaplain of the Gold Coast was very agreeably engaged in admiring his new pulpit, which had just arrived from England, when he was disturbed by a most unseemly scuffling, and hurrying down the aisle, he found his black servant, Joseph, struggling with an ancient native lady who was clad in a travesty of European clothes, and who, as the broom she held signified, was engaged in sweeping out the church. Before the chaplain could interfere, Joseph snatched the old lady's bonnet from her woolly head, and threw it into the half-filled font. The old lady shrieked and hurled herself upon him. Greatly shocked, the chaplain made a hushing noise, and pushed the combatants outside the door, whereupon they fell to abusing each other with true native vigor.

"Mrs. Wilberforce—Joseph—Mrs. Wilberforce," cried the chaplain, "be quiet, be quiet. How dare you make such a disturbance?"

"She be wicked old woman. She be a witch. She be a bush meat" (native name for deer which live in the forest), cried Joseph. "She not fit to go into the church."

"Big lie! Big lie!" screamed the old lady. "You be wicked boy, Joseph. Take you to Commissioner's Court if you tell lie about me."

At this moment the chaplain's great friend, the government doctor, appeared in his go-cart. "What's up?" he said, referring to the scene before him. "Oh, well, never mind, thank goodness I've found you. Look here, there's game afoot. Big game, leopard. Jump in and I'll tell you all about it," and the chaplain having complied, the doctor drove off, while Joseph, whose face was bleeding, bestowed a few more choice terms of abuse on the old woman, and followed.

"A nigger was brought in the hospital an hour ago," began the doctor, "with a charge of slugs in his back. While I was digging them out without an anaesthetic, for these people do not mind a little pain, he told me that a leopard had come out of the forest and killed a sheep near his village. The owner of the sheep had fired and missed the animal, but hit his patient. He had told no one, so I finished with him as quickly as possible and came to find you. Come to my bungalow as soon as you can, and we'll start at once, and be back tomorrow. The village isn't far away, only about eight miles. Here's your place," and half

pushing the bewildered chaplain from the cart, he rushed off in a cloud of dust. The chaplain was but newly arrived on the Gold Coast. He was a precise young man, whose life hitherto had been spent in work in London slums. Nevertheless he was very fond of sport, and hoped to find some in his new sphere. This was the first chance that had come his way, and naturally he felt excited.

With the aid of Joseph he changed into what he considered sportsman's kit. He donned rather worn breeches and gaiters and a flannel shirt, but put on a white tie to preserve the unities and so mark his profession. Then seizing his brand new gun, and followed by Joseph, he hurried to the doctor's quarters. The latter was waiting for him impatiently, and they set off in the doctor's cart.

"I've never had a chance at a leopard myself," said the medico, "although I've been out here three years. But it's simple enough. Tie up a bait near the scene of the kill, climb a tree, and wait till the leopard comes. Easy as A.B.C. Though I've never done it, it's simple enough."

"I've looked it up in 'How to Kill Big Game,'" said the chaplain; "in fact I've brought the book with me. This is the day of my life! By the way we must draw lots for the skin," ignoring the fact that the skin was still attached to the leopard.

"You shall have it, if you're so keen on it," said the doctor, who was the soul of good nature.

The chaplain was so moved that he turned quite red. "May I really? That's awfully good of you. The fact is I want to send one home; there is someone who

"That's all right then, and I only hope it's worthy of her acceptance," said the doctor, gallantly.

"You can send it off the day after tomorrow. It will be steamer day."

"You mean to-morrow, don't you? Today's Wednesday. No it isn't. It's Tuesday. How stupid I am. Look here, I'm awfully sorry. I shall have to go back. It's my choir festival to-morrow, and I've not finished arrangements. It's an awful nuisance, but I can't help it."

"Good heavens! Why, we are half-way there. The boys can't push the cart back, and out again. Besides, there wouldn't be time."

The chaplain thought miserably. "If I could only get hold of Mrs. Wilberforce," he said after a minute or two, "she could make the arrangements for me. We shall be back first thing to-morrow. Look here, I'll send Joe for her. Joseph, go back to Accia, get my cart and boys, find Mrs. Wilberforce and bring her up to me!"

"And none of your nonsense," added the doctor, sharply, noting the sulkiness which immediately descended on Joseph like a cloud. "We're not going to lose our sport because of your temper. Come, get a move on!"

With a rebellious look at the doctor, Joe deposited two guns in the cart, and with his shoulders up to his ears, set off. When he was out of sight the cart went on.

"By the way," demanded the doctor, when they were under way, "what was all that fuss between Joseph and the old woman this morning?"

"Joseph and Mrs. Wilberforce hate one another like poison, I'm sorry to say. They can't meet without fighting. I took Joseph over, as you know, from my predecessor. I find him to be a good boy, and I believe he is religious."

"And where did you get the old lady from?"

"Well, curiously enough, she was recommended by Joseph. I made enquiries, of course, and could learn nothing against her. She's capable, though she does look like a scarecrow. And she seems very earnest."

"She was earnest enough this morning, certainly," returned the doctor, "Joseph has some nice scratches."

"It was unseemly, I grant you. But she was irritated by Joseph throwing her bonnet into the font. I make allowance for that. But if Joseph hates her so much, why did he recommend her?"

"Afraid of her, I expect," said the doctor.

"Well, I have wondered. And there is something I want to ask you. This morning Joseph accused her of being a witch. I asked him about it, and he said she could turn herself at night into a bush cow, or deer, or antelope, and eat up all the crops. Of course," he said, after a pause, "at home, of course, one would laugh at such an accusation, but out here things seem so different. I could not mention it to the old lady. The sin of witchcraft is very grievous, and I am sure it would pain her."

"Well," said the doctor, "she probably is accustomed to the reputation and is proud of it. You need not be too tender hearted."

"Do you think so?" said the chaplain, uneasily. "Can there possibly be anything in it? We are told in the Bible that witches did exist. Can it be possible that she does possess this extraordinary power? For out here where the fetish is still worshipped, tremendous occult powers may be latent. What do you think?"

"There are lots of queer stories," said the doctor, "but I don't bother my head about them, and I would advise you not to. But there's the village."

They found the Kroom to be a tiny little affair of half a dozen houses, one of which they commandeered. They then sought the scene of the kill. To their delight the marks were still plain. And there were plenty of tree stumps to which the bait could be tied. In high spirits they went back to the village. To their great surprise, the party arrived in perfect amicableness. The old lady, looking more dilapidated than ever, sat very upright, while Joseph walked behind, holding an umbrella over her woolly head.

"Here's a sight!" said the doctor. "Friendly relations, indeed, seem established," said the chaplain. "I'm glad of it. Come in, Mrs. Wilberforce. I've some instructions to give you. When the boys are rested, they can take you back again."

"I thank you, gentlemen, for sending carriage for me," said Mrs. Wilberforce. "Yes, sah, I take your messages back to Accra for you."

The doctor ordered Joseph to get a goat from the chief for a bait, and then stretched himself out and fell off to sleep. He was tired and did not wake till evening, when the chaplain called him.

"We shall just have nice time," said the latter. "I've fixed it all up with Mrs. Wilberforce, and I've sent Joseph to start her off home. Are you ready?"

The doctor carried a .303 rifle, a handy weapon, but the chaplain had a Paradox gun, which fired shot in the right barrel, and a spherical bullet from the left.

The place was reached without accident and Joseph was found holding a rope to which a little brown goat was attached; he tied it to a stump, and having helped the two men to their perches in the tree, he extinguished his lamp and declared all was ready.

"Stop a minute, the goat has too much rope," said the doctor.

"You t'ink so, sah? Very good, sah, I t'ink you right. I alter him," said Joe. Apparently he had some difficulty in inducing the animal to move, and made so much noise in the obscurity among the bushes that the chaplain remonstrated.

"Why on earth didn't you alter it before you put the light out?" he said, angrily. "What are you making all that row about? You'll disturb the whole place."

"The goat be too strong for me, sah," said Joseph, in rather a muffled voice; "but I master him. All be now right, sah."

"But we can't see him at all now! He's right behind the bushes."

"That be proper, sah. The leopard creep along the open space, which the moon shines on, and you shoot him just before he spring on the goat. He sure come this way, sah." And Joseph, without waiting for further comment, hurried away.

For the first few minutes they could hear him pushing through the thick undergrowth, and then the noise died away, and all was silent.

Now, beyond what they had read in the sporting periodicals, neither of them had the least idea of what was likely

to happen. They had no notion when the leopard was likely to come, whether he would announce his coming with any noise, or whether the bait would show alarm. Neither had they considered how hard the branch of a tree could be, nor how difficult it was to balance a heavy rifle. But they sat as quietly as possible and awaited events.

Time passed slowly and the chaplain's thoughts, despite his keenness, wandered. The lopsided Southern Cross hung low in the sky. He thought what a pity it was that someone could not give the right arm of it a push upwards and straighten it out. Then he began to think about the fetish, the witches, and evil things of a like nature. Suddenly the moon was overcast, the bait moved uneasily, and then he thought he heard something stir in the bushes. He pulled himself together and listened intently. Then there came a rustling from the tethered bait. He raised his gun; he did not know if the doctor had seen or heard anything, but he was not going to lose

his first chance of big game for anyone. He took hurried aim and fired.

With the shot, a dozen things happened. The terrific kick of the Paradox almost dislodged the chaplain and he half fell from his perch. Next he was struck on the head by the doctor's helmet and gun, both of which had fallen from above. At the same moment the doctor, in a low and startled voice, inquired what had happened.

"Why, the leopard! The leopard came! At least I think so! Didn't you see him? I fired," said the chaplain, regularly dripping with excitement.

"Did you hit him?"

"I think so! Listen!"

There was a commotion going on behind the bushes, and gurglings and whimperings.

"By Jove! you have," said the doctor, "but he's only wounded. What's to be done next?"

"Why, get down and settle him."

"What, pursue a wounded leopard on foot, by night? Why, it's the most

dangerous brute that exists. We had better put some more shots in him from here."

"No, no," cried the chaplain, "I don't want the skin spoiled on any account. Besides, I can't see him. I wish to goodness we had kept the lantern. I'll creep up quietly and finish him off," he said, desperately.

"I'll come, too, then," said the doctor.

"He's quiet now," whispered the chaplain, "perhaps he's dead!"

With their hearts thumping, and with guns ready, they advanced cautiously across the intervening patch. "Behind the bushes," whispers the doctor, his teeth chattering.

"Yes, there's something dark lying there. It's not moving. Come along," whispered the chaplain. He approached on tiptoe and peeped over the bushes. There was something stretched out on the ground. Was it the goat or the leopard? It moved and groaned.

"Don't go any nearer. Strike a match," whispered the doctor.



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The chaplain obeyed, and the flame shot up straight in the hot night air. He held it high and crept closer and closer till he stood over the thing on the ground. It turned and looked up at him. He broke into a cold sweat and nearly dropped the light. The light had fallen not on the goat, and not on the leopard, but on the face and disreputable bonnet of Mrs. Wilberforce, who lay there on the ground with a rope round her neck.

Had it not been for the doctor, the chaplain would have collapsed there and then. But that gentleman, without remark, pushed him to one side, and striking match after match, made a hurried examination of the old woman, who did nothing but moan and whimper in a dazed and stupid manner.

"She's got one or two small shot in her leg," he said, laconically. But there's no bullet wound of any kind!"

"What does it all mean?" exclaimed the horrified chaplain. "How did she get here? Is it possible? Surely, surely, there is nothing in what Joseph said! It was a goat he tied up. And yet—and yet—"

"Don't be a fool! Pull yourself together," said the doctor.

"Lend a hand. We must get out of this. I've got the rope. Help me to lift her. Why the devil didn't we keep the lantern? Fire a couple of shots. We must have help!"

He poured some whisky down the old woman's throat, but she did not respond, only became more inert. Six times the chaplain awoke the echoes with his shots. No one came.

"No good. That brute, Joe, must be asleep," said the doctor, at last. "We must carry her. You take her feet. Steady now!"

The track was hard to find in the obscurity. A dozen times they lost it. A dozen times they stumbled and fell, and the old woman fell with them. She did not stir nor speak. Dead beat, bewildered and shocked, the chaplain paid no attention to the doctor's language. That he, the chaplain of the Gold Coast, should have employed a woman in the church, who could turn herself into a goat and then have shot that goat in mistake for a leopard, was hopeless! He could never survive the scandal!

"Go in and rest. You aren't fit for anything else," said the doctor.

"She isn't dead, is she?" whispered the chaplain, looking down on the old woman.

"Dead? No; get along in. I'll see to this."

The chaplain entered the hut; he was still meditating when daylight came. He clenched his hands. The ruin of his career was very bitter to him.

"I've looked in twice," said the doctor, "but you were so quiet I thought you were asleep. How are you?"

"All right," answered the chaplain.

The doctor glanced at him. A twinkle came into his eyes, and he laughed; the laugh became a roar. The chaplain stared at him, more than half offended.

"I'm glad you think it funny," he said, stiffly.

"You'll think it funny, too," said his friend. "Come outside."

Outside the hut, drawn up in a semi-circle, were Mrs. Wilberforce, Joseph and the six cart boys. All of them were sheepish and hang-dog looking. Mrs.

Wilberforce was bent double in an attitude of intense humility.

"Now then, Joe, tell your master what you told me just now," said the doctor.

"If you please, sah," began Joseph, staring at the ground, "it be all this old woman's fault. Everybody fear her and hate her. She say she be witch, and she turn herself at night into a bush meat, and make people give her things to leave her alone. One night she eat up all the corn on my brother's farm. And yesterday she say in the church, she spoil all my father's corn, too. And so—and so—"

"Oh, you wicked Joseph," cried Mrs. Wilberforce.

"I appeal to you, reverend suh! This be what happen, sah. When you tell me to go back to Accra, I go for cart. This wicked Joseph stop me on the way: 'Mrs. Wilberforce, ma'm, you work too hard, I think you take a little refreshment on the way. Then he take me into the hut and give me little drop of—of—'"

"Tiddly," suggested the doctor.

"Of—of rum, sah, I fear," went on the old woman. "And he give little drop more, and say it do me good, and then one little more drop, and then—and then—"

"Then the old woman get drunk," growled Joseph.

"And then, sah, I remember no more till I hear great noise, and something hit me on the leg. Then I wake up and find myself under bush, with rope round my neck, and you, reverend sah, looking at me."

Joseph stared into the sky. "This old woman got drunk out of my bottle. Then I say horrid old woman. No good to anybody. Why we waste good goat when she can turn herself into bush meat? She do fine. So I said to myself—I tie her up instead of goat; so I take back goat. That be all, sah!"

"That's not all," said the doctor. "I'll finish the story. You and the cart boys were having a grand feed, with the goat as the main item. They are all stuffed as full as they can be. Well, time's getting on, we must be off."

"There's one question," said the chaplain. "Are you a witch or are you not?"

"No, sah, I be no witch. I talk like that to frighten people."

A look of relief came over the chaplain's face.

"Get the car," ordered the doctor, "and you boys have to run, full or not."

The chaplain was climbing into his own cart when Mrs. Wilberforce stopped him. "I not fit to walk," she said, "you hit me in two places."

The chaplain blushed. "Well, you can take my cart," he said.

"There's only one thing I can't understand," said the doctor, "where those two pellets came from. I suppose you fired a bullet?"

"I find," stammered the chaplain, "that in my excitement I fired both barrels. I didn't find it out till I got back to the hut."

The doctor laughed. "All's well that ends well," he said, "but we shall never hear the end of this business if it gets out."

"Which it musn't," said the chaplain, firmly.

But it did!

If a hostess wants to be original let her invite her friends to a Christmas party to be held on her porch a day in August. Each guest is supposed to contribute a new idea for Christmas presents and bring her thimble. If possible the verandah could be decorated with pine and cedar boughs. Dip bunches of wild grass in a solution of alum water to resemble frost-touched foliage. A real Christmas tree is not hard to secure in many country districts, and it can be sprinkled with diamond dust.

Serve simple refreshments, ice cream and ice drinks with fruit cake cut in small pieces.

When the ideas have been given and a list made for future reference, let the hostess produce material to make stockings and candy bags to be put away and used at Christmas, either at the school or church concert. If the party is given where there are a number of summer visitors, this would be a nice way to contribute something toward the village life.



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Baked Apples

Wash and core large tart apples, but do not peel them. Fill the centres with brown sugar, and place a small bit of butter on top of each. Pour over a cup of water unless the apples are very juicy. Baste the apples with the syrup which forms in the bottom of the pan until they are tender. Remove from the pan and pour the syrup over them.

Soft Gingerbread

Two and one-half cups flour, one cup brown sugar, three-quarters cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda sifted with the flour, one teaspoon ground ginger, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one generous tablespoon butter. Mix together sugar, butter and spices. Beat until creamy. Then add the flour, milk and soda. Bake in shallow pans. It will make two large sheets of cake and is a very economical recipe.

Date Cake

One-third cup butter, one and one-half cups brown sugar, two eggs, one-half cup milk, one and three-quarter cups flour, three teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon ground nutmeg, one-half package dates, stoned and cut. Mix all these ingredients at once in a deep cake bowl and beat until very thoroughly incorporated. Bake in a bread tin in a moderate oven. This cake is not successful when put together in the usual way, but is very good when the recipe is followed accurately.

Plain Coffee Cake

One-half cup shortening, one cup brown sugar, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon salt, one cup seedless raisins, one-half cup molasses, one cup cold coffee, one teaspoon soda. Cream the sugar and butter, add the molasses and beat thoroughly. Dissolve the soda in the coffee and add, little by little, alternating with the flour. Stir in the spices and the stoned raisins. Bake in shallow pans. This makes a good substitute for richer cakes.

Spiced Cake

One-third cup butter, one cup brown sugar, yolks of four eggs, one cup milk, two cups flour, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon cloves, one-half teaspoon grated nutmeg, two teaspoons baking powder, grated rind of one lemon.

Cream the butter and sugar; add the egg yolks and then the milk, flour, spices and lemon rind. Bake in very moderate oven. This is a good cake for using up surplus egg yolks.

Plain Nut Cake

One-half cup shortening, one cup brown sugar, one-half cup cold water, one and one-half cups flour, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, two eggs, one cupful nuts—any kind.

Mix butter and sugar, then add eggs, water and flour in the usual order, and finally the nuts. This is good either in small tins or in a loaf.

Tea Biscuits

One quart of sifted flour, five teaspoons baking powder, one-half cup butter, one small teaspoon sugar, half a small teaspoon salt, and sufficient sweet milk to make the dough of a soft consistency. Sift the baking powder and the salt with the flour, add the butter, which must be cut into small pieces, then add the sugar. Mix all these ingredients together with the hands, rubbing the butter well into the flour, after which add the milk, mix as lightly as possible with the tips of the fingers, handling as little as possible. Place the dough on the mixing board and flatten with the palms to about an inch in thickness; do not use the rolling pin. Cut out the biscuit with a tumbler, cup or biscuit cutter, lay in a buttered tin and bake half an hour in a moderate oven. This mixture will also make a splendid crust for meat pies.

Old Fashioned Virginia Corn Pones

One pint of buttermilk, or nice sour milk, one pint of sifted corn meal, a little salt, scant teaspoonful of soda dissolved in three teaspoons of sour cream, three eggs beaten yolk and white separately, a piece of lard or butter size of a walnut. Pour the buttermilk into the sifted corn meal, add the salt, yolks of eggs well beaten, soda well dissolved, beating all the time with a spoon; cut up the butter or lard (or half-and-half of

each) into small bits, beating through the batter briskly, and add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Bake in loaf or in muffin rings.

Eat more Vegetables

There are plenty of potatoes, carrots, turnips and onions in Canada from last year. "Eat them up," says the Canada Food Board. "Do not waste one of them. Eating vegetables will save wheat. It is wheat they want over there."

Eat More Fish

Efforts have been made throughout Canada to produce and market more fish. This country has fish resources, which have been exploited commercially for the export trade, but only in the big cities have fresh fish been available regularly to private consumers. On the Pacific coast and the Atlantic coast, on the lakes of the West, on the lakes of Northern Ontario and the Great Lakes, fishermen will procure fish if the demand for it become regular and constant. Eat more fish and save meat for the men at the front.

Mixed Pickles

These mustard pickles are excellent with corned beef, pork or ham. One quart of cucumbers cut small, one quart of green tomatoes, one quart of small onions, six green peppers, three heads of celery, two heads of cauliflower. Cover with one cup of salt, let stand twenty-four hours and drain. Add fresh water and scald on stove until tender. Drain, add the following dressing, boil for ten minutes and bottle:

Dressing for Pickles

Five tablespoonsful dry mustard, one cup brown sugar, one-half cup flour mixed with a little cold vinegar, one-half teaspoonful cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful turmeric. Stir to a smooth paste, pour into one quart boiling vinegar. Stir until smooth, pour over pickles and boil slowly for ten minutes, being careful not to burn. If vinegar is very strong, add a little water.

Johnny Cake No. 1

One cup sour milk, one-half cup sweet cream, one cup cornmeal, one-half cup flour, level teaspoonful soda, level teaspoonful salt.

Johnny Cake No. 2

One egg, two tablespoonsful melted butter, three tablespoonsful sugar, one cup sweet milk, two level teaspoonsful cream of tartar, one of soda, one and one-half cups flour, one-half cup meal. A quick oven. Beat the white and add last thing before putting in oven.

Mother's Corn Bread

Mix together two cupsful of corn meal, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking soda, one teaspoonful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of sweet milk, one-half cupful of molasses and sugar, and one well-beaten egg. Mix quickly, beat well, and bake at once in a rather hot oven.

Cream Johnny Cake

Two cups of corn meal, half a cup of wheat flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, one cup of sour cream and one cup of sour milk. Sift together the corn meal, wheat flour, salt and soda. Beat the eggs; add sour cream and sour milk and beat again. Stir the two mixtures together. Bake in a pan of such size as to have the mixture half an inch deep.

Poor Man's Pudding

Wash one-third cup of rice. Mix with four cups of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-third cup of sugar, and the grated rind of one-half lemon. Bake slowly three hours.

Chili Sauce No. 2

Twelve medium sized ripe tomatoes, 1 pepper finely chopped, 1 onion finely chopped, 2 cups vinegar, 3 tablespoonsful sugar, 1 tablespoonful salt, 2 teaspoonsful cloves, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons all-spice, 2 teaspoons grated nutmeg. Peel tomatoes and slice. Put in preserving kettle with remaining ingredients. Heat slowly and let simmer for 1 1/2 hours.



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Quaker Oats Bread

1 1/2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
1/2 cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in 1/2 cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

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

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

Quaker Oats Muffins

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

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

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A Page from W. H. M. Boys on Active Service

The publishers have pleasure in presenting to their readers the following interesting contributions by overseas soldiers who, in pre-war days, formed a portion of the staff that handles this magazine in the different stages of its production. Many of them have been for three years in the firing line, and they have not all escaped the scars of battle

Arras

By MAJOR E. E. ERB, Provost Marshal of the much besieged Town of Arras, formerly Supt. of Composing Room.

Of all the ruined towns and cities I have seen in France, Arras is the most interesting. All along the whole Somme front many towns and villages have entirely disappeared, even the brick and stone have been used for remaking and repairing roads. Albert, Peronne and Bapaume, now, of course, in German hands, are more or less in ruins. But Arras, dating back to 55 B.C., seems to me to have an interest all its own, especially for those who have lived in a newer country.

This is the sixth time in its history that Arras has suffered a terrible catastrophe succeeding a long period of prosperity. After each previous disaster Arras has risen again more fruitful and prosperous. The proverbial tenacity of the race from which its inhabitants spring and their attachment to their native soil, assure to the old city, to-day in ruins, a prompt and glorious regeneration. A rapid review of its local history will confirm us in this hope.

Arras at the Roman period was the most important town in the north of what is now France, and in the fourth century the fame of its cloths and linen material had reached even to Rome.

In the following century, in the year 406, an invasion of Vandals came from Germany, bringing ruin to a flourishing city, and the devastation of the country was so complete that the Bishop of St. Waast found a bear had made its lair on the site of the old cathedral in the ruins at the beginning of the sixth century. But under the benevolence of the Abbey, which guarded the tomb of St. Waast, Arras was rebuilt and its prosperity excited the covetousness of the Normans.

