

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG, MAN., OCTOBER, 1919



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number

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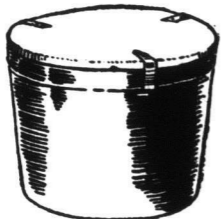
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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XXI.

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can.

No. 9

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00, to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the city of Winnipeg limits, and in the United States \$1.25 a year. Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order. Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address, and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat With Our Readers

The Editors of The Western Home Monthly can always be relied upon to give you good advice when you are confronted with some domestic or business problem which is one too many for you.

Their daily work is with the very problems that may be puzzling you. There is no theory about them; they do not guess, they work things out to a practical conclusion. You are invited to use their time and experience in solving your problems. They will not undertake to run your farm or to do your thinking, but when some problem comes up that your own study and experience leaves still a problem, put it up to one of them. Write us fully and it will be a pleasure to help to the extent of our ability and experience.

This issue contains in its every department matter of pressing interest with which every Westerner should be more or less familiar.

The Editorial deals crisply and impartially with problems that are urgently seeking solution at the hands of government and people. Regular readers of this page will be intelligently informed and helped to wise action.

Under the direction of one of Winnipeg's most successful and practical educators, the page, "The Young Man and His Problem," will be found interesting and educative and most helpful to all ambitious young men.

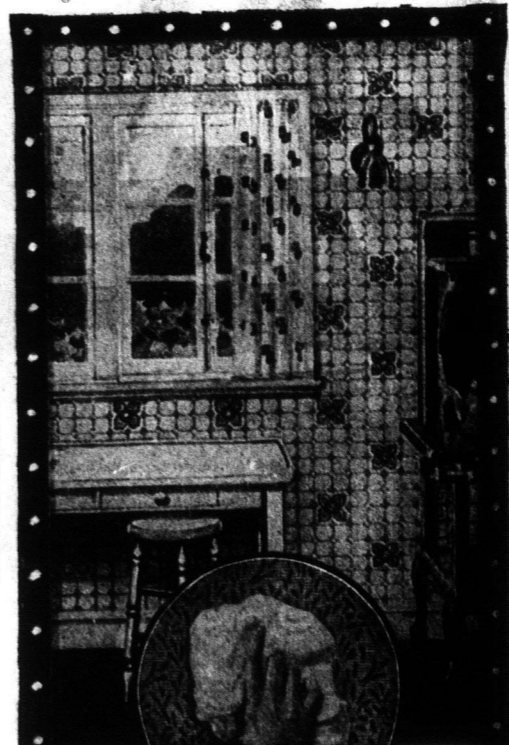
"The Philosopher" page has for years been a popular feature of the Magazine, and with each issue that interest increases. World wide matters are treated with masterly skill and in a manner as pleasing as it is interesting.

"What The World Is Saying" is a bright and lively collection from the brightest minds in the newspaper world.

It is unnecessary to deal here with the popularity attained by the many departments for women. They continue to serve a splendid purpose and are under the charge of leading experts.

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THE PRINCE'S VISIT

THE visit of the Prince of Wales to Western Canada was, in many ways, a noteworthy event, and it undoubtedly did much to intensify the friendly feeling that exists between this country and the Motherland. The best thing about the visit was the behaviour of the Prince. As future sovereign of the Empire, he made it his aim to mingle with and understand all sorts and conditions of men, so that in his administrative capacity he might be a friend to all and an enemy of none. He was equally at home with and equally loved by soldiers and civilians. He could find enjoyment on the golf course or at the vice-regal ball. He could mingle with the members of government and feel equally at ease among the cowboy or even the Indians of the plains. He was a true cosmopolitan and a democrat of the democrats. If in some quarters there was an attempt to limit his smiles and favors to the wealthy or to officialdom, he was not a party to it. He came to us and left the impression that he is a pure, fresh young soul without affectation or pride, but rich in human feeling and kindly in his thoughts and deeds. Because of this we honor him and we are proud to know that Britain's King will still be the first gentleman in the land.

THE BEAUTY OF THE COUNTRY

IT would be impossible to find a land which has greater natural beauty than the land in which we live. The forests, the fields and the lakes vie with each other in their appeals to the eye, and each has its own music to delight the ear. Yet it is not uncommon to find men and women who are blind and deaf to it all. They are surrounded by beauty and they see it not, they are living in a world of music and hear it not. It is all there for them to appreciate and yet they never make it their own.

Now, there is nothing more educative and more refining than communion with Nature.

"A breath of unadumbrate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Even in the stifling bosom of the town,
A garden in which nothing thrives, has charms
That soothe the rich possessor."

And this great work of Nature, how it leads him
who studies it up to Nature's God.

"He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired
Can lift to Heaven an unassuming eye
And smiling say: 'My Father made them all!'"

It is a mistake to go through life with the eyes cast downwards. We are meant to look upward to the skies and onward to the hills. It is a mistake to keep our thoughts cast downwards to our ledgers and our vaults. They should dwell upon the glories and the beauties of the universe. It is a mistake to teach children that the first duty of life is to save and to hoard. They should first learn to love and appreciate. That man is not rich who has only natural wealth to boast; he is rich beyond the telling if he revels in the truth, if he appreciates the beautiful, if his deeds are kingly.

One of the greatest things parents in the West can do for their children is to enjoy with them the beauties of Nature. How many have been driven from the farm because its beauties have been overlooked! Every year boys and girls are flocking into the city to get away from the miserable unattractive life on the farms, though farm life may be and often is the finest, freest, fullest life possible. A young man will stay on the farm if he finds in it something attractive. That is the beginning and end of the philosophy of keeping boys in the country. Any farmer who starves the souls of his children deserves that they should leave him. There is a divinity which watches over young people and which protects them even against parental neglect or error. Every boy is born with a capacity and a desire to enjoy the beauties of Nature. He will not be denied his right. The mercenary farmer, who appeals to only the lowest in his children will lose their respect, and when they grow old enough to leave, he will lose their company. Therefore, let men and women because of the effect upon themselves, and because of the effect upon children, live in communion with the beautiful.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts; that neither evil tongues,

Editorial

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

THE BOARD OF COMMERCE

THE appointment of the Board of Commerce was intended to regulate and perhaps reduce the cost of high living. There are indications that it will in a measure effect its purpose. It must be given time to make investigations and too much must not be expected of it, for though it may reveal much that is generally unknown it cannot do the impossible. It cannot, for instance, make a dollar worth more than sixty or seventy cents. For a dollar is worth just what it will buy, and for many, many years it will not buy as much as it did previous to the war. The reasons are obvious.

When the war broke out prices increased because there were fewer people to engage in industry, because thousands of factories were closed, because millions of acres of land were impossible of cultivation, and because transportation of supplies was practically prohibited. Naturally prices advanced. Fortunately the standard was fixed for wheat, and this in a measure fixed all other prices.

When prices of necessities doubled workers began to demand higher wages. This caused manufacturers to increase the cost of their wares. This led to further demands from the workers, and this was met by a further increase in the selling price of goods. And so the thing proceeded in a never-ending cycle—higher wages, higher cost; still higher wages, still higher cost. And so on for ever.

The matter was complicated by the attitude of labor, which demanded a shorter working day at a time when the world needed twice the normal production. It was further complicated by the fact that in many lines workmen refused to do as much work as formerly in a given time. One bricklayer says he used to lay 2,000 units in a day. Now his union will not permit him to go beyond 900. It may be this is an over-statement. A manufacturer informed me last week that before the war he paid his men 55 cents an hour and they did 175 units of work per week. Now they get 80 cents an hour and do only 100 units of work. As a result he has to charge two and one half times as much for his goods as formerly and yet not make the same profit. People who have to buy in these times must have larger incomes. Otherwise they will starve.

There are always some wage-earners such as preachers, teachers, book-keepers and clerks who are outside the circle. They are the people who feel the squeeze most of all. They have to pay the increased cost of production and have little or no increase in salary to meet it. Nor can they increase their production nor of their own accord raise their wage. As the chief sufferers at this time they began to place the blame where it seems to belong. At first they vented their wrath upon producers and distributors—farmers, manufacturers, packers, clothiers, and retail merchants. Now they are beginning to accuse labor, as well. Can anyone blame them?

Apart, however, from the increases due to the causes mentioned there have been abnormal increases brought about in other ways. The trusts have flourished—meat trusts, flour trusts, fruit trusts and the like. It is unnecessary to repeat what is common knowledge and belief. It is for the Board of Commerce to get at the real facts of the case.

Even such a Board will not and can not get to the root of matters. Preventive and restrictive legislation and punitive measures will not remedy a wrong moral attitude, and that is where the trouble lies. Germany died through her world ambition. We are likely to perish because of common greed. And if the greed and injustice continue we deserve to perish for we are as faulty in a personal and social way as Germany was in a national way. No nation can live where class is arranged against class and where each man thinks it no crime to rob his neighbor.

When a scale of remuneration is once fairly fixed, as depending upon amount and quality of service, it should rise and fall automatically with the price of necessities of life. This should apply all around and not only to such as chance to belong to unions. The only union worth anything is the One Big Union of Canadian citizens. Anything less inclusive, whether a union of all employers or all workers is not to be trusted. It will of necessity be biased in its actions and utterances and unfair in its demands.

In these troublous times the nation that first learns the art of living together is the nation that will thrive.

PASSING THE BUCK

THIS is a very pleasant pastime. It was never better illustrated than in the matter of the discussion of the high cost of living. The man in the street says, "Why don't you get after the big interests?" The retailer says, "Get after the wholesale men." The wholesalers say, "Our profit is only 1/4 of a cent a pound. Get after the farmers." The farmers say, "Get after the manufacturers of clothing, boots and shoes." And so it goes. The following is a fair sample of the method:

"E. C. Drury, Crown Hill, prominent in the United Farmers of Ontario, speaking at a convention of the United Farmers of Simcoe, at Elmvale, on Saturday, when H. G. Murdoch was nominated, attacked W. F. O'Connor, vice-chairman of the board of commerce. He declared that the agitation by 'that man O'Connor' against the price of foodstuffs was simply a red herring drawn across the trail of the real high cost of living at the behest of the manufacturers. The high cost of living, he said applies to all articles, and yet not the slightest move had been made against the cotton combine, with its 310 per cent profits; the woolen manufacturers, with their 74 per cent profits and the milling trade, with its enormous profits. The only thing O'Connor was tackling was the food stuffs. 'The farmers have produced every ounce of food possible,' he said. 'Has there been any combine to raise the selling price? Absolutely none.'"

It may be that we are mistaken in Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Robson, but we have the impression that before they get done they will go the whole round. Because of this they will have enemies in plenty. Also there will be laid before them all sorts of figures, explanations which tell how a gain of 67 per cent, is in reality a loss, and how a yield of 4,000 bushels of wheat of necessity means a loss of several thousand dollars. Really, the thing to worry over is not the high cost of living, but the fact that in Canadian industry there is so much heartless greed and so much misrepresentation of actual conditions.

SETTLE IT IN A NEW WAY

THE world has attempted up to this date to settle its problems by fighting to a finish. It is now proposed to settle differences by an appeal to reason. That is the meaning of the League of Nations. The following words by General Smuts is, perhaps, the best summing up of the situation that has been made. Let every pessimist read and consider:

"If the future peace of the world is to be maintained, it will not be sufficient merely to erect an institution for the purpose of settling international disputes after they have arisen; it will be necessary to devise an instrument of government which will deal with the causes and sources of disputes. The need is there and the end of the great war has brought an unequalled opportunity for dealing with it. For not only are men's minds prepared for the new peaceful order, but the sweeping away of the Imperial system of Europe leaves the space vacant which the new institution must occupy. The need, political and psychological, is imperative; the opportunity is unique; and only the blindness of statesmen could now prevent the coming of the new institution, which will, more than anything else, reconcile the peoples to the sufferings they have endured during this war. It will be the only fitting monument to our heroic dead. It will be the great response to the age-long cry from human heart for 'Peace on earth, goodwill-among men.' It will nobly embody and express the universal spirit which must heal the deep, self-inflicted wounds of humanity. And it must be the wise regulator, the steadying influence in the forward movement now set going among the nations of the earth.

"For there is no doubt that mankind is once more on the move. The very foundations have been shaken and loosened, and things are again fluid. The tents have been struck, and the great caravan of humanity is once more on the march. Vast social and industrial changes are coming, perhaps upheavals which may, in their magnitude and effects, be comparable to the war itself. A steadying, controlling, regulating influence will be required to give stability to progress, and to remove that wasteful friction which has dissipated so much social force in the past, and in this war more than ever before. These great functions could only be adequately fulfilled by the League of Nations. Responding to such vital needs and coming at such a unique opportunity in history, it may well be destined to mark a new era in the Government of Man, and become to the peoples the guarantee of Peace, to the workers of all races the great International, and to all the embodiment and living expression of the moral and spiritual unity of the human race."

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LILY WHITE

THE STEEPLE

By Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman

"The next Sunday he rang his old cracked bell for all he was worth, but everybody in Snow Hill who could go to meeting at all, went to Snow Center."

IT was blisteringly hot in Snow Hill. The beetling elevation from which the little village had its name sheltered it from any cooling breeze which might blow from the east and the sea, and when the afternoon sun blazed from the west, the heat-waves were echoed back from the broad bosom of Snow Hill. Two men who sat on the bench in front of Dyce's grocery store were discussing it.

"Yes," said one, Sam Dyce, the store-keeper, "that damned hill that they say holds the snow longer than any mountain in these parts, in the spring, makes this whole place hotter than tophet summers."

Sam was in his shirt-sleeves, and his suspenders, which his daughter Daisy had

customer, and of no earthly financial use to him. Sam had not once thought of his pretty daughter, but her mother had, and Daisy had worn her pink and white dress at breakfast next morning.

The stranger came again. He was an odd, incidental sort of man, not very young, seemingly rather aimless, or uncertain concerning his aims. Daisy had fallen in love with him but nobody knew whether he had fallen in love with Daisy or not. Sam, prodded by his wife, had found out what little there was to know about him.

His name was Weston, Lee Weston. He was a bachelor and his reputation was exceedingly good. He was much sought by society people, but hung aloof in the lazy, courteous fashion which he had inherited from a Southern grand-



"That old Sabbath bell rang out a chime of prophecy of endless happiness."

embroidered with rosebuds, were in evidence. He had removed his collar, and his long, stringy throat showed Sam was Yankee from way back. He was Yankee from head to toe, and that meant a goodly length of Yankee, for he was over six feet tall. He kept his country store in the fear of the Lord and the determination of profit.

He was constant in attendance at the church in Snow Center, three miles away. He was a deacon, and superintendent of the Sunday school. He was well-to-do. He had remodeled the old Dyce homestead. It had bay windows, a double colonial piazza, and a front yard designed by a landscape gardener. His wife kept two maids, and every spring she and her daughter went on an excursion.

The daughter, Daisy, had been away to school, and her father had bought an electric victoria for her. She was a pretty girl, very sweet-tempered, and not in the least above her father and his store. Some Saturday nights when there was a rush of customers, she came over and helped at the dry goods counter. It was there the other man had first seen her. He had been motoring; his car had broken down and he had stepped into the store in search of a supper of bread and cheese. Sam had sent him to his remodeled mansion where he had feasted, and finally, as the car was still balky, remained over night, quarters being provided for his chauffeur. The car was installed in the barn at the risk of losing insurance.

Sam was hospitable, although a Yankee, and this stranger was not a

mother who had been a Lee. He lived alone with servants and an old house-keeper, and his house was said to be a museum of art.

That Sam Dyce regarded as distinctly not in his favor. Sam scorned art in spite of his rosebud suspenders. He did not in reality care for them, but Daisy had worked them, they were her first embroidery, and Sam did care for his Daisy. He liked the other man well enough. He would have preferred Daisy to marry a man of Snow Hill or Snow Center, but Lee Weston, regarded as a possible son-in-law, did not overawe Sam Dyce. A prince of the blood could not have done that. He scarcely saw Weston's immaculate summer attire and the determined crease of his trousers, and was perfectly unconscious of his own shirt-sleeves.

All that troubled him was the fact that Weston had come and come, and put up his touring car in his barn, and as yet his intentions regarding Daisy were doubtful. Now another man wanted her, and Daisy was urged by her mother that a bird in the hand— Sam's wife was so set of mind that affairs at home were becoming strenuous, and poor Daisy was unhappy.

Now Sam was very uncertain whether Weston would be well received by his wife, since the other man had come to board for the summer next door, at Mrs. Eliza Angel's, and was courting Daisy assiduously, and had acquired favor in the eyes of her mother. He was much younger than Weston, and very handsome, and the covert air of high breeding which Sam's wife's acute feminine

THE STEEPLE

Continued from Page 4

eye had discerned in Weston was not evident in the newcomer.

"He don't put on airs," she said of Weston, "but he's got them, and I don't like to feel that my own daughter is marrying a man that knows he's above her pa and ma, even if you want her to."

"Weston don't act a mite stuck up," Sam had retorted.

"He's up so high he don't need to act," said the woman. "The other one is just as good, and well brought up, but he's on the same rung of the ladder as we are."

"Well, they'll have to settle it," said Sam.

In the lower depths of his mind he was revolving the matter as he and Weston sat on the bench. The silent car stood glittering painfully in the road, brilliant with scorching dust. The chauffeur was in the store, sound asleep in a chair. Daisy and her mother had gone to Snow Center visiting, in the little electric victoria, and Sam was entertaining.

"Arabella always leaves the key under the front door mat, and you can go to the house and wash and make yourself at home, if you want to," he had said. "The hired girls ain't there. One has her afternoon off—blamed foolishness, paid seventeen dollars a month—and the other has gone berrying."

But Weston had seated himself on the bench, under the shadow of the store where it was somewhat cooler than in the road, and Sam had remained beside him. He had not risen when the car had stopped. Sam and his forebears received sitting if they chose, otherwise not; but always it was a matter of their own choice.

Possibly that attitude of Sam's attracted Weston, as well as the innocent charm of his daughter. He looked approvingly at Daisy's father, long and sinewy and yellow and shrewd, and redolent of his staples in trade. He had said to himself long before that the girl and her father were of the true blue blood that recognizes no necessity of asserting it.

The mother was of less degree in Weston's eyes. In fact, she was unconsciously, even to him, the slight barrier which delayed his decision, leisurely in any case. She had been very kind to Weston, and he liked her, but the fact

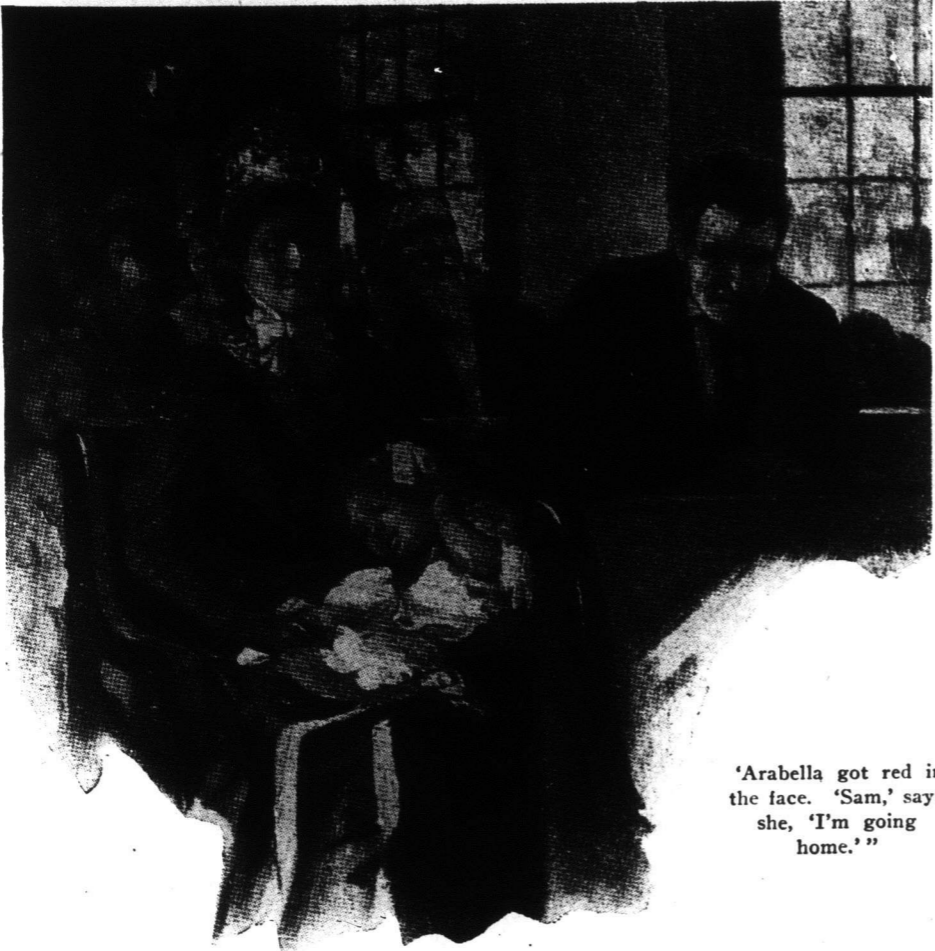
upon the heat, and Sam had rejoined with his statement concerning the hill. Weston eyed it lazily. It reared itself precipitously before them — rather a magnificent hill, almost a mountain, a great rise of land covered with green almost to the summit, where a bare expanse of rock shone out like a great jewel.

"I cannot understand," remarked Weston indolently, "why, in the name of common sense, since it was obviously impossible to move the hill, the people, the original settlers, could not have founded the village somewhere else."

"That's as plain as the nose on your face," said Sam. "The Snows owned the land, and when the Snows owned anything they wanted to sell, they sold it. If they hadn't owned anything but that ledge of stone on the top of the hill, they would have sold that. The Snows were the greatest family to make a trade in these parts. Some of it I've seen myself, and some I used to hear about from my father and grandfather. The Snows were as smart as whips comin' down through the generations, till they wound up in Seth."

Weston nodded. He had not paid much attention. He was thinking regretfully that since Daisy and her mother were away, he supposed before long he might as well go himself. Straws were turning him at this point of his life, and not much wonder, since the point was unprecedented with him. Weston had never thought seriously of any woman until he had seen that young country girl, with her innocence, and ignorance which was not stupidity, simply the lack of knowledge of the unexperienced. Her beauty also attracted him, although not in as large a sense as her character, which seemed to him of such absolute clarity that it revealed her own future self after the passing of years as a being even more desirable than now.

While Daisy was pretty, even beautiful, her beauty was of a small, clear, almost severe type, which could easily be passed unnoticed. Regular, clean-cut features, a straight gaze from dark blue eyes, little color, and thick neutral hair brushed back smoothly from full brows, and a habit of silence, did not tend to make her conspicuous. Daisy was called scarcely pretty at all in her native village of Snow Hill. She was admired, however, because she was Sam Dyce's daughter, had been away to school, had



"Arabella got red in the face. 'Sam,' says she, 'I'm going home.'"

that she placed him on a higher rung of the ladder was so evident that it annoyed him, while he did not fairly know it. Weston's reasons for delay were very subtle, and he was not fond of unraveling the subtle, and the summer had been a very hot one, not conducive to strenuous mental process. He had just remarked inanely but inevitably

her clothes made by the most expensive dressmaker in Snow Center, and lived in the handsomest and largest house in the village.

When Guy Bird had come to board at Mrs. Eliza Angel's for the evident purpose of courting Daisy, there had been much covert jealousy and nearly every

Continued on Page 32



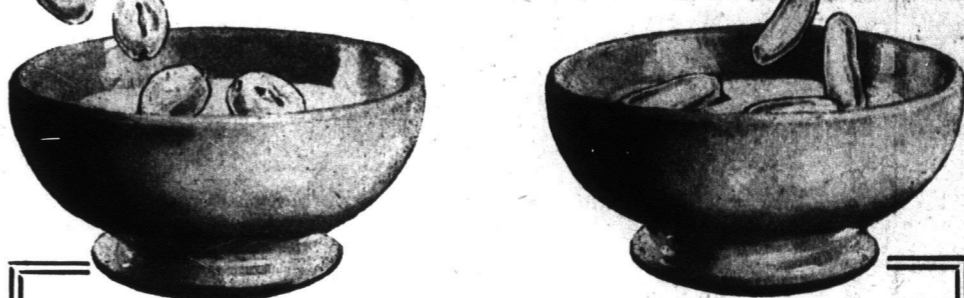
Whole Grains Made Bewitching

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FAIRY



Laddie Jr. sees many a law-breaker on our long trip

Written and Illustrated for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

WHATEVER are those Indians doing?" asked Laddie Jr., as we stood by the bank of a brawling Pacific Coast stream. "What are they setting the dogs on?" questioned the boy.

Now a peal of yelps broke out and all the long, lean, hungry, half-wild beasts darted out into the ferns that grew just next to the pebbly beaches of the river.

These ferns were over a man's height and we could not see what the prey was—but they were coming towards us—

"I see it!—it's a deer!" burst from the boy. Here was a sight to make your heart swell with sympathy, for the poor hunted thing. A thrashing, splashing mass of baying mongrels plunging into the water, and one lithe, slim, young blacktail fawn dashing ahead in

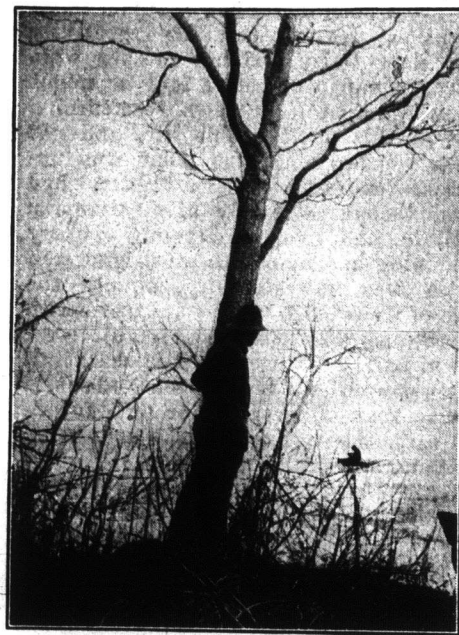
lad as we paddled up the river one day. He pointed at the skins of several deer caught and swinging on the bushes on the side of the cliff near the reservation. We took the lowest one for a mat and called the chief's attention to the new way the tribe had of advertising their guilt.