For the second time Arras was sacked about the year 890. Its inhabitants were dispersed, and the Monks of St. Waast themselves were forced to take refuge at Beauvais. In the following centuries Arras attained a great height of grandeur. It became the capital of the province of Artois and a centre of literature. Arras was also the city where the most celebrated and valuable tapestries were manufactured. In was the metropolis where peace was signed in 1435, putting an end to the wars between France and England. It was on the "Grande Place" of this town that the brilliant chevaliers had met to dispute for prizes at famous tournaments.

This shining prosperity was followed by a new catastrophe. Louis XI, of sinister memory, besieged Arras. He entered by a breach in the walls, and in the year 1479 pronounced the banishment of all the inhabitants. Arras was depopulated and its industries destroyed. Faithful to the traditions of their ancestors the Arrageois hastened back immediately after the death of the tyrant. Soon Arras had recovered its autonomy and got back its industrial prosperity. The superb Hotel de Ville was erected on the Petite Place, surmounted by the belfry, symbol of communal liberties and witnessing to the public prosperity at that period.

But then two sieges in 1640 and 1654 brought ruin and suffering into the town again. The trial this time was of short duration. The province of Artois became definitely French, although keeping a large and administrative independence. It was the lace industry and the spinning of linen which made the fortunes of the inhabitants.

The period of the Revolution (one of the worst of its many trials and which would make a story in itself), brought terror and mourning into hundreds of its decimated families. Two of the leaders of the revolution, Le Bon and Robespierre, were born in Arras.

In the course of the 19th century, agriculture and industry had taken in this region a marvellous impulse, bringing to the population affluence and the joy of living. Arras showed its prosperity by making long and magnificent Boulevards, created on the site of its ancient ramparts, and celebrating in its never-to-be-forgotten fetes, the hopes without limit which were permitted by the feelings of union and initiative with which all her citizens were animated.

The disaster which has now come to the town surpasses all previous calamities.

One incident which I think will go down in the history of Arras was the religious procession of the Franco-British on Sunday, June 10th, 1917, through the ruins of the city. This was a manifestation of faith in the Sacred Host; a cordial union between the civilians who remained to guard the town and the soldiers who defended it. For the first time since 1914 the procession of the Blessed Sacrament had come out into its streets.

The British left the damaged chapel about 6.30 p.m., at the entrance of which the first exposition took place. At the head came the Cross carried by a chaplain, vested in cassock and surplice, accompanied by soldiers carrying candles, then some hundreds of British officers and soldiers. These were preceded by thurifers also in uniform. The golden monstrance under a canopy of silver and its retinue of priests, followed by other soldiers carrying candles. There were numerous spectators on all the route who had come on hearing of the procession; officers and men belonging to other religious confessions. On a certain street they were four and five deep, grave and silent. Young girls threw flowers as the people passed.

The procession entered and went towards the second Altar of Repose. In a large courtyard under the shade of some large trees where a considerable number of French civilians and military were waiting behind Monsieur Rohard, the venerable Mayor of Arras, who has remained in the city since the war began. Some superior officers of the British army were also present, and many wounded soldiers on stretchers who desired to take part in this fete. Before the Altar were mixed harmoniously the colors of the two great allied nations, with M. le Canon Millequant, Dean of St. Nicolas, for the French, and the Chaplain of the Catholic Club for the British troops, who eloquently proclaimed the justice of our cause and the certainty of final victory.

In the sky the sound of planes was heard and towards the front only a few miles away the guns were thundering, and British music could be heard in the fields and camps, while the benediction of the God of Armies descended on the bowed heads.

But even this is now impossible. Arras is almost deserted, and since March of this year has gone through numerous bombardments.

It is not my intention to weary you with a description of the ruins of Arras, or to tell you of the demolished cathedral, churches and public buildings. Every reader must have been acquainted with these facts. I would, however, like to take a number of people I know in Canada through the city, get them in touch with its many tragedies, show them families buried in back yards as one by one they were killed since the war started; introduce them to old people who have never left the city, and who are now living in cellars beneath their demolished houses. I would venture to say that their feelings would be so stirred after viewing the result of over four years of war that they would shoulder that responsibility required of every one if we are to be victorious.

To my mind there can only be two opinions about this present struggle, those who hold with it and those who seem to be in opposition. Of the first, which includes those on both sides of the water, the Canadian people have just reason to be proud. The boys over here have come up to all expectations and they have made friends with and gained the admiration of, the soldiers from every part of the Empire. I can speak with knowledge of this because for some time I have worked with the British Army and found this opinion confirmed by all ranks. To those who are supplying them and backing them up on your side all praise is due and fully given.

I am at a loss when I want to speak of those who are doing nothing, and about whom the only conclusion to draw is that they are either "Pro-German or Pacifists." Can there be any hope for a man who, after four years of war, is still doing nothing? He deserves and should have no consideration. Many, perhaps, will not agree with me, but one does get queer ideas over here. Your profiteer, your agitator, your striker, your "Conchy" are all enemies of the worst kind. Intern them all or imprison them for life. Letters to those in France all request an answer to "When will this war end?" Is it fair to ask our boys that question when all their energies are put forth to finish it as quickly as possible? The answer to this question is, in the hands of those at home. Victory or defeat depends entirely upon what they are doing. It is not too late even now.

The example of the noble people of Arras which I have endeavored to picture for your readers should, I believe, strengthen the determination of every one to greater energy and "possibly" cause the shirker's conscience to worry him sufficiently so that even he will do his duty as a Canadian.

The Canadian Corps Sports

By PTE. E. L. CHICANOT, No. 2 Canadian Field Ambulance, France, and for many years a valued contributor to The Western Home Monthly.

The main celebration among the Canadian troops was at Corps Headquarters in France, when the Premier, the Corps Commander and leading representatives of the British and French armies were present. In this brief manner the English papers chronicle what is surely an event of Canadian history, when the alienated athletes of the Dominion came from the perils of the trenches to uphold their records, and troops from East to West of the Dominion, for one day in the year, assembled in one huge aggregation, in a insignificant little French town, to celebrate the birthday of the home they had come overseas to serve. It was an occasion peculiarly significant, optimism and certainty of future materialised. No one of us can ever forget it. In peace times it would have been a wondrous event. In the very maelstrom of war, in a very crisis of affairs, taking place within possible shell fire, the marvellous organization verged on the superhuman.

For this one day of days in the year there were no separations among Canadians. Brigades and divisions meant nothing. Every cardinal color flashed upon the eye from brigade and divisional shoulder tabs. Each keenly watched the arrival of new units, watching colors, determining badges. Friend met friend, comrade, comrade, brother, brother. On all sides were greetings and handshakings, merry laughter and inquiry. When had the other heard from home last? How were all the folks? And so launched into those talks of bygone days, which out here have no ending and can have no surfeit. You forgot there was a war. You couldn't think of it. Nothing was there to intimate it to you save the occasional throb of an engine overhead, as our ever-watchful guardians of the air patrolled beyond the field.

Units which were able to do so paraded to the ground en masse; others doing duty in the lines had perforce to be represented by part of their unit only, for after all the war was still going on; but represented each was. From an early hour troops continued to arrive at the ground, which was situated near a railway. Units within distance marched in light order headed by their band. For miles along the line held by Canadian troops two special trains were run, one either way, to the little French town, which for the day was to be Canadian soil. Each train must have measured half a mile or more in length and was composed of carriages and box cars, and drawn by twin engines. Units marched to the nearest station and then embarked. Every car and carriage was taxed to its utmost capacity. Enthusiastic travellers towards the end of the route, who could find no other accommodation, gladly journeyed on the tops of coaches and cars. Then, almost simultaneously, the trains arrived from either direction at their destination, and the huge khaki wave poured down the embankment towards the field.

Brigade and divisional sports had already been run off during the earlier summer months when opportunity offered, and everything was ready for the corps finals, save for a few running heats which took place during the morning. Marching units with their bands arrived at all hours, and the ground with its holiday appearance of white Y.M.C.A. tents and gaudy colored flags, became packed with one huge mass of drab khaki, in which it was difficult to thread one's way. Another color touch was added by the blue uniforms of several nurses in the grand stand who had travelled from neighboring C.C.S.'s.

And now the smoke of field kitchens threaded its way in many a column skywards, and men lined up with their mess tins; carrying under their arms tins of fruit and biscuits, purchased from the Y.M.C.A.'s, whose counters were never free all day long from waiting queues.

After dinner it was noised abroad that Canada's Premier, whom we knew was overseas, was to arrive with the Corps Commander, Sir A. Currie, and dense crowds packed the main gate and the piece of ground leading thereto. Within a roped-off square a guard of honor awaited, pulled up in battle order. Soon a stream of cars were seen speeding down the road towards the ground, and at the word of command the guard sprang to attention.

From the foremost cars emerged three figures, all so well known to Canadians, Mr. Borden, Sir A. Currie and the Duke of Connaught. The two former were expected by the waiting crowds, but the advent of Canada's old Governor General was a distinct surprise. Following in his train were several distinguished French and American officers. Whilst the battalion band played, his lordship inspected the guard of honor and then proceeded to the grand stand where nursing sisters and staff officers were presented. Then the sports' programme of the afternoon commenced.

The luxury of programmes had been entailed, and such was the beauty of the organization of the sports that every item took place to the dot at the time appointed. There was something doing from the beginning to the end of the afternoon and never a dull moment. Events were run competitively by divisions and each runner or team wore the color of the division. Points scored were credited to the division, and the rivalry was keen. In this respect it is perhaps interesting to note that the first division, whose nucleus is still formed from the original first contingent, easily took the lead in points. Every event common to a sports' day in Canada had its place in the programme, and considering the number of Canadian athletes now in France, become not only corps but Canadian champions.

The first division aggregated 101 points; the second and fourth tied with 58; corps troops scored 56, and the third division 43.

The first division included among their captures the indoor baseball, the three mile, the one mile, and the half mile.

The second division took first place in the 100 yards and 200 yards dash, the running high jump and the football game.

The baseball game went to the credit of the third division. The three-mile cross-country run to the fourth division, who also won the tennis championship.

The corps troops included in their victories, the 400 yards and the lacrosse game.

To be specially mentioned in the events of the afternoon was the performance of a Canadian aviator, who in a light scouting machine, flew for half an hour over the crowd, performing evolutions, swooping down upon those below and dropping flares and gaudy colored papers, and the playing of "O Canada" by the massed divisional bands, who each marched in on the quickstep, and grouped together before the grand stand, in one huge blast bursting into Canada's national song.

Among other interesting items was the march of the massed pipe bands of the first division, who, with kilts waving and flashing in the sun, marched round the whole course and past the grand stand to the swell of the pipes.

Throughout the afternoon clowns in every manner of dress mingled with the crowds, creating laughter and diversion wherever they went.

In an enclosure set apart a punching ball enthusiast was punching away at the ball for twelve hours. Methodically he went pounding away, never desisting for food or drink.

An enjoyable day came to an end by an open air performance of the first divisional concert party. Before the curtain lifted the Premier, who was enthusiastically received, made a short speech, and must have realized, standing there, how unprecedented was his position in the history of Canada's premiers. The first man of Canada to meet his country's sons en masse in a foreign land fighting for the Motherland they had left to save.

Slowly the crowds flocked from the grounds, as battalions marched away to the flare of drums and bands, and others climbed the embankments to the waiting trains. In the setting of the sun the trains pulled away, and men surfeited with a day's pleasure, in the hour of war, went back to line or camp.

As the ground faded away in the distance, there were two thoughts uppermost in my mind. "I wonder if Fritz ever had a day like this," and the other, "If Fritz had only known."

With the 11th Reserve Band

Contributed by BANDSMAN J. M. BELL, formerly of Composing Room Staff

Shakespeare says:

"A man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Let no such man be trusted."

THIS quotation may be a rather severe indictment of the unmusical, but I have reason to believe that should the above combination be disbanded, or sent to some other part of the country its loss would be a very real one to the troops in this particular area, as it is in perpetual demand by Imperial, Canadian and U.S. authorities alike, in addition to filling many outside engagements. We give a regular Sunday evening performance (assisted by the pipe band) in close proximity to the camp, and many of the villagers from the surrounding districts, as well as soldiers, seize the opportunity to attend. It is by means of such gatherings that the bonds of the Entente Cordiale are more firmly rivetted, especially so when a dimpled maid of Picardy invites conversation with a lusty soldier boy. The friendly relations which unite the Union Jack and Tricolor are sometimes very apparent. Our boys are only human, you know, and they are a long, long way from home. Can you wonder when an opportunity arises such as the above that they feel a glow of kindly affection ripple up their spine? Echo answers "No!" It would be rude of them indeed to spurn the little "coasting welcome" which might chance to come their way.

It is pretty hard luck, however, on the poor fellows who cannot converse in French, or whose knowledge of that language is confined to a few phrases of very bad French laboriously learned "Up the Line." They are not quite excluded from social intercourse with the demoiselles, but they feel that their facilities for coping with the situation are so meagre, so inadequate!

Thus one of our Seaforth Highlanders who held down a few French sentences, yearned to share his ideas with a certain young lady and her mother who were standing at the roadside admiring the pipers strutting by. The French, you must know, have developed a sixth sense, a faculty of appreciating the pipes. The ladies at this particular moment were remarking, with a wealth of gesture, on our sturdy drummer who was flourishing his sticks on high and smiting his instrument with mighty thuds. Although Joek was bent upon getting an interview he didn't want to queer himself by thrusting in too abruptly. He thought if he sidled up to the ladies they might be able to answer, "Je ne porte pas pantelettes." But as, strangely enough, the question did not pop he concluded that their curiosity must have been satisfied, perhaps visually during the passage of the pipers.

Evidently it was up to him to set the ball rolling, and such being the case he asked a friend nearby, "What shall I say to them?"

Say "Aimez-vous cette musique?" which means, "Do you like the pipes?"

"All right," replied the Highlander, and off he goes to the ladies. Addressing himself to the younger he asks: "Aimez-vous cette musique?"

"Oui, Monsieur, j'aimez-vous?"

"Non."

"Pourquoi?"

"Non bonne." (He fancies he is getting on wonderfully).

"Vous ne l'aimez pas?" glancing at his kilts in surprise.

"Non comprez," (timidly). Then turning to the mother for the first time

he says:

"Bon soir, mademoiselle." Ma is flattered. Then follows an embarrassing silence during which Joek's interest is apparently aroused by some curious phenomena up the street. An inspiration coming to him he resumes:

"Parlez-vous Anglais?"

"Non Monsieur."

"Non," in tones of surprise.

He feels now that he is getting into a rather bad tangle and doesn't know where the interchange of thoughts may lead him. His repertoire is becoming exhausted, but not quite, so coming back to it again he asks:

"Apres la guerre?"

At this the ladies look at each other in bewildered surprise, as if to enquire, "What on earth does he mean?" He tries to look intelligent and quite at his ease but it's no use. He must vamoose before he makes a complete idiot of himself, especially as several Tommies are gathering around, much interested. So he smiles a farewell and hurries to seek his linguistic friend again. Ah! there he is! Going up to him he says: "Say, Tom, you go and talk to them. They want to see you," after which he vanishes from view into the crowd.

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Flashes from "Over There"

By J. COLLINS, formerly of the Bindery Department

ONE often wonders what part of army life proves most interesting to the people at home, and for this reason I will try and tell my experiences from the time we left dear old Canada up until the present. Looking back the time over here seems to divide itself into phases, each with some distinguishing characteristic.

Leaving Winnipeg, all the excitement, the good-byes, the pulling out and the last glimpse of the dear familiar spot. The long train journey, relieved by short route marches at divisional points, glimpses of the more important towns, the inspection of troops by the Duke of Connaught at Montreal, and finally Halifax and the sea, upon which we could see the huge liners conveyed by the vicious looking cruisers. The voyage over proved monotonous until the last day, when our escort of "little wasps" met us. We thought them a joke, but I don't think the Hun does!

Then the bustle and hurry of Liverpool and the reception. Such a reception! After this, disembarkation and all aboard the toy train with its powerful pigmy engine, and then the camp. Strenuous weeks of training, a few short days leave to renew acquaintances and then—France!

Our first impression—the huge stores of the British Army; our next, the dirty cobble streets, and that hill! Then a comfortless ride in cattle trucks, but we didn't care—there was a war on! Then Ypres and the first shell. It missed, but there have been others that haven't. "Breaking in" came next with some kindly Imperials, and we were off. Soon the Somme. Mud! Mud!! Mud!!! Seventeen inch shells didn't help matters, nobody could ever find the way on the Somme. Vimy next with months of trench work, then the attack. The outstanding questions "what luck?" and "what losses?" When the excitement cleared away we held the ridge! Later on Hill 70 (famous for its warmth—Hun produced), but perhaps we produced even more warmth on Fritz's side, as his representatives assured us it was pretty hot. More trench work, and Passchendaele, the place where it rained steel. A five-day nightmare that left us bewildered and wondering if it could be real. Bombs, shells, gas, noise indescribable and then—rest!

Army life is wonderful, but, of course, like everything else, gets monotonous at times. The very orderliness of it gets tiresome, yet it could be done in no other way, and to this is due in a large measure our wonderful health and such comforts as we have. Speaking of comforts I want to express my thanks to those who have helped to relieve the monotony and discomfort so ably and well by the steady flow of tobacco, socks, cigarettes, and the dozen other things which to us over here are worth their weight in gold.

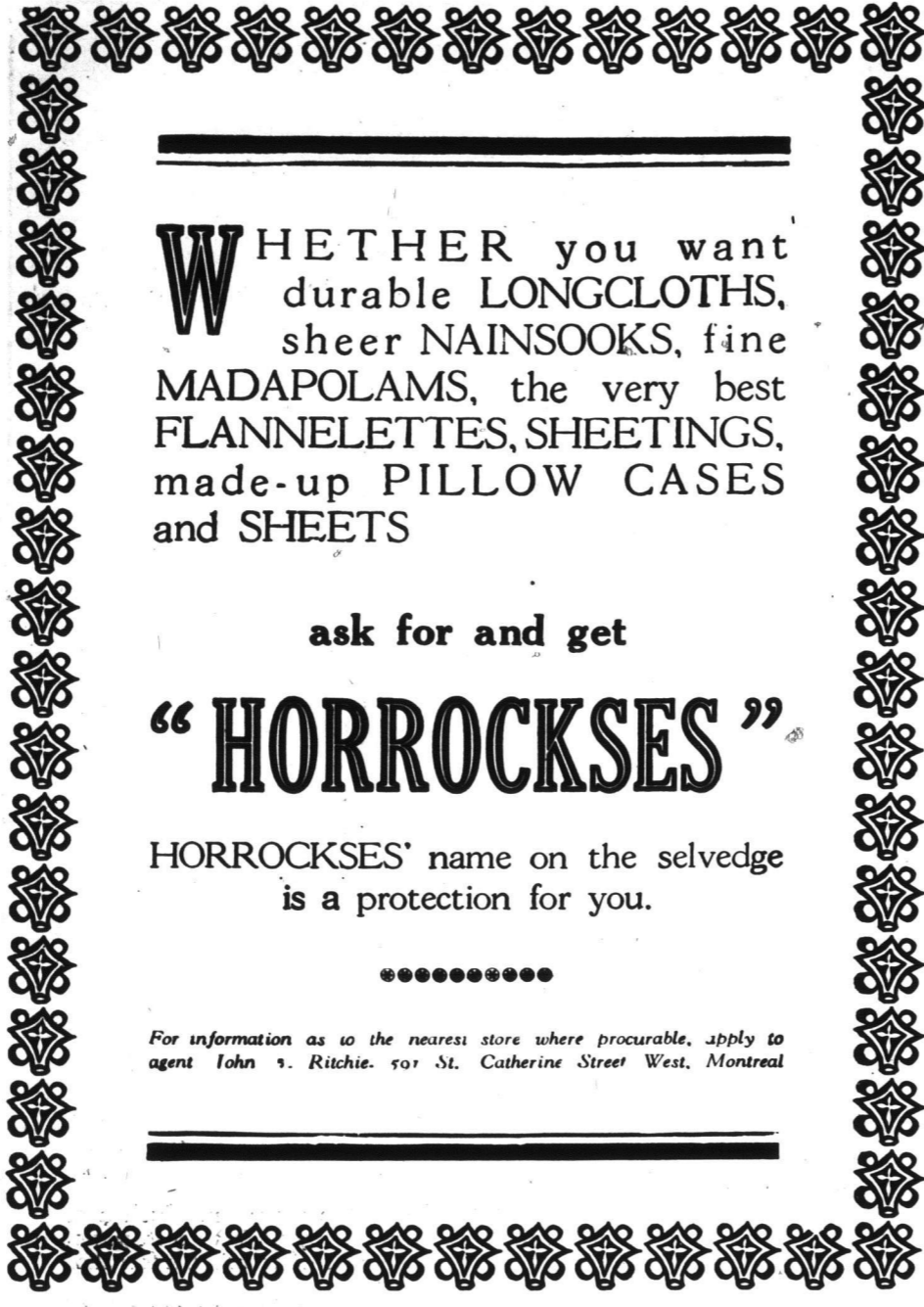
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A War Picture

By SIGNALLER STUART L. THOMPSON Engraving Department

AFTER all there are only two sets of people in the world—those who are interested in the war zone and those who are sick of it. The former live at home and the latter would like to. To one the war zone is a strange, weird world created within the past four years full of uncanny happenings and danger where men live and work day and night with but one great object and each man himself but one small piece of a great machine. To the other the war zone is an ordinary commonplace prosaic locality full of work that goes on day and night for seven days a week and bids fair to have no end. Nothing strange or visionary about it at all just stern reality.

As a matter of fact the war zone is a great wide country such as you might see in Eastern Canada but alas now sadly different. The wide rolling fields which should be full of ripening grain now nothing but vast, never-ending weed patches. On the hill-sides nothing but groups of twisted broken stumps remain, and saddest of all, the pretty little French villages which are now shattered and demolished—mute, helpless testimonies of the senseless ravages of war. Through all this, over the low hills, across the idle, wasted fields, and even through the sheltered woods, run the trenches, zig-zagging here and there, crossing and recrossing, on and on from the coast of the North Sea right down to Switzerland. This is a glimpse of the country where the Canadian in khaki has spent something over three years now. Here he lives and works, taking things in this strangely new world as they come and making the best of it. Bearing its hardships, its dangers, accepting conditions as they are and sharing its scanty pleasures. To him its all in the game. Grumble—why sure he grumbles, and roundly abuses the powers that be, but through it all he keeps on smiling, and deep down in his Canadian heart is the never-dying longing for the greatest day in his life yet to come when he and his comrades march down the streets of his old Canadian home town, and France's scarred fields and muddy trenches, the long night watchings and all this war of "weary toil" will be but a bygone memory.



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Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton
The Call of the Teacher

This is the teacher's month. The eyes of thousands of boys and girls look up to her for guidance and inspiration. She holds the key to our future citizenship. Her position is one of the most important among young women to-day. Several teachers have asked me this summer about changing their profession. My answer is always, "No. The children need your more than ever before. Each child must be enthused with a purpose in life." I have just finished reading the life of a man who was regarded as the most dangerous criminal in the State of New York. Some one asked him one day if he could remember any incident in his childhood tending to start him on his life of crime. He answered: "Yes, I can tell

you please and rattled off in one breath: 'Maine is bounded on the north by the Pacific ocean, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by New Jersey, and on the west by New York,' and all that teacher did was to yawn and say, 'Next, bound Connecticut.' From that minute I was the real teacher of that school. I had tasted my first sense of power, and I had discovered how half asleep most people are, and how easy it is to fool them! I was the leader of those twenty-four kids from that day—and I got the peppermint sticks, too." A few years later this lad became the leader of a gang of young crooks, most of whom were several years older than he. On the other hand, most of our teachers are splendid guides in moulding the minds of boys and girls.

Hon. R. S. Thornton, Minister of Education, in his address in the legislature last January, said: "Notwithstanding the strenuous times through which we are passing, perhaps because of these, the



British women have invaded and conquered another field of industry. Their latest accomplishment has been in the line of veterinaries. One is very likely to say when looking at the picture that their work is very dangerous, but what is that to the brave women of Britain, who are patriotically looking after the horses of the army. This photo shows the women administering "blue ball." This is the term employed when giving a horse a laxative

you of one, and when you're speaking on prison reform this story will illustrate how all these questions of education and child welfare and prison reform are inter-related. When I was seven years old I attended a little country school of about twenty-four pupils. The teacher was just a slip of a girl, scarcely out of her teens, and without any interest in her work. She was engaged to be married, and when she wasn't twirling her engagement ring and gazing into space, she was reading 'The Duchess!' I was a quick-witted kid. I never had to study very hard to get my lessons, and I had sized up that teacher. She got on my nerves. I never could stand stupidity in anything—much less in a woman—so one day when we were all out for recess, I called a bunch of kids over in a corner of the yard and said: 'I'll bet you a round of peppermint sticks that I can give teacher a wrong answer in geography and get away with it.' They took me up and dared me, and when the class was called, teacher, with that far-away look in her eyes asked me to bound the State of Maine. I stood up as cool as

people generally are realizing more than ever the importance of education. It is far to say that not only in the special work directly managed from the Department, but in the general activities throughout the province, this has been the most progressive year educationally in the history of the province. It is well that we should appreciate properly the work of the teacher not only in the development of the talents and characters of individuals, but in the work of moulding and directing national tendencies, ideals and characteristics. "The conflict in the great world war is a conflict between opposing ideas and ideals. When in 1870 Germany started out on her quest for world domination, one of her first tasks was to educate the minds of her people in that direction. During the years since that date in home and playground, in kindergarten and elementary school, in high school and university, the doctrine has been continually taught—Germany above everything. 'The Day' came when Germany found herself fully equipped with trained soldiers, re-

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...serves of munitions and food and all the requisites of war. The spirit of the people was prepared and they marched forth to dominate and subdue. It is that spirit which the rest of the world is fighting against to-day.

...Over there in France in the area from which the Germans have been driven back, the people are rehabilitating their ruined homes. They have sown the grass and planted the flowers on the resting places of the brave men who have died for them, and in their ruined villages away up near the front lines, almost within sound of the roar of the guns, they have opened their schools so that they might preserve in the minds of their children the spirit of France.

...In the city of Rheims during these years of war, the schools have been kept going in the cellars of the city, and the work of education has been carried on in the midst of accumulating ruins and under the constant threat of German guns. Sometimes the schools have been hit by the German shells, but no child or teacher has been hurt. The teachers were specially mentioned in a government order of the day, and the head teacher received the high distinction of the Legion of Honour. That is their estimate of the value of education to the nation. What would it avail to have sacrificed so many lives and so much treasure to preserve the spirit of France if that spirit be lost through failure to nurture the seeds thereof in the minds of the children.

...So we in Canada have to foster the spirit of Canada, that spirit which we inherited from the motherland to be moulded and developed here. The task which takes our teachers to their work is the same in essence, although manifested in different ways, as that which takes our lads across the sea to fight for our liberties. The one is the call to nurture and develop, the other to preserve and protect the life and the spirit of Canada.

The above quotation from the address of Hon. R. S. Thornton expresses most truthfully the call of the teacher.

What Did You Do?

Living the truth creates a freshness of soul and facial fascination that defies the years.

Truth and kindness are all the law that one requires. The beginning of bigness is absolute sincerity—living the truth—and kindness.

"Did you give her a lift? She's a sister of man, And bearing about all the burden she can. Did you give her a smile? She was down-cast and blue, And the smile would have helped her to battle it through.

"Did you give her your hand? She was slipping down-hill, And the world, so she fancied, was using her ill; Did you give her a word? Did you show her the road? Or did you just let her go on with her load?

"Do you know what it means to be losing the fight, When a lift just in time might set everything right? Do you know what it means—just the clasp of a hand— When a girl's borne about all a girl ought to stand?

"Did you ask what it was; why the quivering lip; Why, the half-suppressed sob and the scalding tears? Were you a sister to her when the time came of need? Did you offer to help her, or didn't you heed?"

Stabilizing Industry

A great deal remains undone in showing careless girls how they may help their country by working steadily and by spending sensibly; in helping lonely girls to find good friends, and amusements, and to be happy in new places. These things are called "stabilizing industry." They are of great and increasing importance. Are our women interested in how girls may be organized for work and recreation? The committee on health and recreation in one city called an all-day conference of all organizations for girls in the city. They expressed the need of closer co-ordination between girls' work of every sort and the industrial situation;

also the need of pushing vigorous, constructive organization.

The following societies then described the exact nature of their work, so that their particular contribution could be estimated in any plan for co-operation:

Young Women's Christian Association, Young Women's Hebrew Association, Girls' Patriotic League, National War Savings Committee, Girls' Friendly Society, Camp Fire Girls, Girl Scouts, Social Workers' Club, Junior Red Cross, Junior Food Army, War Camp Community Service and the Commission on Training Camp Activities, of the War Department.

It was seen that almost every sort of need of every sort of girl was touched by some society, but that much more work of each kind was necessary.

The Strength of Loyalty

What is becoming of the business girl with a true sense of duty to her employer?

"I'll get all I can out of him. He must give me a raise or I'll go elsewhere. It's easy to-day to find a position," is a statement too common. I actually know of a girl in her teens who never went farther than the seventh grade in school, who recently asked her employer for seventy-five dollars a month, threatening to leave if he did not grant it. And she got it.

Now this girl cannot earn that salary. The employer is watching his help. He knows who is loyal to the business, and some day in the not very distant future the tide will turn and the really efficient girl, the loyal young woman who really has her work at heart, shall have the permanent promotion—while the other will wear out her fifteen-dollar pair of boots in search of work.

The best way to make sure of tomorrow's strength is to put our whole strength into the task of to-day.

The bigger the thing you are working for, the longer it is likely to be before you see results. In Ceylon the bamboo grows at the rate of a half-inch an hour in the rainy season. We have seen squash vines grow fast in twenty-four hours. But neither the bamboo nor the squash counts for much in comparison with the slow-growing oak. It is substantial strength that counts in the end.

Loyalty means strength. Instead of looking for more ease, why not try to possess more energy, more industry, more ambition?

Now that men have taken up knitting, why do the men not carry those big flowery knitting bags with them? They would come in handy when you are taking your soiled stuff to the laundry or when you are packing home a dozen bottles of coco-cola.



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The Philosopher

What Will Win in the End?

The free people of the world have something stronger to rely upon than the carefully-cultivated and loudly-vaunted German "will to conquer," which the masters of the human herds in Germany value as a "psychological asset" of such tremendous importance. The exponents of Kultur have proclaimed that victory will go ultimately to those who have the strongest determination. But in their inculcation of Kultur upon the docile minds of the German people for the past forty years and more, they have constantly dwelt on the assertion that war would be to Germany's advantage, as it was in Bismarck's time. With the foundation of that dogma of Kultur destroyed, what will become of the blind confidence of the German people in their masters, based on that dogma? The free people, on the contrary, base their confidence on the knowledge that they are fighting for the right, that their cause is just. They are not fighting to make despotic military might master of the world, but to make freedom and justice prevail. Their convictions and the confidence inspired by them create a determination greater than Teutonic "will to conquer."

Peace Offensives

From now on the world will undoubtedly hear more of German peace offensives. German williness will work more desperately than ever before to endeavor, by underhand means, to weaken the morale of the Allies, to undermine, if possible, their trust and confidence in one another, and to prevent, if possible, the preservation of a united front against "a German peace." Already warnings have come from those in a position to form an accurate conjecture of the German plottings and plans that eventually Germany will offer a complete surrender in the west for a free hand in the east, as a last resort, with a view to securing a foundation for the building up of future Germany military might. When that offer is made, it will be accompanied by a propaganda for stirring up pacifist sentiment all the world over, and many sincere people will be moved to the depths of their souls by the desire to accept Germany's offer to end the war. Lord Lansdowne, we may be sure, will hasten to write a weighty letter to the London Times in advocacy of its acceptance. But if it were to be accepted, it would lay the foundation of a future war just as surely as the Treaty of Frankfurt, which ended the war between Prussia and France, laid the foundation of the present war.

Relations After the War

Without entering at all upon the discussion of the proposals which are being formulated for the government of international trade relations after the war, it is to be noted that there has arisen a greater barrier to trade with Germany than could be erected by any formal understanding among the Allied peoples. The seamen of the British mercantile marine, who are strongly unionized, have entered into a solemn league and covenant not to work on any ships after the war which engage in traffic with Germany. Thousands of British merchant sailors have been made the victims of Hun savagery on the high seas; incidents almost beyond number of the barbarity of German submarine commanders and their crews and of other Germans in uniform, in dealing with British sailors, are burned deep into the mind of all the free peoples, and are indelibly impressed upon the hearts of the men of the British merchant fleet. In the event of finding it necessary to take action at some future time in fulfillment of their present solemn pledges, the seamen's organization would unquestionably have behind it the support of all patriotic Britishers. The returned soldiers would in themselves be sufficient support for the seamen to carry their point, while any shipping company attempting to carry on trade with Germany would find itself in a decidedly unpleasant predicament. What the British sailors have sworn, many other individual workers have likewise sworn. The idea is one that has gained great headway in France.

War Conditions in Germany

One of the most enlightening accounts of war conditions in Germany which The Philosopher has read, for all that it extends no later than the date of the entry of the United States into the war a year ago last April, is the account written by Mrs. Gherardi, wife of the naval attaché of the United States embassy, of her life in Berlin and of what she saw in that city and elsewhere in Germany between the beginning of the war and the day of the departure of her husband and herself with Ambassador Gerard. She tells of the progressive scarcity of food, and describes how expectant mothers and mothers, after their children were born and very young children, were by law allowed a specified amount of milk, none being sold to others, but delivery of this milk to the mothers was prohibited by law—they had to go and

stand, many of them with children in their arms, at the places of delivery, usually street corners. "I have seen out of my windows lines of women, many of them not in a condition to be about at all, standing knee-deep in the snow, waiting for their milk." Mrs. Gherardi writes that Germany may go on for a long time yet, but is growing weaker with every day that passes. The boys who were fourteen and even only thirteen, at the beginning of the war, and many even younger still, are now being driven to the front; they have not had proper care of any sort during these years. The German people are being bidden by their rulers to look at the map to see how splendidly the German armies are doing, but food is becoming scarcer all the time, and not food alone, but other necessities. "The upper classes," writes Mrs. Gherardi, "who know what Germany's resources are, realize that there is a limit to the length of time Germany can hold out. Exhaustion will make them stop, in time. How soon this will be cannot be predicted, and exactly where or how the exhaustion will manifest itself is not possible to know. It may be materials for ammunition or clothing or food, we know not what; perhaps something that we don't even suspect. They must obtain from abroad many things that they need and don't produce, and I believe that they know how long they can hold out, even if we do not." And Mrs. Gherardi might have added that when Germany is on the eve of collapse, the talk from Berlin will be loudest. Of this we may be sure. Never until the last instant will the rulers of Germany give up the hope of securing "a German peace," if not in one way, then in another.

The Call to Service

"The only politics for all civilization until the war is won is the winning of the war. I don't want to talk politics. I want to talk war!" Such was the reply made by Dr. H. S. Beland, former Postmaster-General of Canada, when he was asked a question by a newspaper reviewer concerning his prospective place in politics in this country, on his arrival across the Atlantic, after a year of war service and more than three years in a German prison. He was in Belgium when the scourge of Hohenzollernism was let loose, and stayed to do his duty as a doctor, until the Germans made a prisoner of him. A few months ago he was released in exchange for a brother of ex-Chancellor von Buelow, who was a prisoner in England. He told his interviewers at New York, in burning words, that he had room in his mind and soul for only one purpose—"the winning of the war, in such a way that never will our children, or our children's children have to endure such suffering and sacrifice." Going straight to his native Province of Quebec, he has devoted himself to making war appeals to his compatriots, telling them "how proud you have reason to be, if you have sons, or other relatives, fighting for the cause of righteousness, humanity and justice against German barbarity." This is leadership of the right kind. Dr. Beland is a Canadian of whom every Canadian may be justly proud.

The League of Nations

The proposal of a League of Nations to make world peace secure after this war, which has been put forward by President Wilson, as the only foundation upon which the war be rightly ended, necessarily means, of course, that the Allies cannot cease fighting until the German people have learned by defeat that the doctrines of Kultur are false and a pirate nation, which will not live within the law, cannot be tolerated by the civilized world, and cannot hope, by military might, to dominate the world. This fundamental principle has the devoted assent of all the free nations now leagued together in fighting German militarism to a finish. A document of convincing earnestness and strength of reasoning has been put forth by Viscount Grey in support of this proposal of President Wilson. It is noteworthy that even in Austria there are evidences of support of this idea of a League of Nations, though such support is veiled. Viscount Grey, in writing of this Austrian sentiment, says that though secret, it is probably genuine, as the Austrians with any foresight desire to have their country's future safeguarded, not only against its present enemies, but against Prussian domination. The essence of the proposal of a League of Nations is that stronger nations must forego any attempt to make their interests prevail against the weaker by force, and none must resort to force before all other methods of settlement by conference, conciliation and, if need be, by arbitration, have been resorted to. These are the limitations to which the nations must bind themselves. The obligation is that if any nation breaks the agreement which will be the basis of the League and rejecting all peaceful methods of settlement, resorts to force against another nation, all the others must use their combined force against the nation so violating the covenant. Nothing short of this can make peace secure in the world.

A Conflict of Racial Ideas

Nothing is more striking in the world to-day than the contrast between the Teutonic peoples and the peoples who are fighting together, shoulder to shoulder, in defence of freedom and democracy. These two divisions of the human race have different conceptions of what is meant by right and wrong and human self-respect. The people who are fighting for freedom hold that life would not be worth living if it had to be lived in slavish submission to absolute authority; but the Germans, on the contrary, have seldom in the past fought for freedom, and certainly have never brought freedom to other peoples, as Great Britain has done. When the two greatest German poets, Goethe and Schiller, who lived a century ago, sought to implant in their countrymen a lofty ideal of liberty, they were obliged to seek their inspiration in the French heroine, Joan of Arc, and the Swiss hero, William Tell. History testifies, and will ever testify, that Great Britain is the mother of political liberty, and the United States the cradle of political quality, while France has shown the lead in realizing the principle of fraternity. Bismarck was fond of sneering against the French as effeminate. The present German Emperor, imitating Bismarck, said publicly at the beginning of the war, that the French were a degenerate people. He knows better, and every other living German knows better, now about the French people—as they know better also about the British people, the Canadian people, and all the other peoples who are fighting side by side, in a brotherhood to the death, sworn not to stop fighting until they have beaten down the German menace to freedom and democracy and the advance of civilization.

German Docility

Among the recent additions to the already great accumulation of evidence in regard to the extraordinary docility, almost amounting to absolute slavishness, of the masses of the German people, are the secret instructions given not many months ago by the Berlin censorship, to the newspapers of Germany. These instructions have come to the knowledge of the world outside Germany, and truly enlightening they are in regard to the German mind. Among these instructions stress is laid upon the fact that the facts in regard to the participation of the United States in the war were not to be published except very gradually, and with an accompaniment of editorial explanation and comment minimizing them and enlarging upon the difficulties in the way of the United States taking any really effective part in the war. Even more striking were the instructions to the German newspapers telling them the falsehoods they were to print about Russia, instead of the truth. Falsehood, instead of the truth, was likewise to be printed about the progress of the campaign against Italy. In a word, the instructions were a striking specimen of the working of the system by which the German Government permits the German people to know only what it wants them to know, and provides for their thinking only what it wants them to think.

British Agricultural Production

Among the amazing efforts made by the people of Great Britain in the war, a high place must be given to their achievement in increased agricultural production. From official statistics it is learned that, excluding holdings of less than an acre, and small allotments and gardens which are substantially contributing this year to the home-grown food supply, the total area of wheat and potatoes in England and Wales for this year's harvest is 8,302,000 acres, an increase of 2,042,000 acres over 1916. It is estimated that an addition of not less than 2,500,000 acres to the tillage area of England and Wales has been made since that year. The increased acreage in Scotland and Ireland brings the total increase of tillage in the United Kingdom to well over 4,000,000 acres for this year. These are prodigious figures, and after studying them, it is not surprising to discover that the acreage in the United Kingdom now under wheat, barley and oats is the greatest ever recorded in the history of British agriculture. Coupled with the increased economy in consumption, this enormous increase of production of food gives Great Britain an invaluable economic advantage, which has an immense importance towards the winning of the war. The net saving in shipping which will be effected by the increased production of wheat and potatoes in England and Wales alone will amount in the next twelve months, it is calculated, to 1,500,000 tons. Truly the agricultural workers of Great Britain have performed something like a miracle, for in the achieving of this wide cultivation of land, it must be remembered, they have overcome extraordinary difficulties. There are 200,000 fewer male laborers on the land in England and Wales to-day than in the year before the war—and this after taking into account the military labor and the labor of prisoners of war.

To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

A National Congress on Canadian Education

I think no one will take it amiss of me if I devote this page this month to the project of a great national conference on education, which has been launched from Winnipeg. That the proposal is no mere flash in the pan is shown by the fact that the plan has now been before its promoters for about eighteen months. No attempt is being made to hurry the matter. If the conference is to be carried through on the national lines in which it is being conceived, the way must be prepared for it, not only with enthusiasm, but with care.

The Provincial Organization of Canadian Education

As everybody in Canada knows, under our constitution education has been remitted to the provinces. Each province of the Dominion has its own Minister of Education, or at any rate its own department of education. It is no part of the wish or idea of the originators of the present movement for a great national conference on education, to interfere in the slightest degree with the provincial direction and administration of education.

A National Spirit in Canadian Education the Objective

But there is all the more reason why we should strive to make the spirit of our schools national. Perhaps the word "national" as here used may excite the fears of some. Suffice it to say that the word here has no reference to a Canada separated from Great Britain. We are simply thinking of a Canada, energized within her own borders by a common spirit and aspiration. It is one thing for the individual teacher, or room, or school to do a good thing, as it were in a corner, not knowing what judgment will be passed upon it, or indeed whether any will be passed. It is another thing for teacher, room, or school to know that in doing certain things they are fulfilling the spirit that the nation has somewhat explicitly declared it wishes to see become the spirit of Canadian education in general. Nor is there any danger of deadening standardization here. To animate Canadian education with a great collective spirit is not to jeopardize either its freedom or its variety. Spirit is one thing; machinery is another. Impose a uniform machinery, and you may easily create a tyranny—the tyranny of bureaucracy, or the tyranny of centralisation. Animate by a great spirit, and you provide precisely the condition for freedom and diversity.

A Conference on Education Before the Eyes of the Nation

Education is the capital concern for every people. In the long run it will be found that the greatness or the pettiness of a people, its competence or its ineptitude, its sterility or its productivity, turns on the conception it has entertained with respect to education. The processes of national education stand in need of constant refreshment. There is hardly anything that dries out more quickly than educational methods unless they are vitalised by contact with the people and the people's needs, by the contribution of fresh minds, and by the constant effort to effect adjustment in the light of new problems and necessities. On the other hand, rightly regarded, education is the most fascinating because the most potential, of processes. There is simply no limit to the possibilities of the schools. What a thing it is they hold in their keeping! The limitless potentialities of the citizens of the future at their most impressionable moment. Subject those children to false standards and perverted conceptions, and they, like Germany's children of thirty years ago, may come to make their country strew the world with wreckage. Deal with them in a pedantic, routine spirit that herds them in a mass, regardless of the play of personality and individual capacity, and you condemn your nation to stolid mediocrity. Make the necessary expenditure of money and thought to the end that cognizance may be taken of individual bent and talent, and you open up a halcyon period for your people when it will place to its credit the achievements and productions that alone distinguish nations. In order to get the people of Canada properly seized of the importance of education, that better things could be done than to hold a great citizens' conference on education in its national bearings and its national possibilities. We should open a new era in Canadian education. Not because the old is bad, but because to keep a good thing good, you must forever be trying to make it better. At any rate, we must have a better system of education in Canada in the future if we are to continue to produce as good results as we have hitherto produced. Canada is being denuded of much of her best human material. Seven million people cannot lose by death say 50,000 of the flower of its youth—to say nothing of the larger number maimed or otherwise lessened in vitality or efficiency—without suffering tremendously; unless indeed an intensified

and accelerated policy of education discover the secret of a new evocation of ability. And so, we say, apprise the whole people of the capital importance of education by holding a great national conference that will launch us on a new epoch.

A Citizens' Demand Upon Our Educational System

This conference should be conceived as a conference of citizens. Professional schoolmen should be there, and there in large numbers. They should figure notably on the programme, but the point will be in an important sense missed if we do not emphasize the fact that this meeting is primarily to disclose what the country wants its educational systems to do for the nation. Professional schoolmen have nothing to fear in this. They stand to gain enormously the more direct the contact of citizens with the educational systems becomes. The moment the national importance of education is rightly realized, the teacher becomes the decisive figure of the situation. It is not an alert, but a drowsy public, that the school teacher needs to dread.

A Vibrant Idealism

The schools of Canada should be permeated with a vibrant idealism. That idealism is leapingly eager to localize and express itself. Canadian soldiers have comforted themselves as they have in France and Flanders, because the youth of Canada are full of energy which they are ready to devote to the cause of the nation, and which they are ready to express in national terms. Hurry up, or you'll be a dead man before many minutes," one Canadian soldier is reported to have said to another at Paardeberg. "If I die it may help to make this live," came back the answer as the man pointed to a maple leaf emblem which he wore on his person. Let no one say this is theatrical, and could not have happened. A great many things, spoken under the influence of genuine feeling, sound theatrical when told coolly afterward. The real will of Canada is to live in time of peace, as our soldiers have lived in this war. But the way must be pointed, advice must be secured, common counsel must be held, so that the organism may be called into existence that will serve as a vehicle for the idealism that is undoubtedly available—available for the purposes of peace, as it is now available for the purposes of war.

Women Can Help

In making our education what it ought to be, women can make a great contribution. No possibility, henceforth, of leaving women out of any really national movement. Half our citizens are henceforth women, and this movement for educational reform is to be a citizens' movement. Half at least of the pupils are always girls, and the denuding of our male population by the losses of the war will make the training of our girls of increased national importance. An overwhelming proportion of our teachers are women, though that proportion should be sensibly reduced if we are to make our educational processes sound. Even if the facts were not as here stated, at any rate women are eminently fitted to take a prominent part in the shaping of educational policy. Men are apt to stress property; women stress life and character. The woman is the chief formative influence of the home. Why should her influence not continue when the child emerges from the home into the school? Furthermore, spirit is almost everything in education. Education without idealism is a mockery; and women on the whole outgo men in idealism. Finally, on the ground of downright ability, women have a great contribution to make with respect to educational methods and policy.

The French-Canadians Can Help

We purpose endeavoring to secure the co-operation of the French of Canada in this national undertaking. The time has more than come to make the warmest overtures to our French-Canadian compatriots. They cannot be left out of any great national scheme, and education, it cannot be said too often, is our most vital national concern. The wisest French-Canadian leaders are anxious to see the two races co-operate in a national way. The go-and-come between Quebec and the rest of Canada must be increased. We have a great deal to learn from them. There is nothing in this scheme that will endanger anything they hold dear. That, it will be our business to make clear to them. There is all possible room for diversity of details in a programme of education that will yet be national, that is nation-wide, in its spirit, its aspiration, its grand objective. What is this grand objective, in a word? Answer, a citizenship competent and morally right-minded and sound.