"Cultus mahsh," was all he said—"bad throw."

All along the way wherever our expeditions have led have I seen the lowest and poorest in the population visibly breaking the law—and teaching their own boy to be a thief. No! I don't mean Indians alone, as the whites break the game laws constantly. I cannot see how a father, in this age of great chances for his boy, can make him a thief for a few cents' worth of fin, fur or feathers.

It is remarkable the temptation that assails the honest trapper or hunter or fisherman. When the long line of traps are out so many of the most protected of the game birds get a foot in and often survive until the owner of the trap comes. Every man knows that amputation will save the bird, but how many will let it go? An odd thing occurred to Laddie Jr. He caught a big Black duck in one of his spring set traps and brought it home to me. I promptly set him to work amputating its leg. His knife slipped when he took the poor injured leg off and it cut a tiny mark in the web of the remaining foot. The bird promptly dived from his releasing hands into the water and swam away off; alarmed but safe. That fall, while I was shooting along the shore behind our island, I flared a black duck and promptly killed it. When I came to pick it up I found it minus one leg, and later found the gash in the web, so that in October we ate the bird we had liberated in April.

I thought the youngsters of the Coast



Game warden watching illegal ice fishermen

noble bounds, throwing the shallow water aside in spurting, sun-glinting masses.

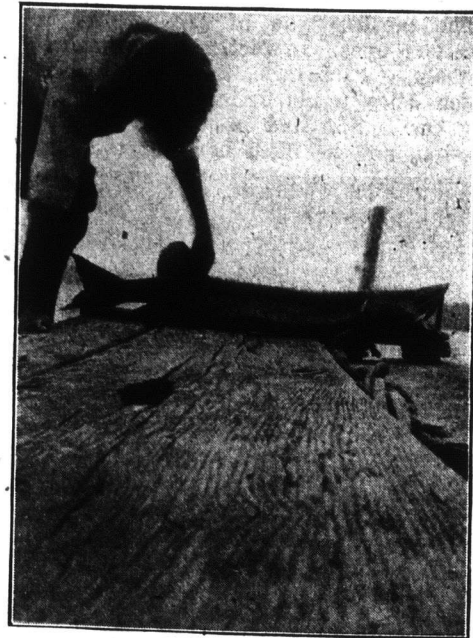
"They'll get her!" screamed the boy as the wild procession passed us—true the dogs were gaining; and the Indians were now in their canoes firing their rifles.

"Good!" squealed Laddie, as "ping" went a rifle and a dog turned feet up as if he had been connected with it. The white and yellow beast never even wriggled—just drifted dead with the stream. Now the fawn felt the hard sands of the tideflats beneath its shapely feet and it made most wonderful bounds, its feet flying into groups and then streaming away like tails—on came the howling host not more than fifty feet behind.

Now the deer has reached the end of the spit and the deep water. It made valiant way for a few yards but no doubt it was tiring—the dogs were gaining, and the yelling Indians were sending bullets that cut the water into tiny fountains all about the puffing, panting little thing. Now it is a race between the dogs and the canoes, and the dogs win and pile on top of the sinking deer. Now the canoes dart in and one man beats the savage beasts away—for they are dangerous to man and deer now. A flail of paddles glint in the sunshine, and we too paddle down and see the body of the deer lifted into the canoe—and we paddle ashore beside it, begging them not to kill it. A very tired, but not quite dead deer, was lifted out and I pictured its poor tired head; and a wee bit later snapped it, very much alive, at the end of a rope in the reservation. Now it is distinctly against the law to hunt deer at this date yet no one prosecuted the guilty parties.

The lad and I had many a laugh at the denseness of these Indians. I knew they took deer for food all year and managed to hide or destroy the skins in case a game warden came along. One way was to throw the hide over the cliff bank into the deep river.

"What is it, wash day?" queried the



Laddie Jr. and the Muskallonge

Indian tribes with their unique nets and snares were the boldest lawbreakers I had seen (always excepting the dear innocent little chap I met early one morning coming out of the pond in one of our great city parks with his young bath tub under his arm. Dear, clean, little innocent, up thus early to purify his body. Not a bit of it! The little rascal had tubbed across to rob some wild fowls nests in the park). But these little brown-faced chaps of the outer coasts knew no game laws.

"Take the glasses!" said the lad to me one day. "What are those kids doing?"

Well might he ask, for it was quite a game. On the sand, half a mile below the shoreside cliff we were on, some dark figures were creeping—through the glasses I could see them on their hands and knees approaching one another. Then I saw them jump up and run in and seize some struggling birds and wring their necks. Then they hurriedly

Continued on Page 56

The Health of our Children.

The world belongs to those who come last, and it is for us to see that our children have their full heritage of health. Careful choice of the stockings and socks worn by children is by no means an unimportant detail of hygiene, and there is no more sanitary and comfortable hosiery than Cotton or Thread Stockings and Socks, dyed with "The Deepest Dye"—the Dye that will not come out in wash or wear.

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"BULLY"

A story every soldier should read

Written for the Western Home Monthly by T. C. C. Beamish

MOTHER was a Texas longhorn, long, lean, and lanky, but with such elegant ears; father, a Durham Bull, on the contrary was fat and portly with a great voice that rocked the air, especially when he was mad, which was quite often, as some of his harem were always casting sheep's eyes at the young bucks of the Hereford and Angus family.

I was born in Alberta, on the bald-headed prairie, in the spring of 1906. My! how damp and all-in I felt as I hit the ground; a kind of tickling feeling gradually revived me, I opened my eyes only to shut them quickly as a long, queer, rough sort of thing curled around them; hearing a not unpleasant cooing, gurgly sound I looked up again—and understood! Ma-a was giving me my matutinal massage! It was alright too!! Beginning to feel quite spry I jumped up, stretched my legs, then started to have breakfast; as I was getting down to the creamiest part of it two cow-punchers rode up—I was curious, so were they; they stopped, so did I.

"Holy mackinaw" laughs the ugliest one. "Why, you old maverick I didn't think it was in you."
"What is it, Elmer?" whispers the other hoarsely, as if in pain, "It kind of hurts my eyes so's I can't see proper."
"Search me," says Elmer, "It looks like a cross between a clothes-rack and a hair-trunk."

I felt so embarrassed and indignant that I dashed around to ma-a's off-side and tried to hide, they whooped like Indians at my agility, then rode off—thank goodness! I finished my breakfast and lying down, pondered on the gaucherie of some of these here humans. Time rolled on; we had lots of company, fun and change. It was very pleasant, though at times I had some pretty close calls from prairie-wolves but ma-a was right there with the crumpled horn stuff and soon "put the wind up them." Then came the round-up; ma-a, however, was too slick for them, no brand had ever singed her hide, she was on to all the wrinkles of the game, so we escaped.

In the long summer evenings, lying in the tall bunch-grass, ruminating and chewing the cud of reflection ma-a put me wise to all the dodges for fooling the cow-punchers, and, believe me, I certainly listened to her with both ears. Then came that terrible winter when we were so hungry we chewed each others tails till the hair was all gone, when thousands died, and how we came through, I don't know, but ma-a was a tough old girl sure enough and I guess I must have taken after her. A peculiar thing was that the sterner sex died first—first the bulls, then those others—.

When spring came at last you should have seen ma-a!! She was never much for looks anyhow, but now! Oh my!! That summer she stepped on a rattlesnake—he did his bit—she did hers—but, getting rattled, she lost out, and I was left an orphan.

Some time afterwards I was nearly caught in the fall round-up by a particularly bull-headed cow-puncher, but I gave him such a time he let me go, exclaiming, "You measly-no-account-ordinary-raw-boned streak of gristle, go plumb to — then." His insults made me think, so ambling over to a near-by slough I had a good look at myself, and had to admit he was correct in a sense—I was rather homely-looking sure enough, but my eyes, I thought, were rather nice, and so expressive, in spite of the fact that he'd had his rope around my throat for about ten minutes.

Several luscious, peaceful years followed—years of long juicy grass; few flies, and deep cool water. Then came the year when so many of us disappeared off the range; we learnt, on inquiring, that the Head of our family, John Bull, was in trouble and needed all the family's assistance. The next round-up I went in voluntarily, anxious to do my

bit; being passed B2, which was a new brand of the boss', I guess.

While waiting in the corals for our train east I was singled out by the bums and loafers that always infest those places as a mark for their wit, "More frightfulness" laughs one idiot, "An almighty good harness rack I calls it," said another poor fool, and so on, but I didn't mind, we were off for France!! Chicago! Ah! what memories that name recalls! What poignant partings! How quickly we were sorted out, and up! The great concentration! The close confinement!

Then the boat! fellows from all over were packed in the hold, cheek by jowl, shoulder to shoulder. Some few of German extraction who were bottled up with us we gave the cold shoulder to, and told our abattoir experiences to each other with compressed lips.

France at last! Here we went different ways. In Havre I met some of the Aristocracy of our clan—the Flay-Bentos—they were sure some swells, not a bit stuck-up or hard to get on with, in fact, they had a good name with everyone.

Later I was given to a splendid looking youngster named Hugh, who was in an English regiment just off for the line.

I was his emergency iron ration, and trembled with fear (knowing my lack of enbonpoint) lest he might take a distaste for me on becoming acquainted. But he was such a jolly optimistic sort of kid that my fears, I guess, were groundless. I could feel the excitement increasing, just like being in a round-up. Over the top we went; only a few yards, then he stopped and suddenly collapsed; moaning, "Mother, mother, I'm coming," he twisted about a bit, then started murmuring "Lulu, old girl, please don't cry—please—that's a good kid, it had to be you know." Then he gave a sigh, a cold sort of shudder shook him, and he was very still.

Two or three days seemed to have passed when I felt a hand groping for me. "Hah! Great! Eureka! Bully". A Westerner I knew at once by the accent; Montana I surmised he was from. I was yanked out, then dropped, stopping over Hugh the Yank muttered, "You poor kid! Right through the head! I'll bet his folk will feel pretty sick when they get to know." Searching Hugh's pockets for some little keepsake to send his folk, he found a letter and a photo of Hugh's sister, Lulu.

He looked at the photo and in a voice that kind of trembled with a peculiar passion, exclaimed, "I'll bet this Lulu is a thoroughbred alright; game as they make 'em, too. It beats the devil how they keep that cool quiet look on their faces even when their hearts must be breaking. I'd sure like to meet one of them just to shake hands, that's all—just once. But I guess a guy like me hasn't any chance of meeting high-toned folks like her. No wonder these Brit-ishers are so damn obstinate in defending their country. I'll sure send this kid's things on if I get through, but by the bald-headed judaspriest, I'm going to take a crack at these dog-gone square-heads first, and if I have any luck they're going to get it good and plenty."

Straightening the kid out and covering him with his ground-sheet, he picked me up and crawled back into the shell-hole where he had been hiding for three days—with nothing to eat. Opening the tin he saw me and ejaculated, "Some old maverick you, Mr. Bully, you're about the gristliest sight I've seen so far, old-timer, and that's not a few, but I guess your a stayer so here's to you," and with that we amalgamated.

Becoming a new man in a few minutes, he collected a bunch of grenades lying about and, playing a lone-hand, cleaned up a machine-gun nest, killed a pile of huns and brought back to our lines a heap of prisoners.

Have I done my bit? Well, I guess—yes! "Stubble."

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THE LURE

"I could forgive you some things, but not this."

Written for the Western Home Monthly by C. D. Pogson.

HUGE banks of snow lay around the old mountain cabin. The wind roared through the tops of the pine-trees. It shook the small four-light windows until the panes rattled. A loosened slate on the roof clattered incessantly, and a sliver somewhere about the eaves gave voice to intermittent shrieks. At short intervals the ghostly rat-tat, rat-a-tat-tat of a lone pack-rat sounded from the roof.

On a rudely-constructed bunk overlaid with cedar boughs, in one corner of the room, lay an aged man. He was fully dressed, and covered by a couple of blankets. Nearby stood a small sheet-iron camp-stove in which a few embers were smouldering.

Little Joe Dupres, though past the three-score period, had been tempted by the high price of furs to shoulder his pack of traps, and make his way up the steep mountain trail to an old cabin which he had built while on a former trapping expedition. Necessity had not compelled him to do so. He had ample means, but the wander-lust and the desire for a little more gain had finally overcome his better judgement.

It had been his intention to make fortnightly visits to the nearest settlement for supplies, and to keep in touch with the war-news. He was favored by good weather while setting his line of traps, and had also cut sufficient wood to do for some time. His next care had been the securing of a supply of fresh meat. He spent several days stalking deer, and finally succeeded in shooting one about two hundred yards from his cabin, but separated from it by a deep ravine.

Nothing daunted, the old man dressed the carcass, quartered it, and proceeded to carry it piece-meal across the ravine to his cabin. He, however, found the task a very arduous one, and dangerous also, on account of the steepness and loose nature of the gravelly banks.

He reached the bottom of the ravine in safety, and made his way up the opposite side without mishap until within eight or ten feet of the top. There a small rock slipped from under his foot, thus throwing him off his balance. He quickly threw out one hand to grasp a sapling, missed it by an inch or two, and fell headlong down the embankment until he crashed, with terrific force into a thicket of underbrush, where further progress was arrested. Half stunned as he was, the old trapper at length succeeded in freeing himself, painfully hobbled to the cabin, and crawled into

the bunk. There he lay for the remainder of the day and all that night.

Though racked by pain, he had for several days thereafter been able to keep the fire replenished and to cook his food. But a day came when the last stick of wood was burned, and the last ounce of flour used. Then, and not until then, had fear gripped the heart of plucky Joe. He realized that his only hope lay in the vague possibility of a stray trapper's finding his way to the cabin, and who would care to breast the storm then raging? For hours the aged man lay contemplating his probable fate, then he fell into a troubled slumber.

A broken limb fell from one of the forest giants, and crashed upon a corner of the cabin. The sleeper awoke with a start.

"Ha, Grim Reaper, is that you? Say, ye think ye got me this time, don't ye? But I ain't quite ready yet. This may be your turn to win the game; it's hard t' say. Ye've had me cornered several times, but little Joe gave ye the losing hand."

"Dye mind the time that I walked over a snow-covered crevice in Crag Mountain, and broke through? I dropped fifteen feet, and the walls were like glass. 'Twas well for me that my rifle went with me. It had six shells in it, and the last shot in it was the one that brought Bill Smith to my rescue."

"Or the little fright ye gave me when I was driving the tunnel into Windfall slope? I had worked my way in, a hundred feet or so, when one day a piece of the granite roof dropped, not two inches from me. It puffed out my candle, an' filled the tunnel with black, chokin' dust. I was scared so I never went near the tunnel again for two days."

"I could mention a few more times when yer grin was too close fer comfort. Say, what 'er ye troublin' 'bout me fer? Can't this war satisfy yer hunger? Greed's yer best ally, Reaper. Think of the millions who are being sacrificed on her altars now. And why? Because Wilhelm and his henchmen want a little more territory. They're not satisfied with what they grabbed in 1870. But listen! listen! France isn't so easy to pluck; her sons will fight t' the last ditch. I tell ye this; before this little scrap is finished, Germany's iron heel will be on the other side of the Rhine. Vive la France! Vive la Allais! Here's luck for dem!"

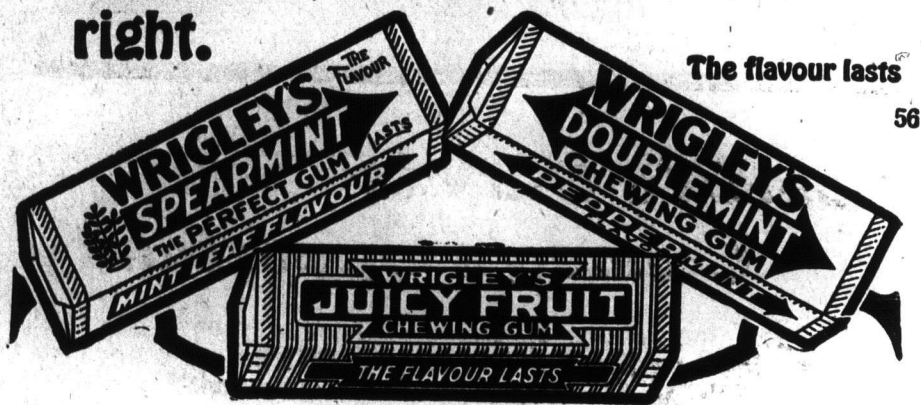
With a quick movement the excited man snatched up his rifle and sent half-a-dozen shots tearing through the roof.

"How is dat fer a serenade, eh? I

Continued on Page 9



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THE LURE

Continued from Page 8

wish I could get one on you, Death. "Der's one thing that I'll mention right now. I could forgive ye some things that ye've done, but not this. It's the cowardly way ye snatched Marie away from me, just when it was in my power to give her the desire of her heart.

"Yes, we were as merry as children in the vineyards of old France, where we toiled side by side in the sunshine, and skimmed over the river by moonlight. Her laugh was the tinkle of silver bells, and the look in her eyes as wine to the heart of a sorrowful man.

"But we were poor. I heard of this land of promise, where fortunes were to be had for the picking up. Night and day I dreamed of its wealth, but never thought to leave the old land until Justus Qu'Appelle returned to us with his gold, a hundred thousand francs. How we gazed, wide-eyed, as he told of the riches lying hidden in the mountains of Canada. At last I would hear it no longer. I told Marie that I would sail for Canada and gather up a fortune. Then I would go back home and we would be married. How she did plead with me not to go.

"Joseph, we are poor, but we have each other. Oh, if something should happen and you come to me no more."

"But I was deaf to her pleading.

"No, no, Marie, only wait two, three, maybe five year, then I come back with a hundred thousand francs; then we go to the good Father and take our vows. Then you be my happy bride; you have a beautiful necklace of pearls, and a silken gown. Oui, and we shall own our own little vineyard."

"One morning in June I said adieu to little Marie. I can see her brave smile as she stood in the arbor where we plighted our troth, and wished me a safe and prosperous trip. I can feel the warm caress of her lips. Ah, but the tear in her eye bade me stay; the birds in the trees said 'stay'; the vines in the trellis and the fleur-de-lis by the arbor pleaded with me to remain. I have one of the flowers yet, the one Marie pinned to my coat; and the dew on its petals matched the tear in her

eye. Brave, true little Marie. I felt that I could not leave her.

"Then a laugh broke the spell. I turned and saw Justus. 'Come,' cried he, 'Today we set out for the land where your fortune lies waiting.' My heart said that he spoke not the truth, yet I took up the knapsack and followed him down the roadway. At the bend I turned and waved a last farewell to my sweetheart, my little Marie.

"You'll forget all that across the ocean, Joseph," laughed Justus.

"Idle words, methought. But when we reached this new land with its hurry and rush, and unrest, I could see that his words bore some truth.

"You know the rest of my story—the hard days of labor to repay the money Justus had lent me; how I joined a party of prospectors, and at the end of three weary years had a claim of my own; the days of drilling, and blasting, and mucking, when hopes rose and fell like mercury; the nights when the spell of the mountains drew near. Then the voice of the past awoke; again I talked and laughed, and sang with Marie. By the light of the candle I read her letters, and longed for the day of re-union.

"Fortune came in due course; I struck a pay streak, and sold for my own price. 'Now it's home to Marie,' sang my heart.

"I bought me fine clothes and big presents, and had my ticket to start the next day. But you, sacre! what happened? That night I got a letter edged with black. It told me that you had blasted my life, and taken my little Marie.

"What followed, you know very well. When I came to myself my fortune was gone; it had melted away like snow off a fence on an April day. Once more I set out for the mountains. I've struck some good pay-streaks since then, but I'd give it all, all for one day with my gentle Marie; yes, for one glance from her eye. Marie, Marie, come to me!"

The outstretched arms grew rigid; the rugged features became fixed. Afar in the distance a wolf howled; the cry of a pantler broke weirdly on the night. But the old prospector heard them not.

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Sidelights on the Foreign Farmer

Continued from last month—By D. B. Bogle

"I know one foreign section laborer . . . who has \$30,000 on deposit in a Canadian chartered bank"

I HAVE spoken of a young man standing alone at the railway station, where the foreign family I have been telling about was waiting on the last lap of its long journey. This particular young man represented the unattached male unit in the swarm of foreign immigration. He possessed no family resources of labor to aid him. He had no slender hoard of gold for the purchase of the inevitable heifer, even an inferior one with "no place for hay." Therefore he sought a job and speedily found one as a section man on the railway. Wages were good, better than they are now, because a day's wage would more than buy a sack of flour, and now it will by no means do so.

The abundant demand for common labor at this stage of Canada's history was the great leverage which helped the foreigner both to get on the land and to stay there until it became productive. Strange to say this never seems to have been consciously recognized, and the wage earner whose traditions and capacities were entirely agricultural was never helped on the land after he had saved a few dollars. We spent millions of dollars enticing American farmers on to our land when there were thousands of just as good or better farmers digging sewers in Winnipeg. The irony of it is that they are still sewer diggers when there are no more sewers to dig, and their children are job hunters and not producers.

When I say as good or better farmers I am not drawing a comparison. It is a difference in the blood, in the point of view. When a Canadian or American farmer, a good one, in driving through the country, passes a dirty field he sneers or swears at the owner as a man who is neglecting his business to the loss of dollars and ruin. The foreign farmer mourns over the field itself. To him it is sin, and his soul is grieved. His viewpoint is different.

I know of one foreign section laborer (he is now a foreman), who has \$30,000 on deposit in a Canadian chartered bank. All his life he has worked on the track. He has drawn aside and leaned on his pick while countless trains went by bearing their loads of scheming, planning, agonizing humanity, and turned again to his labor upon the solitary track. I count that an infertile hoard the accretion of an infertile life. There is neither joy nor purpose in such a phenomenon as this. It is unhuman and unsocial.

Very different is the history of the young man in this sketch. He worked as a section man and he saved money. He gathered his little hoard together and insensibly his hoard began to be connected in his mind with the possession of a bit of land, and with the possession of the tall sturdy girl towards whom we may at least imagine he had cast the glance of preordination on the railway platform now a few years ago. He had at length enough money to farm as he understood a beginning, but he had no land, nor could he get any that was good in the neighborhood, and from the neighborhood he had no desire to depart. Girls after all are just girls, and if he went

away, no it was not to be thought of. There was a section of good land quite close, mighty good land, and vacant. Why should he not settle on this? I can imagine his patient and painful inquiries. "Good land, me work quarter. No?"

"No, you cannot go on that land."
"No, why?"
"Why that's school land, you stupid." Perhaps there would be an interval, weeks or months, with a little more added to the hoard and a stronger tugging at the heart strings. Then a slow return to the charge.

"Good land that school land. Me work a quarter, No?"

"You cannot settle on that land. It is reserved to be sold for school purposes."

"I work that land, nobody throw me off, no?"

"No. Nobody will throw you off, but you'll lose your work."

"I get the crop mebbe, no?"

"Well, I suppose you could take the crop if your raised it, but your breaking and improvements would make it fetch more at the sale. You lose all that."

"I got the crop, I buy at the sale."

"Oh, get out of here. You're past talking to. You're crazy."

Crazy or not the young man went on the school land and began to break and build his mud plastered cabin and stable. He got a crop and sold it, and another crop and sold it, and broke more and more. He performed prodigies of labor and prodigies of saving. In the talk of the district every acre he broke put the land further out of his own reach. He was making a farm for another man. He became a byword. He was the crazy Galician who had settled on the school section. "We'll get him out of there, and serve him right. These foreigners think they can do what they like in this country. The fool is just working for somebody else and does not know it."

In due time the land was put up for sale. The day of the sale came on. The young man counted over his hoard. It was quite a sum of money. It was not enough. His own people would bid against him to the full value of the farm. Then some of these rich farmers would bid more just to get him out. They did not like what he had done. They would bid over his little savings just for spite. His heart swelled, his eyes filled with tears. He turned away. He would not go to the sale. He would not let the people see his shame. He could buy another farm perhaps. The girl—no, he would go to the sale, he would bid every dollar he had. If he lost he lost.

A general dislike against foreigners exists. A particular desire to rebuke this foreigner in particular was not absent on this occasion. But it is one thing to feel spite and another thing to gratify it by the outlay of cold cash in excess of the value of a property. Besides a foreigner at an auction sale is not to be despised. If he has set his heart on anything the auction ceases altogether to be an appraisal of value and becomes a contest of wills for the possession of an article. Not infrequently a second-hand

Continued on Page 11



A valuable following

Sidelights on the Foreign Farmer

Continued

bit of hardware, which any hardware merchant would cheerfully contract to duplicate new, and lay down at the nearest express office charges prepaid, will sell for nearly double the money this transaction would involve.

Our young man got his farm, and he got his girl, too, and if you ask me, he deserved them both. Consider what he did. He paid the government the full value of his own labor in breaking and improvements for three or four years. But he took it out of the land. He did not. He took it out of himself. There are millions of acres just as good or better in Canada. They lack the man.

My pen is not suited to the heroic measure. No sooner am I started upon some adequate description of a really great achievement when some whimsical or ridiculous aspect of human endeavor seizes me and deprives my pen of all requisite enthusiasm. The history of this young man is really an epic of the soil. But when I think of its triumphant climax being capped and illustrated by the lavish purchase of \$50 worth of orange cider at one fell swoop, gone is all hope of any Homeric or Vergilian strain. I love the orange and admire it as a fruit. Occasionally, and for no apparent reason, I have a disagreement with some particular orange and in the argument which ensues I get very much the worst of it. This does not interfere with my high respect for the orange, but compounded with sugar, fortified with ardent chemicals which are as unslaked lime to my inward parts, and tempered by none of that narcotic which is divine or diabolical to the reader's taste I approach even a modest five cents' worth of orange cider with convulsive shuddering. Fifty dollars worth at a gulp as it were, Gorgantuan evidence of stupendous financial and organic resources though it be, there is something about the notion that diverts and twists all epic inspiration. I'll come to the cider in a moment.