Canadians of Foreign Extraction Can Help

We intend to appeal to our foreign compatriots to help in this undertaking. We have hitherto left them too much to themselves. Let us go to them and say:

Examine your traditions, your culture, your history; your literature, with a view to finding out the best things that you have to give us. Take an example. Suppose we had readers that were crowded with the best things in the literatures of all the peoples represented in Canada. I am not thinking of those countries that are now our enemies. Leave them out, if you will. I am speaking broadly. Take Poland as a mere specimen. Has she nothing to teach us? Take the Hebrew race, which is destined, by its keen intellectuality and spirituality, to bulk big in the history of Canada. Suppose on one page you had a great incident from the life of the Saxon Alfred. Suppose it were followed by a passage dealing with Sobieski or Kosciusko or Kossuth. I am not worrying over the question whether or not my instances are appropriate. I am simply illustrating my point. Would there not inevitably grow up in the mind of the Canadian pupil a catholicity of taste, a cosmopolitanism of outlook which is indispensable and desirable on the part of the citizen of a composite country? Let the great deeds, the noble aspirations of every country swarm on the pages of our readers. Thus will be generated an emulation in nobility, a veritable strife of magnanimity that will be the mother of great Canadian achievement. The best and most forward-looking of our compatriots of foreign extraction are ready to receive such overtures. Let us tap their idealism, their chivalry, their idealism in the interests of Canadian nationality. Many of them surpass ourselves in their idealism. Their hard national histories have driven them perforce to find their consolation in the worship of ideas and ideals. They have a great contribution to make to our composite nationality.

Checking Divisiveness

A Canadian educational system energized by a great common spirit will accomplish much in checking the divisiveness that is apt to develop in a country of large territorial extent. Here, with the space at my disposal, I can signalize in only the briefest way some of these tendencies. The West and the East are apt to develop divergent policies. Common ground of mutuality should be found for capital and labor: a successful national future will hinge on co-operation. The wall between French and English Canadian must be broken down in the mutual interest. Cordiality of spirit must be developed between the native born and citizens of foreign extraction. City and rural education should be differentiated sufficiently to meet the needs of both types of population. The programme envisaged by the Winnipeg committee may easily if it succeeds become part of a great plan for a national solidarity that will yet safe guard all the claims of individuality and diversity. The era after the war, may, if we are wise, be made the most promising in our national history.

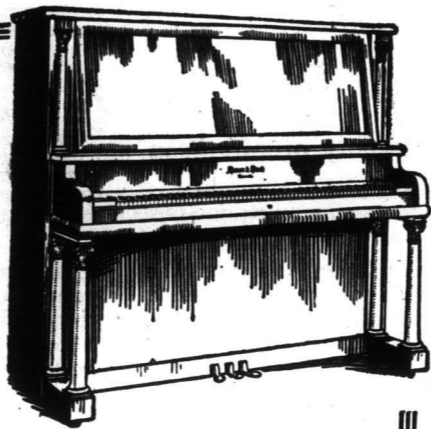
Looking to Canada

Since the United States entered the war, much attention has been given in that country to the question of re-education of returned soldiers whose injuries have unfitted them for pursuing their previous activities or others which do not require special training. It is of interest to know that trained investigators in the United States who have been studying this problem have come to the conclusion that Canada stands second to none of the Allies in the progress that has been made in this respect. Mr. Thomas Gregory, in an article in *The World's Work*, which sums up in a lengthy review the systems of re-educations in the various nations, declares: "Canada has come nearer to working out a complete and unified scheme for the care of the war cripple than has any of the other countries engaged in fighting Germany. Racially, temperamentally, geographically and economically Canada is more like the United States than any other belligerent. Canada's conclusions as to the war cripple, therefore, should be the best lamp-posts for our guidance."

Women and the State

There is no truth more urgent than that "the whole power of the nation must be consecrated to the task of helping to win the war." Women have worked, and are working, in accordance with this truth, with devotion and with effectiveness of service which will make one of the most inspiring chapters in all history. Their devotion has increased unfalteringly, as the pressure of the war needs has grown greater. To-day women are being relied upon for service of inestimable value, from that of the nurse, whose quiet heroism lights the way of death in the lands torn and rent by the war, to the even more difficult heroism of the mother or wife, who gives what is dearer to her than life that freedom may live. To-day the state is turning more and more to seek the aid of women in every field of effort. They have given convincing proof of their fitness for citizenship.

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Wonderful Concrete Steamship Proves Success on Maiden Trip

By Francis J. Dickie

THE latest marvel of man's invention, the concrete steamship *Faith*, docked at Vancouver, British Columbia, the first week in June from her home port, San Francisco. How our forefathers would have stared at such a thing as a stone ship ploughing the waters of the deep. But so accustomed to marvels have people become that to the thousands of them who saw this ship in San Francisco, Tacoma, Seattle and Vancouver, there came hardly a thrill, for man's ingenuity is so great that no longer are we surprised at anything the inventor may produce.

But the *Faith* is a triumph; the first great ocean-going steamship of concrete in the history of the world. She left San Francisco on May 22nd on her maiden and trial trip, which ended at Vancouver on June 2nd. The trial was a severe one. The boat was loaded with a rough cargo of ore and salt, and on her run up the coast she encountered a very fierce storm, which she weathered as easily as did every ship of steel or wood. The journey was watched with mingled hope and anxiety by many men high in the shipping councils of the Allies, for upon the *Faith* proving successful much depended. If great ships of concrete proved seaworthy, it meant a great step toward solving the desperate

enormous importance to the Allies at this time, for it is proof of the ability of great concrete sea-going vessels to take the place of ships of steel and wood. Through such ships may lie the answer to the shipping problem the Allies now face, for concrete vessels can be built much more speedily and easily than either those of steel or wood. The concrete boats as yet require about forty per cent of the amount of steel used in the construction of an ordinary steel vessel; but this amount the builders hope to cut down in later ships. Also, the steel used is rod steel, not plate, so no demand is made upon the plate rolling mills, the product from which is so in demand for war purposes at present. With an unlimited supply of concrete easily obtainable, the shipyards on the North American continent may be able to build such boats so rapidly as to relieve the ship shortage now prevailing on account of the submarine depredations. Aside from the war phase, the fact that an Allied nation, the United States, was the first to produce a ship of this new and strange pattern is a triumph American shipping may well be proud of. The boat is shown here tied up at the Vancouver dock early in June, after the completion of her first history-making trip, a momentous one, which



ship shortage the Allies are now facing. On board the vessel were three United States government experts, Messrs. McMillan, Leeffer and Brush, who tested the ship thoroughly, and immediately upon her docking at Vancouver, left for Washington to report. Evidently the boat is a success for following her docking, the president of the San Francisco Shipbuilding Company, which built the *Faith*, announced that construction would be begun immediately upon eight other similar vessels, only the later ones would be fifty per cent larger or of 7,500 tons register. The boats will be built at Redwood City, California.

The *Faith*, the first of her kind, and a history making ship, is of 5,000 tons dead weight capacity, 336 feet long, with a 44.5-foot beam. She is the greatest and the first ocean going steamer of concrete ever successfully to make a voyage in cargo. The *Faith* looks very much like a boat of steel or wood, save that the board molds still show upon her concrete sides, as she was completed hurriedly for this most important trial trip. She is equipped with electrical steering gear of latest model. Her decks are planked above the concrete, and part of the superstructure is of wood. Also, around the forward hawse hole are plates of steel to protect the concrete from the anchor flukes, and strip of steel runs down the prow. Outside of this she is made of ordinary common garden variety of every day concrete, and 500 tons of steel rods.

The *Faith's* successful voyage is of

was watched anxiously by the men of Allied shipping boards, and which resulted so satisfactorily.

Warming the Flat Iron

When the thermometer dropped far below zero last December good Mrs. Rogers was much disturbed at the recollection that Huldah, the new kitchen maid, slept in an unheated room.

"Huldah," she said, remembering the good old custom of her own girlhood, "it's going to be pretty cold to-night. I think you had better take a flat iron to bed with you."

"Yes, ma'am," said Huldah, in mild and expressionless assent.

Mrs. Rogers slept soundly and free from care, secure in the belief that the maid was comfortable. In the morning she again visited the kitchen.

"Well, Huldah," she said, "how did you get along with the flat-iron?"

Huldah breathed a deep sigh of recollection.

"Well, ma'am," she said, "I got it most warm before morning."

The Lessons of War

"So you're saving up to buy an air-ship? You're quite an ambitious little boy."

"Yes, sir, I wants to fly over Jimmie Mack's yard and drop bricks on him."

Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

However many quiet hours my readers may have had this past month, very few have fallen to my lot, as it has been one mad chase over the country to look into the condition of the crops. My warmest sympathy goes out to the men and women of those districts where the crop is almost a total loss. The year has been a very trying one, and the fine promise of one day has been a total wreck the next. The West has had years good and years bad, but never, in my time at least, and that runs back to 1882, has there been so large an area of loss excepting the year 1888, when even the government gave up the attempt to keep a record, the loss was so serious.

Nothing has astonished me more than the cheerfulness of many of the people whose crop is a total failure. In nearly every case they seemed to regret the failure more on account of the needs of the Empire than because of their own individual loss. The attitude is almost totally different to that of 1914. The war has taught us all, that property losses hard as they are to bear, are not the worst losses.

There lies before us in the West a winter of stern self denial, if this country is to do its share in the food supply for the war, and those districts where wheat and grains of all kinds are plentiful must not for one moment give way to the idea that it is their's to use as abundantly as they may wish. The wheat crop of Canada for every year while the war lasts belongs first of all to the men fighting overseas. It is only their heroism that has left us a country in which to grow crops. Substitutes for wheat flour will have to be much more strenuously used this winter than they have been. Fortunately Britain has a good crop, and the United States has a splendid crop, so that with a proper self-denial in Canada there will be sufficient to supply the need overseas, but it can only be done by self-denial.

During my travels here and there I have met a number of returned men who are bravely and patiently adjusting themselves to civilian life once more, and it has hurt me to note how very often civilians complain that these men are not willing to work, or that they are restless and cannot be depended upon. Let me state here the opinion of a nurse who had been head of a large military hospital for nearly two years. It was this: "I do not think that any returned soldier, even if he has not been wounded or gassed should be considered ready for any steady employment for at least a year after his return." Even the man who is apparently well has been through so severe a strain both mental and physical that he is not normal." Now as all the men who went overseas were not saints when they went, it is not reasonable to expect that every man who comes back will be one; there will be a percentage of men who will want to live off the public if they can. That goes without saying, but no man should be adjudged as one of these until he has been back at least two years, and until every possible effort has been made to set him on his feet and has failed.

Better a thousand times that a few returned men live off the public than that one returned man should be misjudged and fail to receive the appreciation and help which he has a right to expect of the people for whom he has risked his life.

Inquiry inclines me to the belief that the class of all others inclined to be unreasonable with returned men is farmers, and in many cases they are farmers whose one son has, for various reasons, remained comfortable at home while others fought for them. One returned man had a very curious experience with a farmer in Northern Manitoba, not a thousand miles from Grandview: This farmer has four sons between the ages of 20 and 28, and not one of them has gone to war,

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though all of them look very fit. The returned soldier had invested in a stallion and had arranged for the horse to stand for stud on this man's farm. All the arrangements had been made, and the farmer was particularly keen on having the horse. The returned man opened his overcoat to take out some papers, when the farmer caught sight of the button on his coat and asked if he was a returned soldier. The young fellow said simply: "Yes, I am proud to say I am." "Well, take your horse and go; I won't have any returned soldier round my farm," was the reply. I do not believe that any business man in any city of the West would have dared to say such a thing, even if he was despicable enough to feel that way. He would be afraid his neighbors would mob him. Of course few farmers are of such a pattern as that, but from their own statements I find that very many farmers are unwilling to employ returned men and where they do employ them they are frequently very unreasonable in their demands upon them. Surely, surely it should not be difficult to keep before us what we owe to these men. For their own sake they must be absorbed back into civilian life as soon as possible, but let it be done with the feeling ever upon us that but for them, and others like them, we would be under the heel of Germany to-day.

It is easier to cheer the new soldier on his way than to look after the man who has done his share and come back to us. I find that very many of the men who have been sick and wounded feel a painful contrast between the kindness and consideration shown them by English women and the treatment they receive from women in Canada when they return. They never complain, but they will tell you how the English women looked after them, and then say with a queer little smile, "the Canadian girls like to be waited on just as much as ever, don't they?"

Women in England have come closer to the reality of what these men have been through, and from what they have saved us, than we do. There is, I know, a strong feeling on the part of many Canadian girls that they will not be suspected of "chasing after men," and that is quite as it should be, but it should not be difficult to draw a line between chasing after them and leaving them to feel that their very real sacrifices are not appreciated by the very people for whom they were made.

While I am on this subject, I would like to say a word about the girls who are marrying draft evaders and helping them to evade the draft. This is an attitude of mind which I cannot understand, and I think the returned soldiers find it as difficult to understand as I do. Where do these girls and their cowardly husbands expect to stand in the community when the men finally come home. There will come a time when these girls will be ashamed to tell the years in which they were married, because it will be tantamount to a confession that their husbands and the fathers of their children are slackers. Marriages of this type are occurring all over the West every day, and it certainly does not speak well for the standards of our young women that it should be so.

They would stop to think they would realize that the man who is disloyal to his country is not apt long to be loyal to them.

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VOLPEEK

Rest

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By Mrs. Nestor Noel

REST! The very word is peaceful and calms our troubled minds. Oh, if there were some place where struggles and worries over, we could spend the remainder of our days in a delightful repose! Yet this is what men toil and slave for, that, in the evening of their day, they may get the well-earned rest which was their goal at the start.

But why put Rest at some distant future period which we may never reach?

See the farmer's wife, how she toils and toils and often wears herself out, so that she dies before her time, before she has reaped the harvest of her labors.

But she is not the only one who works too hard. Her city cousin, although she has shorter hours, works just as hard. In an office, pounding away at a typewriter, at dull, monotonous work she wears away her nerves and hands so that

and ironing until her back aches. And what for? Just to keep up appearances! Can she save on her meagre salary, so as to have a well-earned rest at the age of forty? Very seldom so. Probably she must work, unceasingly, until she be fifty or sixty, and no one wants her any more! No wonder the poor typist rushes into the first chance of marriage she gets, so as to escape such a fate! Sometimes she finds she has made a greater mistake still, for in avoiding one evil she falls into a worse.

If there were proper places for the city girl to rest in between whiles, she would not be so broken down after a few years of office work. We do not need to plead for the society woman who wears herself out in amusement. She can take care of herself all right, if she wants to do so, and if she does not, well! it is her own lookout and she has no one to blame but herself. And as so much has been said for the farmer's wife, and already so much is being put into practice to make her life easier, we need not add anything about her here. Nor would I say so much to the



This French official photo, which was taken on the lawn of the Conference Hall at the Interallied Council, at Versailles, shows, from left to right: an American officer, unnamed; Minister Balfour, with his back turned; General Haig and General Wilson. One might remark that the quartette seems in rather a jocular frame of mind, judging from the smiles that illuminate their faces. Perhaps Minister Balfour is "laughing right out loud," and for that reason has turned his back upon the photographer. Why shouldn't they laugh, when the news of another victory against the Germans has reached them.

at thirty-five she is often a complete wreck, and suffers from neuritis and neuralgia for the remainder of her days. These women must work, but are they the only ones who overdo it?

Is there anything so absurd as the sight of a society woman who tires out body and mind in the pursuit of pleasure? She, at least, has no excuse for pursuing a mere will-o'-the-wisp. She is so blasé, often before the age of thirty, that life has nothing more to offer. She is more worn out than the farmer's wife, or the city worker. It is years since there were any roses on her cheeks, except those she puts there, artificially.

In almost every paper we pick up there is a pleading for the farmer to buy more labor-saving devices for his wife, to spare her health. But no one ever seems to plead for the city woman, and to urge that she take a rest. What does she do when her time becomes her own at last? Sometimes she crawls wearily to her hall-bedroom where she spends the remainder of the evening doing her own washing in a small hand basin, drying it round a smelly oil-stove

employers of city girls. Rather would I talk to the very girls themselves. Don't you know, you strugglers in a great city, how selfish city life makes everyone! If you are to have a well-earned rest at some distant period of your lives, what will it profit you if you are too ill to appreciate it? Take your rest now. I will tell you a little how you can do so.

First of all, you must remember that there are two kinds of rest. One is relaxation from the thing you are doing, or, in other words, change of work. The other is complete repose for mind and body.

The first kind is within the reach of most. If you get up half an hour earlier to have a refreshing bath and a walk to your office, you are starting your day with a real rest. No girl who has tried this once needs to have it pointed out to her, and this is why, in choosing her hall-bedroom, the city worker will do well to go where there is a bathroom in the house, and not live too near the scene of her labors. Then, in your lunch hour, city girls, don't go to the restaurant just round the corner, to save steps. You

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don't need to save them! You've been sitting all the morning. A short walk will refresh and rest you. And don't go off with a novel and read through your meals. This is bad for the digestion and besides, your eyes need a rest. Chum up with some nice girl, lunch at the same restaurant with her, and walk in the open air as much as possible. One hour is soon gone in good company, and how much better equipped you are to tackle the afternoon's job.

In the evening, if you must do your own laundry, choose the day for that when you have the shortest working hours. Do not launder a waist, put it on half damp and go to a moving picture show in it. I have seen this done, or I shouldn't mention it! Small as salaries sometimes are, if you lay out your money to advantage, you ought to be able to have two or three simple waists at a time. And, by all means, enjoy one evening thoroughly in the way that suits you best. This is real recreation, and you can look forward to it all the week. But do not go to something every night, for you cannot burn the candle both ends!

Have you forgotten the second thing that rest means? Where is the complete repose for mind and body? Where is the sleep which you need so much? You are rising earlier than some girls, so as to fit in a bath and a walk. You give one night or part of a night to some innocent amusement, but will do well to retire early the rest of the week. You, more even than the farmer's wife, need sleep: "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

A quiet, dreamless sleep does not follow a heavy supper; therefore, the working girl will do well to allow at least two hours between her supper and her sleep; but then, oh! how she has earned her rest. We know what a beautiful thing sleep is because we make the Giver of all Life number amongst his best and choicest gifts, a dreamless, refreshing sleep, when we say:

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Home Doctor

The Care and Feeding of Children

Taken from the Cornell Reading Courses
By Flora Rose

The School Lunch

The school lunch is a problem. We all concede that it is better for the child to have his noon meal quietly at a well-ordered table and under close supervision of grown-ups. This is not always possible however, and in many places it is necessary for the child to carry his lunch with him in pail or box. The question is, therefore, how may this best be done?

If food is ever to be attractively presented, here is the opportunity. The limited variety made necessary by the use of cold foods, the tendency toward messiness unless the packing is careful, may make the child scorn bread and butter and choose only sweet or highly-flavored foods for this meal. The main-

stay of the child's lunch box should be sandwiches. Not thick slices of bread, but bread cut thin, both slices buttered lightly and filled with something not too dry. If meat is used it should be sliced thin, or it may be ground fine and mixed with cream to form paste. Slices of hard-cooked egg seasoned with a very little oil or cream salad dressing, peanut butter softened with cream, jams and marmalades, all make good sandwiches. The crust should be left on the bread, but the sandwiches should be carefully cut and wrapped singly or in pairs in the paraffin paper which is used for wrapping butter. A piece of simple cake or a cookie, and a liberal allowance of some juicy fruit, will be enough. It would be better, however, if occasionally, at least, some little unexpected treat is included, as a few shelled nuts, a piece of candy, a little jar of jelly or some much-loved dainty.

The best lunch box is made of tin. If milk can be kept cold and clean, a bottle of milk is an excellent adjunct to

the child's lunch. The mothers in a rural community would do well to take this matter up for discussion and see whether it may not be possible to arrange for the keeping of the milk.

Mastication

It is important that a child should learn to masticate its food well, and to this end it should have something to chew as soon as the large back teeth begin to come. Tough bread, zwieback, educator crackers, and, later, some meat are useful for this purpose. All of these things develop the powers of mastication, and give the exercise necessary to develop the jaw and make room for the second teeth.

Eating Between Meals

Again let emphasis be laid on the bad habit of allowing children to eat between meals. It results in no good to the child and must be strongly condemned. If a child is habitually and really hungry between two definitely established meals,

shorten the interval between the meals, or give more food at the meal, or establish a simple meal of bread and milk at a regular time between the two meals, or allow him to eat dry, unbuttered bread. If dry, unbuttered bread is given, it will be found that the between-meal habit exists frequently more because of a desire for something good to eat than from actual hunger. Learn to distinguish between habit and hunger. It is a duty which parents owe their children and if it is neglected the child may finally pay the price.

Care of the Teeth

From the time they arrive until the time they depart, a trouble, and when they are gone most trouble of all, the teeth. The teeth begin to appear about the sixth month although there is considerable variation in this, as well as in the order in which they come. The following table shows the usual order and time of eruption of the temporary milk teeth:

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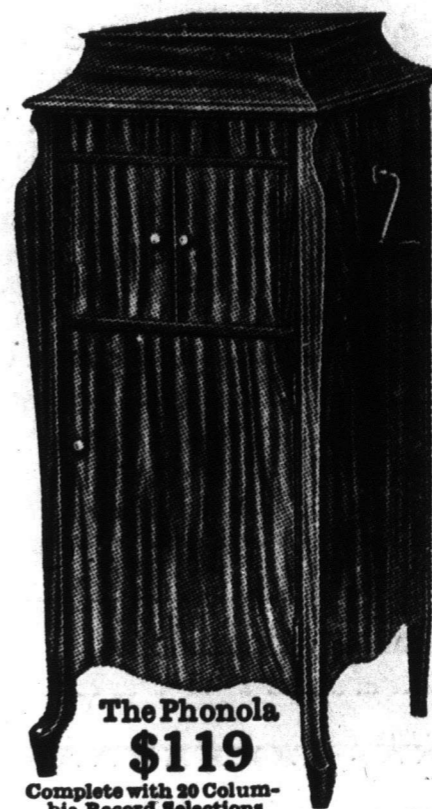
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Early appearance of teeth is not uncommon and may not be indicative of any wrong condition. If the teeth are delayed, the cause should at once be investigated, as this condition may indicate some serious defect in nutrition, resulting in retarded or interrupted bone formation. Teething is a normal process and should proceed fairly easily. Pain or sickness at this time should not be overlooked or set aside as being the natural result of teething. The cause may be indigestion or some deep-seated malnutrition, and it should be investigated.

The teeth should receive care from the first. Before the child is old enough to handle a toothbrush, the mouth should be washed out twice a day with absorbent cotton wet with diluted boric acid water. The importance of keeping the teeth clean is twofold: first, to prevent their decay, and second, to remove particles of food which, left in the mouth, decompose and later, when swallowed with the food, start decomposition in the intestines. Good digestion in later life depends so much on proper mastication that defective teeth often interfere seriously with nutrition.

It is poor economy to neglect the care of a child's teeth. Last year's hat and coat had better do double duty if it is a choice between new clothes and the services of a good dentist. In many of the large cities, dental inspection in the school is being required, for it is now known that decayed teeth may so affect the child's general health as to make him dull and backward. It has been found to be cheaper for state and taxpayer to pay for medical inspection than to pay for teachers to go on teaching over and over again curably dull and backward children.

The child's dietary should be so regulated as to ensure right nourishment of all bony tissues. Any habits such as "thumb sucking" or the habitual use of that pernicious plaything, the "soother" or "comforter," should be discouraged. The pressure on the gums through constant sucking throws the whole arch of the mouth out of symmetry and later makes mastication difficult and thus impairs digestion. Adenoids are said to be caused by thumb sucking and the use of the comforter.

Drugs

The belief that all ills may be cured with drugs is fortunately diminishing as the knowledge of nutrition and hygiene increases, but there is still too much "faith in the label on the bottle." Only a good physician should be allowed to determine what medicines shall be given to the child. The following quotations concerning soothing syrups are made from a recent government bulletin on habit-forming agents, and show what disastrous treatment is often innocently given to the baby:

"It has long been known to the medical profession that these products as a rule contain habit-forming agents, but the majority of mothers have been and still are ignorant of this fact.

"In some instances, in which the remedy is freely used and the child does not succumb, there is developed a case of infant drug addiction. As soon as the effect of one dose passes away, the child becomes irritable and fretful, with the result that another dose is administered, the craving is met, and the child is quieted, a condition which is analogous in every respect to drug addiction among adults. The chief active agents of soothing syrups are well known to be opium, morphin, heroin, codein, chloroform and chloral hydrate in some combination. The following are representative of this class:

- Children's Comfort (morphin sulphate)
- Dr. Fahey's pepsin, Anodyne Compound (morphin sulphate)
- Dr. Fahrney's Teething Syrup (morphin and chloroform).
- Dr. Fowler's Strawberry and Peppermint Mixture (morphin).
- Dr. Groves' Anodyne for Infants (morphin sulphate).

Warts on the hands is a disfigurement that troubles many ladies. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove the blemishes without pain

Best Antiseptics to Use in Mouth

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

Germ in the mouth fight hard for life. Dr. Joseph Head, a well-known Philadelphia dentist, said that experimental means of determining the strength of mouth antiseptics are subject to many fallacies.

In 1904 he performed the following experiment: An old bridge, covered with bacterial deposits freshly removed from the mouth, was cut into small pieces, so that the bacterial deposits were undisturbed. These deposits were then submerged in various antiseptic solutions at mouth temperature for various intervals of time, at the end of which the deposits were washed in sterilized water and test cultures made from them on blood serum. Peroxide of hydrogen made the best record of antiseptics tested. But even with a three per cent solution of peroxide of hydrogen and a submersion of five minutes, growths were nevertheless obtained on the blood serum. This test is significant, inasmuch as it proves that to be effective, peroxide or, in fact, any antiseptic, must be applied in sufficient concentration for a sufficient time.

Clinically, peroxide of hydrogen gives excellent results in reducing oral infections. According to the experiments of Paul Bert and Raymond, it was found that all fermentations caused by bacteria were at once stopped by peroxide of hydrogen, and the ferment was killed, while no effect was produced on enzymes and physiological ferments such as are found in the gastric juices and pancreas, so that it would practically have no effect on digestion and yet, would inhibit the interfering action of micro-organisms.

Recent experiments in the Mulford laboratories, under the supervision of Dr. A. P. Hitchens, indicate that a one per cent peroxide solution has the same strength in exhibiting the growth of typhoid bacilli as a similar solution of carbolic acid.

Peroxide of calcium and peroxide of strontium, as recommended by many writers, are entirely too caustic to be used pure in the mouth. When placed in any quantity on the tongue they make a bad burn that lasts for days. However, the commercial preparation of peroxide of magnesium is bland, and is more useful.

In 1908 experiments showing the effect of grits on the teeth, proving conclusively that tooth powders, even of chalk, were largely instrumental in cutting the well-known smooth grooves in the necks of teeth that so frequently appear from second molar to second molar. The only reason the powders with grit are so popular, is because they make the front teeth presentable with a minimum amount of labor. While this is partly due to laziness it is also due to inefficient, unscientific teaching on the part of the profession, who recommend methods of tooth brushing that a simple inception of the mouth will show do not cleanse the teeth.

Having investigated some of the prominent proprietary dentifrices, he applied the same tests to the standard chemical substances, that might prove of value in mouth prophylaxis. He found, as would be expected, that ordinary precipitated chalk would cut the cementum and the enamel. For patients that have healthy gum, with no tendency to gum recession or thinning of the enamel, he used the following formula:

- Peroxide of magnesium No. 200-inch sieve)..... 60 parts
- Perborate of Sodium..... 30 parts
- Pulv saponis..... 10 parts

Flavoring to suit.

Emphasize the value of a saturated solution, in water, of sodium silicofluoride, it forms a .61 per cent. solution. This may be held in the mouth for from two to five minutes three times a day, by patients under treatment for pyorrhea. And while in some cases it does not retard the progress of tartar on the teeth, in many cases it most emphatically does, and, as a supplement to scaling the teeth, its healing effect on the inflamed gums is so satisfactory as to be little less than marvelous. It is non-poisonous and cheap, being readily purchased at 75 cents a pound, which is enough to make one-half or two-thirds of a barrel of mouth wash. And, above all, being a fluoride, it has fluoride antiseptic qualities without affecting the porcelain linings.

Household Suggestions

Tomato Catsup

The catsup we buy in the market is usually colored. Home-made spiced catsup is darker in color.

Wash a bushel of tomatoes, cut into bits without peeling, cook gently—stirring often—for forty-five minutes, press through a sieve. Return this pulp to the fire and boil slowly, stirring frequently, until it is reduced to 1½ gallons. Add one-half pound granulated sugar, one-half pound salt, one ounce ground all-

spice, two ounces mustard, one ounce ginger, one level teaspoonful cayenne pepper, and, if liked, six cloves of garlic. Stir until well mixed. Boil and stir the catsup for thirty minutes.

Ripe Cucumber Pickle

These are much like the pickles made from melon rind. Cut cucumbers in halves lengthwise. Cover with alum water, allowing two level teaspoonsful powdered alum to one quart water. Heat gradually to boiling point, then let stand on back of range for two hours. Remove from alum water and

chill in ice water. Make a syrup by boiling five minutes two pounds sugar, one pint vinegar and two tablespoonsful whole cloves and stick cinnamon tied in a piece of muslin. Ground spices will do if the whole ones are not available. Add cucumbers and cook ten minutes.

Green Cucumber Pickles

Wash cucumbers—small ones are best—make a brine strong enough to float an egg. Put cucumber in brine, leave two or three days. Boil some vinegar to which has been added a little sugar, some whole pickle spices and a tea-

spoonful of powdered alum. Drain brine from cucumbers, put in jars and pour hot vinegar over. For three successive days drain vinegar off, boil and pour over cucumbers again. On the third day use fresh vinegar and spices. Bottle. Omit the alum in the final vinegar.

Ginger Snaps

One cup molasses, one-half cup of lard and butter mixed, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful of ginger. Boil all together for 5 minutes; cool, then stir in flour to mold hard, and bake.

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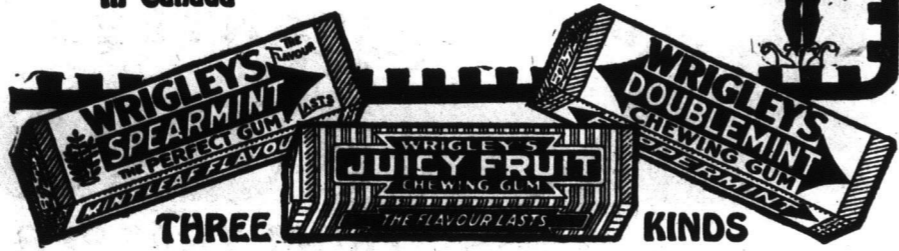
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Young People

The Adventures of Myfanwy

By Selwyn Horton

Myfanwy Rhys was a Welsh girl. Perhaps you will say there is no need to tell us that when she had such a name. She lived in a Welsh town, one of those smoky towns of North Wales, which though they are so crowded and busy are surrounded with beautiful hills and vales, woods and fields, such as a Welshman will tell you can be found nowhere but in Wales. Moreover, the woods are full of witches, gnomes, fairies and hobgoblins, as every Welsh child knows.

Myfanwy lived with a large family of cousins. Her aunt a kind motherly Welshwoman, had taken compassion on the lonely little orphan, and had brought her home, a frightened, blue-eyed little maiden of four. There were only two little cousins then, but ten years passed away and the little family grew until six sturdy boys and girls ran about the house making no end of work, of which of course, Myfanwy being the eldest, had to take her share.

Now Myfanwy did not like work; she loved her books, and she liked to escape from the somewhat noisy house and the hum of the busy town, and wander far into the surrounding lanes, and when she could get time, still farther into the sombre and shady woods which were such a contrast to the bustle and noise of the town. Time passed so quickly here that it was not an unusual thing for her to arrive home late for dinner or supper, and this when her usually good-tempered aunt was busy or worried, would often result in a sharp rebuke and a wish that she could make herself of a little use sometimes. Myfanwy, like some girls we all know, could not see that she was in any way to blame. She would feel inclined to sulk and think to herself how cross auntie was. She would brood over these small rubs and jars until she became restless and unhappy, and at last began to think herself one of the most miserable, overworked girls in the world. "I wish I could be happy," she would often sigh to herself. "There must be some place where I could do as I like." At last one day, when she had been more than usually careless over her little duties, and consequently things had gone more than usually wrong, she made up her mind to run away from her aunt's home. The silly child never gave any thought as to where she should go, her one idea at the time was to get away from surroundings, which to her romantic mind were humdrum and wearisome. She put on her coat and hat and marched out of the door with her head in the air, quite determined that she would not come back any more. She naturally turned her steps to her beloved woods. The green, calm peace of their shady depths seemed to soothe her most troubled moods. Moreover, she was always on the look out for adventure and romance. Her head was full of the old strange stories so dear to the Welsh children, stories of good fairies and bad fairies, gnomes, dwarfs and giants. Stories that perhaps you would not believe, but then you were not born in Wales. Perhaps it was because of all these thoughts that so often filled her mind, that she was not greatly startled when she saw standing before her a strange dwarfish figure. It was that of an old man, on his head he wore a green turban, and his dress was of the same color. He stood looking her up and down as though he thought that her presence there was an intrusion. Myfanwy was not shy, and she was eager to know who this strange being was, so she rose from the bank on which she was sitting, and asked politely, "Please, would you tell me who you are?"

"I am the Gnome of the Lakes and Lilies," answered the little man with a proud air. "Who are you and what do you want in my domains?" "I am Myfanwy," answered the child, "and, and—I wish to be happy." "Ho, ho!" laughed the little man though not unkindly, "that is quite easy, but I expect it is a little too easy for you to find out how quite by yourself." "I don't know what you mean," said Myfanwy looking puzzled. "I don't suppose you do, my dear, I don't suppose you do," said the old man chuckling. "It is a lesson we most of us have to learn, and we are generally very stupid over it. But where are you

going to look for happiness, my dear?" and the old fellow peered at her sharply from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Oh, I am sure I don't know," laughed Myfanwy, feeling more at her ease. "I've never thought of it like that, only I wanted to get away that's all."

"Yes, but you've got to get somewhere," returned her friend, "and night will soon be coming on, and I don't think the company in these woods extra good on dark nights."

For the first time Myfanwy began to feel nervous, it was quite true the sun was setting, and the deep stillness of the woods seemed deeper than ever. She began to wish that this odd little man, who seemed so kind hearted, would stay with her. He was evidently watching her as she stood there, digging into the soft ground with the toe of one shoe. At last as she did not answer he said: "You may come along with me for the night if you like, but perhaps you're afraid of me."

There was something so kindly about the little fellow, that Myfanwy could not feel any fear of him even if he were a gnome. "There are good gnomes," she said to herself, "and I am sure he is good, he looks so friendly." So she answered aloud:

"Thank you very much, I should like to come if I shall not be in your way."

"Come on, then," he said. "We are not far from home."

He led the way down a green path which turned suddenly round a sharp corner, and there Myfanwy saw a beautiful lake lying in front of her dotted over with white and yellow water lilies. A steep little hill rose from one end of the lake down which dashed a stream of clear water, leaping over a rock as it neared the lake and forming a beautiful little waterfall as it fell splashing into its grey-green depths. The little man led the way to the side of the rock in which Myfanwy noticed a small wooden door. Taking from his pocket a key her little friend unlocked the door and stood aside for her to pass. Myfanwy hesitated, "Please go first," she said, "it looks so very dark." The gnome led the way, and lit a small silver lamp that was hanging on the wall. Myfanwy saw a queer little round cave in the rock, simply furnished with a low table, two or three small chairs and a couch. Opposite the door through which they had entered was another doorway which she afterwards discovered led to a tiny bedroom still further in the heart of the rock.

They had a nice little supper together, during which the gnome talked of his work and how busy he was.

"I have so many lakes to look after," he said, "and so many lilies to tend that I don't find the days long enough for my work."

"And do you like to work so hard," asked Myfanwy.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "for you see the lilies are all friends of mine, and I do so enjoy seeing that they are all comfortable and have enough food. Then in the spring all the baby lilies arrive and they want a great deal of care and attention. Once they get their heads above the water I feel that they are more or less off my hands, but I love them all, the dear things. You know they sometimes lend their leaves for tables for the birthday parties of the waterspiders and tadpoles, they are so big, and broad, and flat, and after dinner the frogs use them for billiard tables, but I expect you know all about it, child."

"No, indeed," said Myfanwy much interested. "I had no idea that the leaves were any use, but I have always thought how cool and pretty they look."

"Well, you see we have all something to do besides looking cool and pretty," returned the Gnome. "We should not be happy if not."

"Oh, so you are happy," inquired Myfanwy.

"Yes, we are all happy here," answered the Gnome, "but I doubt if you would be, however, you can stay for a bit if you like and try."

Myfanwy made up her mind to stay for a few days, and the few days lengthened out to a week or two. At first she felt it to be a pleasant change from her busy life at home. She kept the Gnome's little house tidy for him, but that did not seem to be anything in the way of work after the large family she had been used to. The little man was out most of the day, and by and by the time seemed to drag and she began to miss the noisy

voices and merry teasing ways that had sometimes so worried her, and she found herself going back to the old thoughts of how unhappy she was and longing for a change.

"I think, my dear, that you are getting tired of my quiet life," said her little friend one morning. "I wonder if you would like to go and visit a friend of mine. She is the Lady of the Whispering Woodlands."

"That is a lovely name," exclaimed romantic Myfanwy. "Where does she live, and could I go and see her?"

"I can take you to her," answered the old man, and accordingly the next day they started off together along the winding ways of the forest. They came at last to an open space, in the middle of which Myfanwy saw the queerest house she had ever beheld. A large weeping willow stood in the middle of this space and all kinds of creepers had been cunningly woven and entwined in the drooping branches until a dense green wall had been formed all round. The door was made of plaited rushes and opened as they drew near. A lovely lady advanced to meet them, clothed in the palest of yellow gowns, suggesting the color of the sunbeams as they filtered through the quivering leaves of the forest trees. She seemed quite prepared for her guest and welcomed Myfanwy kindly.

"Come in and make yourself at home, dear," she said. "Fortunately I have an hour to spare this afternoon, which is a most unusual thing, I am always so busy."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Myfanwy to herself. "They all seem busy, what on earth can they find to do?"

She passed inside the doorway, and found herself in a cool green room in the centre of which was a large round table. Seated at this table was a group of lovely young girls all busy at some work. What it was Myfanwy could not at first see, but the table was littered all over with what seemed beautiful fragments of woodland flowers and leaves.

"These are my friends and helpers, the wood nymphs," said the Lady of the Whispering Woodlands, introducing Myfanwy. The wood nymphs bowed their lovely heads to Myfanwy, and sang in sweet birdlike notes:

Busy are the wood nymphs,
Always hard at work;
Though we laugh and chatter,
Never do we shirk.
Happy are the wood nymphs,
Lots of time for fun,
Dancing in the moonlight
After work is done.

Chorus

Work well done, work well done,
Sweet it is to think of and there's lots of
time for fun.
Come and be a wood nymph, work, work,
work,
We are always merry because we never
shirk.

"Oh, dear," sighed Myfanwy again, "it seems work everywhere, and I thought I was going to get away from it all."

"My wood nymphs are always busy," said the Lady of the Whispering Woodlands, as if in answer to her thoughts. "They are getting the woods ready for summer, every living thing in the woods is up to its ears in work just now, for summer says she is coming very early this year, and we have all got to be ready for her."

"Well, anyway, I shan't feel lonely here," thought Myfanwy. She stayed some time with the wood nymphs, but she did feel lonely in spite of all the company, for the nymphs were so taken up with their work all day that she could not help feeling herself an outsider. The best part of it all to her was the fairy revels at night, out in the glades of the forest in the moonlight, but she did not seem able to join in the dance, they were all so new and strange, and when she spoke to a merry wood goblin about it he told her no one could learn their dances until they had learned to work.

"Surely, you don't work," she said, looking at his funny little fat body and round smiling face.

"Work! I should think I do. We wood goblins have to look after the baby sunbeams, and see that they keep bright and happy, and do not lose themselves in the dark places of the wood. It takes us all our time I can tell you. You know that there are many bad spirits

and goblins in this wood and they try to upset our work and give us no end of trouble."

"I hope I shall not come across them," said Myfanwy. "I shall keep close to the wood nymphs."

Strange to say that very night, as the merry band of wood nymphs went trooping home through the moonlight, Myfanwy, somehow or other, found herself separated from them. She could hear their voices as they laughed and chatted in the distance, but there were so many different paths leading from the spot where she stood that she could not make out which one to take. A cloud came over the moon at that moment and Myfanwy felt frightened and lonely. At the same instant she felt herself seized by many small hands that began to drag her against her will down a rough dark path in the wood.

"Who are you, where are you taking me to?" she cried, struggling to free herself. There was no answer. She knew from the feeling of the rough path that she was going down a steep hill. Down, down, struggling was of no use, so she gave it up and allowed herself to be dragged along. After what seemed to her a long weary time she was suddenly stopped. She found herself in a deep cavity, scooped out of the side of a hill. A fire was burning sullenly in the middle of an open space, and round it were seated a company of what she took to be hobgoblins, weird, ugly, misshapen little wretches, very different from the merry little goblins to whom she had been speaking but a short while before. On a large stone seat was a tall old man with a white beard. As her captors, whom she now saw were more hobgoblins, drew her into the firelight, the old man rose and said:

"So you have brought her at last," then turning to the trembling Myfanwy he went on. "I am the Wizard of the Woods and Wilderness, I have had you brought here by my servants in order to teach you to be happy."

Myfanwy burst into tears. "I shall never be happy here," she sobbed. "Oh, please let me go back to the dear wood nymphs."

"You would not be happy with them, my dear," said the old wizard not unkindly. "We are going to teach you to work and be happy."

"I hate work," sobbed Myfanwy, passionately, "and I won't do any."

"Take her to the rest room," said the Wizard, and again Myfanwy felt her arms seized and she was pushed and pulled along through a small doorway in the hillside. This led into a little room prettily furnished with all a girl's heart could wish. Dainty white curtains hung round the little white bed and a comfortable easy chair seemed to invite an occupant. As she looked round the door closed behind her, and she sank into the armchair very glad to find herself once more alone.

"Well, this is not at all bad," she said to herself. "I shan't mind staying here for a few days. The nymphs will come to look for me I am sure, and I shall soon be free."

Three times a day the hobgoblins brought her the daintiest meals, but somehow Myfanwy seemed to have no appetite for them. How long the days seemed, how slowly the time passed. She began to long for someone to speak to and something to do. "I believe I should be glad even to wash dishes," she sighed to herself. At last one day the door opened softly, and the Wizard himself appeared. His face was grave but kindly, and somehow Myfanwy did not feel afraid of him, and all the angry things that she had been feeling against him and his hobgoblins seemed to vanish as he stood before her.

"Well," he said, kindly. "Are you ready to begin work?"

"Oh, yes," answered Myfanwy. "I am tired of being here with nothing to do."

"Well," replied the Wizard, "you have come quite a long way to look for work."

"Oh, I did not come to look for work," Myfanwy answered. "I came to look for happiness."

"And don't you understand, little girl," said the Wizard, kindly, "what we have all been trying to show you, that to do our work well is the best happiness. Everyone, be he mortal or fairy, has his work to do, and there is no happiness for anyone if they do not do their work well and cheerfully." I cannot tell you here



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all the wise and kind advice that the Wizard of the Woods and Wilderness gave to Myfanwy, but after he had finished talking to her she asked: "And can I go now when I like?" "Where do you want to go," asked the Wizard.

"Why home to Auntie and the children," said Myfanwy. "Isn't that where my work is?" she asked, shyly.

"Yes, I see you know all about it now," said the Wizard kindly, "and you may certainly go whenever you wish, but be sure you come and see your wood friends sometimes and tell us how you are getting on."

"I don't think those horrid hobgoblins are my friends," said Myfanwy.

"Oh, yes, they are," said the Wizard. "I call them my conscience Corps. If they had not dragged you here you might still be wandering about in the forest. And now, good-bye, dear child, I have

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ordered my goblins to take you to the edge of the wood in my flying machine." As she left the wood the last sound she heard tinkling gently through the rustling of the tree tops, was the sweet refrain of the wood nymph's song.

"Work well done, work well done, sweet it is to think of, And there's lots of time for fun."

The Homesick Doll

Hannah Ransom was the doll's name and she was one of the Christmas gifts that Santa Claus brought to little Ellen Windom. Ellen had named the doll for two of her dearest friends, both of whom had moved to the city to live. But though they had gone Ellen still loved them, and she often wrote letters to them telling them how much she missed them, how she would like to see them.

She was, therefore, very happy when her mother one day got a letter from Mrs. Ransom and another from Hannah Evans' mother saying: "The children have been talking about having Ellen come and visit them, and we have planned it all out to have her stay a week at

each of our houses. You can put her on the train and we will meet her at the station when she gets there."

"Oh, mother, can I go?" cried Ellen.

"I will talk it over with your father to-night," said her mother, "and tell you in the morning."

Ellen didn't sleep very much that night. She had never been to the city, and all the wonderful things her girl friends had told about only made her the more anxious to go.

In the morning the first question she asked her mother was: "What did father say?"

"He said 'Yes, if I could get you ready.'"

"Oh, goody!" said Ellen. "Let's begin to get ready right now."

There were dresses to wash and iron, a new hat to be made and a score of other things to do, but at last they were all completed, and Ellen with her heart dancing with joy was riding to the railway station to take the train. She had not forgotten her doll, either, for Hannah Ransom, warmly wrapped in a pretty ribbon-bordered blanket, was hugged up close in Ellen's arms as she rode along.

The ride on the train was most in-

teresting. She saw so many new faces and so many new things that she scarcely thought anything of the distance she had to ride, and before she knew it she was being hugged by Hannah Evans and Mildred Ransom, whose mothers had brought them to the station to meet Ellen.

Ellen went first to Mrs. Ransom's and for an hour after supper Ellen and Mildred talked as fast as their tongues could wag, Ellen telling her all about the other girls at home and Mildred explaining what she had planned for Ellen, while she was with her. And all this time the doll lay with the blanket still around her, and without any attention from Ellen. But at bedtime Ellen remembered her and took her up to her room, where she undressed her just as she did at home. But for all that, the doll felt rather slighted and she did not close her eyes quite as tight as usual, when Ellen put her on the pillow beside her. The next day was a very busy day for Ellen. She went walking and she went riding and saw the biggest stores she had ever seen, so big that she wondered where there were enough people to buy all the things she saw in them. And all day long Hannah Doll was left alone in Ellen's bedroom.

"I don't care much for the city," said Hannah Doll. "Nobody gives any attention to anybody but themselves. I wasn't half dressed this morning, and I haven't had a minute's attention all day long. I wish I was home."

The next day was even more unhappy for Hannah Doll than the first one, for she was not dressed at all, but lay on a chair with her head hanging over the edge in a most uncomfortable way.

And the next day—well, she couldn't keep back the tears, for she was put in a dark closet and the door was shut tight, and no one came near her, and there she lay for all the rest of the week until she was packed with her clothes, all wrinkled and mussed, into the suit case to go along with Ellen over to Hannah Evans' house.

And what do you think? They didn't take her out of the suit case when they unpacked it, but locked it up again with Hannah Doll inside. Every time she heard Ellen call "Hannah" to Hannah Evans, she would think she was calling to her, and she would try to answer.

It was certainly a most unhappy week, with no one to play with her, no tea parties, no comfortable bed to sleep on and no attention from anyone. Much as Ellen disliked it when Mrs. Evans said one morning: "Well, this is the day for Ellen to go home," the news was nevertheless welcome to Hannah Doll's ears, and she felt happier than she could ever remember having felt.

When they came to pack the suit case, and Ellen saw the doll lying inside it she remembered how she had neglected her, and took her up and kissed her, and called her pet names; and she dressed her all up and put the bordered blanket around her again, and held her in her arms when she got on the train.

The ride home was the most delightful part of the whole trip to Hannah Doll, for she felt sure that back in the country she would get the attention she had been used to, and when they drove up to the door of the farm house and she saw Ellen's mother waiting to receive them, she thought it was the happiest moment of her life.