The present position of this particular foreign farmer who formed and carried out the project of locating on and working a quarter of school land is this. He owns and works three quarter sections. What of cattle, pigs, chickens, geese, turkeys and ducks he owns I do not know. He has eight head of horses which are always fat and in fine condition. Here I may pause to observe that the foreign farmer is without superior in the care and feeding of horses, that is so far as my observation goes in the district to which it has been limited. A great many of them have a very shrewd knowledge of horses. Nothing but poverty will induce them to buy a poor horse and no horse is too good for them if they have money. They keep them well conditioned. Public opinion among them runs very strongly upon this point. They are sentimental about all animals, but especially about horses. One that I know had a horse stray on him and was in a great state of mind over it. A friend of his was describing his agitation to me, how he had come to him with tears in his eyes, saying in his own tongue, "My dear little horse I shall never see it again." True his friend was ridiculing him, but it was not for his language or for the tears, but because there was almost no danger, one chance in a thousand, of the horse being really lost. Exceptions there must be, no doubt, but I must say that the foreign farmers I have known have been kindly and clever with animals and, from the teams I used to see on the roads and their condition, this characteristic must be general.

Out of his eight head of horses he drives a team of matched greys which are almost as good as he himself thinks they are, which is saying a good deal. In the matter of harness he is luxurious, not to say ostentatious, so much so as to excite remark. He possesses besides an automobile which cost him \$1100 cash. He is the happy father of twelve children, and a great handsome wife. I have thought of many words, but can hit upon none better than "great" to describe her build and stature at once with delicacy and truth.

This man is the type of a successful farmer anywhere, rough in feature, physique and voice but mostly jolly and good natured. Not possessing more than a word or two of English himself, he has given, and is giving, his children the best education procurable. This spring as I have mentioned before, he married his eldest daughter after she had finished with

high school, to the son of a neighboring farmer, the combined ages of bride and groom making 36 years. There was indeed a wedding. The clans gathered from far and near. All Saturday night they danced and froliced and drank orange cider. On Sunday they trooped to the church where the marriage was solemnized and returned to more feasting and more draughts of orange cider. No less than \$50 worth of this delectable beverage was consumed and other things in proportion.

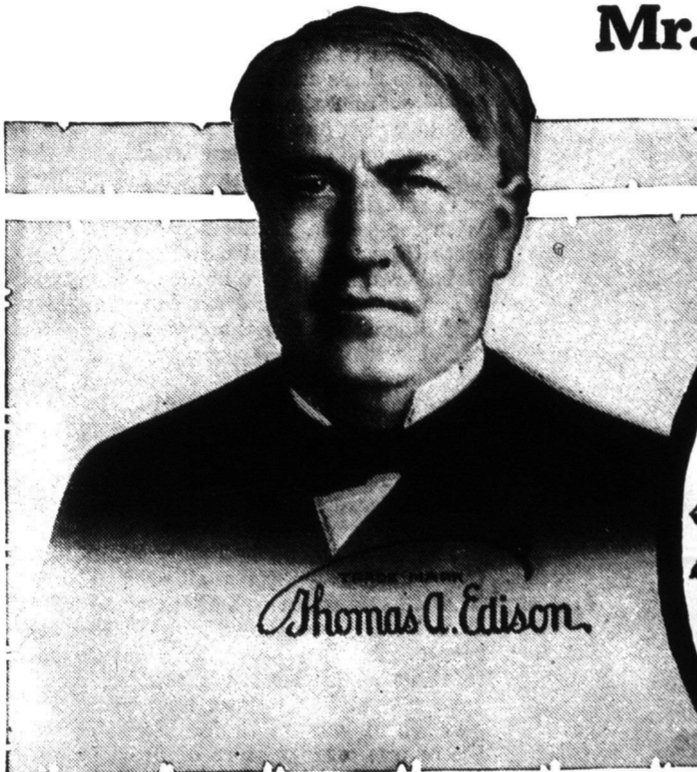
Whether there was anything else available than orange cider I do not know. The views of the foreign farmer on prohibition are unimportant, he has no views on the subject. Alcoholic drinks are to him simply a not unimportant part of the joy of life, sanctioned by religion and immemorial custom. Whether he ever will or can arrive at the idea of alcohol being a curse to the community,

he certainly has not done so yet. He drinks whisky or beer in the same way as he drinks water or buttermilk, and to upset his head with the one is the same kind of wrong doing as to upset his stomach with the other. His attitude towards a man for getting drunk is the same as his attitude towards a child for making itself sick with sweets. He does not and cannot see anything more in it than this. At the same time he has a great fear of the law. He is emphatically not a law breaker. When you stop to think about it, a great many laws are broken by us, not only with impunity but with virtuous self-approval, not because we are law breakers but because we either obey a higher necessity or recognize the essential harmlessness of some particular breach of the law. The foreigner is quite different. The law is to him an external force which does not require

his consent for either its making or enforcement. This is where his citizenship is still incomplete. He does not yet at least regard himself as part of the public opinion without which a law cannot come into being or existing, cannot be enforced. Our obedience is based on respect for the law, respect for ourselves as its authors, his upon fear of an external and punitive force. Hence his obedience is likely to be more particular, but less essential to the maintenance of law as law. This attitude is the fruit of long centuries under tyrannical government. It extends into his whole relation to government and law. The true conception of democracy in its relation to law and liberty will take a while to grow up in his mind. Rome was not built in a day, nor was true democratic freedom built in a day either. But I become too philosophical.

(To be continued)

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STARVING ON DAKOTA PLAINS

Written for The Western Home Monthly by "Kootenai" Brown

"We broke trail all that day, and night caught us still several miles from Mouse River."

I REMEMBER almost perishing on Dakota plains in the winter of 1869 and 1870. The weather was very cold and heavily crusted snow covered the plains of Northern Dakota to a depth of from eighteen inches to two feet. It was good going for dogs and snowshoes.

I was in the service of the United States Government as scout and despatch rider, and at the time of this experience I was going from headquarters at Fort Stevenson to Mouse River, about a four-day trip there and back. We used dogs—huskies from the north—some of which would weigh one hundred pounds. These dogs were so savage they would snap the finger off a person if he were not careful.

It was in the month of February, and with me was a Frenchman named Baptiste Guardepuy, and a little white boy, Bobbie Mulligan, born at Fort Garry, and afterwards frozen to death in the vicinity of Edmonton. The three of us were detailed with three teams of four dogs each, and heavy mail for Mouse River, about half-way to Fort Totten, but not in a straight course nor along a regular wagon road. In the winter we used ice roads wherever possible and travelled in the shelter of scrub brush or timber if there was any on the way.

The government had men at all stations, and in winter mail was relayed. That is, our route was about sixty miles from Fort Stevenson to Mouse River and return. Another party with dogs would meet us at Mouse River and we would take the mail for Fort Stevenson, and give them our mail for Fort Totten. There was a large store of provisions at these stations, and we carried only enough with us to last from one station to another.

This trip it stormed something fierce. All of the first day we fought cold and blinding snow, and late at night got to a point half-way to Mouse River called "The Dog's Den." The Sioux word was "Skunk-a-teepee," meaning dog's lodge. There was a cabin here for shelter, but no provisions, and no one in charge. Next morning we were off early for we knew it would take us all day to get to Mouse River if it were still storming. And it was. The second day was as bad or worse than the first. There was not a living soul for two hundred miles all around us, except at the military posts and stations, save the wandering bands of Sioux making depredations wherever possible. There was no trail or road of any description, nothing but bald windswept prairie with little islands of small trees dotted here and there. There was some timber at the "Dog's Den," enough to ensure good shelter. We had great difficulty keeping our direction. The Mulligan boy was only sixteen years old and hadn't the experience of Guardepuy and myself, so it fell to us to break trail for the dogs.

We broke trail all that day, and night caught us still several miles from Mouse River. We didn't carry watches in those days, but we knew we were about six or seven hours late in our time schedule. We finally got down to the ice on Mouse River, and we thought ourselves out of danger, for we could not then get lost. Guardepuy knew when we should have been in sight of the station of Mouse River where Louie Belgrade was keeper, and he called out to me: "Must be something wrong. Don't see any sparks coming out of the chimney. And how is it that little Louie's dogs do not run out and bark? I'm sure there is something wrong."

There was no sign of life about the station; and what was particularly significant to Guardepuy and myself: there were no dogs around. We might not expect to find them in the daytime, but at night it was impossible to get to any such station without a half a dozen savage brutes rushing out to devour you. So we took our dog trains ashore and

tied them up. We did not tie them in reality. We took one fore paw of each of the three lead dogs and put it through the collar. He can't get it out and will not try to go very far on three legs. Then we stole quietly up to the house, carrying our guns in our hands at full cock. When we got to the cabin we found the door ajar and Guardepuy whispered: "What will we do?" We were rather puzzled as to the next move. Finally I whispered to Guardepuy: "I'm going in there anyhow." He whispered back: "Don't do such a foolish thing. Maybe the keeper is killed and the cabin full of Indians. If it is, you'll be shot as soon as you pop your head in."

"Well," I answered him, "sooner be shot than frozen to death. I'm tired standing here like a poor relation."

The Keeper Murdered

So I walked in and started poking around with the muzzle of my gun. It was pitch dark and it wasn't just a pleasant feeling to think that at any moment the muzzle of a gun might be stuck into your face by a hostile Indian, or perhaps a knife stuck into your back. When I was reasonably sure that there were no Indians in the place I lit a match. There lying on the floor was poor Belgrade dead as a door nail and frozen stiff. He was shot and stabbed, and his throat cut. The ghastly deed had apparently been committed three or four days before.

There were no lamps in those days, and we could find no candles, but we located a bowl of grease with a rag in the centre, and with the light this gave we could see clearly that it was the work of Indians. The station was entirely looted; blankets, food, dogs, everything gone. As we hadn't eaten anything since noon we searched eagerly for food, but there was nothing to eat, not a thing. We had a little left from noon, enough for ourselves, but none for the dogs, and twelve dogs needed a lot of feed.

Finally we lay down on the beds with the body of Belgrade laid out on the floor. We couldn't move a leg or an arm; it would have broken off for he was as stiff as a poker, cramped up in a corner. We couldn't put him outside because the dogs would eat him. So we just left him in the corner and went to sleep.

We were up early in the morning, made a good fire and had a look around. As soon as it was light enough to see outside we discovered that the party from Fort Totten had got to Mouse River ahead of us, left the mail, which was looted and strewn around the station, and had probably been murdered and carried off. Sitting Bull and his Sioux were blamed for it, and were afterwards proven guilty.

We then had a conference to consider what it was best to do. I was for hiking right through to Fort Totten. I said: "We can kill a dog and have a good feed here and then start out."

Guardepuy said: "No, don't think that a good plan. Enemy are not far away and maybe laying for us on the way to Fort Totten. When our mail does not get in day after to-morrow, soldiers at Fort Stevenson will know something has happened and will send relief. We have lots of dogs we can spare to eat, and surely we can get some game, antelope or something." To this I found it hard to consent, so we asked the boy Mulligan what he thought. He replied that he was only a kid and would not advise one way or the other.

Finally as Guardepuy was much older than I, I gave in to him, and we decided to stay. It was storming again just as bad as the first two days, but we all took guns and went out to see what game we could get. We came back in the evening without having seen a thing. We were all as hungry as bears. We had

Continued on Page 56

LOVE'S MEMORY

Written for The Western Home Monthly by C. M. Watson

"—It's my thanks for the friendship—and the pin you gave"

A SOLITARY pedestrian had just reached the bend of the river when he confronted a young lad seated on the trunk of a fallen tree absorbed in reading.

"It's a fine place for reading, my boy, is it not?" he inquired more pleasantly than he had spoken to a child for years. In fact having no children of his own, he so seldom spoke to a child that when he did so his voice and manner were generally crisp and sharp.

The boy nodded a quick little nod. Somehow Carrington expected that nod and the glimmer of a smile that accompanied it. "What book are you reading?" he asked.

The boy held it out. It was that old classic of boyhood, "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"It's lovely," he said. "Teddy Clark lent it me and I have to finish it today because Lionel Appleyard is to have it next and he would like it as soon as I will give it him."

"It's a good long time since I read 'John Halifax,'" said Carrington more to himself than the lad, "but when I did it was at this very bend and on this same tree. There was a Clark and Appleyard in the partnership then too—the fathers, I have no doubt of Teddy and Lionel. What is your name, my boy?"

"Guy Smith, sir."

"Guy Smith's son!" Carrington recoiled as if he had received a blow. His face grew so grey and hard that the young lad involuntarily glanced upward to see if a cloud had fled across the sun.

"Your father was Guy Smith, I suppose?" Carrington said shortly.

The boy nodded. "Yes, I was called after him, but he's dead. He's been dead ten years. I cannot remember him."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"I have a little sister two years younger than I am. The other two are dead. They died ever so long ago. I'm the only boy mother had. Oh, if I was only bigger and older! If I was I could do something to save our home. It is breaking mother's heart to have to leave it."

"Oh, she has to leave it, has she?" Carrington mimicked in his usual crisp and sharp tone.

"Yes, there's a mortgage on it and we're to be sold out very soon,—so the lawyer tells us. Mother tried hard to make the farm pay but she couldn't. I could if I were a man. I know I could. If they would only wait a few years. But I'm afraid it's no use thinking of that. Mother is always crying about leaving. She went there with father when they were married and she says she cannot live anywhere else now. Dorothy—that's my sister—and I do all we can to cheer her, but it is very little we can do. If I was a man! If only I were a man!"

"What was your mother's name before she married your father?" Carrington asked abruptly.

"Maud Heighley," answered the boy, his brow contracting with secret thought.

Carrington flinched again. Maud Heighley! He might have known it. What woman in all the world could give her son those blue eyes and firm mouth? So Maud had married Guy Smith—little Maud Heighley, his schoolboy sweetheart. He had forgotten her—or he had tried to. Yet sometimes in the midnight watch from the bridge of his ship he had seen the phantom-shape of a little girl with golden curls and clear blue eyes gliding ahead on the water.

And now the same vision presented itself as he absently looked straight before him. He was silent for a long time. All old memories came back with their full recollection and he again lived in his boyhood days.

The boy had returned to his book.

Finally Carrington aroused himself from his reverie.

"I used to know your mother years ago when she was about the same age as you—perhaps a little older," he said. "I wonder if she remembers me. Ask her when you go home if she remembers Dick Carrington?"

"Will you come to the house with me and see her, sir?" asked Guy politely. "Mother is always very pleased to see her old friends."

"No, I have not time today." Richard

Carrington was not going to tell Guy Smith's son that he did not want to see his little Maud of long ago in the figure of Guy Smith's widow. The name even spoiled her for him, just as those blue eyes spoiled the lad for him.

"But you may tell her something. The mortgage will be left as it is being paid, she shall stay in her home. It was I who was the power behind the lawyers, but I did not know that the present owner of the farm was my little playmate, Maud Heighley. You and she may stay there as long as you wish. Tell her Dick Carrington does this for what she gave him round the bend there. I think she will remember and understand."

Here he drew from his tie a little gold pin in the shape of an anchor.

"Tell her," he continued, addressing the pin more than the lad, "but for this I would have drifted many a time. It

has kept me off the rocks and held me on firm ground. As for you, Guy, be a good lad and stick to your mother. She's the best friend you'll ever have. I hope you'll make the farm pay when you are old enough to take it in hand. At any rate there'll be nothing to disturb you in possession of it."

"Oh, sir! Mr. Carrington!" stammered Guy in his ecstasy of delight. "Do you really mean it, it sounds too good to be true. Do you really mean that we can stay in the old home and not be sold out. Won't you come and tell mother yourself? She'll be so glad—and grateful. Do come with me and let her thank you herself."

"No, Guy, not today. I would rather not. Off you go and give her my message. The sooner she gets it the better."

Richard Carrington watched the lad (Continued on Page 56)

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When Corporal Birch Stayed for Dinner

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Annie Sheppard Armstrong.

An Old Irish Lady and the Mounted Policeman.

CORPORAL Birch, of the Royal North West Mounted Police, Hardisty detachment, rode meditatively along the road allowance on a December day of 1916. The thermometer stood only at zero, and the Corporal enjoyed the winter sunshine on his trusty bay. With moccasins, fur chaps, fur coat, cap and gauntlets, he was comfortable and his fresh English skin glowed with good health.

But he was not inwardly at ease; discontent was eating at his heart. He had just had a look at the railroad bridge over which a troop train would pass that night, from Edmonton—a man was hired to guard it, but in these times no chances could be taken, and even the watchers must, in turn, be watched.

Birch was chafing to be away overseas with the other fellows, but his time was not out with the Dominion Government until some time in 1917, and, chafe as he

would, he must stay with it—but, then, if the war was not over by that time, hooray for the front!

If only, he cogitated, he were even stationed away up in the North, where the Mounties were still the head push, and there was some adventure, it wouldn't be so bad, but here, in a province, in a little rut of duties, hedged about by important little town magistrates and civilian constables, it was unbearable. Even now, he was to do some little summons serving chore before returning to barracks.

Here and there in the thinly populated district through which he rode there could be seen amongst the fields of whiteness, some straw stacks, relics of threshing, with cattle sheltering and feeding around them. Bands of horses, turned out to winter, pawed and played about. At long intervals a thin column

of smoke ascended from a settler's shack. The point of view is everything, and a city man viewing this wilderness, as it would appear to him, would scarcely understand the Corporal's discontent at being in such a "tame," "civilized," "hedged in" place, but away from Indian Reserves and big game, away from the untrodden lands where the Riders of the Plains were still detective, judge, jury, and, possibly executioner, in their protective capacity in preserving law.

But his wrist watch and the stirrings of a mighty English appetite warned him of the dinner hour, and he guided his horse toward a new car-roofed shack on a claim that had recently been taken up.

"Come, Klonkilty, we'll try the vintage here," he said to his horse, as he rode up to the yard gate. The dog barked, and the officer could hear, as he thought, sounds of revelry from the house. A gramophone was playing, "Come Back to Erin," piano and harp accompaniment, and a very cracked voice in the house was following—a long way off—and in several keys lower.

The Corporal left his horse at the gate and betook his six feet two to the shack door, the old dog instinctively admitting his reliability.

In answer to the rap a very clean looking, short, round, grey-haired old woman appeared, who squinted up at the policeman with keen blue eyes.

"Could I—ah—take dinner here, please, if it's not too much trouble?" "God bless your wee heart, me boy, that could ye."

"Thank you—I shall put in my horse, if you've no objections."

"Lord love you—put in the poor baste, and ye'll find feed there—me man and me son's away the day."

The Corporal bowed and took away the "poor baste" in question, and returned, minus the chaps.

He "sat up" to the fire while the old lady got dinner for the two of them, talking all the time, while the mountie answered at random, in the pleasant sort of stupor that always comes upon one for a time on coming in from the cold.

The house consisted of three rooms, a living and two bed-rooms. The gramophone evidently inhabited one of the latter for it was not in sight. The rafters and studding were uncovered save for some "holy pictures" around, proclaiming the faith of the inmates. To utilize space a high shelf ran all around the room, on which stood in neat array, canned goods, grocery parcels, and kitchen utensils in the section near the stove; over the table, shining cups, plates and saucers, and in other parts, sewing and knitting materials, and clean, neatly folded clothing, and reading matter. The chairs, home-made lounge and wash-stand were compactly arranged. The smiling old woman in the lilac apron was setting out a good meal and lots of it. There was bacon, beans, potatoes, pickles, bread, cookies, and strong, aromatic green tea.

"Sit over," invited the hostess and the Corporal sat over accordingly. He wore the brown duck tunic buttoned up to the neck with R.N.W.M.P. on the shoulders and a corporal's stripes on the sleeve. The old woman paused at the back of his chair in the act of going to the stove for the tea-pot and put her knotted hands to his shoulders, "man," she said, turning to an imaginary hearer, "would ye look at the shoulders on this broth of a boy. And a back like a board, would ye?"

The Corporal laughed good-naturedly and reached for the edibles set before him.

"By your accent you're maybe a French woman, mother?" he remarked. "Aye," she answered, "a French woman be the name iv O'Reilly; and, be the same token you're a German spy, I'm thinkin'."

"Cor-rect," laughed the Englishman—"I thought I heard a gramophone as I came up."

"Oh, aye," said the old lady, jumping up, "they do say the grand folks has music while they ate; sure we're as good as any. I'll go and put on a record."

"Let me see," he could hear his hostess cogitating aloud over the gramophone.

(Continued on Page 15)

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When Corporal Birch stayed for dinner

Continued from Page 14

phone, "what'll it be?"—and presently a rich tenor began "Everbody loves an Irish Song."

"That's fine," commented Birch, referring, no doubt, to both the provender and the music.

"Man, but I'm proud to have ye here this day," said the old dame, "the dandiest and the finest boys in the wurruld is the R-royal North West Mounted Po-lice. Manny's the time when I lay in me bed at night wid the kiutes howlin' in this wilderness, and knowin' there's them murtherin' devules of furriners all around us, thinks I, only for the dandy boys pat-rol-lin' around I'd be murthered and massacred over and over a half a dozen times in me bed."

"Oh, well," said Birch, "that's what the police are for."

"Aye, there's police, and police. I'm speakin' of the mounties, that ivery man, woman and child, red, black, white or yellow, thrusts as they would their mother."

"Well, the mounted got a good name, and each one feels that he has to live up to it. But, mother, I'm longing to be away to the war. I'm just waiting for my time to be up. I was fretting about it as I came up to your place for dinner."

"Aye, God help us, it's you and the likes of ye that'll go. Sure, soon there'll be better men below ground nor above it."

In the pause came the voice from the gramophone:

"Oh gramachee, macruiskeen, slanter gal mavourneen,
Everybody loves an Irish song."

The old woman wiped her eyes with the lilac apron.

"Sure, didn't I have a grandson killed in the war only last month. He went with his father from Ireland. He was to follow us out here, but now, he'll be goin' to a better country, be the grace iv God. It's grieved I am when I think iv him, but I'm not wishin' him back, for when the red blood's flowin' in a good cause the O'Reilly's and the O'Rourke's, my people, were never spar-in', not like some traitors iv Irish that it boils me wid shame to think on."

The old woman held her head high and there was a blue flame in her eyes.

"You're the stuff, mother," said the policeman. "Yes, I'm impatient to be away too, the moment I'm allowed. In the meantime I'll do my duty that I've bound myself to."

"God forever bless ye, me brave lad, in your uprisin' and in your down-sittin', asleep or awake, now and in the world to come. The saints watch over ye, and may your bed in heaven be aisy."

The Corporal reverently bowed his head to receive this typically Irish blessing.

"Well," he said, rising, "I must be going."

He laid down two silver quarters and drew out a little account book.

"Just sign your name here, please, Mrs. O'Reilly," he said.

The old lady looked at him with an odd expression of hurt menace.

"For why would I sign?"

"A receipt for pay for dinner and horse-feed."

"Ye spalpeen ye, I want no pay for dinner and horse-feed."

The Corporal laughed with undiminished good humor. "The Dominion Government allows for this sort of thing, and I appreciate your kindness just as much as if I weren't paying for it. I mean as if the Government weren't paying for it. This receipt and its duplicate are really a benefit to me. They show by your signature that I really am right here on my job, and it tallies with my report about other things."

The old woman listened thoughtfully to this explanation, and became suddenly tractable.

"All right, I'll sign your wee book." So she signed on two papers in a remarkable firm, bold hand, "Mrs. Pat. O'Reilly."

She took up the silver in her worn hand. "So this is mine to do as I like wid?"

"I should say so, and many thanks," returned the policeman, shaking the ashes out of his pipe, preparatory to filling it.

"Well," said the old dame with a cunning smile, "just buy yourself some bacey wid it." And the quarters clinked in his coat pocket.

Birch held up an admonishing finger. "You're a sly woman," said he, "but thanks just the same. I'll buy the tobacco all right and think of the kind old lady who gave it to me. I know your kind, you couldn't sleep easy unless you gave it back."

The old woman laughed light-heartedly.

They shook hands, the mountie with a bow fit for a court, to the "God bless you and good-bye," of the old dame.

As the Corporal rode away from the barn the gramophone was busily playing "The British Grenadier."

Assurance

By Frank Steele

Beside the tranquil pool of Siloam lillie grew,
And birds piped joy in melody of song;
A cooling zephyr, o'er the green sward blew,
Laden with perfume as it stole along.

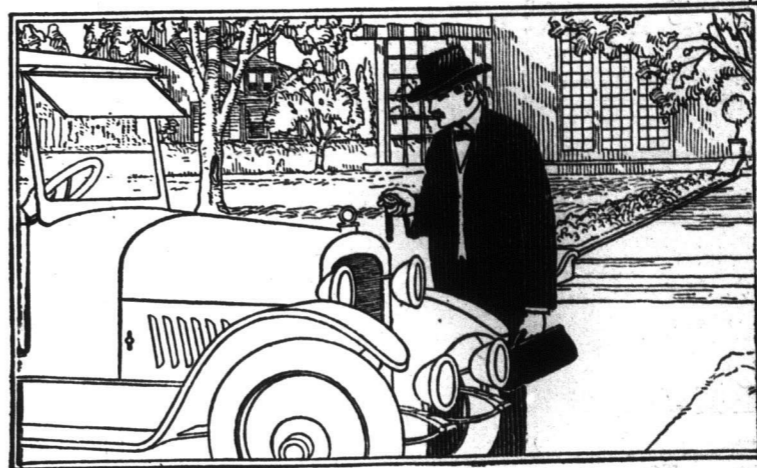
To this fair, quiet spot our Lord drew nigh,
And followed Him the sick, the lame, the blind,
Pleading for mercy. And Jesus heard their cry,

And made them whole. O Master, good and kind!

His feet no longer tread o'er Siloam's banks;
The sick, the lame, the blind now leave in tears;
But though we see Him not I do give thanks
That He will heal us still and quell our fears.

If we but seek His great, effulgent Love,
And plead as children for His healing power;
The riches of His mercy from above
Will fall like dew upon the thirsting flower.