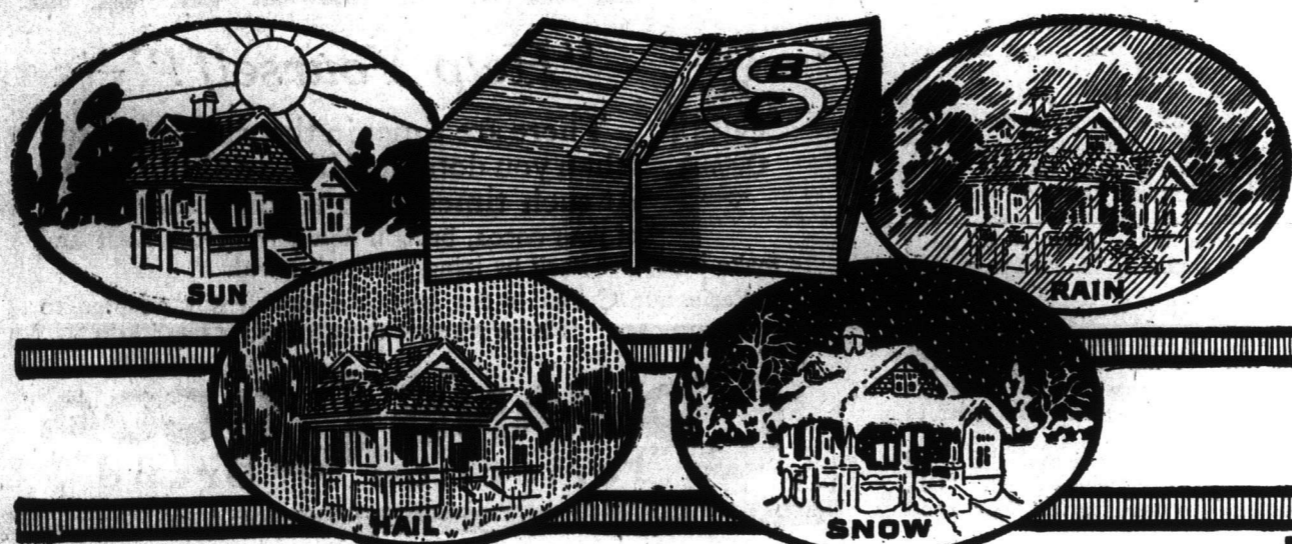
"I don't want any more visits to the city," she said as Ellen tucked her close up to her in bed that night. "I had rather stay where there are not so many things to divide one's attention, and where little girls have time to take care of their dolls."

Riddle for the Bon-Fire

On a hot summer night when it is too warm to think much, and every one is telling jokes (many of them very ancient) and giving riddles, these few "beheadings" will help some:

- Behead a boy's name and leave a degree?—F-rank.
- Behead a part of a chain and leave a fluid?—L-ink.
- Behead to make happy and leave in a small degree?—B-less.
- Behead a particle of snow and leave a body of water?—F-lake.
- Behead light emitted from a fire and leave disabled?—F-lame.

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Send today for our Shingle Booklet—tells you just why British Columbia Red Cedar Shingles are the best roofing material on the market.

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Shingles bearing our registered Trade Mark are true to grade—your local dealer has them.



THE SHINGLE AGENCY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA Standard Bank Building VANCOUVER, B.C.



About the Farm

New Facts on Feeding Cattle

Cattle feeders will be interested in the following facts which are contained in a bulletin recently issued by the University of Wisconsin, relative to successful methods of feeding cattle.

Balanced rations are sometimes deficient in the elements which make for the best growth of animals. Reproduction is often affected by the ration fed to the cow.

A good roughage, preferably a legume hay, should be fed with wheat grain or its by-products to overcome their bad effects on reproduction. Even with a good roughage, wheat or its by-products should not be fed continuously too liberally or the offspring will be weak.

A wheat grain with wheat straw ration is in most cases fatal to both growth and reproduction. It will also produce weak or dead calves. So far as reproduction is concerned, the same statement is true with a corn grain and wheat straw ration.

Due to its low mineral content, the overabundance of a material like wheat straw in the ration is an important factor in premature births.

Weak or dead offspring may result from nutritional disturbances brought about by the continued feeding of certain natural feed materials.

Rations producing early delivery of offspring usually lead to the failure of the animal to clean properly, with its attendant dangers or infection. Poor roughage, such as the straws, often lead to this condition.

A complete ration cannot be made from the oat plant. Exclusive use of oat straw as a roughage for breeding cows will likewise produce premature, weak, or dead offspring. Corn stover, corn silage, or legume hay should replace part of the oat straw.

A complete ration can be made from the corn plant. It will give normal growth and reproduction.

Can the Cockerels

Can the cockerels when it no longer pays to feed them, is the advice the United States Department of Agriculture is giving to the boys and girls of the poultry clubs in the north and west. Canning saves feed and puts on the pantry shelves material for a chicken dinner when poultry is highest in price. This is the method taught to club members.

Kill fowl, dress at once, cool; wash thoroughly, draw, then cut into convenient sections. Dip into cold water to insure cleanliness. Place in wire basket on cheesecloth and boil until meat can be removed from bones easily. Then remove from boiling liquid to separate the meat from bones. Take the meat off in as large sections as possible; pack hot meat into hot glass jars or enameled cans; fill jars with pot liquid after it has been concentrated one-half; add level teaspoonful of salt per quart of meat, for seasoning; put rubbers and caps of jars into position, not tight. Cap and tip tin cans. Sterilize for the length of time given below for the particular type outfit used.

Water bath, home-made or commercial (quart jars).....3 1/2 hours
 Water seal, 214 degrees.....3 hours
 5 pounds steam pressure.....2 hours
 10 to 15 pounds steam pressure.....1 hour

Remove jars, tighten covers; invert to cool and test joints. Caution: Only the very best types of rubbers should be used.

Milk Necessary for the Nation's Welfare

In these times of national stress and high cost of living, when mothers are confronted with the children's welfare and the keeping down of costs of their family's food, the University of Wisconsin, in Bulletin 291, recently issued, says: "It is of great importance that at this time the known facts be generally understood in order that the people, and particularly young children and

growing boys and girls, may not suffer from improper selection of foods." The bulletin, which deals with the necessity of milk for the nation's welfare, brings to light the following facts:

The increased price of milk leads people into making the mistake of buying less milk. Milk is the one food which nothing else can replace. Only those people who are guided by long experience or religious rites will maintain the quantity formerly purchased.

Milk is a necessity in the diet of growing children. In the absence of milk, eggs are the only comparable substitute. The public must learn to appreciate, even with advancing prices, the importance of the dairy industry to the nation's welfare.

Milk is a perfect food. It contains all the factors of nutrition in adequate proportions and is an indispensable supplement to other food materials during growth.

Milk supplies adequate mineral material for rapid growth. Grains, when used alone, produce nutritive failure, but are changed to valuable products when supplemented with milk.

Milk furnishes the very best of proteins. Proteins are not all alike in

promoting growth. Those of the grains are poor in quality, but when supplemented with milk or whey become very efficient.

Pork Restrictions Removed

Owing to the success of the hog production campaign in Canada and the United States, and conservation efforts of both countries in the consumption of pork, the Canada Food Board has removed the restrictions applying to public eating places on pork of all kinds which may now be served at any time by such places operating under a Canada Food Board License. New exports of pork from the Dominion have been increased by 125,000,000 pounds per annum, or 571 per cent over the five year pre-war average.

Canada's war bread is made from 90 per cent wheat flour and 10 per cent substitutes. This makes the loaf a little darker, but it is just as palatable as ever, if properly made, and just as nutritious.

A supply of substitutes for wheat flour in Canada is being rapidly augmented. The Quaker Oats Company of Peterboro have installed a mill to pro-

duce corn flour, corn meal, oat flour and oatmeal at the rate of 7,000 barrels a day. Two mills to produce 200 barrels of substitute flour per day are being installed in London and Penetang.

Milk in the Hog Ration

In order to raise and finish all the extra pigs that will be farrowed in Canada this year as a result of the campaign for increased production, it will be necessary to exercise the utmost economy in the use of concentrated foods. Pig raisers who have access to dairy by-products have a great advantage over others. Experiments have proven that when meal is worth \$40 a ton, milk is worth more than \$8 for an equal weight, that is, provided it is fed economically. Experiments carried on at the Dominion experimental farms and stations show that for growing hogs, 60 lbs. and over, 400 lbs. of skim milk produced results equal to 100 lbs. of mixed meal. Buttermilk fed fresh is equal to skim milk. Whey is not so valuable. One hundred pounds of whey was proved equal to 19.2 lbs. of milk, that is, provided it is fed in not too large quantities and before it has soured.



All Ranks in Every Service Prefer and Use the Gillette!

The Gillette is the fighters' razor!

It shaves the General; it shaves the private. It is at home in the artilleryman's kit. The airman, the engineer, the transport driver, the staff officer—all use it!

A "clean shave" is not only a matter of pride with all ranks in every service. It is the daily luxury, standing out in bold relief against the discomforts of trench and camp.

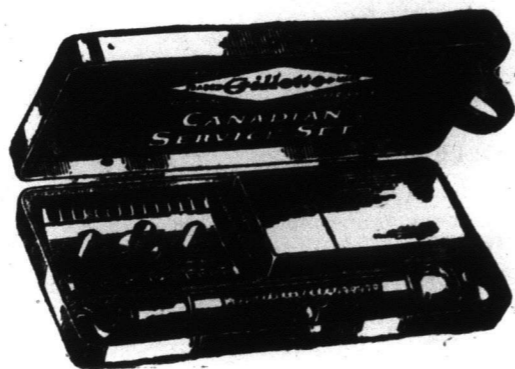
There isn't a regiment in the field to-day under any of the Allied flags but numbers more users of Gillette than of all other razors put together.

There isn't a condition that a man can face in his shaving—heat, cold, sunburn, windchill, water scarce or bad—but has been met, by the Gillette thousands of times in over four years of war service.

And it costs little to give a soldier the daily comfort of a Gillette!

No Stropping; No Honing—(A soldier will not carry around a hone and strop). The Gillette Service Razor tucks away in the corner of a kit bag, or in the soldier's pocket, complete, compact, simple, strong, weighing next to nothing and ready for use at all time. It is the one Razor of International Service.

The Gillette Set No. 19 is a Pocket Edition Razor in a soft Roll Case of heavy khaki cloth, with 12 double-edged blades and an indestructible Trench Mirror.



The Gillette Set No. 20 is the same set in a heavily nickel-plated case, handsomely embossed.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited

Office and Factory: 65-73 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

A study of experiments with skim milk show that for young pigs 1 lb. of milk fed with 2½ or 3 lbs. of meal gives best results. For larger hogs less milk may be used. For hogs over 100 lbs. in weight not more than 5 lbs. of skim milk daily should be fed in order to get the greatest value from the milk.

At the Nova Scotia Agricultural College it was shown that the best gains were made by feeding a lot of pig ration composed of 148 lbs. of grain, 900 lbs. of skim milk, and 110 lbs. of mangels. At the Ontario Agricultural College the best results were obtained where the proportion of milk to meal was 2.5 to 1. In one trial in which this proportion was used, 365 lbs. of skim milk were equal to 100 lbs. of meal. This agrees fairly closely with the results obtained at the Ottawa and branch farms.

In a series of articles that appear in the May number of The Agricultural Gazette, both the Ottawa and Guelph authorities agree that it does not do to change the diet from sweet to sour milk. For young pigs the sweet milk is much to be preferred. For larger pigs it seems to make little difference whether or not it is fed sweet or moderately sour, provided whatever condition favored is uniformly kept up, that is to say, if the milk cannot be obtained always sweet, then it should be fed sour as a rule.

Fat Test of Sweet and Sour Cream

One frequently hears people discussing how best to handle cream to secure the highest test at the creamery. Unfortunately, some of the means suggested for securing a high test are not the best for the quality of the cream or the butter churned from it. E. O. Hanson, of the Minnesota Agricultural College, writing on this matter, says:—Many have been led to believe that by holding their cream until it was real sour they would be given a higher test. This would be possible under one condition and that is,

if a can of cream was allowed to stand for a long time at a rather high temperature, there would be enough moisture evaporate to increase the per cent of fat slightly, but this would be very slight, and in that length of time the cream would no longer be fit for food. Still this would bring no higher price for the product, as the extra per cent of fat would only make up for the amount of moisture which has evaporated.

To illustrate: If there were 80 lbs. of sweet cream, testing 30 per cent fat, in this amount there would be just 24 lbs. of butterfat. Supposing this were allowed to stand until five pounds of moisture has evaporated, this would then leave 75 lbs. of cream testing 32 per cent fat. It would also yield 24 lbs. of butterfat, and it is needless to say that the butter made from this 75 lbs. of so-called cream would not be fit for human consumption.

On the twenty-second day of May, 1918, the question was again asked in this way, "How do you know cream will not test more when it is sour?" On this same date the writer tested eight different samples sweet, of one pint each, using retested glassware and one of the best cream scales the market has to offer, making these tests in duplicate, and found that they are as low as 16.5 per cent up to 38 per cent. They were then kept in air-tight bottles and sealed with paraffin to prevent the escape of any moisture. They were held at approximately 80 deg. F. for ten days. They were then tested again, using the same test bottles to avoid any possible error and again tested in duplicate. The first results were not at hand while the latter were being read. In comparing the two results they were found to be exactly the same. It may be true that in some cases a higher test has been reported when the cream was sour, especially in thin cream. If a can of cream has been allowed to stand for any length of time and becomes sour, the milk solids settle and become very sour and firm, this making it almost impossible to get the

can of cream thoroughly mixed. Therefore the sample which is taken will not represent the contents of the can it is taken from, as you realize there would be practically no fat in the milk solids which are left unmixed. Therefore many have been led to believe that cream would readily test more when sour. If a higher test is given it is neither fair nor accurate.

Causes of Streaks in Butter

A reader asks as to the cause of streaks appearing in butter. For his information, as well as for others, who may experience the same trouble, we publish here an article on the subject by a well-known dairy authority:

It may safely be stated that streaked butter is first of all due to imperfect distribution of the salt. Salt has the effect of deepening the color of butter and when it is applied unevenly the result is streaks of lighter and darker shades alternating with more or less regularity unless they are removed by working. Of course, it is practically impossible by the ordinary methods of salting butter on the farm to apply the salt evenly and the distribution must be left to the butter worker. If the working is thoroughly done the streaks will not appear in the finished product. But since overworking is one of the things which the amateur buttermaker is cautioned about, it sometimes happens that the color is not even.

In case one should doubt that the streaks in butter is due to the salting a very simple test will be convincing. Let a pound of butter be taken from the churn, washed as usual and set aside for a few hours with an ounce of salt applied carelessly and not worked in, or make a gash in the surface of the butter with the ladle and throw in some salt. Where the salt is thick the color will be several shades deeper than where there is no salt. Brine salting practically does away with this trouble, because the salt is applied in solution. This

method, however, is not entirely satisfactory, since it is somewhat difficult to obtain the desired degree of saltiness.

If the following suggestions for churning, salting and working are carefully followed there will be no trouble with streaks in butter. Churn well-ripened cream at a temperature which will bring it to the draining point in granules the size of grains of wheat or rice. When that condition is reached, draw off the buttermilk and rinse the butter in plenty of water that is at about the same temperature as the buttermilk when drawn. Agitate gently so as to mass the granules and drain. Apply water at about the same temperature a second time, again agitate, preferably by revolving the churn a few times and drain thoroughly. Have the salt sifted and weighed or measured. The latter is more convenient and quite accurate for all practical purposes since an ordinary half-pint measuring cup holds approximately one-half pound. One ounce of salt to the pound of butter is about right. Sift half the salt evenly over the surface of the butter, revolve the churn so as to expose the bottom of the butter and sift the remainder of the salt over the granules thus brought to view. Only a fine grade of dairy salt should be used.

Now put the cover on the churn and revolve the churn slowly for a dozen times. Then remove the cover, drain off the brine and if the butter is gathered in large lumps break them up with a ladle or wooden paddle. Again close and revolve the churn as before, allowing the butter to drop solidly from end to end as it revolves. After a few minutes of this the butter is ready for the final pressing to eliminate the excess brine. This may be done with a butter-worker or in an ordinary wooden bowl with an ordinary ladle. In either case very little more work will be required and no subsequent handling necessary whatever.

To summarize, remember that streaks in butter are caused by uneven distribution of the salt. Working the butter will eliminate them, but it is better to prevent their formation by care in the first instance. It is a fine point in buttermaking to know just when it has been worked enough. Overworking spoils the grain, while insufficient working leaves too much brine and possible streaks. A thin wafer of perfectly worked butter should not break when folded over upon itself and should have a distinctly granular appearance when a bit of it is broken apart. Artificial coloring has nothing to do with streaks in butter, as some people suppose.

Fish Yarn Season Opens

"We've got a couple of invitations to go fishing in early season. Thanks. But we toil, and, toiling, we may not fish." "We did go fishing once, but the boss found it out, and—" "Why fish? We can stay right at home and read about fish and write about fish, and down in the market we can buy fish, and at night we can dream that we're sitting on a log with a freckle-faced kid hooking sunnies, and—" "Thanks for the invitation, but—say, why do you make us weep?"

A Lyric of the Llama

By Burges Johnson
Behold how from her lair the youthful llama
Llopes forth and llightly scans the llandscape o'er.
With lusty heart she llooks upon llife's drama,
Relying on her llate-ll learnt worldly lllore.
But llo! Some llad, armed with a yoke infama
Soon llures her into llowly llabor's cause;
Her wool is llropped to weave into pajama,
And llanguidly she lllearns her Gees and Haws.
My children, heed this llesson from all llanguishing young llamas,
If you would llive with llatitude, avoid each lluring llay;
And do not llightly llleave, I beg, your llonesome, llloving mamma,
And llast of all, don't spell llour name in such a sillilly way.



Manitoba Agricultural College College of Home Economics

AND

Opens October 22nd, 1918

Winter Courses close March 29th

Students may come from town or country. No Entrance Requirements.
Work Assigned to suit ability of Individual Student.

1.—Courses for Young Women 16 years and upwards.

Cooking.	Home Nursing.	Dressmaking.	Millinery.
Dairying and Poultry.	Gas Engines.	English.	Arithmetic.

2.—Courses for Young Men 16 years and upwards.

Stock Judging.	Gas Engineering.	Grain Judging.	Forge Work.
Carpentry.	Soil Physics.	English.	Farm Accounts.

3.—A Special Class opens on October 22nd for boys 14 and 15 years of age, from either Farm or Town.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR

Stock Judging.	Grain Judging.	Carpentry.
English.	Arithmetic.	Farm Accounts.

Splendid College Residence with all up-to-date conveniences, Reading Rooms, Gymnasium, Shower Baths, Swimming Pool, Sitting Rooms, Assembly Hall.

The high moral tone of the College has been commented upon by Y.M.C.A. and other visitors. Senior students take active part in seeing that the right influences and environment surround younger men and women and the pure home-like atmosphere of the College brings back our students year after year.

Debates, Entertainments, Special Lectures and Social Gatherings form an important feature of the winter session.

KEEP OUR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES FULL

You cannot measure the value of an education in dollars and cents, but even in dollars and cents, education pays.

FREE TUITION PRIZES

Write for the College Calendar and Boys Circular; also for particulars about the four free tuitions to the amount of \$25.00 each for four best letters on "Why I Should be at the College this Winter."

Address your letter to The Registrar, or to

PRESIDENT J. B. REYNOLDS, Manitoba Agricultural College

Community Uplift

By Mildred Boyce

A lady demonstrator of Domestic Science made the following remark at a woman's meeting the other day: "I observe such a difference in the general appearance of the women of different communities, some taken as a whole present such a healthy appearance while in other districts all the women look delicate and poorly fed as though not taking the proper nourishing food."

One morning as I have gone from one neighborhood to another I felt that I could have emphatically corroborated her statement though referring perhaps to another aspect of woman's life. I too have observed a marked difference in the general appearance of women in different communities, but not so much in the physical plane of life as in the intellectual standard has it been apparent to me.

Once in a while, even in this country, one falls in with a community group where the whole life of the feminine sex seems raised no higher than dollars and cents, and the milk pails which they scour, or the roots they lift from the earth. There is no intellectual uplift, they have never raised their heads to see how their neighboring country sisters or the world is moving on, and any suggestion regarding modern methods and labor-saving devices is only received with a contemptuous shrug as much as to say it was simply out of the question for them. Too well we know that in country life we must not disdain the lowly jobs, but all labor methods can be modernized and the work made elevating. Truly not many of these communities exist at the present time, except where the foreign element is segregated together, but all over our vast country we find all grades of intellectual community life ranging from the lowest to those who have brilliant competent leaders opening up various lines of improvement and channels of development.

To say that you doubt the ability of your community to raise itself to a higher plane is to doubt the inherent capability of the mind to uplift when given the proper conditions to develop itself. Present any normal conditions of improvement in an attractive and practical interest in many lives is but a spark and lies latent till ignited by overruling circumstances or the touch of a hand.

There is just the point—there are myriads of roads to learning and advancement, but no one seems prepared to rise to the responsibility of accepting leadership. I know of a community who were deeply impressed with the desire to raise themselves above their daily routine and environment, and to enlighten themselves with the object of becoming better citizens of their land. Knowing very little of ways and means, they simply interested each of their neighbors in their object and met together to organize, appointing a responsible woman as president of their "Community Improvement Club." I have watched with increasing interest the growth and remarkable development of this body of organized workers. Needless to say they are gradually attaining the end for which they began to exist. A question bureau was established and from the numberless suggestions handed in regular lines of work were chosen and topics to be discussed at the monthly afternoon meetings. At present a fortnightly meeting is devoted entirely to work for the boys overseas.

The questions revealed that most of these women were thinkers for on their list of subjects for discussion are subjects pertaining to the tariff, rural credit, the Federal Government, parliamentary proceedings, military training in the schools of other lands, beside many problems referring to household science and questions on child life.

Their first meeting some years ago was begun by inviting several active members from a society in an adjoining neighborhood, and these ladies helpfully assisted in the formation of the new club by giving many practical suggestions. So began the first contact with a broader world. Now they appoint delegates to attend conventions

and other societies and so imbibe fresh inspiration and ideas while they broaden their views by contact with larger and more widely representative groups of women. They invariably bring back the resolutions brought up for discussion besides giving a short paper on the work of the meetings. Paper reading at first seemed to give the amateur speaker more confidence in expressing his thoughts, but many of them discovered a gift for speaking which had only been lying latent for years. Free and easy discussions seem to have become the rule. The club are emphasizing this matter to fit themselves for taking part when called upon in a larger unit outside their own community.

For the summer months they are availing themselves of the extension work given by the college, while in the

winter they are devoting their spare hours to reading courses. They are also establishing a circulating library, with a variety of reading matter not only in fiction but in other intellectual lines.

The juniors of the neighborhood are not going to be outdone by their progressive mothers. They are forming a junior club and with the assistance of their teacher meet for an hour and a half after four in the school to carry out similar plans. This training will fit them more efficiently for active membership when they reach their seniority and so they will be leaders in their own or some other neighborhood.

Community improvement is worth the effort as is every effort in the uplifting of mankind even though fraught with sacrifice and infinite toil. Devoted

energy and a broad sympathetic spirit is needed by the woman who would place her hand to the helm; to seize a golden opportunity for such a life-work will glorify and ennoble the most lowly human soul bringing as its reward the laurels of peace and goodwill bestowed by the Master.

An Episcopal minister, who had but recently moved to a small town in the Pennsylvania coal regions, passed two youngsters on the street.

"Good morning, Father," said one of them, misled by the clerical garb.

"Don't you know nutt'n?" said the other, contemptuously, when the minister was past. "Dat guy ain't no father. Why, he's married an' got two kids!"



Wash Day--

Good Soap—Plenty of Hot Water—And a Sunny, Breezy Day!

All are essential on wash day. But there is a something else that must not be lacking—a strong back. Advertisers of machinery may write glibly of their labor-less devices, and the editors of home journals may soothingly describe the pleasures of the laundry under modern conditions; but clean, snowy white clothes are always paid for at the price of hard work.

In the days when every woman did her own washing, and did it better than it is done to-day by modern laundries, Dr. Chase devoted his talent and experience to keeping women fit for household work. They were the everyday physical problems of the average man and the average woman that interested him. Remember please THAT is the secret of his success. THAT is the real reason why his name lives to-day, and will live for the future.