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The Doctor



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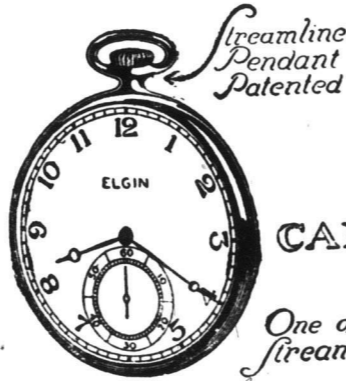
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PETER Angus, the halfbreed, sat alone in his cabin that December evening, when suddenly the door was softly opened and a woman entered. She was an Indian woman. She had slipped her moccasins from her snowshoes on gaining the door, and now stood using them for support. There was fear in her eyes, and Peter saw that she was infinitely weary. He motioned her to a seat by the stove. Then, as she sat there, he quietly prepared food and placed it beside her. No word had passed between them as yet.

"You have come far, little sister?" asked Peter at length.

She nodded gravely. "Far and fast," she answered quietly. She looked at him keenly, then she rose and flung out her hands. "Peter Angus," she cried, "you are now of the white man's world. You have been away to the white man's city and learnt those things which the Indian cannot understand. A great wisdom is yours, Peter Angus, for you possess both the knowledge of the white race and of the red, and my people tell me that you are a friend to the Indian in need. Is this so?"

Her eyes were on his face again, but Peter did not look away. His handsome face was grave with enquiry.

"What is your name, little sister?" he asked.

"Moniave,"
"Well, Moniave," pursued the halfbreed, "you know my name. You called me by it at our meeting. Where and when have you heard that name?"

The woman looked away. "At Moose Factory, at the Hudson Bay, at Fort William—yes, at every fort and trading post I have visited from Ungava to the prairie. You are widely known, Peter Angus, as a brave man and a great traveller.

"And have you heard anything bad of that name?" enquired Peter. His eyes were upon her, but she looked away. Peter rose, and his fist crashed down on the bench. "Have you ever heard of an Indian who came to my door for help and did not get it? No, never! Moniave, I may belong now to the white race. I may wear white man's clothing and eat white man's food, but in my soul there still lives the spirit of the Indian. At times it calls me away into the woods to hunt the caribou, and for many moons I live like a wolf, sleeping where the nights find me.

"Moniave," and Peter sat back again, "eat, child, while I tell you. My mother was of your people. Very beautiful she was, and in my boyhood I loved her. My father was of the white race. He became a mighty trader, all powerful in the land of the whites. He had many dog teams and many Indians, and his sleds were adorned with golden bells. To my mother he was all gentleness and truth, and when she died she said to me: 'Peter, I have tasted the fruits of the white man's world and found them very sweet. I have learnt many things that my sisters of the teepees cannot understand, for the red race cannot comprehend the ways of the white, nor the white the ways of the red. But you, who are both red and white, can understand both. Between the two races there lies a mighty river, but you, Peter, are a bridge across that river. You span it from bank to bank; your feet are upon the shore on either side, and many may come to know the country which lies in the territory of the other so long as that bridge stands firm. See to it, Peter,' she told me, 'that the spring-time floods do not shake the foundations of that bridge, so that it can never break loose from one shore to the other. Let it stand between the two nations, so that each can come to know the other's land, for none can cross by a bridge that belongs to one shore only.'"

Peter looked into the woman's face. "Do you understand, Moniave?" he asked.

"A little," she answered. "She meant that, just as a bridge spans a creek, so you are to span the stream that lies between the white race and the red, that each may pass to the land of the other."

"It is so," said Peter.

The woman rose. "But I do not wish to pass into the lands of the whites," she cried savagely. "There are many things I do not understand, Peter Angus. Everywhere the white man goes sorrow and loss and sickness befalls the Indians. It creeps from teepee to teepee like underground fire, and there is no fighting it, yet the white man himself is all powerful. If I eat poison I die; if my dog eats the same poison, he, too, dies, yet there is a poison on which the white man would seem to flourish though to the Indian it means death. How can these things be, Peter Angus?"

"Little sister, it cannot be otherwise. The Indian has known only the life of the woods, and when, with the coming of the white man, he tries to live as the white man lives, the great cough gets him. But there will come a day when the Indian is used to the white man's ways, and he will then be a thousand times happier and stronger than he is to-day."

The woman pondered it, then she said: "And there is the white man's law. Once these woods were ours, and we were free to come and go whence and whither we chose. Now if a man raises his hand against us we must not strike back, or we offend against this law. Peter Angus, how are we to understand?"

"Understanding will come," replied the halfbreed. "And believe me, Moniave, the white man's law is all just and all powerful. I who have seen the railways and the great ships on the seas, I who stands as a bridge between the white race and the red, know that the white

man's law is good. It is stronger than the wind and mightier than the snows, and the Indian who desires to be happy must learn the white man's law. If then one of your people has sinned against it, go back and tell your tribe just how he sinned and how he was punished, that no other will do the same. And tell your tribe that Peter Angus says that the white man's law is good."

Again the woman pondered. "Then there is the white man's God," she pursued. "We worship the things we see and understand. We pray to the sun to shine, and when it shines the flowers bloom. When our enemies are on the trail we pray to the Snow Moon, and lo, the snow comes and hides our tracks. The white man worships neither sun nor moon, yet for him the flowers grow and the birds sing, and the Chinook wind bears him homewards."

"Moniave, the white man's God is all powerful," Peter Angus told her. "It is He who bids the sun to shine and the snow moon to send her storms. The sun and the moon and the stars, and the very earth, are but atoms of powder in His hand, and the power of the white man is not in the man himself, but in the God he worships. The white man is all powerful because his God is the right God. I who am a brave man, I who have travelled far and learnt much wisdom, know that this is so, and I know that the God of the white man's sun loves the Indians as I myself love them. I have spoken."

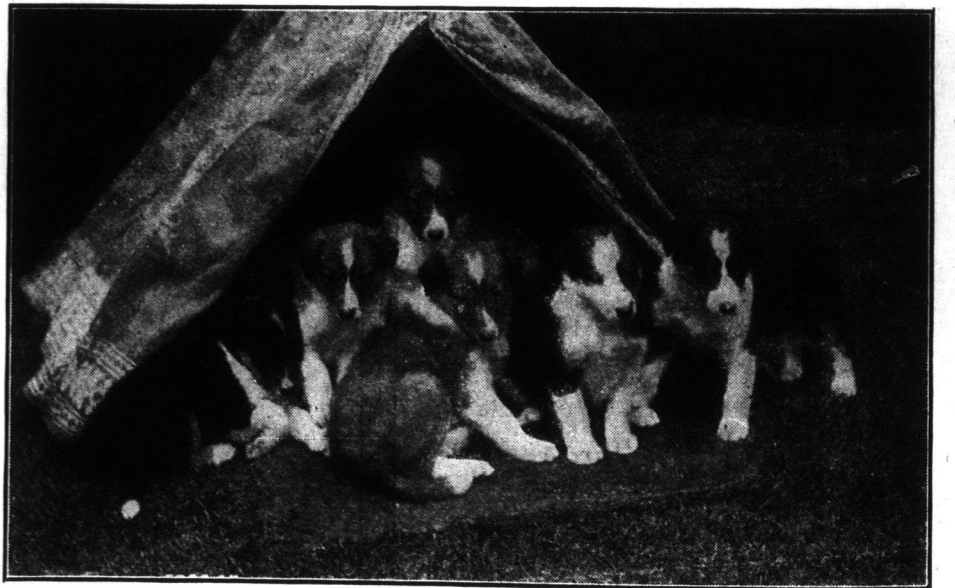
The woman sat silent for a long time. "If that God is all powerful," she said at length, "if He loves the Indians with such great love, it cannot be that an Indian will suffer wrongly at the hands of the whites?"

"If he is a good Indian," replied the halfbreed, "I believe that the white man's God will protect him."

The woman rose. Her dark eyes flashed fire. "He is a good Indian," she answered. "For ten snows have I shared his teepee, yet never once has he beaten me nor driven me out. He is my husband."

Peter Angus looked at her keenly.

Continued on Page 17



Camping out

Tea and Coffee
are not considered good for
young people, but nothing is
missed when you have

INSTANT POSTUM

Its rich flavor pleases, and it
contains absolutely nothing
harmful. "There's a Reason"

The Trail of the Chippeway Snowshoe

Continued from Page 16

"Tell me about it, little sister," he commanded her. And she told.

Her husband had been arrested for shooting a halfbreed dog driver away on the trail for Portage of the Woods. The man was found dead on the trail, though so mauled either by wolves or by his own sled dogs that he was practically unrecognizable. His dogs had arrived back at the trading post trailing their harness, and the police, setting out to search for the driver, found what has been described. In the snow near the murdered halfbreed they found snowshoe signs—saw where the man wearing the snowshoes had followed, then finally dropped on one knee and fired, evidently the shot that killed the dog driver. The police forthwith searched the forest, and found the Indian, this woman's husband, camping near. Searching him the police found that he had pilfered the packet, for in his possession were many of the things the halfbreed was carrying, among others the latter's hunting knife.

By this condemning evidence it was pretty clear that the Indian had shot the dog driver in order to rob him, and so they had arrested the man for murder and robbery on the trails.

"But he did not do it!" cried Moniave. "He found the driver lying dead, just as the police found him later, so was he not justified in taking such things as he wanted when he went his way?"

"It was foolish of him," said Peter Angus. "But, of course, he did not understand. When did this thing happen?"

"Ten sleeps ago. I have come straight here."

"Ten sleeps," repeated Peter. "Then no snow has fallen since." He rose, took up his parki and his stampede pack.

"Where are you going?" asked the woman.

"To the Hudson's Bay."

"It is ten sleeps distant," she cried.

"I shall do it in five."

"When do you start?" asked the woman.

"Now," replied Peter. He stood at the doorway, looking back at her. "Stay here till you are fed and rested," he said. "Close the door when you go. I am going to see for myself what happened, and if we find that your husband is not guilty of this thing you will know, when he returns to you, that the God of the white man's sun is all just and powerful. I have spoken."

And he was gone.

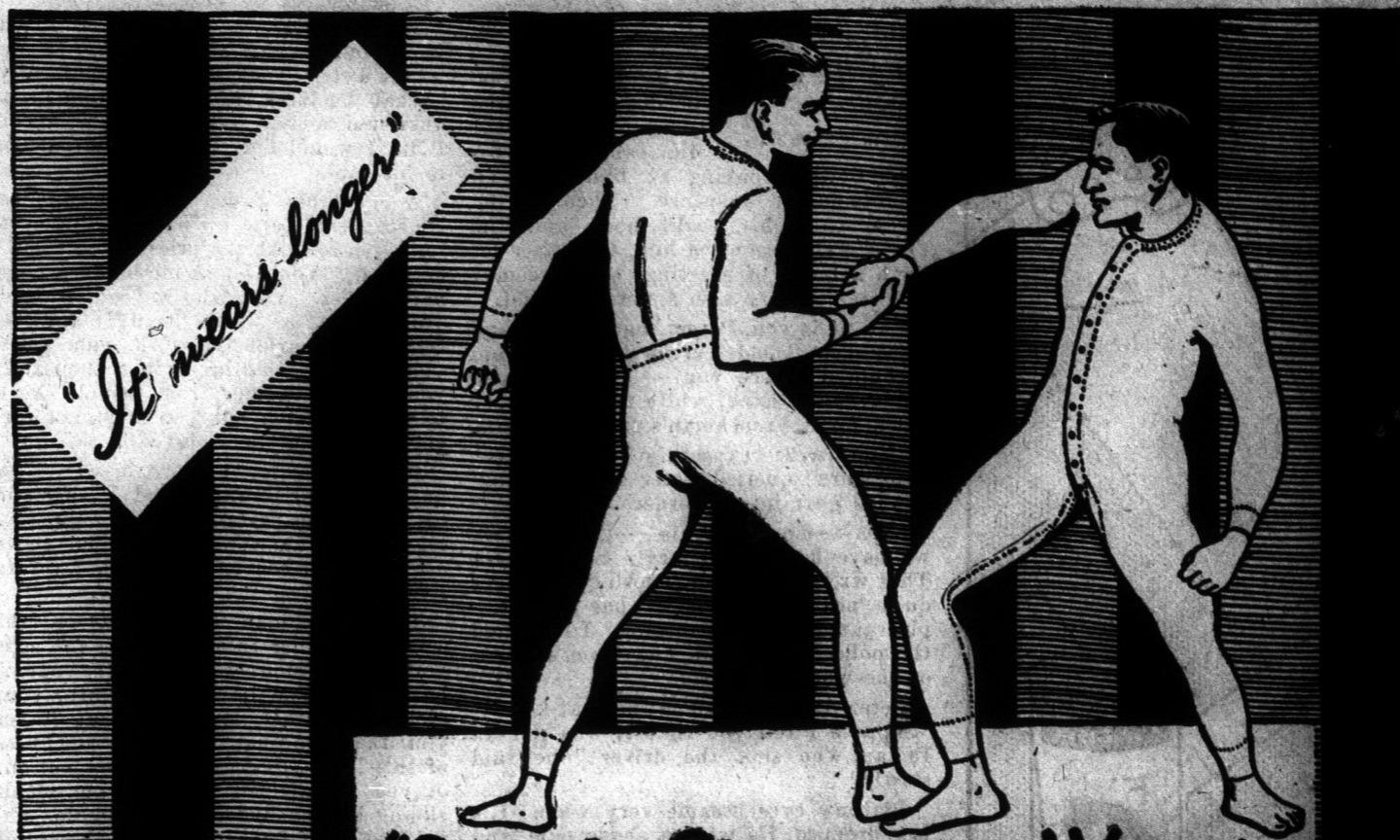
II.

Peter Angus knew the locality where the crime had happened. The halfbreed was travelling between Moose Factory and Portage of the Woods, trading posts about two hundred miles apart. There was only one stopping place between these two posts, the cabin of a French-Canadian settler named Blaton, a half-way house, so to speak, where every traveller was sure of a bunk and plenty of grub. It is to be feared that Blaton dealt also in another kind of refreshment—that, in fact, the loneliness of his life had got him down, and like so many similarly placed he had taken to drinking.

The murdered halfbreed had been found only a few miles on the northward side of Blaton's cabin, so it was for Blaton's cabin that Peter Angus headed, over silent lakes covered with wolf tracks, through dense timber and along shadowy creeks, guided by his superb knowledge of the country and by his equally wonderful sense of direction. At an easy, swinging lope he went, mile after mile, making camp long after darkness fell, and rising, white with frost, from his wolf-like crouch before the dawn. Many times he heard wolves skulking after him, but he took not the least notice of them—save for once, when they came too near. Then he turned, a grim and motionless figure, his rifle ready, and waited till the cold warned him to move on, but by then the wolves also had moved on, having no nerve for an encounter with that erect and fearless figure.

At the end of the fifth day Peter swung up to the door of Blaton's forest-marooned shanty, hung up his snowshoes, placed his rifle under the eaves, and

Continued on Page 18



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The Trail of the Chippeway Snowshoe

Continued From Page 17

knocked commandingly. Rather a timid voice responded "Entrez," and peering across the dim cabin Peter beheld Blaton, looking at him with an expression of suspense. Then as he threw back his parki hood and the Frenchman recognized him, the latter let forth a laugh of greeting, which seemed to Peter to bear also a note of relief.

"Ah, it is you, Peter Angus. Mon ami—my dear friend!" cried Blaton. "I am enchanted to see you—" and he held out a flabby hand, white from the flour bowl, for a Frenchman's friendly shake.

"You were expecting someone else, Monsieur?" queried Peter soberly, flinging his gear into a corner.

"Yes—no. That is—O mon ami, we have had such times! Such times! That wretched Indian shooting the driver quite near my home—it has been unpleasant, very embarrassing. I have had the police in and out, and I am so tired of the whole business."

Peter Angus looked at the man keenly. "Suppose I tell you that it was not an Indian who shot the driver?" he said slowly.

Blaton's eyes became very wide. His jaw dropped. He went a shade pale, and Peter, noting every sign, watched him closely. "Is that so?" gasped the settler. "Then you know who did it?" He stepped forward and clutched Peter by the arm. "Tell me who did it?" he whis-

pered earnestly. "Tell me and I will keep your secret."

But Peter shook himself disdainfully. "What business is it of mine?" he answered hotly. "I do not know, and if I did I would not tell one who babbles in his cups."

A cry broke from the settler's lips. He staggered back, his hands to his eyes. "Ah, you are like the priest, mon Dieu!" he cried. "You despise me because I am never sober. You, who are a halfbreed, despise me, a white man!" and he laughed uproariously. "Ah, mon petit, you may be a halfbreed in a thousand; you may be famous from Cripple Creek to the Labrador; but you must not forget you are only a—breed!"

Peter's color left him. A breed! How he hated that word, hurled so often in his face from jealous lips. "A breed I may be," he answered coldly, "but above all things on heaven and earth I try to live clean."

The Frenchman sank back on the bench, clutching the table edge for support. "Ah, mon ami, you are young," he cried. "You have your youth, your glorious youth! Wait till that leaves you, then the gnawing, bitter loneliness of this land will crush the very soul out of you! Wait till you see your ideals sliding by one by one, your dreams unrealized, as I have done, and the prime of your life gone. Wait till you have learnt that there is but one man in all this world you can trust and believe, and that man yourself—then perhaps your strength will become your weakness, and

you will drift—drift as I have done!"

"Never!" cried Peter, then suddenly a great wave of pity welled up within him for this poor, broken derelict, washed to the outside edge like so much of the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. "Ah, my friend, you are not the only one I have seen broken at the wheel of these northern camps," he pursued. "I have known them in Porcupine and the Yukon, and away up in that land God gave to Cain—the Labrador coast, but every one of them, like you, threw up the sponge ere he was really beaten. See, you are fit and strong! You want to leave this loneliness behind and get back to the World, where you can do a man's work in a country for men. What is there to hold you here—what future is there for you? Nothing but drink—drink—drink!"

The settler shook his head. "It is too late now," he said. "I cannot go."

Peter looked at him keenly. "Then by heaven I'll make you!" he said.

"How?"

"Wait and see. Now give me some supper. Tell me the news, for in a few hours I must get on towards Portage of the Woods."

"You have business to take you there?" queried the Frenchman.

"Important business."

Blaton heaved a sigh of relief. This young man was not interested, then, in the recent tragedy.

Peter now received, detail for detail, an account of what had happened—how the halfbreed had come in late at night, stayed overnight, and departed next morning. Blaton had no inkling of the tragedy till some days later the police arrived to find out what had happened to the driver and his packet, the dogs having returned with gnawed and dangling harness.

Peter listened intently, made no comment, and turned in. At dawn, while the Frenchman still slept, he got up, made his breakfast, left cash on the table, and pulled out.

That day Peter's woodcraft was to stand him in good stead, for he had only the tracks in the snow to guide him. First of all he made himself familiar with the imprints of the snowshoes left by the police, then with those of the halfbreed. He was not long in discovering that Blaton had told him at least one lie. This was when the Frenchman said that the halfbreed left at daybreak, for, by studying the signs, Peter found where the halfbreed had dropped his hunting knife and gone back to look for it, striking matches which littered the spot where the knife had lain. "A man does not strike matches in broad daylight," said Peter to himself. He went on slowly, examining the signs. They were difficult to read, for everywhere were the imprints of the returning sled dogs, and also, the police seemed to have made a point of trampling back and forth.

Presently Peter stopped with an exclamation. Here was the mark of yet another snowshoe, not that of the police nor yet of the driver, but a long Chippeway snowshoe, probably that of an Indian. The man had come out from the bush edge, peered up the river, then stolen back again into the cover, following the sled under shelter of the trees.

"It looks bad for the Indian," said Peter to himself. He turned again to the tracks of the dog team. He saw that the driver had quickened his pace, using his whips mercilessly, for there in the very snow were the marks of the leash.

Had the man seen the following Indian? Was it this that had caused his state of terror? No, for every here and there he had turned from lashing his dogs and peered in the direction of the dark trees along the left bank of the river, while the Indian was following along the right bank.

Peter went to the left bank and searched the trees. What he saw startled him, and set his finger tips tingling. It was the tracks of a huge wolf.

Quicker went the halfbreed driver, and still quicker, edging now to the right bank of the river where the Indian stalked, and as he did so the wolf came out upon the open ice, gradually closing in upon him. Here the driver had begun to cast off the contents of the sled, so as to add to the fleetness of his dogs.

Continued on Page 19



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The Trail of the Chippeway Snowshoe

Continued from Page 18

had read already a hundred signs the police had missed, signs clearly written in the snow—writing upon which the life of a man might depend.

But—wait! What was this? The Indian with the Chippeway snowshoes had hurried out into the centre of the creek. He had cast off one snowshoe and knelt on it, and Peter, as he stood, could picture the form of the Indian crouching there with rifle raised, firing that deadly shot.

"Just up the creek there," Peter told himself, pointing ahead, "the driver fell, and these are the signs that condemn the husband of Moniave. That woman was not lying, yet how can it be?"

He went on slowly, reading each sign with his Indian gift for such things. He saw where the halfbreed driver had leapt on to the sledge, lashing madly at his dogs; he saw where the wolf had drawn upon the sledge; he knew that at this in, and in, till its tracks disappeared. Then he knew that it, too, had leapt point where the runners had sunk deeper, a deathly combat had taken place between man and wolf. Yes, here was a melée of tracks and a dark stain upon the snow. Here the trail had ended.

Yet, what was this? The tracks of yet another pair of snowshoes, of Chippeway snowshoes like those of the man who had fired the fatal shot. Yet it was not the same man! One glance satisfied Peter as to that, for this man walked straight-toed and his left snowshoe had been repaired at the bow.

Peter took up this new track at a run, stooping low like a hunting Indian. The police, too, had followed it, and it had taken them—as now it took him—to a camping place under the trees. This was where the police had arrested the husband of Moniave, but Peter's quick perception had enabled him to note that this Indian had merely passed across the scene of the tragedy, and that it was not he, but another man, who had knelt in the snow and fired that fatal shot.

Who, then, was the other man? Peter knew well, but he had no proof. He went back to the scene of the tragedy and picked up the trail of the real criminal. It led him to a dark rift in the ice—a blowhole—and into this blowhole the man who had fired that shot had lowered something. What was it? Not the body of the halfbreed driver? That was impossible.

Peter quickly made a grapple out of the twisted remains of the sledge. He lowered it into the hole by means of the sled lashings, and presently he hooked something—something heavy. Fearful of what it might be, he drew up and dragged it out on to the ice. It was the body of a huge malamute sled dog shot through the head.

"Ah!" cried Peter, throwing up his arms. "Thank goodness no human being did this dreadful thing! Thank goodness that the man who fired that shot fired it—not at the halfbreed but at this great dog—the dog that was dragging the halfbreed down!"

So far so good; but much yet remained to be discovered. Peter back-tracked the prints of those Chippeway snowshoes till he had reached the point where he had first seen them. Swiftly he back-tracked them still further, away through the woods by a shortened route, and so to the very door of Blaton's cabin.

And there on the wall hung the Chippeway snowshoes!

Peter flung open the door and stood on the threshold, his thin lips drawn, his eyes flashing fire, and looked at Blaton with eyes of condemnation.

"You coward!" he cried. "You miserable, cowardly wretch! You would crouch here and let a man swing for a crime he never did, in order to save yourself the trouble of being involved! I have found you out, Blaton. I know the whole secret. I know that you followed the halfbreed and shot the dog that attacked him. But why were you afraid to own up? Why did you cover here and let them take an innocent man?"

"I—I—didn't do it—" began Blaton; but Peter fell upon him and shook

him as a wolf shakes a muskrat.

"Tell me the whole truth and nothing but it," he cried, "or I'll pack you into the blowhole, and no one will ever know what became of you. Now, speak, and speak quickly."

And Blaton spoke. He spoke hurriedly and in a frightened whisper, but every word of it was true.

"The halfbreed came in at dusk," he said, "and we fell to quarreling over our cups. We fought like madmen, and all the time we were fighting my big sled dog was trying to force its way into the hut. When we had fought it out the halfbreed said he would go, so I went and caught the dog and brought him in here. When the halfbreed was gone I closed the door behind him, with the dog inside. Twenty minutes later the dog leapt up and bounded through the parch-

ment window. He was half-wolf, you see, and very dangerous to any man but myself. I know now that he meant to kill the breed, so I hurried out with my rifle in pursuit of the dog. But I was too late. When at length I got up to them they were fighting desperately, both on the sled. The moon was out, and I fired and killed the dog, but when I got up the halfbreed was dead. Overcome with horror and terror, I lowered the dog into the blowhole and came away, and a day or two later I thanked my lucky stars that the police never suspected me."

"You worm!" muttered Peter. For a moment he was silent, then he added: "I said that I would force you to leave this country and now I will do it. I will make your name stink so that neither white man nor Indian will go near you

wherever you are known. And now you are coming south with me to make a clean breast of everything before the police. They cannot punish you for what you have done, but you will save that Indian."

A few nights later Peter Angus paused on the ice as a young Indian brave and a squaw passed him in the moonlight, heading northwards.

"Is that you, Moniave?" he said.

"Yes," the woman answered.

"And you are happy again?" asked Peter.

"Quite happy."

"Why?" The question stabbed the silence like a pistol shot, but the answer came in the same quiet voice—

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Wanted: A Collaborator

She took him for a third-degree Socialist. He took her for a settlement worker

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

In a dingy hall-bedroom on the third floor of a fifth-rate rooming-house a girl sat hunched over a small, rattly typewriter laboriously doing manuscript. She picked out the letters with her two forefingers and now and then to rest these digits she changed to the two middle fingers. The typewriter stand overflowed with closely-typed sheets of paper, some of which bore purple smudges. On the flat top of a trunk nearby stood a pint bottle of milk and a small box of cheese wafers.