He reasoned in the days of our grandmothers that in order to keep the human machine in good working order, attention must be given to the condition of the filtering and excretory system. And his reasoning runs true in the year of Our Lord 1918. Wherever there is physical work to be done there is need of regulating human machinery by the Dr. Chase Plan of Health. From his everyday experience in the practice of medicine, and as a result of dealing with a wide variety of cases, the doctor realized that the foundation of his Plan of Health must consist of a treatment to regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels.

Everywhere he found people complaining of backache, of rheumatism, of lumbago, of pains in the limbs, of headaches. The woman at the tub as well as the man with the hoe was suffering the results of a poisoned system.

The kidneys failed to filter these poisons from the blood—the liver was torpid—the bowels constipated. To meet this condition Dr. Chase worked out the treatment now so well known as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

This treatment was long tested in private practice before it was given to the public. Time has proven that the old doctor was thorough in his work, for there are many thousands of people ready to certify that there never was a real rival to this standard medicine.

If more people realized the effectiveness of this treatment, there would be fewer operations for appendicitis, peritonitis, gall stones and other deadly ills, which are certainly caused by neglect to keep the filtering and excretory systems in healthful condition.

Let the Dr. Chase Plan of Health be your guide and you will add years of health and comfort to your life. If you are not familiar with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, just mention The Western Home Monthly, and we shall send you a sample box free of charge. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Woman and the Home

The Place Nearest the Ice in a Refrigerator is Not the Coolest

What part of a refrigerator is coolest? Does wrapping in newspapers save ice?

Although every home may have a refrigerator, every housewife can not pass an examination in the proper care and conservation of perishable articles of diet, according to the United States Food Administration, which gives out the following advice:

"Many put their butter and milk right next to the ice because they think this is the coldest place, but as a matter of fact the coldest place is at the bottom of the refrigerator. Hot air rises, and air that is not being constantly purified by circulation around the blocks of ice soon becomes unfit to come in contact with the food. When the warm air in the refrigerator rises, it carries with it impurities and moisture which are absorbed from the surface of the food, and which if allowed to remain in the air, spoil the food. The air, which is warmed by passing over the food, comes in contact with the ice where the moisture is condensed upon the surface and the impurities are carried off by the melting ice. The air is thus dried, cooled, and purified. The cooled air immediately descends to gather up more moisture and impurities, and thus the process is repeated continually. Anything placed directly on or around the ice tends to interfere with the circulation of the air.

"In addition to the necessity of having a circulation of cold, dry air, it is important that, as near as possible, a uniformly low temperature be maintained. For this reason refrigerator doors should fit tight, be closed tight, and not opened any oftener than is necessary, because every time they are opened the cold air pours out and the warm air that takes its place is cooled at the expense of the ice. The practice of covering the ice with paper should be avoided, as the whole surface of the ice is needed to purify the air properly.

"It is advisable to allow heated food

to cool off before placing it in the refrigerator. If put in when warm it raises the temperature of the refrigerator higher than it should go and, besides, melts ice unnecessarily. The trap door through which the meltage passes out at the bottom of the refrigerator should be kept in place, because if it is broken or lost a constant stream of warm air is allowed to flow into the refrigerator."

Ten Commandments of the French Consumer During the War

The economic and social section of the League of Patriots, with headquarters in Paris, 4 Rue Ste. Anne, has distributed a leaflet urging the French to endure without complaint the restrictions imposed upon them in the interest of their country. The following is a copy:

"(1) Do not forget that we are at war. In your smallest expenditures never lose sight of the interests of the native land.

"(2) Economize on the products necessary for the life of the country: Coal, bread, meat, milk, sugar, wine, butter, beans, cloths, leather, oil. Accept rations. Ration yourself as to food, clothing, amusements.

"(3) Save the products of French soil, lest some day you deprive your father, your son, your husband, who are shedding their blood to defend you

"(4) Save the products that France must buy from foreign countries. Do not drain reserves of gold which are indispensable to victory.

"(5) Waste nothing. All waste is a crime which imperils the national defence—prolongs the war.

"(6) Buy only according to your needs. Do not hoard provisions; your selfishness raises prices and deprives those of smaller means of things indispensable to existence.

"(7) Do not travel unnecessarily. Reflect that our trains are, before all, destined for the transportation of the troops, the feeding of the population, the needs of our national production.

"(8) Do not remain idle. According to your age and your ability work for

your country. Do not consume without producing. Idleness is desertion.

"(9) Accept without murmuring the privations which are imposed upon you. Reflect upon the sufferings of those who are fighting for you, upon the martyrdom of the population whose hearths have been devastated by the enemy.

"(10) Remember that victory belongs to those who can hold out a quarter of an hour the longest.

"That France may live, she must be victorious."

The Food Problem

The reports as to the harvest in Canada this fall are conflicting, but it is clear that there will be need for harvest labor from the towns and cities in all the provinces. In view of the dependence of the Mother Country and Allied Europe upon Canada and the United States for foodstuffs, it is to be hoped that every Canadian will consider what are the essential industries, and whether the work that each as an individual is now doing is of such supreme importance as to predominate over the vital national duty of producing foodstuffs. This duty now concentrates upon the necessity of saving the harvest of 1918. What is the reader himself, or herself, going to do about it?

Allied Europe at the beginning of this year was said to have been short 500,000,000 bushels of wheat and over 100,000,000 head of live stock. What figures like these mean may be seen by contrasting the figures of Canada's 1917 wheat crop, the total of which was 233,742,150. The total importations into Allied countries of the crops of 1916-17 (ending March 31st) was 570,000,000 bushels. From last year's crop the United States had very little wheat for export and her surplus, above normal consumption, was exhausted in December, 1917.

What about the crop of 1918? The Allies are still dependent upon North America for very large supplies of essential foodstuffs and it is important that no part of this year's harvest be lost because of labor shortage. The new harvest is now the one supreme crisis at

the door of every non-combatant in the Dominion of Canada. Substitutes for wheat have to be produced in the non-wheat producing fields of the eastern provinces. Feed for live stock is one of the great concerns of the east. The dairy industry must be carried on to its full extent. We must ship our wheat and live as much as practicable on substitutes. With our scattered population we cannot possibly produce all the wheat that is required in spite of the vast wheat-producing possibilities of the west.

The labor supply in Canada has been depleted to the extent of nearly half a million men by the army, and further by the war industries. Farmers, themselves, have been obliged by military necessities to forsake the furrow for the trenches. Those that remain have partially to depend on assistance from the towns and cities to save this coming harvest. Those who promised to help in this work of national necessity by going upon the land, or taking the place of someone else who is better able to do so, should take their promises on the registration card literally, arrange their affairs and do what they said they were willing to do.

To Protect Cereals and Coarse Flours in Summer

By Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt,
(Dominion Entomologist, Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa).

The coarse flours and cereals are especially susceptible during the warmer seasons of the year to the attacks of insects, particularly small beetles and their grubs, which may cause the loss of valuable foodstuffs, not so much by what they actually destroy, but by rendering such infested foodstuffs undesirable as human food.

Millers and manufacturers realize, as a rule, the importance of handling such food products as rapidly as possible to prevent insect infestation, and also know how to deal with such pests. The retailer and consumer are chiefly concerned in the matter of protecting such foodstuffs.



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HERE is some wonderful news for our readers. By a lucky chance we have been able to obtain a limited quantity of Elite *Limoges* Cups and Saucers—the famous china which made the word *Limoges* a household name all over the world. Before the war these cups and saucers sold at from \$1.00, in the cities, to \$1.50 in the country, apiece.

The city of *Limoges* is now close to the war area, and the manufacture of china has necessarily had to be suspended, so that it is very uncertain when more supplies of this famous ware will be forthcoming. These elaborate cups and saucers will make handsome decorations for your parlor, if you do not care to have them for use at your table.

Description

The cups and saucers are original Elite *Limoges* French China, with decoration of branches of small full blown pink roses, foliage and floral sprays. Irregular gold edge. Gold decorated handles.

Read Our Offer

We will send you half a dozen guaranteed *Limoges* cups and saucers in return for three new subscriptions to *The Western Home Monthly* at \$1.00 a year.

Note—We expect an immediate response to this remarkable offer, so do not lose any time, but start right in getting the three subscriptions. China will be sent by express directly order is received.

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG

Retailers should keep their stores free from insect infestation as cereals in sacks, or even in sealed packages, will become infested. In addition to such preventive measures, every effort should be made to avoid large stocks and to dispose of cereal products rapidly. Care should be taken to avoid the breaking or damaging of packages.

Consumers should only purchase small quantities of cereals and coarse flours. Sealed packages which have been damaged should be avoided. If cereals are bought in sacks they should be heated when received at home to a temperature of from 130 to 150 deg. Fahr., and then left for nearly an hour in the oven while

No Rest with Asthma.—Asthma usually attacks at night, the one time when rest is needed most. Hence the loss of strength, the nervous debility, the loss of flesh and other evils which must be expected unless relief is secured. Fortunately relief is possible. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has proved its merits through years of service. A trial will surely convince you.

it cools off. This treatment will kill any insect eggs or grubs that may be present. As many of these pests enter the house from out-of-doors, great care should be taken in storing cereals and wheat substitutes; whenever possible they should be kept in tightly closed tin boxes or other indestructible receptacles that can be tightly closed. If due precautions are taken, a very considerable saving in the aggregate of foodstuffs will result.

The Hay Situation in Manitoba

It is now abundantly certain that every ounce of hay and straw obtainable in Western Canada this year will be badly needed. Already the larger markets are feeling the weight of heavy shipments of cattle, many of these animals being neither fully grown nor properly finished for the block. The extreme scarcity of feed in some portions of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and also, to a limited extent in Manitoba, together

with the natural gravitation of stock to Winnipeg at such a time, will bring within the borders of Manitoba an even greater number than usual of cattle that are available for further feeding. The necessity for maintaining our maximum output of meat for the overseas trade, as well as the future of the live stock industry, demand that the sacrifice of breeding and stocker cattle be reduced to the minimum.

As an incentive to everyone in the province to obtain all the hay possible, the Manitoba Department of Agriculture has sent out 3,000 posters urging settlers to cut all hay obtainable. These posters have gone to every corner of the province—newspaper offices, post offices, business places, agricultural society headquarters, etc. As a result a large departmental correspondence with stock owners has sprung up and much information has been supplied as to hay permits and hay supplies.

The department also is despatching a staff of about one dozen experienced men,

who will personally cover large tracts of the country where unappropriated hay marshes are most likely to be located, and before the close of July will know where almost all the wild hay possibilities in the province are situated.

Information along two other lines is also being sought. The department wishes to know of parties with haying equipment who may be engaged to go to parts indicated and cut hay. Also it wishes to get into touch with live stock owners who own cattle that must be sold at a loss unless hay is located for them, and who would undertake to send outfits into other parts of the province and cut and feed hay if they were told where it could be had.

Three main objects are being sought: First—That all possible supplies of hay be located, gathered and used by someone.

Second—That as few breeding and stocker cattle as possible be sacrificed.

Third—That farmers everywhere take steps to save all straw at harvest and threshing time.

Food Prices in France

Here are some present war-time prices in France, as compared with prices as they were before the war:

	1918	1914
Butter, per lb.90	.30
Pork, per lb.70	.28
Potatoes, per lb.06	.02
Roast Beef, per lb.65	.30
Beans, per lb.28	.12
Coffee, per lb.60	.40
Chocolate, per lb.65	.25

Conservation

The potato is a great patriot. It has helped to save nations. Let it help to win the war by releasing other essential foods for export.

How many slices of white bread can a family do without if a few more potatoes are on the table at every meal?

Potatoes and other starchy vegetables can save wheat. Use them in bread making.

One medium-sized potato gives you as much starch as two slices of bread.

When you have potatoes for a meal you need less bread.

Potatoes give you the salts you need to build and renew all parts of the body.

The best potato can be spoiled by a poor cook. Legend has it that a famous king in history tested each cook before hiring him by asking him to boil a potato.

Savory stews provide an excellent means of using carrots, onions, turnips and potatoes.

Vegetables are invaluable for growing children. Adults must have vegetables to make up the wastage caused by work.

Potatoes at home make more wheat for the allied armies; it is your fight.

Every little bite makes a muckle; use vegetables.

Doctors say that the tired-out feeling—"spring fever"—often comes from a lack of fruits and vegetables.

Increase in our consumption of vegetables means an increase in the export of wheat.

To aid in feeding the soldiers overseas eat more cereals, fish, potatoes and vegetables. It's patriotic.

Keep your food pledge card. Obey the Canada Food Board's advice to—Eat more Vegetables.

Share your meat with the meat at the front by using potatoes, carrots, onions and turnips.

To send the most food possible in the least shipping space, grow and eat bulky vegetables at home in Canada.

Chili Sauce

Chili sauce is a welcome addition to the winter supply. It is good with hot or cold meat. A little added to a stew gives it a pleasing flavor.

One peck ripe tomatoes, 3 pounds brown sugar, 1 quart of small onions, 1 bunch of celery, 3 pints of vinegar, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful of black pepper, 2 teaspoonful of mustard, two-thirds cup of salt. Mix the spices with the sugar, add the vinegar and salt, chop the tomatoes, onions and celery, mix with the other ingredients. Put on fire and boil one hour, put in bottles, cork and set away.



They Save Money—Give Comfort

In a twelve-month you spend dollars in new hosiery. Isn't it worth while to insist on getting stockings that you know will wear well—that save darning, save money—that are made by the biggest concern of its kind in Canada?

Buy hosiery by name. In the "Sunshine" line are famous brands—names you know well.

Good value won these brands their nation-wide reputation—and preference.

They offer you good wear plus comfort. You'll recognize them in your dealer's, because they are well-shaped and soft—made from the finest yarn procurable.

Note the brands listed alongside.

"Three Eighties"—A seamless cotton hose for ladies and misses. Three-ply heels and toes. Save darning. Has the largest sale of any one style of hose in Canada. In black, tan and white.

"Buster Brown"—The most popular stocking made for boys. Mothers know how much darning the three-ply heels and toes save. Double elastic leg, narrowed foot and ankle. In black and tan. Sizes, 5 to 10½.

"Little Darling"—Made from Australian lambs' wool. Fast, stainless dyes, black, tan and colors. Silken heel and toe. Sizes, 4 to 7. A dainty hose that pleases any girl.

Also **"Little Daisy"**—All sizes for children up to 12 years old. Reinforced heel and toe.

"Marathon"—A low-priced half-hose for men. Quality considered, it is wonderful value.

"Pedestrian"—A better hose, two-ply soft lisle yarn. Both come in black, tan and colors.

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Fashions and Patterns

A Simple but Attractive Frock: 2554—This model is finished with a back closing. The waist is cut in kimono style. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

Gingham, chambray, percale, lawn, serge repp, poplin, galatea and other wash fabrics are good for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Size 6 will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this



illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Here is a Fine Separate Waist and Skirt Combination. Waist—2555. Skirt—2548. You could have serge or gabardine for it, with checked or plain cloth to face the skirt, and trim the waist. Or the waist may be of any desired waisting such as batiste, lawn, linen, silk or voile, and the skirt of serge, Jersey cloth, corduroy, satin or gabardine. The waist pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The facing will require 2/3 yard. The skirt measures about 2 yards at its lower edge. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock—Ladies' Dress. 2296—Satin and lace will combine nicely in this model. It is also good for serge with Georgette crepe for trimming, lovely for cashmere, velour, velvet or corduroy. The waist and jumper portions are crossed in surplice style. The skirt is a two-piece model with gathered fullness and side closing. It may be finished separate from the waist. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 1 1/2 yard for the jumper. This skirt measures a little over 2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A New and Stylish Dress for the Growing Girl. 2559—Blue and green plaid woolen for the skirt and trimming, with blue serge for waist and tunic, is here shown. This model is also good for gabardine, silk, velvet, checked suiting, gingham, repp and poplin. The pattern



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is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Practical Model. 2359—The busy house worker will readily appreciate the good features of this design. The front closing makes adjustment easy. The sleeve may be in either of the two lengths portrayed. The dress is a one-piece model, with the fulness confined under the belt. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 3/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

2570—You will find this attractive skirt a good style for remodeling. The tunic portions are joined to a yoke, an fall in graceful folds, and in shaped outline. The design is good for serge, gabardine, Jersey cloth, plaid or check woolen combined with plain fabrics, crepe and satin, serge and taffeta. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 3 3/8 yards of 44-inch material for the tunic, and 2 1/2 yards for the skirt. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular, Comfortable and Practical Style. 2082—One-piece dress for misses and small women. There is hardly any style so well adapted to slender figures as this one. It is easy to develop and good for any of the materials now in vogue. Broad panels, with plaits at the seams, are joined to the side fronts. A small collar trims the "V" neck edge. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Waist for Many Occasions. 2552—Here is a new and pretty waist which is equally good for silk, satin, cloth, linen and other lingerie fabrics. The model may be "slipped on," or finished with a side and shoulder closing. It has a very pretty cuff. Contrasting material for cuffs and chemisette, or embroidery on these parts, would form a suitable trimming. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 3/8 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Practical Undergarment. 2563—This is good for muslin, cambric, longcloth, batiste, silk, crepe, washable satin, dimity and crossbar. The pattern, is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Dress for Mother's Girl. 2349—This will be nice in brown serge with soutache braid for trimming, or in blue gabardine, with collar and cuffs of plaid or checked material. The front closes at the side. The skirt is straight and gathered. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 3 3/8 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Summer Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. 2154—Organdy, dimity, shantung and foulard are nice for this model. The waist fronts are finished in surplice style. The skirt has plaited panels and gathered fulness over the hips. Jaunty pockets afford a practical and suitable trimming. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44-inch material for a 38-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

One of the commonest complaints of infants is worms, and the most effective application for them is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

A Stylish, Simple One-piece Model. 2557—Satin, taffeta, velvet, serge, gabardine, checked or mixed suiting, could be used for this. It will prove a serviceable model. The vest is a new style feature. It could be made of contrasting material, or the contrast could be in collar and pockets. Braid will form a suitable decoration. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Just the Frock for Gingham, Calico, Serge, Satin or Velvet. 2578—When all is said and done the one-piece dresses are very comfortable and practical, in more ways than one. In the design here portrayed you have simple lines, and a development that is most easy. In khaki with white pique or brown crash for trimming, or in blue serge, checked or plaid suiting, this will be nice. The pattern is

illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

2572—A waist like this attractive model may be finished without buttons. The adjustment is easy. The fronts are crossed and the one belt end is slipped through a slash, and meets the other belt end at the back. This style is lovely for soft materials, for crepe, chiffon, crepe de chine, satin, voile or batiste. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

2580—A practical, comfortable garment is this little slip. It is good for cambric, nainsook, long cloth, batiste, crepe and flannelette. Embroidered edging and insertion, or lace may be used for trimming. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of



cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Negligee or Lounging Robe. 2562—This garment is suitable for lawn, crepe, silk, dimity, voile, satin, flannel, cashmere, albatross and flannelette. It is a one-piece garment, gathered at the waistline over an inside band. Body and sleeve portions are made in one. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 5 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Dress for Mother's Girl. 2220—Linen, galatea, seersucker, gingham, percale, drill, voile, serge, plaid and checked suiting, are all nice for this style. The waist closes at the side. The gathered skirt is trimmed with shaped pockets. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 years requires 3 1/4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this

illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Ladies' Cover All Apron. 2357—Here is a smart and attractive apron model in one-piece style, which closes at the front over the sleeve portions. Gingham, percale or seersucker are good for its development. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

In order to play "Rosemary" some years ago, John Drew shaved off his mustache, thereby greatly changing his appearance. Shortly afterward he met Max Beerbohm in the lobby of a London theatre, but could not just then recall who the latter was. Mr. Beerbohm's memory was better.

"Oh, Mr. Drew," he said, "I'm afraid you don't know me without your mustache."



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THE IDEAL COLORED DRESS LINEN, non-crushable finish in white and fashionable shades, 36 inches wide, \$2.98 per yard.

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—Ladies' Linen Hemstitched, from \$1.32 per dozen. Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, from \$1.80 per dozen. Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched, from \$2.14 per dozen. Khaki Handkerchiefs \$2.50 to 1.00 per dozen.

IRISH COLLARS AND SHIRTS.—Our celebrated Linen-faced Castle Collars in every size and shape, \$1.26 per dozen. White Shirts, for dress or day wear, from \$1.18 each. Oxford or Zephyr Shirts, from \$1.18 each. Mercerized Twill, from \$2.94 each. Cellular, \$1.08. Medium Weight Flannel, \$1.42 and \$1.68. Ceylon Summer Weight Flannel, \$1.18. Heavy Winter Weight, all wool, \$2.28 each. Size 14 1/2 to 16 1/2 inches in stock.

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Correspondence

Love and Marriage

Dear Editor,—Half in earnest, half in fun, I read letters in your column on the subject, "Does love grow less after marriage?" Naturally, the question arises in my mind. Why should it? We might start on the subject by asking, what is love? My dictionary gives—to like; to be pleased with; to regard with strong affection. To make such feelings within one there must be some trait in the other party to attract and hold one's attention. This in time leads to a better acquaintance of each other, until, finally, the two parties concerned decide that it would be all right for them to marry. Is not this an honorable estate? Instituted by God, why should it not be? But here is where we start on a new road in life, and when we start out, we must not forget what love means and bear in mind that before marriage we were ever magnifying our fine qualities, and, seeing in each other only that which was good. Now we can expect to find some of the weaker points showing themselves. Are we disappointed? "Life is what we make it." "There is none perfect, no not one." We find then, that after marriage, our dream, not love, vanishes; for surely there are none of us but who have some kind of a visionary definition attached to that word, love, and we are brought to realize that life after all is real, and that we have to "bear one another's burdens." Many, sad though it seems, have lost that sense of sacredness with which love and marriage are clothed, and allow the baser passions to rule. Is it a wonder if in such a home we find unhappiness? Can it be truly said that love ever played a part in bringing such parties together?

Where marriage is recognized as a sacred institution, it will prove to be the gateway to the greatest happiness one can attain to in this life.

Observer.

Where is Dido?

Dear Editor and Friends,—I just thought I would drop a few lines to the favorite paper and ask you all how you are keeping. Now I notice some of the readers asking "Does love grow less after marriage?" My opinion is, that in some cases it does, some it grows stronger, and some are loveless marriages. It is hard to find an evenly matched couple, there is always something wrong with either one or the other.

Well, now, I am not speaking from experience because I am a single girl of 23 years, and English by birth, having been in Canada since 1913. I like Canada but I want to go back to England for a holiday. I am a clerk in a store in town, and I enjoy my work very much, in fact, I love my work.

Now, if there is anyone who is fond of horseback riding, dancing and sport would care to write me I shall be delighted to answer all letters. By the way, where is "Dido."

Well, I must close now, wishing every reader success and happiness and to the farmer, a real good crop. I will sign myself

"Kentish Hop."

Her First Effort

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of The Western Home Monthly and enjoy it very much, especially the correspondence page. I am helping with the haying and am going to stook grain, as soon as the haying is finished. I love farm life and would not give up for the town or city.

Like "Esther" I am very fond of outdoor sports. I like skating, motoring, horseback riding, sleighing and many other sports too numerous to mention. I also like reading.

As this is my first letter to your page I guess I had better close. I would like some of the other readers to correspond with me. My address is with the Editor. I will sign myself,

"A Little Farmer Girl."

Miller's Worm Powders are complete in themselves. They not only drive worms from the system, but repair the damage that worms cause and so invigorate the constitution that it speedily recovers from the disorders of the digestion that are the result of the work of these parasitic intruders. They do their work thoroughly and strength and soundness follow their use.

Disapproves of Love Discussion

Dear Editor,—This is not first letter to this page and it is not going to be my last, as long as the members discuss that subject, "Does love grow less after marriage." I think this is the poorest subject to discuss through this good column that the members could find. To me it is a waste of paper and time for our good editor to print this subject. I think "A Western Bach" hasn't much of a selection of subjects to choose from, or he hasn't got much to talk about, when he asked the members to discuss this subject. If the members would start discussing a scripture subject then they could get some good from it, and it would help them along that line of work. I suppose when "A Western Bach" reads this letter he will feel like jump straddling my neck, but, if he can, he is a good jumper.