The girl shivered occasionally and drew the plaid coat she wore closer about her. The door of the room she had left open in the forlorn hope that some vagrant breath of warm—or rather, less chilly—air might wander in. Her breath was quite visible and her fingers blue, and she hurried over the last few sheets in the dread expectation of her landlady calling upstairs to request that she shut her door and keep her clatter to herself. Presently from the hall two flights below she heard the newsboy throw in the afternoon papers and she tiptoed downstairs, took one—the one bearing the name of a roomer who didn't come home till seven—and returned with it to her unheated little cavern under the skylight. She sank upon her hard little bed and opened the paper at the want ad section. She sought one particular item until she found it. Every afternoon now for six days she had seen this remarkable advertisement and she had gotten in the way of looking for it first before turning to the others. It was a little unusual but under more cheerful circumstances she would undoubtedly have passed it by with a smile and have given it no further thought unless to reflect that it ought by rights to belong to the agony column. It was in the paper again to-day and the discouraged young woman felt her heart bound. It was almost like a sign! When one is at the very end of one's resources one is apt to grasp at any kind of a straw that seems to promise anything. This promised adventure at least.

But, of course, one cannot adventure long or far on two nickels and a dime—which was all that Mary Manners' shabby little purse could boast. Still, nobody seemed to be rising to the bait and it looked a little as though Fate were really reserving the opportunity for her, should she choose to take a nibble. Miss Manners pondered deeply about carefare as she drank half of the milk and

munched some of the biscuits. She had had neither breakfast nor lunch. Turning to the paper once more she re-read the message of Fate:

"Wanted—A collaborator for ambitious literary man suffering for a temporary cramp in the brain. Will split fifty-fifty. Urgent."

The advertiser had signed name and address, which indicated that he was indeed desperate. Mary knew that 33 Grove Street was at least four miles away. With decent boots she might manage to walk it, but—she sighed as she regarded her feet. And then the typewriter to be carried along—for, if taken on, she'd only have to return for it! But hunger is a remorseless goad and at length Mary decided to risk the dime. She could go without supper. In any case if Friday didn't bring her a cheque she would take a position as housemaid—unfortunately the last word in ignominy to many a girl besides Mary Manners.

So in less than a quarter of an hour she was ready. In this space of time she had furnished up her well-worn suit by "turning" the collar and cuffs, had rubbed her shoes with a banana peel from the waste basket, had arranged her veil so that the torn part of the hat brim didn't show so plainly, had pinned a velvet bow on her blouse to hide a typewriter-ribbon smudge and had inked the tips of her gloves. Then she put her machine in its case and set forth.

In a top-back room of 33 Grove Street—which also was a rooming-house of lesser rank—a distraught young man with feverish-looking dark eyes, a pale face and dishevelled hair paced restlessly up and down on a worn strip of carpet. There was a strong odor of gas and of boiling milk in the room and a tin mug stood steaming on the window-sill. From time to time the young man gazed out of the window but it is doubtful if he saw the backyards and the tin cans. Very likely he was viewing an emperor's court or a battle at sea or a wild mountain pass or a crowded ball-room. A knock on his door failed to rouse him from his dreams and only after the knocking had been repeated three times did he turn a dazed glance in that direction and call "Come!" He thought it was Mrs. Ryan after her room-rent again—and why go to meet trouble?

Miss Mary Manners, packing a type-
Continued on Page 21



PRINCE OF WALES ENTERTAINED BY DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE IN OTTAWA
The Prince of Wales and his party were guests of the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada, during the Prince's visit to Ottawa. This photo, taken in front of the Duke's residence, shows (seated left to right): Lady Maude Mackintosh, daughter of the Duke; the Duke of Devonshire; the Duchess of Devonshire; the Prince of Wales; and Lady Blanche Katherine Cavendish, daughter of the Duke. Others in the photo are members of the Duke's staff and their wives, and members of the Prince's official party.

Wanted: a Collaborator

Continued from Page 20
 She took him for a third-degree Socialist, probably on account of his hair, which stood straight up. He took her for a settlement worker.

"Don't pray for me. I'm past even that!" he began, throwing out his long lean arms in a gesture of utter despair. "And don't leave any tracts, for I won't read 'em."

She looked only mildly surprised for she, too, had felt this way. But the typewriter was an eight-pound one and her arm ached, so she set it on the floor.

"I came in answer to your ad.—that is, if you are, Mr. E. R. Appleton?" she observed, then.

He stopped short in his walk and his distraught manner gave place to an eagerness that was quite childlike. Yet his brow quickly clouded.

"But—you're a girl!" he cried in disappointment.

"Well, what if I am?" she flashed back with sudden resentment.

"I thought it would be a man—if it was anyone. And there have been seven insertions and nothing has come of them till now and—a girl! Wouldn't it knock you flat?"

"You specified no sex. What do you want to collaborate on—moving pianos?"

The acidity in her tone arrested his attention. She seemed at first glance such a mild little thing. But evidently she had spirit. The young man regarded the flash in her big blue eyes with some respect. His eye passed to the machine on the floor.

"Excuse me. Take a chair, please. No, leave the door ajar. This room's so da—, I mean so blamed cold I've got to walk around to keep warm and so will you. I had to shut it a moment ago because I—I was boiling cocoa over the gas and I didn't want the old lady to smell it."

Miss Manners took a chair, sweeping a shocked glance around, as she did so. The untidiness of genius was here very apparent.

"I see you brought along a Lizzie," said the room's tenant.

"It's only a rented one, and there are about seventy-seven things the matter with it," said Miss Manners apologetically.

"I can't even afford a rented one," said Mr. Appleton. "But understand me, it's not a typist I want—even if I could pay her. Any girl of ordinary intelligence can tickle a typewriter. What I'm after is a working partner."

"What's wrong with your right hand?" demanded Miss Manners irrelevantly.

He held up the iodine-stained member, which twitched almost incessantly.

"Cramp," he said succinctly.

"I thought it was your brain where the cramp was."

"I've got it both places."

A throb of pity softened the girl's voice when next she spoke.

"Poor boy! You are just a boy, aren't you?" and she smiled for the first time.

"I'd hate to be hanging since I first voted," said Mr. Appleton, grimly. "Now I'll tell you what I want. I want somebody who can untangle my plots for me. I've got my heroes in the very devil—dickens of a mess!"

"You must be awfully clever—to be able to do that!"

"Yes, but I'm not clever enough to get them out of it. That," said the young man impressively, "is what I want you to do."

He regarded her doubtfully, but she brightened and in her eyes were admiration, awe, and enthusiasm.

"I'm a great little finisher-up," she said, eagerly. "Nothing I enjoy more than putting things to rights."

Again her glance swept the room. She was conscious of a desire to start in first on the room itself and leave the plots till afterward. But—he hadn't advertised for a charwoman.

"Well—we can have a trial partnership, anyway," said the young author after some reflection. "Sold much yourself?"

"A little," said Miss Manners, cheerfully.

Mr. Appleton clawed his hair down into a less Bolshevik state, crossed the room and setting a screen aside pulled a steamer trunk from under his bed. He

drew this over to his prospective partner and, opening it, disclosed to her astonished eyes about a quarter of a ton of manuscript.

"Now this," he began gloomily, as he chose a story at random and opened it out on his knees, "this is the thrilling tale of adventure of my hero, John Grandon. He's a bird, if I do say it! But the editors—however to go on. After a series of hairbreadth escapes I've got him on the roof of a skyscraper with every means of escape cut off. He's innocent, of course. Just leading his pursuers on for the fun of the thing, you know. What'll I do? He can't crawl down through the coping because they're waiting below. He can't drop through a skylight because he'd make too much racket. He can't melt into thin air—"

"Why not have an aeroplane swoop down and pick him off?" interrupted Miss Manners, eagerly.

The author's mouth fell open.

"Gee! I never thought of that!" he exclaimed. "Say, you're a wiz!"

She waved away his excited admiration. He had made as though to grasp both her hands.

"Trot out your next brain-twister," she said, simulating a yawn.

He snatched up a second story.

"Here we have an eloping couple chased by an angry father. They have a breakdown. Dad is just half-a-mile

behind and hitting her up at forty miles. If he gets the hero he'll make mincemeat of him. What'll I do?"

"Always do the least expected thing," said Miss Manners, promptly. "If there's anything makes me tired it's to see the end of a story from the beginning. I want to be surprised. So does everybody."

The author scratched his chin.

"Yeah, I know," he said. "But what do you suggest?"

"Well, I suggest that you surprise not only your readers but dad too. Make the elopers get out, tie handkerchiefs over the lower part of their faces and walk back and hold dad up. Furnish pistols even if they are empty. Come along with another. This is pie."

They proceeded to the relief of a bank president shut up in his own safety-vault, and this without the aid of nitroglycerine! They rescued a beautiful heroine from a gang of cutthroats in an old sugar-mill. They went to the aid of a hero on a desert island. They staged a love scene in the clouds. They foiled an anarchist plot and wedded a queen to her own coachman. They discovered buried treasure and plotted the assassination of a renegade duke and his family. They planted bombs and set time fuses and blew up various buildings and shuddered and thrilled in the ecstasy of creative work and destructive orgies.

And all the while they were quite un-

aware of the lurking shadow outside their partly-open door.

The afternoon had melted into dusk and Mr. Appleton lighted his gas. Only then did he remember his cocoa, long since grown cold.

"Say! Let's go round to Bergway's. They make the bulliest goulash," he suggested, as his neglected appetite prodded him afresh.

"I—I've only got—fifteen cents," said Mary Manners in a small voice.

"My treat."

"Oh, no; I couldn't."

"You must. We've got to work here till ten, anyway."

"Well—if—"

"Come," said Mr. Appleton peremptorily, as he jerked his coat on over the sweater he was wearing to save laundry bills, and picked up his cap. "It's just round the corner."

They found themselves smiling at each other across a small oil-cloth-covered table, in an alcove. An Hungarian orchestra was playing lively airs and a very appetizing odor of cooking drifted in to them from the rear. It was a clean little place and just bohemian, enough to be enjoyable. They had goulash and rye bread and cheese with pie and coffee. Mary ate with a relish that she tried to keep from looking ravenous. Not in days had she had such a wholly-satisfying meal.

Continued on Page 22

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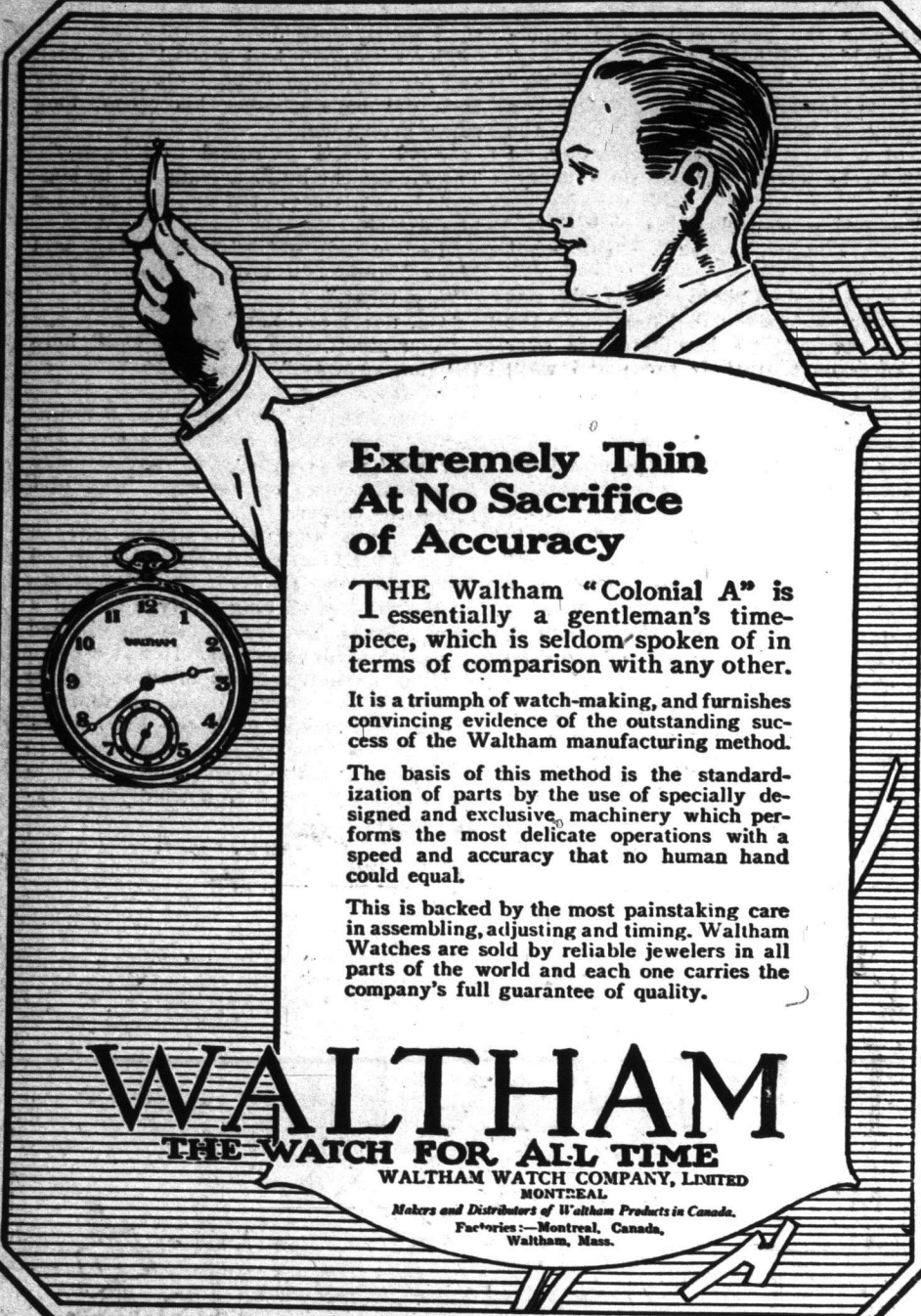
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Name _____ Address _____

Wanted; a Collaborator

Continued from Page 21

Neither of them saw a thin, peak-faced man with ratty little eyes who came in and took a seat at the next table with his back to them.

"We'll work on that bank president stuff to-night," said Mr. Appleton, as they rose. "To-morrow we'll tackle the plot of the railway bridge. Can you come as early as nine?"

Mary could and she did. She and Mr. Appleton took turns all week at the typewriter, one dictating and the other transposing and at the end of the seventh day five completed tales were ready for the editors.

The collaborators were now on very friendly terms. Mary was never very communicative with strangers, but one day between manuscripts as she oiled the ratty little machine, she sighed and her glance strayed through the window where a thin drizzle of rain was trickling down the glass. As she gave a start and returned to the pile of copy at her left hand the young man caught a suspicion of moisture in her eyes.

"I think I can guess of what you were dreaming just now," he remarked with a sympathetic look.

"I don't believe it," said Mary, with a wan smile.

"You were dreaming of the country!" She sent him an amazed glance.

"How did you know?"

"Because you're a country girl—and the country always gets its children at this time of year. I know the symptoms."

"But how did you guess I was from the country?"

He smiled.

"Your wholesomeness tells the tale and your—pardon me—fresh complexion and then, you see, I'm from the country too, and there's a freemasonry of souls between rubes. I—I've felt the tugging at my heart too, Miss Manners. Sometimes it nearly drives me crazy. I can smell the fresh brown earth as it turns up behind the plow and I dream of the speckled trout darting through the clear water of the little brook. I can hear the tinkle of a cow bell as the herd comes up from pasture in the late afternoon. I—Oh it's—it's damnable!"

Mary's eyes were glowing.

"And the peach blossoms!" she cried softly. "Such masses of them, and from the hill they look like a pink and white cloud that's fallen to earth! Down by the old stone wall there was a robin's nest and a row of lilacs and we used to picnic under the cherry trees by the river on the twenty-fourth of May every year."

The young man breathed heavily. His sombre eyes were alight. She scarcely knew what she said. She merely gave voice to her thoughts, her memories. He listened, hungrily.

"We had a circular bed of daffodils and tulips and all along the cedar hedge were blue violets, great large ones. Down by the gate on the concession line was a riot of lilies-of-the-valley—like a big snowbank. Oh!" and Mary drew a long quivering breath.

Suddenly her lip trembled and down on her arms on the pile of manuscript went her head.

"Once a rube always a rube, eh?" and Mr. Appleton essayed a laugh, but there was a catch in it.

Mary lifted her head and dabbed angrily at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"What a fool I am! It's only mid-March anyway. It—it isn't spring yet even there, is it?"

"Where?"

"In the Niagara Peninsula," said Mary with a sob.

"Is that where you come from?" he demanded, quickly. "Why, that's my home, too! I mean, it was."

Mary regarded him with a new interest.

"Why did you leave it for this?" she asked wonderingly.

"That's what I often ask myself!"

"Can't you go back?"

He shook his head gloomily.

"Farm's sold. All my people dead."

"So are mine," said Mary, sadly.

There was silence for a moment or two with nothing but the soft patter of the March rain to break it.

"Once I had a crazy idea I might buy back the old place," said the young man, slowly. "That was after I came back

from France. But I couldn't get a job. I'd been shellshocked and I couldn't stand the downtown grind. I'd left the farm for a white-collar job in the first place and I guess it served me right."

"So you started to grind out stories, then?"

"Tales of my adventures at the war mostly. They sold because the war was the world's best seller," then. But now—"

He spread out his hands in a gesture of semi-comic despair.

"Oh, cheerio!" Mary put in brightly. "Remember, you've got a collaborator now! I'm chuck-full of optimism if you're not, Mr. E. K. Appleton."

She spoke the name as one speaks of Edgar Allan Poe or Robert Louis Stevenson. He winced. Then suddenly he leaned forward.

"Say, Mary," he said, with a smile that was half piteous and half defiant—and he didn't seem to realize that he had addressed her very intimately—"that isn't my name at all!"

"Not your name?" she repeated after a slight pause.

"Nope. My monniker is Ephraim Reuben Stubbs."

Mary's lips opened and then closed again. She looked a little incredulous.

"Honest, it is. I invented the other because it sounded—well, classier. How could I sign 'Eph Stubbs' to anything and hope to sell it?"

After a while they set to work on a four-cylinder thriller and the little intimacies were temporarily forgotten in the rush of business. A small cheque had come for "Mr. Appleton," and he had paid up some of his rent-in-arrears and on the strength of this had prevailed upon Mrs. Ryan to turn on some heat.

So they had been able to work with their door closed most of the week. Dreadfully unconventional and all that. Oh, of course. But let no good Christian of impeccable character and stern morals sniff until he has first endeavored to set in motion the necessary machinery which will compel house agents and landladies of rooming places to provide a sitting room for the general use of roomers and boarders.

Once or twice Mary's sharp ear had detected the sound of a stealthy footfall outside their door. But, knowing what some landladies are like, she had made no remark, and she and Mr. Stubbs had resumed their task of plots and counterplots. These talks were always stimulating. The pair were teaching each other, constantly, and without being more than half aware of it. Mr. Stubbs' virile imagination and lively humor kept Mary's wits in a joyous ferment and in turn her sound common sense and her delicate fancies and her bright intuition adjusted a nice balance for his more energetic and less reasoning type of mind. As collaborators they seemed to have been made for each other.

Came a day in the second week of the partnership when they treated themselves to an afternoon off in order to peddle the finished stories. Mr. Stubbs had a wide acquaintance with ante-rooms and editors' office boys whose invariable greeting had been "G'wan! He ain't in, I tell yuh!" But with Mary along these juvenile autocrats were a little less curt. Mary's eyes had a way with them, perhaps. The first editor bought two stories for fifty dollars apiece. Mary nearly fainted. Mr. Stubbs hadn't felt so light headed and all-round giddy since that shell had burst under him at Hill 60. They managed to make a departure without the aid of an ambulance, which was as well, because the next editor bought the rest of their work at approximately the same rate. That evening the collaborators dined de luxe in the best-grill in the city. They set to work next day at eight o'clock and toiled all week, without intermission except for snatched meals and, of course, necessary sleep. Mr. Stubbs, alias Appleton, gave Mrs. Ryan notice. He was going to move to a better part of the city on the first of the month.

Fortune's wheel gave one more giddy revolution for the plotters and then it stopped never to move again—as far as they were concerned. They made two hundred dollars in the third week and on the last day of April Mary felt her usual optimism dwindling.

Continued on Page 23

Wanted; a Collaborator

Continued from Page 22 stories in him. Then pop! the vein runs out with a sickening gurgle," she said, meditatively. "I think, Ephraim — Mr. Stubbs — that's what's happened to us."

Her collaborator missed much of what she had said because of the thrilling fact that she had called him for the first time by his given name.

"I—I think it was my fault, though, that our last effort didn't sell," she went on. "I couldn't get the thought of the old farm and the peach blossoms out of my mind."

"Mary, your eyes are like—like those violets you once told me about! With the dew on them! Mary, will you—"

A knock at the door! Mr. Stubbs rose reluctantly and opened it. A thin, ratty-eyed man stood there, smiling unctuously and unpleasantly.

"What do you want?" demanded the author, bluntly.

He had a vague memory of having seen the man before.

"I want you," was the reply. "You two. The both of you."

The author stared in bewilderment and anger. Then he made as though to close the door. The man must be drunk—or crazy.

"Wait. Here's the card of invitation, if you insist," said the stranger in the same oily voice.

Mr. Stubbs frowningly received the bit of soiled pasteboard. He read: "Mr. Alonzo P. Ketchem, Never-Beaten Detective Bureau; phone 1162; open day and night."

"Well?" "We wantcha right away—you and the girl."

"What!" "You heard me. I gotta taxi down below. Get a move on, bo."

Mary had risen and advanced to the door.

"They've made a mistake. I suppose we'll have to go and rectify it," said the author in an aside. "This fellow is a mere subordinate. We can't argue with him."

"A detective bureau!" cried Mary as she in turn read the card.

Then she laughed. "Maybe we can get a story out of it!" she exclaimed, gaily.

As they bowed away in the car, Mr. Stubbs, who had been eyeing the bureau's emissary with a puzzled frown, found his curiosity mastering his pride. "Say! Where've I seen your mug before?" he demanded.

The other smiled his smooth, satisfied smile.

"I room at Mrs. Ryan's too," he said. "I'm in the room next yours. Been onto your little game for some time."

"Our little game!" Mary cried, involuntarily.

But he only leered at her in reply.

At the bureau the three lined up before a severe official who rapped out questions with the force of a drill-sergeant and in the voice of a rip-saw.

"Here are the two suspects." Mr. Ketchem had opened up.

Presently it became clear that they were being taken for a dangerous type of Socialist. They were asked where they had been on a certain date in the previous fall, where they had been on such and such a night, what they had been doing on the evening the powder-works had been blown up, and so on. Mr. Stubbs and Miss Manners were equal to the first lot of questions. They said they could furnish satisfactory alibis. Another official had gotten a camera ready and now trained it on them.

"Of course we hope it isn't going to be a police case," said the severe official, frowningly. "But our operative, Mr. Ketchem, is always fairly sure of his quarry before he hits. He's one of our newest operatives but one of the most energetic and ardent. I scarcely think he can have made a mistake."

Mr. Ketchem looked intensely pleased. "You have aliases, Mr. Appleton," went on the chief. "Stubbs is one, I understand. Honest folks seldom have need to resort to two or more names."

"Stubbs is my real name," said the author, stoutly. "Come out straight, can't you, and tell us what you're charging us with!"

"We charge you with plotting against H.M. the King," said the chief sonorously. "Can you deny it?"

Silence. Mary nudged the author gently.

"We can't deny we were plotting," she said clearly.

"Ah, I thought so!" "But it wasn't against the King."

"That's merely a form of words used. She admits the charge," the chief said to his secretary.

"Hold on!" Mr. Stubbs interdicted. "She means—"

Mary gave him a silencing look. "Fool 'em," she whispered. "It serves 'em right."

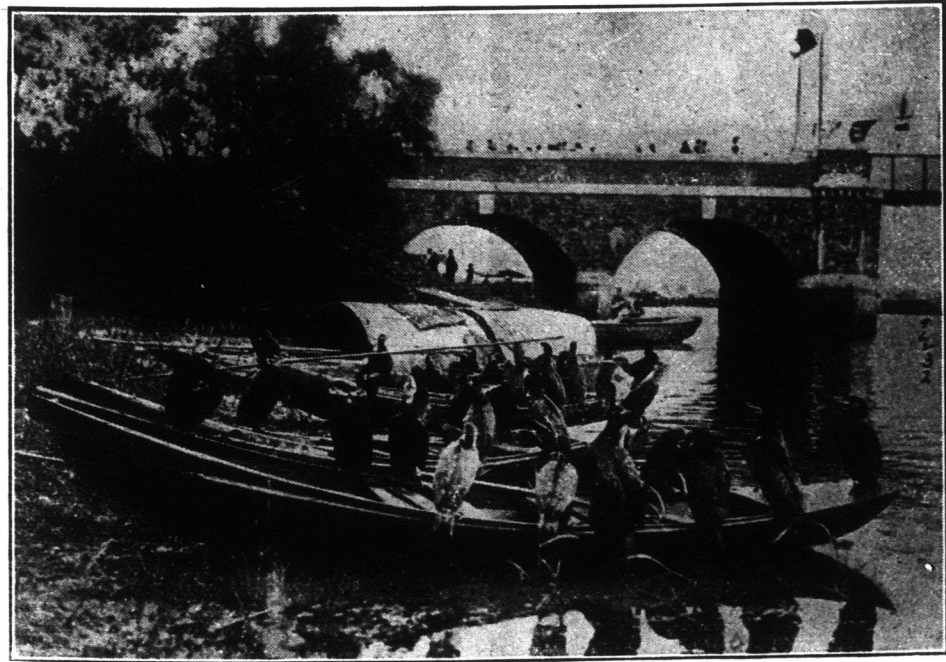
"Mr. Ketchem has overheard much of your talk, nearly all of which was of a highly suspicious nature," said the chief severely. "He says he was suspicious of you, Appleton, or whatever you call yourself, from the first day he went to Mrs. Ryan's. He boards there because he happens to be working on several suspect cases in that neighborhood. He—"

"He's crazy with the heat!" observed the author, politely.