I read a few letters from members on the subject of having dances in order to raise money for the Red Cross. I was, and am still a lover of dancing, but I have stopped going to dances owing to this great war. When you go to a dance I think you are not showing much respect for the boys who have just paid that great sacrifice for you and me. If people over here lose a dear one they go into deep mourning for three months or more, but, still they can go and dance and forget all about the boys overseas. They may not be one of your family, but they are yours, and why not show a little respect for them. It is for every one to think out for themselves, because every one will have to give an account.

I suppose the little city girl is singing her new song all day now, "Will the spearmint lose its flavor on the bed post over night."

"Sky Scrapper."

Work Before Talk

Dear Editor,—I have been intending for some time to write a letter to the page, but just kept putting off; however, here goes now. Our page, I notice, has become almost altogether a ladies' column. What has become of all the sterner sex who used to write such interesting letters from time to time? Have they all gone to the war I wonder? Oh! this awful war, how we are all hoping for the end of it. I often wonder when I read of the doings in this Canada of ours, if we are not permitting just a little too much of the spirit of hate and revenge into our actions. I mean such things as changing the names of places, which happen to have German names, etc. We must be very careful while we are bemoaning the awful German hate, that we are not just cultivating a spirit of Canadian hate, for no matter what we do or say we can't get away from the teaching of Jesus, that all men are brothers, and we know He also said, "He that saith he loves God but hates his brother is a liar, for how can one love God whom he hath not seen and hate his brother whom he hath seen." That other saying of His also, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer," so, friends, it behooves us to be very careful what kind of a spirit we are cultivating. I often think how much more hateful the people at home are than are the boys who are going out and laying their lives on the altar of sacrifice. How much real sacrifice are those at home making, anyhow? When one comes to figure it out, there is no one but those laying down their all that are sacrificing very much. When I look about and see the pleasure and the money spent on these society dinners and dances we read of in the papers every day, why, I just fancy things are a bit unfair. Those poor boys are expected to give up every hope in life, even life itself, to go out and fight to protect Canada, while at home, the people are just enjoying things to the full as though there was no suffering and sorrow in the world.

We hear a great deal about people being patriotic, but I notice in our district it is the ones who are shouting the loudest about patriotism who have all got their fine cars, and take in every old dog fight within miles, right at a time of year when everybody is supposed to be working and saving to win the war. It just seems as if so long as one keeps talking patriotism, it does not matter how you act, but, just as soon as a person says anything that those same people

PIMPLES AND RUNNING SORES. WOULD HOLD HEAD DOWN FACE WAS SUCH A SIGHT.

Pimples are caused by the blood being out of order. Those festering and running sores appear on the forehead, the nose, the chin and other parts of the body.

There is only one way to get rid of this obnoxious skin trouble, and that is by giving the blood a thorough cleansing by the use of that grand old blood purifier Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Victor G. Fry, North Battleford, Sask., writes: "I used Burdock Blood Bitters when I was about 18. I was so bad with pimples and running sores, that when I went down town I would hold my head down when I saw anyone coming, my face was such a sight. I got two bottles and my face began to clear, so I kept on until I had a beautiful complexion."

I recommend it to everyone who is in a rundown condition, as it builds up the blood, and when the blood is A1 the face is clear."

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imagine is not right, they begin to say, look out for so and so for he is pro-German, while at the same time that individual is working 16 hours a day and seven days a week, to get more work done, which is a benefit to the country.

I tell you I am heartily sick of these stay-at-home patriots and armchair farmers. We want less gas attacks and more of the real "Over the top stunts" in this country. I myself, have never been off our own chip yard for over two years, not having any real sport, but have had my nose to the grindstone all the time, and yet some of my neighbors have their doubts about my patriotism. I am left out of all Red Cross affairs in our district, but I get my work from the town Red Cross Society, and do it at home in my spare time, so that my conscience is clear on that point. I feel I am doing just as good work on the quiet as though I was making a big fuss. What do the members think?

Crops are very good around here, a trifle late, perhaps, but that is all. Have any of the members heard from "A Lonely Westerner" of late. I was corresponding with him but his letters ceased suddenly and I have heard no more of him. I watched the daily papers but never saw his name on the lists, so if anyone knows anything of him I would be pleased to hear of it.

Well, I must close, hoping to see this in print. If any of the members will write me I will be glad to answer all letters. It will soon be the long evenings again, how time flies. Wishing The Western Home Monthly all success, I remain,
"Sammy."



The trail of the black face.

A Lover of the Homestead

Dear Friends,—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for a number of years, and missed it very much since coming to the United States last fall. I am not a bookworm but when The Western Home Monthly came I could hardly wait till evening came and the supper dishes washed up so I could see my favorite magazine.

I will introduce myself by saying I am a Canadian, being born in the province of Alberta, on a farm, was educated in the city, where I lived thirteen years, and the happiest day of my life came when we left it for the farm again. I am almost twenty-one years of age, five foot six inches tall and weigh one hundred and forty pounds, fair and blue eyes. How many of you like the life on a homestead? I think there is not a happier or more free life, and am longing for the day when I can return to dear old Canada again and start on a homestead. I lived on one and helped my brothers develop it and will do it again whenever I am of age to take up a claim. Could any of the readers tell me about the land in the Peace River district of B.C. and Alberta. My father, being a returned soldier, is going to take up a homestead there, and I would like one, too, but being a young lady I cannot get one from the Dominion Government. If I get one from the Provincial Government I will be glad to take it, but would rather take charge of a young soldier's ranch for him until the war is over. Would any of the young farmers care to risk it? I would give up my homestead in order to care for their in their absence.

I could not tell how sick I am of this rented place with nothing but corn, beans and other stuff like them, and I am sorry

I came at all as there never was sickness in our family until we came here, and, having seen many parts of this state, I can truthfully say I have never seen a place that would equal our Canadian ranch homes, as far as happiness and prosperity are concerned. I love the American people and have made a large number of true friends here, but will gladly forsake them all for the happy free life on a Canadian wheat ranch. I would like very well to correspond with any young ladies or gentlemen of British or American birth. My address is with the editor.

Tommy Bings.

A Lover of Ontario

Dear Editor,—Although I have been an interested reader of your correspondence column for some years, I have not had courage to write until last month's magazine told of so many sociable readers.

So many of you people love the West, that I felt I must, at least, speak for Ontario with its beautiful trees and fruit farms, which are so seldom seen in Western Canada.

As to having public dances to procure money for patriotic purposes, "Farmer Boy," I should think there are other and much better ways to make our soldiers comfortable. The dancing itself may be perfectly all right, but the company which you are bound to associate with in public ball rooms certainly is not, and for myself, I should blush to dance outside private homes.

I like sliding, sleigh driving, motoring

and best of all, skating on our Canadian rivers on a bright, frosty night in January.

There are a great many people think that all farmers' sons should be exempt from National Service, and if their sons are taken to the front, they do not wish to put in crops. Farmers, of all men, have the most to fight for, namely, their homes. Those boys who have gone from positions in the city have not even got such a place. This, of course, only applies to some.

May I ask for correspondents? Would "Lonesome Pine" please write. Leaving my address with the editor I will close, wishing The Western Home Monthly every success.

"Phyllis."

He Knew the Genus

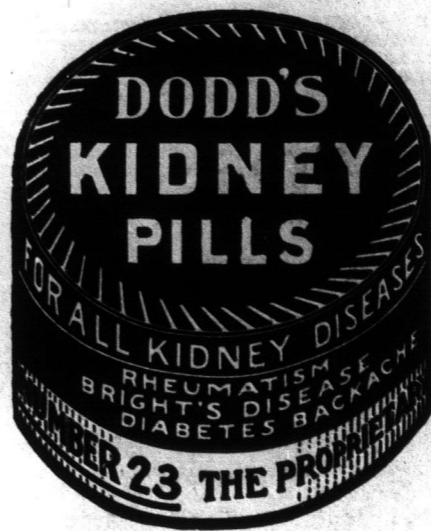
During a lesson on the animal kingdom, says the Illustrated London News, the teacher asked if any one could give an example of an animal of the order of edentata, that is, one which is without teeth.

"I can!" cried Reginald, his face beaming with the pleasure of assured knowledge.

"Well, what is it?" said the teacher.

"Grandpa!" he shouted.

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value.



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What the World is Saying

The Only Way to Teach Germany

The most important war aim is straight shooting.—Toronto Star.

As to Peace Talk

This is no time for talking peace—except in Germany.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Mr. Roosevelt is Correct

Theodore Roosevelt has come to the conclusion that the Germans excel in one thing. No race surpasses them in brutality.—Dundee Courier.

Money Has Wings Now

Dollars may not go as far as formerly, but they go faster.—Vancouver Province.

The British Bulldog Motto

"Hold fast," is Lloyd George's message. It is a way the bulldog has.—Duluth Herald.

The Unspeakable Willie

Some people never seem to have any luck. Take the German Crown Prince, for instance.—Edmonton Journal.

His Vanished Hopes

The Kaiser's confidence in submarine warfare looks like a case of writing one's hopes in water.—Lethbridge Herald.

A River Fatal to the Huns

Will any other name have a more sinister meaning to German military ambition than the Marne?—London Daily Mail.

The Soaplessness of Germany

Germany has become the land of the "great unwashed." She now enjoys seven soapless days a week.—Brooklyn Eagle.

National Policy in Private Life

Burglary is increasing at an appalling rate in Germany, according to the Frankfurter Zeitung. The national policy is being individualized, as it were.—Minneapolis Journal.

Probably a Fair Estimate

It is estimated that since April 6th, 1917, 483,000 poems have been written bearing the line "sadder and wiser" to rhyme with "Kaiser."—Kansas City Star.

The Turk and the Hun

Even the unspeakable Turk finds the Hun company too bad for him. He is anxious to sever relations with his old ally.—Calgary Herald.

Staggering Figures

The United States is spending \$2,000,000 an hour in prosecuting the war, or over \$50,000,000 a day. Such figures almost stagger the imagination.—Kingston Whig.

And Growing Steadily Stronger

It is officially announced that the British navy is 160 per cent stronger than before the war, Berlin being quite welcome to the information.—Boston Transcript.

Quite So

Like the "contemptible little army" of Britain, the American army is opening the eyes of the Kaiser, his soldiers, and his statesmen.—Victoria Colonist.

The German System

It doesn't seem to matter who is in command of the German armies at the front as long as old General von Bunk remains at home to con the public.—Saskatoon Star.

Ought to Please Santa Claus

The government has granted 75,000 acres of land in the northwest for reindeer grazing. All we now require to make the scheme a success are the reindeer.—Ottawa Citizen.

The German Wool Shortage

The shortage of wool in Germany is fast approaching the stage when the Kaiser will no longer be able to pull it over the people's eyes.—New York World.

But Has the Turk any Heart?

Deep down in his heart the Turk thinks about as much of the Hun as the rest of the world does. He is at last beginning to see what a cat's paw the German has made of him.—Toronto Globe.

"Der Tag" Won't Do

Germany will never come into the society of free nations until it has something to celebrate, like the fall of the Bastille or the Declaration of Independence.—Chicago Daily News.

Safety First for Them

The Kaiserin is reported to have wept when she recently visited German wounded in military hospitals. None of her six sons, however, was among the number.—Toronto Telegram.

John Barleycorn is Down and Out

Much satisfaction is to be found in the fact that very little of the barley harvested in Ontario will find its way into the hands of John Barleycorn.—London Advertiser.

Perhaps Before That

A Belfast firm has built an 8,000-ton steamer in fifteen days. At the end of the war it may be possible to sail to-morrow on a ship that to-day isn't.—New York Globe.

Of Course They Are

The Red Cross advertises that they "want women to mend." Which prompts the New York Sun to gallantly remark: "But most women don't need mending; they're all right as they are."—Buffalo Express.

It is Doubtful

If the German Crown Prince, was sent to an officers' training camp for ninety-nine years, remarks the Albany Argus, he might come out fit to command a corporal's guard.—Hamilton Herald.

Teuton Thoroughness

The Germans are very thorough. They have thoroughly united the civilized world into a single enemy. Not until they are thoroughly defeated will the world become again a place for decent men and women to live in.—Chicago Tribune.

War-enforced Thrift

British householders are asked to save nut shells and fruit stones. Use has been found in war time for many things which were thrown away in peace time. It should be a thriftier world after the war.—Vancouver Sun.

The Flag and Conservation

Four of the largest hotels in New York have been penalized for evading food regulations. A flag over the building doesn't mean anything unless the food rules are obeyed in the kitchen.—Detroit News.

An Imperative Need

An imperative need in Canada, if the virility of the people is to be sustained, is a nation-wide public health effort, backed by the Federal power, concentrating first on the inroads of tuberculosis.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

They Are so Careless

Hippopotamus meat is said to be as good as pork, but the chances are that a lot of hippopotamuses running about would muss up a back yard almost as much as chickens.—Marion (Ohio) Star.

A Nice Prospect for Austria

We sometimes wonder if it ever occurs to Austria that all she has to hope for even in the event of glorious and complete ultimate victory is to be bossed around for the rest of her natural life by a beery megalomaniac.—Ohio State Journal.

Their Own Standard

Having put civilization to the sword, having committed themselves headlong to their barbarous faith in force alone, now by what right do the Germans claim for themselves immunity from the just and inexorable consequence? By what audacity of self-exaltation are they insulted when they are required to choose between surrender or destruction?—New York Tribune.

City Men of Farm Origin

At a recent convention of United States bankers the question was asked: "How many of you grew up on a farm?" The count showed 90 per cent. Everyone present agreed to leave his bank and work on the farm for periods of from ten days to two weeks. A large proportion of every city's business and professional men were raised on the farm, though how many of them would be of any use there to-day is another question.—New York Times.

China and Germany

The "Flowery Kingdom" is producing a few thorns for the Germans. China is not only building four ships for the United States but she will join with Japan in sending an expedition into Siberia to help the Russians.—Philadelphia Ledger.

True to Anglo-Saxon Traditions

A number of American officers have been killed while leading their men against enemy positions. They were true to Anglo-Saxon traditions—they showed the way themselves. The German officers usually drive their men forward, while they themselves remain safely in the rear.—London Truth.

A Sioux on the Job

Private James Stiffail, a North Dakota Sioux Indian, crept through the German lines for several miles, and hand-grenaded a Prussian local headquarters, putting a lot of Boche officers out of business. Mr. Stiffail seems to be a bad man when he gets his back up.—Minneapolis Journal.

He Was Safe in the Rear

Even yet we have to laugh at the unconscious compliment we paid the Crown Prince by believing the yarn that he would likely be trapped in the big salient. Such a contingency, of course, would imply that the Prince was near the fighting section of the ground.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

An Unwarranted Fear

The gentlemen who fear that prohibition will throw vital war industries into confusion are highly imaginative. Already millions of Americans in dry territory are getting on without booze, and there have been no riots over the deprivation. Let the timid souls cheer up. People can get along without things much better than they suppose. At a pinch they can get along without white bread. They can get along without coffee. They can get along without beer.—Kansas City Times.

War and the Young Men

The United States Secretary of War urges the lowering of the draft age to eighteen. There were many feeling protests against the proposal to draft nineteen-year-old boys in Canada. The regulation has not been enforced, but its application may yet be necessary. It is the great tragedy of the war that it necessarily takes heaviest toll of lives just opening into manhood.—Montreal Gazette.

"Liberty Day" for the World

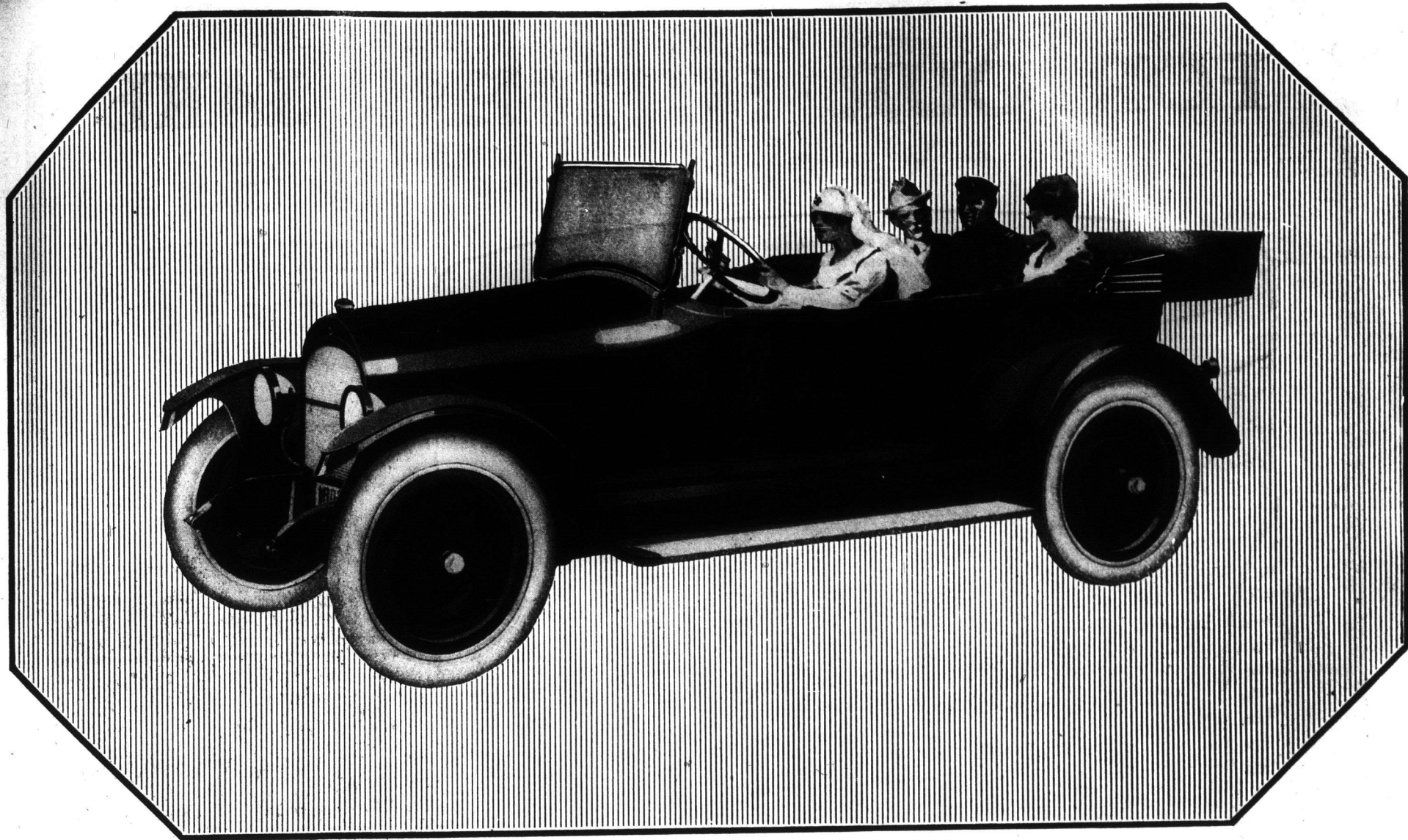
Why should not the allied nations with common accord set apart a certain day in each year hereafter to be celebrated as Liberty Day—to commemorate the struggle and sacrifices made in the great war for the freedom of the world which began on Aug. 1st, 1914? Such a day need not take the place of any national holiday; it should be a greater day even than that, for it should commemorate the time, not merely when liberty was won for a nation, but the time when liberty was saved to the world.—Halifax Chronicle.

A French Tribute

Let us acclaim the American soldiers, but never forget the British sailors, without whom Germany would continue to utter sarcastic remarks on the vain menace and fruitless efforts of America. She already knows, and will know better to-morrow, all that this menace means. The day when the American army gains the big success to which we are looking forward let us pay homage to the British sailors, those unseen and silent conquerors who are guarding the seas for us.—Paris (France) Le Mid.

The Hun and the Sea

There are some things honest men will not stand; and the German at sea is one of them. Not for a generation, and very likely more than one, will the German put to sea without some peril to himself. When he struck at the brotherhood of the sea he struck at a power as wide as the sea, as strong, as pitiless. Seamen have long memories, and minds untainted by money, for money does not come their way. They cannot be bribed to trade with the German. Were it no more than a matter of self-defence, the seamen would still be constrained to teach the German his lesson. There are people who argue that the prospect of receiving a part of their dues after the war encourages the poor misguided Germans to go on fighting. But whether they go on or not, they cannot undo the past. They will reap as they have sown.—London Morning Post.



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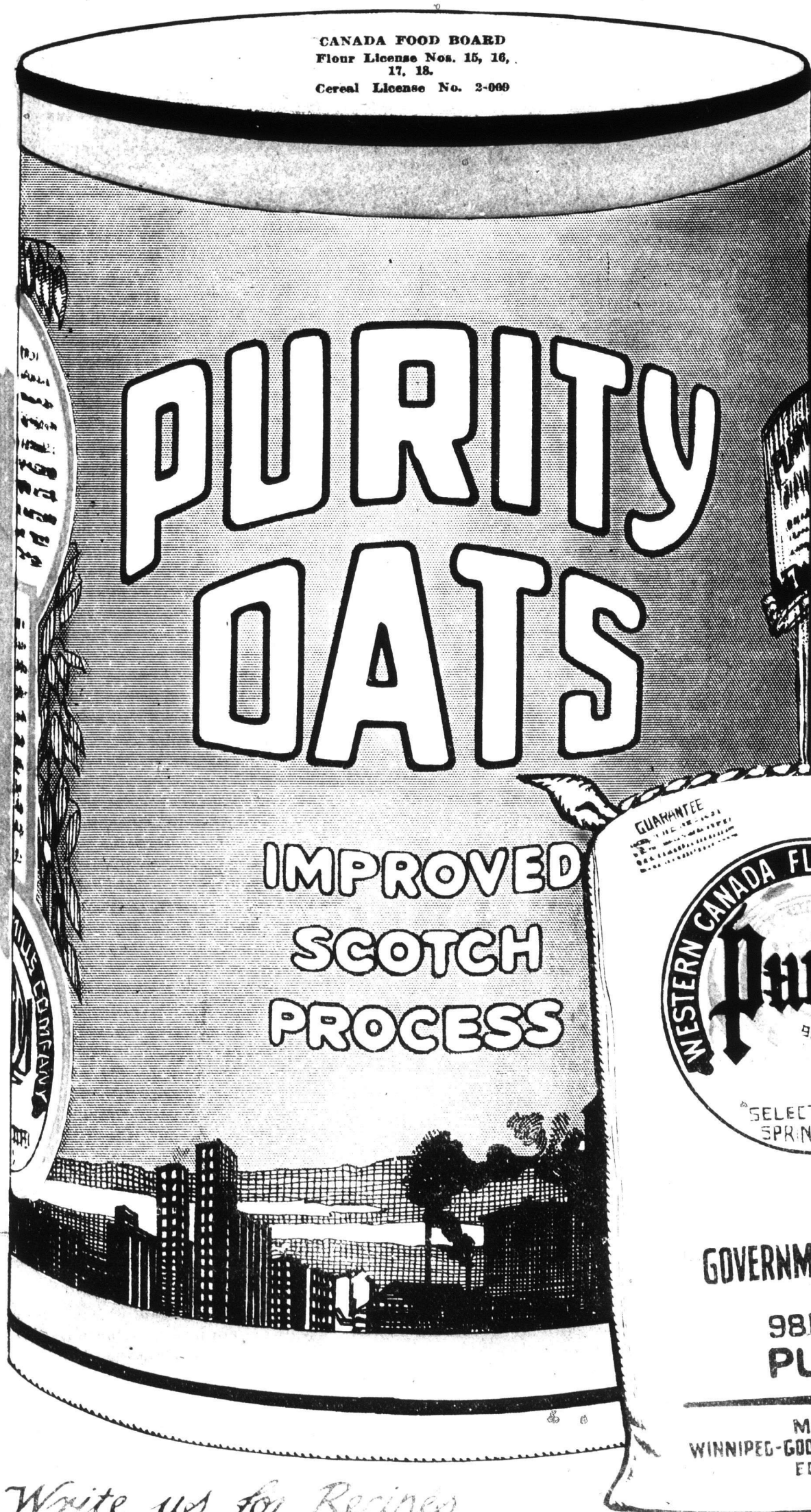
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