"He didn't like either your looks or your manner. He says you wore your hair like a rabid revolutionary, that your rent was in arrears, that you continually paced the floor and gave vent to muttered curses and ejaculations, and that nobody knew anything about you. Then this young woman joined you. She brought what purported to be a typewriter but which he suspected to contain an infernal machine—"

"It is an infernal machine," Mary interposed wearily. "I've broken nearly all my nails on it and the ribbon carriage has St. Vitus dance. The spacer is loose and the comma, question-mark and dash don't hit straight. If ever—"

Continued on Page 24



LET THE KINGFISHERS DO THEIR WORK SAY CHINESE FISHERMEN
A very unusual photograph showing trained kingfishers perched on the side of a Chinese dory ready for a morning's work in the water. The birds, after a long course, perform the work of catching fish while the Celestial citizen calmly reposes pulling on his opium-soaked pipe. The photo was taken on one of the broad waters of Central China.



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**Wanted; a
Collaborator**

Continued from Page 23 because of Mrs. Ryan who refused for some silly reason to believe he was right. Apparently the woman is attached to you, even though you're not exactly a star boarder.

"Glad I've got one friend," said the author with a grin.

"He followed you both when you went out and states that you visited the offices of editors as a rule. You were evidently trying to get some wild propaganda and firebrand stuff published."

Mary and her collaborator exchanged glances.

"You also visited a bank or two. He says you cashed cheques but that you also had an eye for the inner section behind the wickets. There had been talk between you of using force on a bank president—"

"They were going to shut him in a safety-vault," said Mr. Ketchem, here.

"Oh, was that it? Well, and in the report I find you had plotted an assassination of a grand duke. I didn't know there were any, any more! It will take too long to go through everything now. We'll just have your finger-prints and—er—hold you."

"Hold us!" cried Mary, aghast. "Why it's all a joke! We're leading you on. Let me explain!"

The chief smiled grimly and shook his head.

"Are you married?" he barked out, then.

"No," said the author, decidedly.

"I mean, to each other?"

Again the collaborators exchanged a guilty glance. They both blushed.

"I see you are," commented the chief.

"Give them room 7. It's for couples," said the secretary.

Mary flopped, unbidden, into a chair.

"Bring the police," she begged, half-hysterically. "Perhaps they'll let us explain!"

The police came. Certain editors were telephoned to and Mary's own landlady

—but which he

didn't get an opportunity to examine

sent for. There was a great deal of

high-explosive conversation, many accusations and denials, a few tears and sobs,

mingled with laughter, on Mary's part,

much impatience on the part of Ephraim

Stubbs and a gradual drawing-in of

horns on the part of the detective force

before truth finally emerged triumphant

and proof was patent.

"But it's too bad you aren't married,

you two," observed Chief Cassidy of the

bluecoats, when the show was over, "be-

cause I've a dandy fine opening for a

nice young couple and I'd sure like to

give you the chance."

Ephraim Stubbs showed himself inter-

ested.

"It's not a state of affairs that's hope-

less," he said, with a swift sidelong

glance at Mary. "What's your proposi-

tion?"

"What's not hopeless?" countered

Chief Cassidy.

"Our—er—not being married."

"Very well, then. A young couple is

urgently wanted to go and look after a

fine fruit farm in the Okanagan Valley.

It's a great thing for the right man—

and his wife. The owner has so arranged

it that the superintendent can buy in on

shares and become an owner himself if

he wants to, inside a few years. I've

been looking round wild-eyed for a suit-

able pair. Most young couples are afraid

of the country."

"We're not!" said Mary and Ephraim

together.

"Mary's a great little plot-untangler,"

said the latter, significantly. "Speak up,

Mary."

Mary blushed and examined her gloves

minutely.

"Well—" she began at last, "I guess

it'd be better than selling lace."

"Selling lace?"

"Didn't I tell you? That's what I

was trying to do when I saw your ad—

that and typing manuscripts for an

advertising firm. I'm neither writer nor

typist. I'm only a farmer's daughter

with a little knack at lace-making and—

it doesn't seem to be a paying proposi-

tion. Too much machine-made lace."

"And too many machine-made stories!" said Mr. Ephraim Stubbs, alias E. K. Appleton. "I'll gladly pass up the city if you will."

"Partners on shares. Dividends every year," observed Chief Cassidy in an encouraging tone. "Taint any penal job you know. It's a special that I heard of privately."

"Partners, you say?" murmured Mary. "They gotta be life partners, though," said Chief Cassidy, with a twinkle in his eye.

"We've got a fresh plot right here," said Mr. Stubbs, alias Appleton, feigning discouragement and perplexity.

"I'll turn my back till you get it untangled, suggested the policeman gravely, suiting the action to the word.

Ephraim Stubbs looked at Mary, and she looked up at Ephraim.

"Never mind Chief. You can right-wheel again. There's only one way to straighten out this tangle," said the ex-author in a jubilant voice. "We are going to accept your offer and collaborate on fruit henceforth. And say! where does the nearest preacher live?"

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Alfred Lord Tennyson was born August 6th, 1809, at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England. Son of a country rector; his early youth was cramped by poverty which prevented him from attaining his heart's desire—that of foreign travel. It was not until the year 1850 that he was able to marry the woman of his choice and for whom he had waited so long. The lady was Miss Emily Sellwood. Writing of his marriage, he said: "The peace of God came into my life when I married her."

Tennyson is pre-eminently a Christian poet. His magnanimity is expressed in his masterpiece—"In Memoriam," of which the following is the opening stanza:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

His keen penetration into the future foresaw "The vision of the world and all the wonders that would be," and the fulfilment of his prophecy in "Locksley Hall," is reaching its consummation in "The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world." For his conviction was always that of—

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

Reverenced and beloved by high and low, he died on October 6th, 1892, Poet Laureate of England. His spirit answered "the call," while his son, Hallam, held one of the great poet's hands, and repeated as well as his feelings would permit, his father's beautiful poem, "Crossing the Bar."

Across

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"—may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea."
—Tennyson.

His earthly voyage is o'er
And answered that clear hail,
There was no tempest on the bar
When he set sail.

The tide in dulcet ripples lapp'd
The fragile vessel's side,
As if to give him what he ask'd—
A calm flood-tide.

Night, and the sounding bell;
But with it came the Light,
To cheer his passage of farewell
Into the peaceful night.

Then, as the anchor's weighed;
A Form stands out to view,
'Twas the Pilot, helm in hand,
To steer His barque anew.

Ye mariners that sail
On life's tempestuous sea,
Have you the Pilot at the helm—
He that walked on Galilee.

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Chasing the rainbow or following the star,
Following the glamour or following the gleam,
Following the light in the distance afar,
Or following the mist and the smoke and the dream.

Chasing the phantom that ever allures
The vessel of life to the rocks of distress,
Or steering life's ship towards the sweet pleasant shores
Of safety, of comfort, of peace and of rest.

Chasing the glare and the glitter of gold,
The ball and the mask and the bacchanal brawl,
Or making true friendships that never grow cold,
Or anxious for fear that a brother should fall.

Chasing hot passion's swift passing delight,
The remorse and the gall and the dull leaden eye,
Or following with fervour the clear steady slight
Of reason and honor that never shall die.

Chasing the pomp and the power of wealth,
The bubble of honor, of place and of fame,

Or yielding up all to sacrifice self,
On humanity's altar in humanity's name.
Chasing the comfort of money in age,
To nourish life's candle as slowly it fades,
Or trusting as fitting o'er life's fleeting stage,
To harbors of refuge and sweet pleasant shades.

Following the glimmer of learning's bright lamp,
Which leads to green pastures and mansions so fair,
Or blindly as over life's highway you tramp,
Following the pathway that leads to despair.

Stumbling, despondent, midst realms of doubt,

Over castles the sceptic has razed in your faith,
Or childishly trusting with arms stretched out,
On Him who has triumphed o'er sin and o'er death.

Grasping the present, so vivid and real,
Chasing the distant horizon that flies,
Willing to die for a noble ideal,
On your country's altar—a brave sacrifice.

Far o'er the ocean the wild winds are blowing;
I hear the sweet strains of soft music afar.
The river of life on it's swift course is flowing.
Are you chasing the rainbow or following the star?

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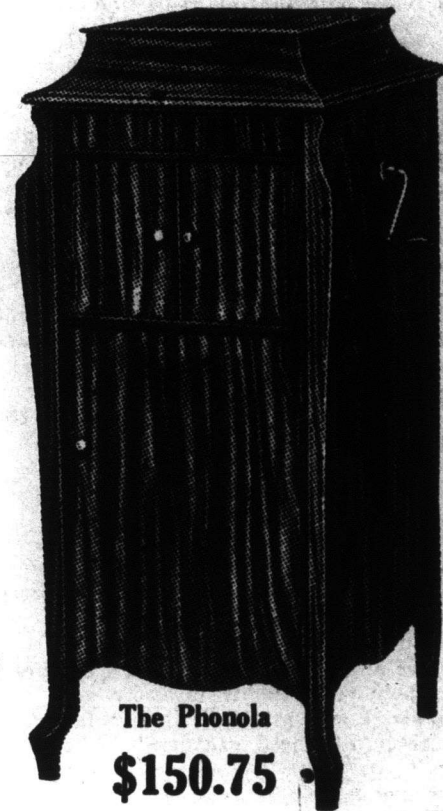
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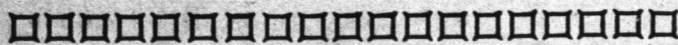
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INVENTIONS

At the current meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the president urged that possible inventors ought to be provided with financial and other assistance to enable them to proceed with their work in a scientific manner. Many of the inventions, the fruits of which we are familiar with to-day, have been produced under great financial stress, and within unfavorable physical surroundings, and it is just possible that the lack of facilities was the spur which forced the progress of the invention. It is interesting to note, however, that a well-known psychologist has suggested a plan whereby the matter of an invention may be approached scientifically.

Briefly, he proposes that a man should make a list of all the parts, accessories, appliances or equipment used in his own particular sphere of work, and then pair them off with a view to ascertaining whether it would be possible to produce a combination machine which would embody the functions of two separate devices.

Familiar cases are the fountain pen, really a combination of an ink-well and a penholder; the Morris chair, a combination of a couch and a chair; the telautograph, a combination of a writing machine and a telegraph instrument; but it is a question whether these were produced by a studied plan or through "inspiration".

Our young men of the West, of an inventive turn of mind, might very well devote a little thought to these suggestions and endeavor to ascertain theoretically what might be done by the combination of agricultural and mechanical devices with which many of them are familiar.

WHAT IS PSYCHOLOGY?

I find that I have used the term "psychologist" in the preceding paragraph and when a writer undertakes to use such a many-syllabled word, he must expect some of his readers to ask "What is a psychologist?" Well, I have had the privilege of meeting a number of bona fide psychologists, and I have also worked and lived with the farmers of the West, and I find that psychologists and farmers have many points in common, for a man does not work for many years with Nature without developing the ability to think deeply and see clearly, for, after all, that is what psychology means.

Scientifically, it is defined as "That knowledge of the mind which we derive from a careful examination of the facts of consciousness". Like economics, it has its opponents and its exponents, but it has achieved a great victory in the recent war, for the services of psychologists were used to a great extent by all the allied governments, and perhaps for the first time in war.

The case of the New York telephone directory furnishes an interesting illustration of the practical side of psychology. This volume had become exceedingly bulky and had finally blocked the efforts of the printers and paper makers to reduce it in size, either by the use of different type or of thinner paper. The services of a noted psychologist were secured and, by a scientific rearrangement of the matter, based upon his knowledge of mental requirements, a very substantial reduction in size was effected.

A LIST OF GOOD BOOKS

The time is approaching, though perhaps one should delay reference to it, when the strenuous evenings of summer games will be exchanged for the quiet hours of the winter months, and then perhaps a few good books will not come amiss.

Of these, one of our own Canadian writers, Mr. Robert J. C. Stead, says:

"It is from books that we obtain our ideas of right and wrong, of honor and dishonor, of success and failure, of love and hate, of generosity and greed, of all high purpose and all noble character and all unselfish impulse. The brightest minds of the ages have stored the wisdom of the world in books, where it may be had for the taking."

In one of the early English plays we read:

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues."

Many years ago, Sir John Lubbock compiled a list which he styled "One Hundred Best Books." This was the forerunner of a spirited discussion which has lasted until this day as to which are

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL

Commercial Master, St. John's Technical High School

the best books of the world. From Sir John's list, I select twenty. Probably you have read some, and possibly all, of them, but, be that as it may, they are good books:

Pilgrim's Progress	Natural History of Sel-
Morte D'Arthur	bourne
Human Knowledge	Vanity Fair
Shakespeare	Self Help
Robinson Crusoe	Burns
The Arabian Nights	Vicar of Wakefield
Bacon's Essays	Gulliver's Travels
Adam Bede	Pride and Prejudice
Last Days of Pompeii	Holy Living and Holy
Westward Ho!	Dying
Pickwick Papers	Don Quixote

Just a word of suggestion: some people buy books to read but others buy them as furniture.

ECONOMICS

A generous publisher has sent me a book entitled "An Introduction to Economics". I like the look of it and soon I propose to read it but, while the matter is fresh in my mind, I quote from the concluding paragraphs:

"Names, whether they be the names of socialism, bolshevism, or individualism mean, in themselves, simply nothing. No one is prepared with a satisfactory definition which really covers the whole content of the terms. What we must seek is the reality behind the label, using careful, scientific judgement and not blind passion.

Tub thumping at street corners will lead us no further than ignorant rhetoric in newspapers. In order to amend our society we must first understand it. Our study of economics should serve as a basis upon which to build a real knowledge of the economic structure of the present civilization. It rests with the student to fill in the many and deep gaps which have been left and to apply his knowledge to the task of so reconstructing society that the evils of which we are conscious shall be things of the past."

THRIFT

Constantly we are urged to be thrifty; so constantly that we may well ask if there is any method whereby we may be sure of attaining the standard which our government seems disposed to set for us. So perhaps we can gather a little from the book of good old Benjamin Franklin:

Save and have.
Every little makes a mickle.
Little strokes fell great oaks.
A rolling stone gathers no moss.
God helps those that help themselves.
Spend one penny less than thy clear gains.
Look before or you'll find yourself behind.
He that waits upon fortune is never sure of a dinner.
Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more.
It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance.
Learning is to the studious and riches to the careful.
Waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.
Remember that money is of the prolific, generating nature.
All things are cheap to the saving, dear to the wasteful.

POTATOES AND—BOLSHEVISM

Bolshevism—I don't like again to record a word so overworked, and I would not do so now were it not for the fact that I believe I have discovered a cure for it. This is not boasting and no credit whatever is taken for the discovery. It was forced upon me, and the cure is—potatoes.

Last spring, in the little clay patch behind the house, I thought it time to plant a few potatoes, and for the seed I took from the basement a bucket or so of potatoes remaining from the winter supply, but the cellar had been overwarm and the potatoes were so soft as to be almost bad. Really, it seemed an insult to Mother Earth to plant them with the expectation of getting any return.

A few weeks ago, I began to dig them, and as from each root I turned to the surface six, eight and ten hard, white, large potatoes, my enthusiasm for Manitoba was revived once more, and so I put the question—How can a man think in terms of bolshevism so long as Manitoba yields so generously of mortgage lifters?

SUCCESS

What is success and what is the price that must be paid for it? Many years ago a great newspaper in an effort to find a popular answer to this question offered a substantial prize for the best definition of success, and this was the winning answer, submitted by Mrs. A. J. Stanley:

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction."

LAW

There is much more to law than contracts and negotiable instruments. Occasionally, "the law's delays" give rise to sentiments that voice a doubt as to the real value of man-made legal restrictions. But in spite of its imperfections, the law of our country is beneficent in its conception and usually in its execution. If you will take time to examine it, you will find that the law is designed to protect a man even in anticipation of his birth, and that it extends to the equitable distribution of his property after death.

We cannot dispense with laws. Even should we burn every sheepskin bound volume in the great libraries of law, and endeavor to destroy every trace of evidence of statutory requirements, there would remain the moral law—the law governing our consciences, and the natural law—the law relating to the animal, the vegetable, the mineral and the solar kingdoms.

Laws, as they are administered wisely and kindly, deserve the active support of every citizen, and just here we may well record a section from the work of the great Roman law-giver, the Emperor Justinian, which is known as Justinian's Doctrine of Law:

- (1) To live honestly.
- (2) To hurt nobody.
- (3) To render to everyone his just due.

BORROWED WORDS

If you should see a book by Waldo Pondray Warren, you may buy it without hesitation, confident in the expectation that it will be full of good things, and for those who are not acquainted with the writings of this author, I give, by way of introduction, a few quotations from one of his latest books:

The greatest asset a business or an individual can have is the Spirit of Progress.

The man who gets the most out of life is the man who lives to learn.

A knowledge of the whole plan enables one to handle a part more intelligently.

The average person is not thorough and therefore even a little thoroughness will surpass him.

A man loses force when he lets himself become confused by the bigness or complexity of things around him.

Activity is the normal state of mind. It is as natural for thought to be active as it is for the earth to move on its axis.

The time must come when no man will be called great until he is a gentleman.

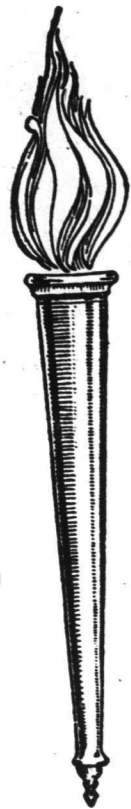
Duty never requires a man to be in two places at once.

CHOOSING A VOCATION

Surely it is true that a young man should choose his life work not with the idea of the immediate remuneration, but with the possibilities that it may hold for his future development, and yet quite often the contrary is the case. Some years ago I had occasion to work with a class of boys who were preparing to enter upon certain business careers, and among them was one who had a very profitable newspaper route, with the proceeds of which he was putting himself through school.

In due time, the boys were graduated and began work, one by one, with various institutions, beginning generally at the bottom of the ladder, and to-day most of them are climbing satisfactorily. The boy I have reference to, however, had some difficulty in securing a post, and so he resumed the selling of papers rather than be idle. But he had a very profitable corner in the city, which brought in enough to keep him going and he discontinued his efforts to get a position with a business firm. Several friends have urged him to change his work but hitherto he has been indifferent to suggestions.

I passed his corner the other day and he was still selling papers.



The Soul of a Vision

So then—

My part is ended. Other men,
And women, too, still play their part,
With courage resolute and dauntless heart.

My broken comrade—

Seared by scars that time can not efface,
Is not the jest of fortune; for his aid
A nation's mighty forces doth provide.

And those who live—

To carry on our story down the years,
Face not their "quiet days" in bitter pain;
(Forgotten, now they've stilled the nation's fears)
Dwarfed by the lust of pride and selfish gain.

My Canada—

Thou fair land for whom great love
Inspired my youth to ancient sacrifice;
Grant that our serried ranks in realms above
May witness bear thee, worthy of the Price.



To Pay Debts of Honour

TO the dead and to the richness of their dying, we must give pause, and in humility confess a debt beyond redemption.

Before the altar of their sacrifice, Canada is consecrated to make its dominion worthy. The Torch that illumines Victory so dearly bought, must burn eternally. Each year of peace must record an added lustre to our heritage.

But to those who have come back in suffering, Canada owes a debt which money can, in part, repay.

It is a Debt of Honour. Canada was pledged to the end, that the wounded and the sick be adequately cared for, until they were fairly fitted for the competitive existence of civil life.

For this purpose, our medical services, and our vocational training schools must be maintained until the need for them is no more. * * * * *

These, then, are some of the purposes for which the Victory Loan 1919 is being raised. Other purposes are told about in other announcements.

As you read them, the conviction will grow upon you of the absolute necessity for the

Victory Loan 1919

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance
of the Dominion of Canada.

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The Philosopher

A Worthy Purpose

This month of October is to see a notable conference on moral education, in the schools, in relation to Canadian citizenship held in Winnipeg. If it is to be what it should be, and what there is good ground for hoping it will be, this conference will mark the beginning of a new development of education in our country. The diverse racial and religious elements of which the Canadian people is composed, has hitherto made it difficult to attempt rightly organized and co-operated moral education in the schools, considered as a whole. Misunderstandings, mutual distrusts, inability to agree on methods, have stood in the way of the co-operation which is absolutely essential to effective action. Those who are promoting the conference believe that many of the obstructions which formerly obscured essentials, have disappeared, if not wholly, at least largely, as a result of the war, and now as never before there is recognition of the importance of character training as a preparation for citizenship. The example of Germany, which used highly organized and co-ordinated methods of public education for making the sixty millions of Germans think and feel as one, in the conspiracy to subject the world to domination by Germany—a carefully planned educational propaganda to create that unity of thought and purpose having been begun in the elementary schools and carried on by the secondary schools, the universities, the pulpit and the press—surely speaks with convincing force in enforcing the lesson of how educational agencies can be used righteously for the promotion of Canadian national unity.

A Need of the Time

The Minister of Reconstruction for Great Britain, Sir Auckland Geddes, is issuing warnings and pleadings against extravagance, and explanations in support of his warnings and pleadings. He shows plainly that every pound's worth of unessentials imported into Great Britain increases the adverse rate of exchange against Great Britain and causes increase in the price of the essentials of British life and industry—that is to say, food and raw materials. It is an undeniable fact that, with peace, has come extravagance, not only on the part of governments, but on the part of individuals. It is reported that even in Berlin and Vienna, the "night life" of extravagant enjoyment is more in evidence than in the days of prosperity before the war. In London, as Sir Auckland Geddes points out, the same condition exists. By way of contrast, it is remarkable how Paris is, by all accounts, sobered since the war. Sir Auckland Geddes' appeals well deserve being listened to on both sides of the Atlantic. They are founded on the basic and all-important truth that the individual owes a duty to the state. The government has no jurisdiction over the citizen beyond certain well-defined limits. It is the citizen's duty to order his actions and conduct his life in a manner that will not be contrary to the general welfare of the state. It is all very fine, of course, for a government which is itself extravagant in its expenditure of the public money, to preach thrift to the people, most of whom must needs be thrifty, for the reason that they have no other choice than to be thrifty. At the same time there are many citizens who are not disposed to lay to heart counsels of thrift, from whatever source they come. This is not as it should be. We are living in a time when every one of us must face the duty of his individual obligations to his country, as well as to his family and himself.

Georges, Ancient and Modern

As one of the results of British victories over the Turks, the tomb of Saint George, of Cappadocia, the patron saint of England, whose legendary combat with the Dragon is commemorated on British coins, and is a familiar heraldic design, is now in British possession. The suggestion that the bones of Saint George should be removed to a place of honor in Westminster Abbey, in London, has led to the making of a public declaration by the Dean of Westminster against that suggestion. The Dean points out that there is room in the Abbey for only six more graves. Evidently the Dean is of opinion, though he does not explicitly say so, that there will be at least six more persons worthier of interment in Westminster Abbey than Saint George, who is believed to have lived in the third century of the Christian era. Lloyd George, for example, will deserve to live in history as something of a dragon-killer, too.

A Patriarch of To-day

A letter from a reader of The Western Home Monthly has come to The Philosopher from Digby, Nova Scotia, in which is enclosed a clipping from a Halifax newspaper telling about the oldest man in Newfoundland, John McNeill, who, if we are to believe himself and other unprejudiced witnesses, is one hundred and thirty-one years old. Far be it from The Philosopher to doubt the accuracy of that

venerable man, who believes himself to have attained to such wondrous length of years. The record for longevity in comparatively modern times is that of Thomas Parr, the Englishman, who is reputed to have lived one hundred and fifty-two years. The aged Newfoundlander should not lose hope of living to beat the record of Thomas Parr. The newspaper clipping records that he says he "has not worked to amount to anything for two years." He was cutting weeds with a scythe when the newspaper reporter called on him, but cutting weeds is not work, according to the standards of his youth. He says that when he was a young man—that is to say, during the whole of the nineteenth century, a good man could cut, chop and pile two cords of wood in a day. The Philosopher has no actuarial figures at hand to show what the chances are of a man of one hundred and thirty-one living to be one hundred and fifty-two, but sees no reason why Mr. McNeill should not be a good insurance risk for a twenty-year endowment policy. Old Thomas Parr got along nicely in his native Shropshire, marrying first at eighty, and again at one hundred and twenty-two, if we are to believe the record, until it became known at the court of King Charles II. that there was an Englishman one hundred and twenty-two years old. The Earl of Arundel carried old Parr off to London, and the excitement and change of air and diet was too much for him. The great Dr. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, examined Parr when he arrived in London, and made an autopsy after his death, which followed soon upon his coming to that city. Parr's body was "right as a trivet" when he arrived from Shropshire. Dr. Harvey declared, and added that there was no telling how much longer he might have lived, if he had only stayed in Shropshire.

Comparisons of Criminality

The war disclosed the real character of public morality in Germany, and German official statistics show how misapprehensions of right and wrong have permeated the whole people. An instructive summary of these statistics is given by The New York Times, with the observation that popular memory is short, and that the most ardent pro-German has not claimed that the war has caused a change of heart or a change of character in the inhabitants of what was the German Empire. Using the Statistik des Deutschen Reichs for the year 1908, issued by the Imperial Government at Berlin, the New York paper shows by actual figures that criminality was more prevalent in Germany than in Great Britain or the United States. It cites other official records and also German authors of recognized standing in support of the same conclusion. Such facts as that rape is punishable by death under British law, but the greatest penalty for that crime under German law is one year's imprisonment, speak volumes. As The New York Times says, in commenting on the conclusions which stand out from the figures, it must be remembered, when a comparison is made with the United States, that the population in Germany is "pure" German stock, fit exponents of kulturization, whereas in the United States there is an increasing percentage of negroes, Japanese and foreign-born whites. "England, therefore," continues The Times, "offers a better illustration for comparison than does our own country, and the proportion listed in the various tables proves that the English stock has more of what the American calls civilization than has the German. Summarizing, the total average of the crimes enumerated gives a proportion of seven to one more crimes in Germany than in the United States, and one more than thirty to one over England."

Collapsed World Wonders

It is a rather remarkable fact that in Great Britain, in this country and in the United States leading newspapers are now devoting a great deal of their space to long-winded narratives and "revelations" written by General Ludendorff, Admiral von Tirpitz and others of the head men of the attempt to bring all human destinies beneath the heel of ruthless German might. It serves strikingly to recall the collapse of one after another of the loudly-trumpeted German generals who were heralded as men of destiny second only to the self-proclaimed All-Highest in world-conquering genius. The first to come to mind is General von Kluck, whose name resounded loudly throughout the world when the spike-helmeted Hun hordes were swarming along towards Paris in the first weeks of the war. He was proclaimed the embodiment of military ruthlessness and invincibility. Nevertheless, he turned out to be a dud. So, likewise, did the next in order of the loudly heralded German commanders, General von Moltke. Likewise General von Falkenhayn. And so on, down to von Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Hindenburg, who had

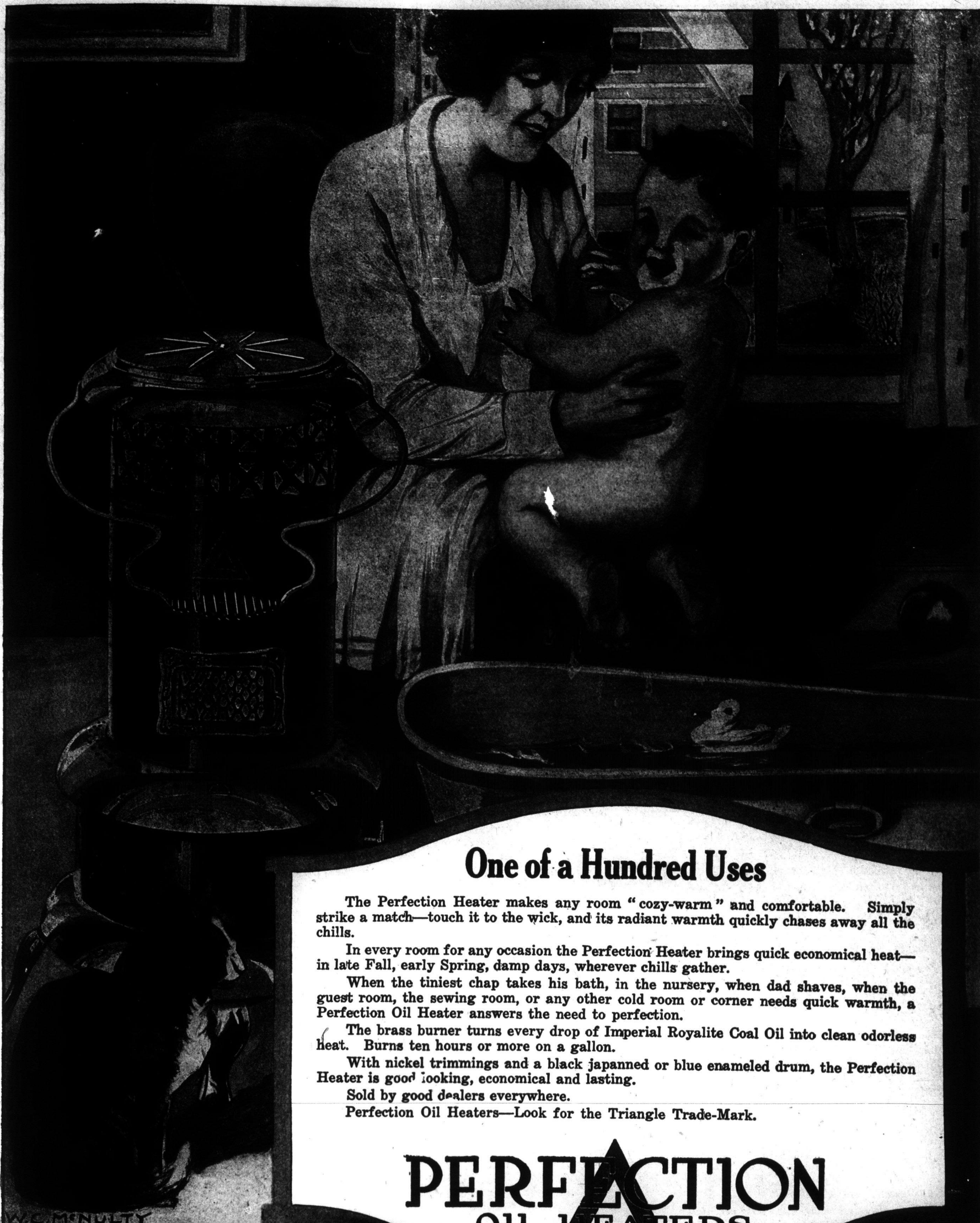
no trouble in crushing the Russians on the eastern front at the beginning of the war, was worshipped by the Germans as a wonder-worker, who would repeat on the west front his victories on the east front. He failed. His name will be best remembered in history by his famous "line," which was a line to retreat to. He and Ludendorff saw the famous Hindenburg line broken through, and the Germans battered and scourged back behind it, mile after mile, until the end came. Ludendorff, von Tirpitz, von Hindenburg and the rest of them are second only to William Hohenzollern himself in the list of the once-greatest but now most completely collapsed "has beens" in all history.

In Regard to Syndicalism

A reader of The Western Home Monthly writes a letter in which he says that in the discussion of current industrial questions he has come frequently upon the word, Syndicalism. He asks for an explanation of its meaning. In reply to his request, it is to be stated that Syndicalism, which has been known for half a century, was born in France, and took its name from the French word for a trades union, because its aim was government by trades union. From the first it won the devoted allegiance of the unskilled workers of southern France and Italy. It won no adherents in any of the northern countries, in which men of all grades are commonly more deliberate and patient. In the United States before the war, where it showed itself under the name of the International Workers of the World, its whole following was drawn from the casual workers, mostly foreign-speaking manual laborers. Attempts at I.W.W. propaganda among English-speaking workers have not met with any notable measure of success. It was in the lumbering and mining camps of Idaho and Arizona, and generally among Slavs and Italians who had been brought in several years previously as strike breakers, that it marshalled its thousands. Its leaders have been from a different social stratum from that of the mass of its membership. The leaders have commonly been men of refinement and education, men of artistic temperament, and frequently possessed inherited wealth. It is these men who have produced the sensational bits of literature which have attracted so much attention when used as propaganda. One mental characteristic served to unite these two classes, the educated leaders and the ignorant followers. It was the capacity to see only one side of a question, and to see that side in colors of blinding vividness. For there are two types of mind which are incapable of seeing both sides of a question. They are the fanatic and the primitive types. Syndicalism unites these two, the fanatic leader and the primitive-minded follower. And that is why Syndicalism is not democratic, but oligarchic. It is not even democratic within the limits of the "dictatorship of the proletariat." The control is despotically held in the hands of a ruling committee. So it has been, and is, in Russia since the Bolshevik regime began, with Lenine and Trotzky as its autocrats. It is an interesting fact that Jacques Sorel, the leading French exponent of Syndicalism, has become a monarchist. He wants to see the French republic destroyed and a king put upon the throne in France.

Canada and the League

Opponents in the United States of the League of Nations covenant have pretended to find a great grievance in the representation given each of the British Dominions in the League Assembly. They raised the cry that Great Britain would have six votes and the United States only one. It was a cry designed for the ears of certain hyphenated groups in the United States. President Wilson has answered it. "The consideration which led to the assigning of six votes to the self-governing portions of the British Empire," he has said, "is that they have, in effect, in all but foreign policy, become autonomous, self-governing States, their policy in all but foreign affairs, being independent of the control of the British Government, and in many respects dissimilar from it." He might have made his arguments still stronger by pointing out that the Dominions have now a share in control of British foreign policy of issues of peace and war. The President has stated a fact which many of his countrymen need to be told. If Canada, Australia, South Africa or New Zealand were to be excluded from the League Assembly, of which Hayti, Honduras and Nicaragua will be members, it would be an outrage on every principle of common sense and justice. President Wilson cited also in the same speech from which a quotation has already been made, the provision in the League of Nations covenant which requires unanimity in the council of the League in vital matters. The extraordinary authority vested in the Council and the power of veto to be possessed by each nation represented in it place the United States on an equality with the British Empire, which will have only one Council vote, though it will have six votes in the League Assembly. But in the Assembly itself the United States will control the votes of several of the Latin-American republics, a point in regard to which, for obvious reasons of policy, President Wilson is not saying anything in his public utterances.



One of a Hundred Uses

The Perfection Heater makes any room "cozy-warm" and comfortable. Simply strike a match—touch it to the wick, and its radiant warmth quickly chases away all the chills.

In every room for any occasion the Perfection Heater brings quick economical heat—in late Fall, early Spring, damp days, wherever chills gather.

When the tiniest chap takes his bath, in the nursery, when dad shaves, when the guest room, the sewing room, or any other cold room or corner needs quick warmth, a Perfection Oil Heater answers the need to perfection.

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What the World is Saying

The Lesson of History
Peace Treaty opponents should volunteer now for future wars.—Washington Star.

The Remedy
Make profiteering unprofitable, and the high cost of living will take care of itself.—Vancouver Sun.

True
The Prince is the more welcome because he is not scattering Knighthoods around.—Hamilton Spectator.

Looking Backward
Supply and demand used to make better prices than modern suppliers and their demands.—Boston Herald.

Chaotic Austria
Press despatches say that Austria is drifting into a chaotic state, and fall to say when it was in any other way.—Vancouver World.

One More Explanation
The nearest we can get to a satisfactory reason for the cost-of-living situation is that everything is going up because everything else is.—Brockville Times-Recorder.

Doubtless
Should the high cost of living keep mounting for twenty or thirty years, perhaps even the movie actors would strike for higher wages.—Duluth Herald.

A Question
Will some one kindly inform us whether the use of tobacco is more injurious than the wearing of tight corsets?—Vancouver Province.

A Wiser Sort of Irrigation
By keeping the bars closed Alberta will soon be able to save the money for a more profitable form of irrigation.—Toronto Globe.

A Strange Oversight
The Bolsheviki who looted a bank in Moscow ought to have an investigation to find out why it was not looted before.—Lethbridge Herald.

As Near as They Come to It
Ever since he became Premier, Lloyd George's enemies have predicted his defeat, and that is as near as they have come to it.—Toronto Telegram.

Tried to Make a New World-Map
"In 1914," says Professor Goode, of University of Chicago, "Germany was the world's greatest map-making country." But she tried to make one map too many, eh, Prof.?—Chicago Tribune.

An Old Practice of Politicians
Chicago expert advises men to have their suits turned inside out, in order to last longer. But the politicians discovered that trick years ago.—New York World.

Advice for the Duke
The Duke of Connaught is reported to have been offered the job of King of Jugo-Slavokia. Don't do it, Duke: give the life insurance companies a chance.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Speculative
A publication, known as "The World Tomorrow," is not allowed to enter Canada. This is part of the government policy of not permitting dealing in futures.—Saskatoon Star.

May It Be Soon!
If the Kaiser persists in cutting down all the trees in Holland, he will not be able to take to the tall timbers when it becomes necessary for him to do so.—Brandon Sun.

Not Their Way at All
The King of Italy's demand that his fortune be taxed and his gift of Crown lands to the State are not approved by the Amalgamated Society of War Profiteers and Idle Rich.—Halifax Herald.

Hard to Make it Out
William Hohenzollern has bought an estate in Holland, according to one report. Either the ex-Kaiser's a bally optimist or they have some unusually good real estate salesmen in Holland.—Buffalo Commercial.

A Sarcastic Supposition
We know that leather shoes cost from \$12 to \$15 because of an alleged scarcity in hides. And we suppose the pasteboard shoes that cost from \$5 to \$7 are that high because of a scarcity of pasteboard.—Hamilton Herald.

Chameleon Socialism
Socialism, of course, means much or little, anything or nothing, according to the temper of the

definer. To Marx it meant one thing, to Gustave Herve it means another thing, and to Mr. Shaw another thing still, but to all these it meant or means much; to Sir William Harcourt, on the other hand, declaring with breezy optimism, "We are all Socialists today," and to those who imagine that every departure from past precedents is Socialistic it means little or nothing."—London Truth.

The Returned Soldiers
A personal responsibility rests upon the leaders in industry, finance, and commerce to give their time and services to the investigation of the needs of returned men so that every soldier willing to help himself shall receive help and have the consciousness that he has not returned to an ungrateful country.—Calgary Albertan.

Does Not Apply to the Prairies
Canadian jam is becoming a favorite in Britain. Some day the hogs who now fatten in the fall in Canadian orchards may have to accept a smaller fruit diet. The waste of fruit which might be used in the making of jam is one of the major economic crimes of the Canadian people.—Brantford Exportor.

Every Country Needs Tree-Planting
Britain has begun a tree-planting work which will be continued under plans already approved for eighty years. The loss of a large part of the forests of the United Kingdom because of the impossibility during the war of drawing adequate supplies of timber from abroad may in the end result in the utilization of very considerable areas of land that are not suitable for tillage and have lain waste on moors and mountain sides for centuries.—Calgary Herald.

Faith, Good Sense and Conscience
No man, with the almost superhuman exception of some Jovian editors, can reason a clear straight road through Europe's present difficulties or the present difficulties of the United States. Anybody can see factors that are big with disaster. In Europe, idleness and scarcity make anarchy and anarchy makes idleness and scarcity. In the United States we must pay more for labor and less for the goods that labor produces. The highest reason is faith that good sense and good conscience will win.—London Statist.

Commercial Flying
The announcement of the engagement by the Ungava Fur & Trading Company of two Peterboro' aviators to conduct an aerial transportation system between the trading posts in the far north and the markets at Montreal and Quebec illustrates the vast studies that are being made in the flying game. The developments that may be expected from the use of aircraft in commercial enterprise are indicated not only by the adoption of the aerial method of transporting furs, but by the success of the New York-Toronto race, in which the majority of the machines negotiated the round trip in record time and without mishap.—Peterborough Examiner.

A Minneapolis Paper's Comment
According to The Minneapolis Journal the United States Government spent one billion two hundred million dollars for aviation in the war—and laid down in Europe 213 airplanes. The Government spent four billion eight hundred million dollars for the Shipping Board. Yet it had to pay Great Britain handsomely for transporting fifty-four per cent of the American soldiers across the sea. The Government spent nearly a billion two hundred million dollars for artillery. Yet only seventy-two American-made guns were delivered to the firing line and 400 floated for France. For a nation of business efficiency experts, adds The Journal, we didn't organize our war-making very well, did we?—Regina Leader.

In Regard to Rats
A Winnipeg paper recalls that it is just twenty years ago that the first rat was killed in that city, and that today they swarm by the thousands there. When they invaded Manitoba it was thought that they would soon come on westward, but they show no sign of doing so, though the railway lines afford plenty of facilities. Just why it is that Alberta has escaped the plague from which all the Prairie Provinces were supposed at one time to be immune has never been satisfactorily explained. We can only rejoice in our good fortune, and hope that it

will continue. We realize what it amounts to when we read of the losses going up into the millions of dollars which are inflicted each year by these pests in older countries.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Wood Alcohol's Deadliness
"One teaspoonful of wood alcohol taken internally is sufficient to cause total blindness—a larger quantity often causes death. If you value your eyesight or your life, never use wood alcohol, denatured alcohol or medicated alcohol for drinking purposes. Pass this knowledge on if you would assist in reducing the fatalities which are occurring from this cause." This warning is sounded by the National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness, and is one that merits wide publicity at the present time.—London Daily Mail.

Divorce in Alberta
Twenty-four applications for divorce are now pending in the Supreme Court in Edmonton. Of these, fifteen have been brought by husbands and the remaining nine by wives. It is idle to do more than speculate just now on the influence of this newly found jurisdiction, but that its effect will be far-reaching cannot be doubted. It is axiomatic that the marital relationship lies at the basis of all civilized institutions, and it must be clear that the constitution of a democratic State could not survive a general dissolution of this most fundamental of human relationships. Thus it is but reasonable to presume that any enactment of power touching this relationship will have an extensive effect on the very fibre of the State.—Edmonton Journal.

Seeking a Western Precedent
In the old days in the Far Northwest it was a crime little short of manslaughter to steal a man's horse, for there were circumstances in which the disappearance of the four-footed friend might mean the owner's death. Hence the severe sentences for horse-stealing, and the occasional lynchings in the Western States. It is not so serious, perhaps, in these modern times, to steal an automobile, but the offence is costly to the victim and most annoying. Also, it is becoming altogether too common. Accordingly, there will be general approval of the action of Judge Bazin in sentencing an auto thief, of several aliases and a record, to six years in prison. The punishment makes the game hardly worth while.—Quebec Chronicle.

The Goat Again
It is from Boston that the latest "goat" has been unearthed. A witness testifying before a Boston Grand Jury said that the principal cause for the high price of boots was the failure of goat hides to arrive from India, and that none had been imported during the last four years. Normally about 20,000,000 goat hides reached America and Canada every year. So now we know the real criminals—the goats of India. The goat is the goat, and the retailer and the wholesaler and the manufacturer and the middleman and the broker and the other fellow is a poor, down-trodden and much-abused public benefactor. But let it rest at that. We shudder to think what the next Grand Jury will hear. Next time it may be the monkeys of Siam or the nightingales of Persia or the coconut failure in Timbuctoo. Whatever happens no blame must attach to the profiteer.—Montreal Herald.

In the Dark Days of the War
There are plenty of problems that have to be worked out on faith; faith is more serviceable than reason for solving them. For a long while it was very difficult to see how Germany was going to be beaten, and the more a man really knew about it the greater that difficulty was. Men in the street, with only the vaguest and most inexact knowledge of the technical military situation, saw the enterprise was not going well and could not see how it was to go better. Men in highest headquarters, with the whole military checkerboard under their eyes, knowing all its technical details, saw more clearly than the men in the street that the enterprise was not going well; the difficulties of making it go better were clearer to them.—London Spectator.

"Dry" Hotels
The surprising thing about the temperance situation in Canada is the attitude of many hotelkeepers. When prohibition was first talked of they declared that the result of stopping their barroom sales would be "blue ruin"; but they have made the discovery that it is quite possible to successfully conduct an hotel with strong drink eliminated. One hotel man is reported as saying: "It is nonsense to say that a man can't run an hotel without a license to sell liquor. If the hotelkeeper looks after his business he can make a living, and a good living, without a bar. He can run a cleaner business. When men with their families come in they do not want to see a whole lot of drunken men around the place." There will, of course, be a smaller number of hotels in many of the towns under prohibition, but those that survive will be fairly prosperous. It is good to have this bugbear out of the way for the coming campaign.—Toronto Christian Guardian.



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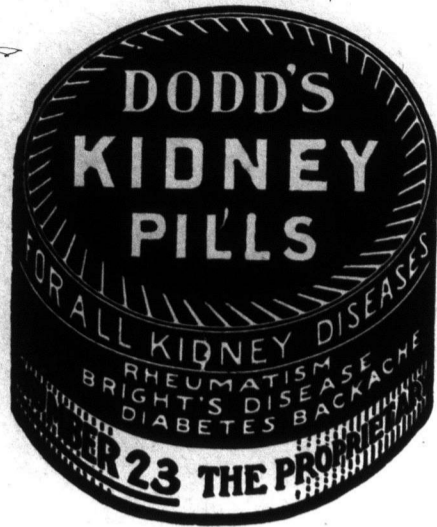
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The Steeple

Continued from Page 5

young man had gone to Snow Center, had his trousers creased and fitted himself out with shirts and neckties like the newcomer's. However, Daisy herself seemed to care little for the young man next door, but her mother did, and that was considered more than an equivalent. "Arabella Dyce never yet got her mind set on doing anything but she brought it to pass," it was said, "and that girl will marry that man her ma has picked out for her, whether she wants him or not."

Seth Dyce, who knew his daughter, was not so sure. He was sorry that his women folk were away now, for he saw the shadow of a fitting in the young man's eyes. Sam began to wonder if he could not manage to hold him, but he was no diplomat. While he was considering, Weston himself furnished the key to the situation.

"Whose house is that on the Langham road, with a steeple and long windows like a church?" he inquired. "I notice it every time I come, and have always meant to ask about it, then have forgotten. It looks like a church, but it can't be, for there was a man smoking out in front, and there were white shades at the windows, and there was a woman sewing beside one of them."

"That," replied Sam, "is Seth Snow's house. Ever hear about Seth?"

"No," stated the other, with only a faint show of interest. It was very warm even in the lee of the store. The odor of the stock in trade was somewhat irritating. There stood his car and a swift rush over the country would be more agreeable, and he might return some day if so disposed. The image of poor Daisy seemed to waver indistinctly, as if through waves of heat. But Sam Dyce continued, and his nasal drawl soon awakened attention.

"Mebbe," said Sam, "if you haven't heard of Seth Snow, you'd like to. Seth he's the last of the family. He got married when he was young, and his wife died. She was a queer sort anyway, and sometimes I've wondered if her queerness wasn't sort of catching, for Seth, he never seemed any queerer than other folks when he was a young man, except, of course, he was mighty sharp on the dollars and cents and making a good bargain, like all the Snows. Seth, he'd had a college education but he settled down to farming and made considerable, had enough income to live on anyway. He'd heired that from his father, and he wouldn't spend a mite of it."

"But when his Aunt Lois Snow, that had never got married, died and left him all she had, then he began to let up on farming, and he got religion, too, in the big revival they had down at Snow Center, and he wasn't very well, and old Dr. Riggs, who always looked on the dark side, and had his patients just ready to die, told him he hadn't got six months to live, and Seth, he looked round and thought it was high time he begun to hustle and get in some good works. So he thought he had a call to preach. Of course, he hadn't been to a regular minister's school, but he calculated he might set up as a sort of outside minister, and he made his house over into a meetinghouse."

"He drove a mighty sharp bargain with the carpenters and the men that sold him the timber, but he had them long winders put in, and the ceiling of the first story taken down, and posts driven in to hold up the roof, and that steeple built. Then he begun to look round for pews and a pulpit. Although Seth was real earnest about it, nobody ever questioned that, he couldn't quite get over what was bred in his bone. He couldn't make up his mind to go and have brand-new pews and a new pulpit made for that meetinghouse. It seemed to him he might dicker for them some way. But, of course, pews and pulpits ain't to be bought off-hand at a bargain like women's dresses and hats, and Seth was sort of discouraged for a while. I reckon."

"He lived along in the rooms he'd kept for himself and his housekeeper back of the meetinghouse proper, and kept a look-out for nice second-hand

pews and pulpits for pretty near a year. Then, all of a sudden, luck came his way. The First Presbyterian Church at South Atway had a lot of money left it, and the women got up a fair to help out, and they had the whole church fixed up fine. They had new carpets, and pews, and electric lights, and memorial winders and a new pulpit.

"Well, Seth, he just hitched up and drove over to South Atway, and next thing we knew wagons begun to come loaded up with pews, and the pulpit setting on top. Seth bought the carpets and the bracket lamps, too."

"Well, my wife and the other women got interested, and they said it was a shame that a man should try so hard to have the gospel in Snow Hill, and save folks from going in all weathers way down to Snow Center, and not have anybody help, let alone showing a mite of interest. So they got together and made the men help, and we got the carpet down and the pews set up and the pulpit in place. That was quite a job, for it was a real old-fashioned pulpit, with stairs up one side, and we were mortal afraid it wouldn't be fastened strong and might topple over and poor Seth be killed while he was preaching. But we got it up in good shape finally, and the bracket lamps and everything, and the Sunday was set for the first meeting."

"Seth had a notice printed and pasted up on the meetinghouse door. We made a good deal more fuss about that meeting here than we had ever done about any meeting in Snow Center. Of course, that church of Seth Snow's wouldn't be a real regular church, admitted to conferences and such things, I supposed; but after all, I couldn't see if a good Christian man had a call to preach, and was willing to furnish his own meeting-house and pews, even if he did get them at a bargain, and it would save folks from going a good way in bad weather, why it wasn't all right, but I calculated I'd wait and hear how Seth preached."

"Well, I did. It was a beautiful Sunday in May. It was the great apple year, and I never saw before nor since so many blooms as there were. The orchards and door-yards were all pink and white, and the air was so sweet it seemed like singing. Everybody in Snow Hill went to the meeting in Seth Snow's church, and most all the women had new bonnets and a lot had new dresses. My wife had a new one trimmed with jet beads and she had pink roses in her bonnet, and she looked handsome, if I do say it."

"Daisy was nothing but a little tot then, but she had a white dress all trimmed with scallops, and a blue sash and a hat with a wreath and a blue ribbon bow, and she danced along ahead of us like a white butterfly. She's got such a pretty, quiet way with her now that you wouldn't believe she was such a little fly-away when she was a baby. But she's got the fly-away in her now, under all her ladylike ways. Daisy never was a milk-and-water girl, and she never will be."

"I can't imagine her as ever being nervous or unduly excited over anything," remarked Lee Weston, with alertness.

"I can," said Dyce. "Still waters run deep."

Weston looked thoughtful. A most unmatch-making father had effected more than a match-making mother. Weston had visions of the girl in question being troubled in her sweet soul, and his own echoed back that imaginary trouble.

Dyce continued. "The road was full of folks going to meeting that day," said he. "Oh, I forgot to say that the Presbyterians in South Atway had thrown in their church bell, because it had a little crack, and they were going to buy a chime anyway. So Seth's bell was ringing for fair."

"Just think," says Arabella, as we walked behind that dancing little girl. "What would all the Snows that have gone before say if they could hear that bell ringing and could know their house was a meetinghouse."

"I know just what they would have said," I told her. "First they would have

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The Steeple

Continued from Page 32

asked if Seth had got the pews and things at a bargain, then they would have said—for the Snows were all mighty good people—that they were proud and sort of overcome to think that their house that they'd been born and married and lived and died in had been turned into a meetinghouse.

"That was true enough, but I must say when I listened to Seth preaching I was sort of staggered as to what all the bygone Snows would have said. They had been a pretty peaceable set, not willing to let their toes be trod on, especially when money matters were concerned, but always as saving of other folks' feelings as if they had been their own, and to this day I can't quite account for Seth's sermon, for he had always seemed to be a Snow down to the backbone.

"Sometimes I have thought maybe he had a sense of real Christian duty toward his neighbors, and thought he ought to say what he did. It was all true enough, though it did put an end to his preaching, and he has never seemed quite the same since. Some folks think he was so disappointed that it loosened a screw in his head. Anyhow, nobody ever heard such a sermon as Seth Snow preached that Sunday.

"There we sat, women folks dressed up and men folks shaved and looking as fine as we could, all pleased with the new meetinghouse and smiling, and Seth, after the singing (he had bought a parlor organ with the other things and Abby Barston played it and the congregation sang), prayed. We all bent our heads when he began, but before he had prayed five minutes most of us were staring at him, for he was praying for us. And he prayed as if we needed it awful bad and he thought so, and was sure that the Almighty did. Of course he sort of threw himself in, and said 'us' now and then, but sometimes he didn't and prayed right at us.

"We had always known, of course, that we had our faults, and might have wanted to think it over a while before we were willing to go into the arena as the early Christian martyrs did and be eaten alive by lions and tigers, with such a mean man as Nero looking on, but we hadn't fairly sensed it that we needed such powerful praying for us at the Throne of Grace. By the time Seth got to 'Amen'—it was a pretty long prayer—we begun to think we wouldn't have stood much chance of escaping hell-fire at all if it hadn't been for such strong praying, and, as it was, he didn't leave us any too sure.

"But the prayer was nothing to the sermon. The text was about the mote in thy brother's eye, and the beam in thy own eye, you know the one I mean. Well, Seth contrived to twist that text around in a fashion I'd never have dreamed of and I don't believe many ministers would. I must say, though I had the same mind as everybody else about his sermon—that it wouldn't do to let him keep on preaching any more like it—I did think he was pretty cute.

"He reasoned it out that after you'd got the beam out of your own eye, then it was time to get at the mote in your neighbor's, and I reckon Seth, he calculated that he'd been working pretty hard at his own particular beam and got his eyes reasonably clear and the time had come to look after the other chap's mote. And he did. He made a mighty good-sized mote out of it; sort of got it mixed up with the beam, I reckon.

"He just lit into everybody in Snow Hill. And he made it real plain. He called names right out, and the worst of it was he did hit the nails on the heads every single time. When he got ready to clean out my mote I was mad enough, but he had me all right.

"He said: 'There's Brother Sam Dyce sitting there in his Sunday clothes, looking clean and shaved and in his right mind and as if he had a clean conscience. But his conscience is not clean to the sight of his fellow men although it may be to his own, because of the mote which obscures his vision. He cannot see, probably, that it is not right to sell bunches of asparagus with large tender stalks on the outside, while the inside

ones are tough and pindling. He cannot see that it is not right, when he is selling a dozen eggs, to pick out as many as he dares of the little ones.'

"He went on that way, and he was right. I was mad, but I had to admit he'd got me. Then he begun on Arabella.

"There's his wife," says he, meaning Arabella. 'She's a good woman. I don't doubt that, but she would be a better one if instead of giving her old bonnet to Sister Elmira Slate, who hadn't any fit to come to the House of the Lord in, she had worn the old one herself, and given Sister Elmira the new one. Sister Slate is younger than Sister Dyce, and better looking, and a poor widow, and that fine new bonnet might catch somebody's eyes and she might have a chance to get married again, and she would make a good wife. If I were a marrying man myself, and had not consecrated the rest of my life to the service of the Lord in this His Tabernacle, I would not ask for a worthier helpmeet than Sister Slate, and while the fine new bonnet would make no

difference to me, we are not all alike, and sometimes it is the fine new bonnet that serves as a spark to kindle the fire of holy matrimonial affection. Sister Dyce is a good woman, but if she had given that new bonnet to Sister Slate, and that new dress all shiny with beads to Sister Atkins, whose dress don't look hardly suitable for this occasion, and worn one of the many others which must be hanging in her closet at home, she would come nearer the shining mark of the Saints of the Lord.'

Arabella got red in the face, and she prodded me in the side with her elbow so hard she hurt. 'Sam,' says Arabella, 'I'm going home.'

"You set still," says I. I don't often go against my wife's wishes, but when I do, I mean it, and Arabella, she sat still though she looked as if she would burst.

"Seth, he didn't have anything to say against poor little Daisy, or wouldn't have had, except she went to sleep. She never heard what he said, and as a matter of fact Arabella and I came in for the worst of that. Seth told us that

we were running the risk of the unpardonable sin by letting that poor little baby go to sleep in meeting, and Arabella got madder, but Daisy, she just slept, with her cheeks like roses, and her little yellow curls all over her eyes, and her little legs curled up on the pew cushion. Arabella, she put out her hand to wake up the little thing, but I shook my head at her real fierce.

"Well, Seth preached at us all he could think of, and I guess he didn't leave much out. I had always known I had charged a pretty big interest on a mortgage I held on Moses White's house, and it wasn't any news to me to hear it from the pulpit. I had to grin and bear it, if I did see Moses sitting up and looking real proud and injured over across the aisle. But the next minute he got his turn, for Seth, he just lit into him about wasting his money on tobacco and rum, and loafing when he ought to be working, and said that though Brother Dyce was charging exorbitant interest on his mortgage, the

Continued on Page 34

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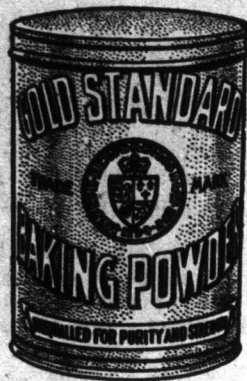
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The Steeple

Continued from Page 33

money wasn't being spent in such bad ways, for Brother Dyce was working hard at his appointed task, and didn't drink nor smoke, nor chew. Then he wound up by giving both of us a hit, by saying that neither man's fault excused the other's that my sharpness in money matters didn't excuse Moses, and Moses' bad habits didn't excuse me.

"Then if he didn't have a fling at Elmira Slate, and say that if she had not been quite so extravagant in years gone by, and had learned, as every woman should, to make over and cut out clothes for herself she wouldn't need anything given her, and then he said that Sister Atkins had always worn her best clothes too common in all kinds of weather, or she would have looked more suitably attired on that holy day.

"I can tell you, Seth Snow did his duty by us all, and every mother's son and daughter of us got his and her share that day. He was certainly just in his preaching whatever else he was, except maybe to Seth Snow. He just seemed to take it for granted that we all knew that if he had ever had any sins they were clean gone, and his place was now to tell us of ours.

"Well, we sat there and listened. Some made a move to go out after they had been trounced, but when they got it through their heads that if they waited they'd see the boot fitted on the other leg, they kept their sitting. When the sermon was done there was more singing, and Seth, he made another prayer. That time it was short. He told the Lord Almighty how he had told us what our shortcomings were, and he hoped He would forgive us if we turned round and did better. I don't mean to be making light of sacred things, but that was really the best of that prayer. Then Seth, he just said 'Amen,' and sat down on his pulpit sofa, and we went out.

"Seth didn't venture to pronounce a benediction. For all he was so satisfied with himself, I guess he thought that would be going too far. He just said 'Amen,' and sat down, and we went out. There wasn't any hard feelings between us, as we went home along that road. There couldn't be. We'd all been hit too much alike. Some of us was even sort of tickled and laughing, and others were mad, but all with Seth. That was the last sermon he ever preached in Snow Hill.

"The next Sunday he rang his old cracked bell for all he was worth, but everybody in Snow Hill who could go

to meeting at all went to Snow Center. They had had all they wanted of Seth's preaching, and they would have footed it miles in any kind of weather, winter cold or summer heat, rather than sit and listen to another sermon like that. Arabella said she felt as if she had lived through a little of the Day of Judgment, and she didn't want any more sooner than she could help it.

"Well, there was poor Seth Snow with his house turned into a church, and all the pews and the pulpit, to say nothing of the carpet, and the bell, and the parlor organ and the steeple on his hands. It went pretty hard with him. I don't doubt he thought he had a good call to preach, and it worried him because he couldn't find anybody to listen to him, and it worried him because he was a Snow, and had spent so much money for nothing. At first he used to try to corner folks in their houses or on the road, and work in a little preaching, but they wouldn't stand it, and finally he gave up beat.

"Then he tried to get rid of his church fixings. He was real lucky about his pews and carpet and parlor organ. He sold the organ at a good figure to a man in Snow Center who wanted it for his new second wife who was young enough to be his daughter. Then the church in Elmville caught fire, and all the inside that wasn't burned was spoiled by smoke and water, and he sold his pews and carpet and made a good profit, but the pulpit and steeple stuck on his hands. Finally he seemed to feel so wrought up over it I took the pulpit into my store to try to sell it, though I must say folks don't come asking to look at pulpits as a rule, and it was a good deal in my way. But I declare that pulpit was sold within a year, and it was all owing to Seth's sharpness. He hadn't been born a Snow for nothing.

"One day he got into a dispute with a stranger in these parts, and Seth, he said he didn't ever bet, it being against his principles, but if he did bet, he'd be willing to lay a good deal that there wasn't a thing in that store of mine in use in the country that couldn't be bought. And that stranger comes walking into my store, and asks for a pulpit and there it was. It seems he'd told Seth that he'd buy the thing that was in his mind, if I had it, and it turned out to be a pulpit. I always thought Seth had contrived to turn his thoughts that way somehow.

"Seth was pretty cute, even after he'd been so disappointed about his preach-

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Picking Saskatoons near Edmonton

The Steeple

Continued from Page 34

ing, that folks surmised he wasn't right in his head. I've never seen any thing wrong myself except for one thing. Seth, he will ring that old cracked bell every single Sunday, and get himself up all ready to preach, though it seems as if he must know nobody will come, and it has been years, for Daisy is 'most twenty, and he's kept it up ever since that Sunday, and he's an old man now."

"He didn't have a chance to sell the steeple?" asked Weston.

"Why, yes, he did, and that was another queer thing. He had a good chance to sell that steeple when the one on the Baptist Church in Snow Center was struck by lightning, but he wouldn't sell. He told me about it. 'Sam,' says he, 'I had a chance to sell my church steeple, but that's one thing I won't part with if it did cost me a pretty penny, and folks think it's thrown away. It ain't thrown away,' says Seth. 'That's one thing that ain't. If I can't preach, that steeple can point up and show what I meant to do. I meant to point up,' says Seth, 'and I still think I had a call to point up, Sam.'

"There was something sort of sad about it. He wouldn't sell the steeple, and as for the bell, nobody wanted that."

"He is an old man?"

"Yes, Seth's pretty old. He is a good deal older than I am. He looks full as old as he is, too. His hair has been as white as snow a good many years, and he walks bent over. He tries to farm a little but he don't make out much. But that don't make any odds, for he's got plenty out at interest to live on. But I've always been sorry for Seth. He's a disappointed man. Once he says to me, 'Do you know I only preached that one sermon, Sam.'

"Maybe that did more good than a dozen," I told him. Sometimes I've wondered if it didn't. I know I used to do a little different, and I know Arabella gave Elmira Slate a brand-new bonnet, and I know Sister Atkins tried to make over a dress.

"And I've never even preached a funeral sermon, nor married a couple," says Seth.

"Why you couldn't do that last any way," I told him, "for you know you ain't an ordained minister, Seth."

"But he didn't seem to sense that. It's a pretty hard thing, a pretty hard thing, for a man to be disappointed in everything he wants to do for other folks," says he, and he goes away, shaking his head. That wasn't long ago."

Weston's eyes had been on the road for the last few seconds. Something was approaching at a swift glide. The young man changed color. Sam Dyce observed him, and a queer little smile twisted his mouth.

The little electric car glided up to the house opposite, a large woman got out, and entered, then the car wheeled and approached the store. Becomingly framed in the car's dark hood showed a girl's charming, delicate head and face. She flushed ever so slightly, and smiled at the two men. Weston approached her eagerly and at the same time appeared, as if he had risen from the ground, his coming had been so unobserved, an old man, bent, white-headed, with a face at once shrewd, benevolent, and pathetic. He spoke at once to Weston.

"Well," said he. "I hope now you have come to marry her, and are not intending any further delay."

The girl and the man started. "Now, Seth," said Sam Dyce.

"You need not talk," said the old man.

"It is time something was done. Your daughter is as good a girl, and as pretty a girl, as ever lived, Sam Dyce, and she is not going to be hurt. This man has been coming, and coming, and she likes him. As for the other man, her mother is so set on—" The old man made a contemptuous gesture.

Then he spoke with a wonderful, almost uncanny authority. "Stand up beside that girl in the buggy," he ordered Weston, and Weston obeyed.

"Now, do you want to marry that woman, and love her and take care of her, and stand between her and all the

troubles of life?" he said. Weston, white to the lips, bowed.

"Daisy," said Seth Snow, "do you like that man enough to put up with his faults, and be happy?" Daisy tremblingly bowed.

"Then," said Seth, "I pronounce you man and wife."

Seth walked away, straightening his bowed back.

Sam Dyce spoke first. "See here," he said, "that wasn't legal, you know."

"We can have it made legal easily," said Weston. All at once his uncertainty had vanished. He realized within himself an enormous, sheltering, sanctifying love for that young girl. He understood that her mother could not even annoy him if he had this girl. Even an involuntary dislike to her sentimental, provincial name of Daisy vanished. He had once told himself that if he ever did, she should be Margaret, the rest of her life. Now he was content with Daisy. Daisy regarded him and her father with an adorable expression—shy, triumphant, shamed, rapturous.

"Well, I never," said Sam. "What will that other fellow do?"

"He went away this morning, father," said Daisy. "There was another girl,

really. He used to go with her. Annie Munson told me, and said she felt dreadfully. I think he will go back to her."

"Never mind him," said Weston. He looked at the girl and she looked at him.

Above the tree tops showed in a clear, sharp triangle Seth Snow's church steeple. Presently there pealed out in a dissonant jangle his cracked bell. But since all discords may become harmonious under some circumstances, that old Sabbath bell rang out for the two lovers a chime of prophecy of endless happiness.

Wellington's Coolness

A story is told that shows the Duke of Wellington's characteristic coolness in battle. Even in the hottest engagements he sometimes found time to make humorous observations, especially when it seemed to raise the spirits of his men. This was the case when the British were storming Badajoz.

The general rode up while the balls were falling thickly and, observing an artilleryman who was particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered, "Taylor."

"A very good name, too," remarked Wellington. "Cheer up, my men, our

Taylor will soon make a pair of breaches in the wall!"

At this sally the men forgot the danger. A burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

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THE WOMAN'S QUIET HOUR

Written for the Western Home Monthly by E. Cora Hind

The last matter written for the page was on this same subject. It had been intended for the August issue, but was tied up in the mails and it, therefore appeared in the September issue. It dealt with tentative plans which, it was hoped, would be put through for the selection and inspection of women emigrants in the Old Land and their housing tuition and care on arrival in the new.

Since that was written a further conference of women was called in Ottawa by the Minister of Immigration and Colonization, Hon. J. A. Calder, and at this conference, which sat from the morning of September 9th until late afternoon of September 11th, a permanent Council, to be known as "The Canadian Council of Immigration of Women for Household Service," was formed.

The Conference, and I hope my readers, will take note that there is a difference between the Conference and the permanent Council, brought together, in addition to the representatives of nationally organized bodies, "that are taking an active interest in this depart-

ment of immigration work," a few individuals who, in the opinion of the Immigration Department, might have something to contribute which would be of assistance in the formation of the desired Council, the editor of this page had the honor to be included among these.

Every province of Canada was represented, and while the members of the Conference were mainly women, there were present at some of the sections, and entitled to sit at all of them, representatives of the Great War Veterans, Social Service Council and National Committee on Mental Hygiene, first named being purely an organization of men, and the last two composed of both men and women.

The nationally organized bodies of women represented were: Y.W.C.A., I.O.E., National Council of Women, Inter-provincial Farm Women, W.C.T.U., Federated Women's Institutes, Roman Catholic Women. These and some other nationally organized bodies had, in the interim since the Conference in June, been asked by the tentative organization committee formed at that time, to ap-

point representatives, and the above had responded. No representative appeared from the National Organization of Graduate Nurses, an organization certainly "actively interested in the immigration of women," but probably that will come later. Various women's missionary societies applied for membership, and it was finally decided that, as if representatives from each of the missionary societies of the large Protestant churches were included, it would make the Council unwieldy, and all would have to be included if one were, that representation from these societies be confined to a representative of the Federated Board of W.M.S. now in process of organization.

The first session of the conference was devoted to a general discussion of a tentative constitution, which served to bring out the different view points and different conditions in the widely scattered provinces of Canada. If this conference, like its predecessors, the conference of 100 women in February, 1918, and the specific conference on immigration in the June of the present year, accomplished nothing else, it would have done great good in getting the women of Canada together. However, let me say here, that having been called to Ottawa on seven or eight conferences in the past three years, I have no hesitation in affirming that this was

the most satisfactory one I have attended from the standpoint of definite work accomplished.

Constitutions are not usually regarded as interesting reading, but I shall run the risk of being a bore in dilating a little on the constitution finally adopted at this conference for the

Constitution guidance of the permanent council. Unlike the council, the constitution is not permanent, but can be amended at any full meeting of the council regularly called, provided notice of the intention to amend, together with a copy of the proposed amendment is sent to every member of the council at least two weeks before the meeting at which it is proposed to amend.

Ordinarily, a constitution should only be amended at an annual meeting, but in the present case the organization is so new, has no established precedents and is feeling its way, needs something more elastic, until such time at least as it is more fully organized and on its feet.

In order that the council may have permanence and continuity, the constitution provides that the representatives from nationally organized bodies shall serve for not less than two or more than three years. At the end of the three years the same representative may, however, be re-appointed from the national organization represented. It was felt that the work being undertaken was such that for the first year, at least, the members of the council would be largely gathering information, and that their real value would be in later months and year on service and moreover, if some such provision were not made, it would be possible for the council to wake up some year and find an entirely new set of representatives wholly unfamiliar with the work already done. In addition to representatives of nationally organized bodies, there will be one representative from each province in Canada, and these representatives will be appointed by the provincial governments. The membership of the council will, at all times, be at least two-thirds women, and one-third of the full council will be considered a quorum for the transaction of business. The full council will meet only at the call of the executive, but one full meeting of council must be held each year as an annual meeting at which officers shall be elected and other formal and regular business transacted.

After very careful consideration, and on motion of individual members of the conference, it was decided that in future no one should be a member of the council except the appointed representatives of nationally organized bodies and the representatives appointed by the provincial governments. It was pointed out by more than one of the members of the conference who had been summoned as individuals that, by confining and defining the membership as above, a very fruitful source of friction and heart-burning would be avoided and that any woman whose knowledge of matters in connection with immigration, made her opinion valuable, would be willing to place the knowledge at the disposal of the council, whether she happened to be a member or not.

The objects for which the council has been organized are the supervision of hostels now existing, and willing to accept such supervision. The establishing of other hostels, as need Objects for same arises; the control of federal financial support in the form of subsidies to be granted to these hostels. It is understood that these hostels are for the reception of women from overseas, and that every bona-fide woman immigrant will be entitled to 48 hours free board and lodging in any of these hostels on her arrival in Canada, and finally the study and recommendation to the immigration department of conditions covering the overseas selection and care at ports of embarkation and on steamships and trains of women coming to Canada.

It will be seen that these objects for the formation of the council cover a very wide scope.

Before the conference rose, it made formal recommendations to the Minister

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

Continued from Page 36

of Immigration and Colonization. The recommendations were presented to the minister at a full meeting of the conference which he attended with his deputy and also with the commissioner of emigration, J. Obed Smith, who resides permanently in London, and who was in Canada for the purpose of laying plans for the re-opening of immigration as soon as the soldiers and their dependents have all been brought home.

It had been pretty well accepted by all, at a previous meeting with the minister, that immigration of women at the present time should be confined to household workers. There was a wide divergence of opinion at the opening of the conference as to the policy of bringing over large numbers of these women at once. In passing, it may be said that the British government will pay the passage to any of the British colonies of British women war workers who desire to emigrate. Condition of shipping will control the number for some time at least.

The women, in their recommendations, were strong against bonused immigration and equally strong on the need of selection and inspection of emigrants before they leave their native shores, such inspection to cover examination as to health, both mental and physical, by duly qualified women medical officers, both at ports of embarkation and ports of entry. They were also strong on the appointing of a capable trained woman to be attached to headquarters in London to specially supervise the emigration of women to Canada. They asked for the continuance of passport systems between Canada and all other countries. The minister discussed the recommendations very fully and concurred in a number of them, but seemed to think that medical inspection overseas would not be feasible. It is still hoped, however, that the last word has not been heard on that subject. Every woman present felt that nothing could be more unfair than for women to be turned back at port of entry, and still that Canada must be guarded against the undesirables, be they physically, mentally or morally undesirable, and along this line the percentages of undesirables who crept in under the old system was pointed out.

During the interval between the conference in June and the one just closed, a very thorough survey of the existing agencies and hostels, for the care of

Existing Hostels women, on arrival, had been made, at the request of the minister. This work had been done by Mrs. Kneil, of Edmonton, who is a graduate nurse, and who had also been woman factory inspector for Alberta. This report was most valuable to the conference, and on it were based the recommendations as to existing hostels and those that should be erected. Later, Mrs. Kneil was elected secretary-treasurer of the permanent council.

The budget for carrying on the work, which was one of the recommendations to the minister, is not made public because it contains figures for expenditure about which the minister had to consult his colleagues before consenting to them. It is decided, however, that the head office of the council will be in Ottawa, and that it shall have simply the one paid official, the secretary-treasurer, who will be bonded and who will not have a vote.

This article is already miles too long, but a word about the officers. The president elected is Lady Falconer, of Toronto, who has had a very wide experience in the care and housing of young women in connection with the Y.W.C.A., and is the representative of that body on the council. The constitution requires that of the two vice-presidents, one from the west and from the east.

Mrs. John McNaughton, who needs no introduction in the west, was elected from western Canada. Mrs. Vincent Massey, an Englishwoman, long resident in Canada and thoroughly familiar with conditions on both sides, is the vice-president for the east. These three officers, with two councillors to be elected after the provincial representatives have been appointed, will form the executive of the council for active business between sessions. One councillor will be from the west and the other from the east. It will be seen from this arrangement that every part of Canada will have representation.

There are, no doubt, many things omitted that women will want to know, and I will be glad to answer any questions which, as a member of the conference, I can legitimately do without touching on matters definitely stated to be confidential.

Personally, I feel that we have taken a great step in advance, both as to the selection and care of women immigrants, who must first be so important a part of our national life for the future, and who will, in time be mothers of future Canadians.



C.P.R. GARDEN AT KEYES

An interesting story in connection with this little town: During the recent tour of the Prince, his train was due to stop here to exchange engines. Yet the people did not expect to see him, and, therefore, were unprepared to greet him in any formal way. They went down to see the train go through, and, to their great delight, "Beheld the Prince." He enquired the name of the place, and found that it had been called after one of the early settlers. Someone said Mrs. Keyes, Sr., is here, and he expressed a wish to meet her. She was brought forward and he stepped down from the train to greet her, much to the dear old lady's delight. She will long remember his kind words to her. The great searchlight was turned on the beautiful garden shown in the picture.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Pearl Richmond Hamilton

The Prize Letter awarded for the subject announced in our last issue will be published next month. This month's subject is "My Ambition." One dollar will be sent to the young girl or woman who writes the best letter on this subject. These prize letters are creating much interest in a helpful way. Let us know what your ambition is, my girl reader.

Many members of girls' clubs read this page. A prize of one dollar will be

awarded for the best description of a girl's club work during the past year.

A Woman's Questions

Women everywhere are waking up, thinking, judging, longing for activity. Shall their waking create or solve problems? Our credit should exceed our charge account. We have no right to increase society's difficulties or to hinder social progress. Good intentions amount to nothing if our efforts are not in-

telligently directed. In fact, the ignorant direction of good intentions may create serious social problems.

Am I on the credit or debit side of the community's ledger?

Do I lower my efficiency as a worker by disobeying health laws?

Do I concentrate my efforts towards good citizenship?

Have I a right as a wife to be supported by a man without giving value for all I cost? (Think of this, my girl, if you are planning a home of your own.)

Do I spend without serving?

Do I realize that the intelligence needed is intelligence as to government, official acts, community needs, as well as to ethics, history, art or fiction?

Do I see that either my public spirit will grow or my private character will decline?

Consider Seriously — Act Constructively

Our young people are hungry for education. If you do not believe it, visit our colleges and universities. It is splendid to see so many of our returned men enlisted as instructors, for who has the broad vision of usefulness as much as they? Their minds have the whole world for their field of work. It is well they should teach our young people. The hope of our future is in education. Let me emphasize that education is bliss; 'tis folly to be ignorant. Let everyone of us do all in our power to encourage our teachers. What think you of Winnipeg when she cannot shelter those eager young people who have come to the city for education? Yes, it is actually true that girls who came to the University of Manitoba this year have had to back home because there was no place for them to room and board. Is it any wonder they go to Eastern Canada or the States for their education? We want our girls to be educated in our Western atmosphere. Something should be done and that quickly to provide a home for our girls who want to be

educated in Manitoba University. They are hungry to learn, their parents are willing to send them, they come and are forced to return home or go elsewhere. If a dormitory cannot be provided, then because they can find no place to live it is up to the women of the city to open their homes.

Tipping the Scales

"You are too expensive material to waste," exclaimed a university instructor to a class of young Canadian students the other day. "We need you; the world needs you as it never before needed young men and women of courage, intelligence and ambition," the teacher continued. Oh, that a vision of usefulness and patriotic inspiration might inspire every reader of this page! "Those wonderful men who have fought for us must not be disappointed in our girls and women," said a young woman to me the other day. She and another young woman friend had worked among our men over there, and she loved them—every one of them. "They were so noble, so respectful, so considerate. I tell you it makes me eager for our girls to regard sacredly their loyalty to purity in womanhood," she exclaimed, as her eyes sparkled at the memory of those splendid men. Pure womanly character is as much our patriotic duty to them as they regarded it their duty to fight for us. They detest—abhor—insult chasers. When a young man is serious he likes to see his young woman friend measure up to the standard of his mother. I'll tell you, right here, that the mothers of those men were a type of the very best. Keep that in mind, girls.

This young woman told of an incident that convinces one of the fine respect they entertain for worthy young women. A young soldier called her to one side and said: "I want to apologize to you for swearing. I did not see you in the room at the time." She replied: "I did

Continued on Page 39



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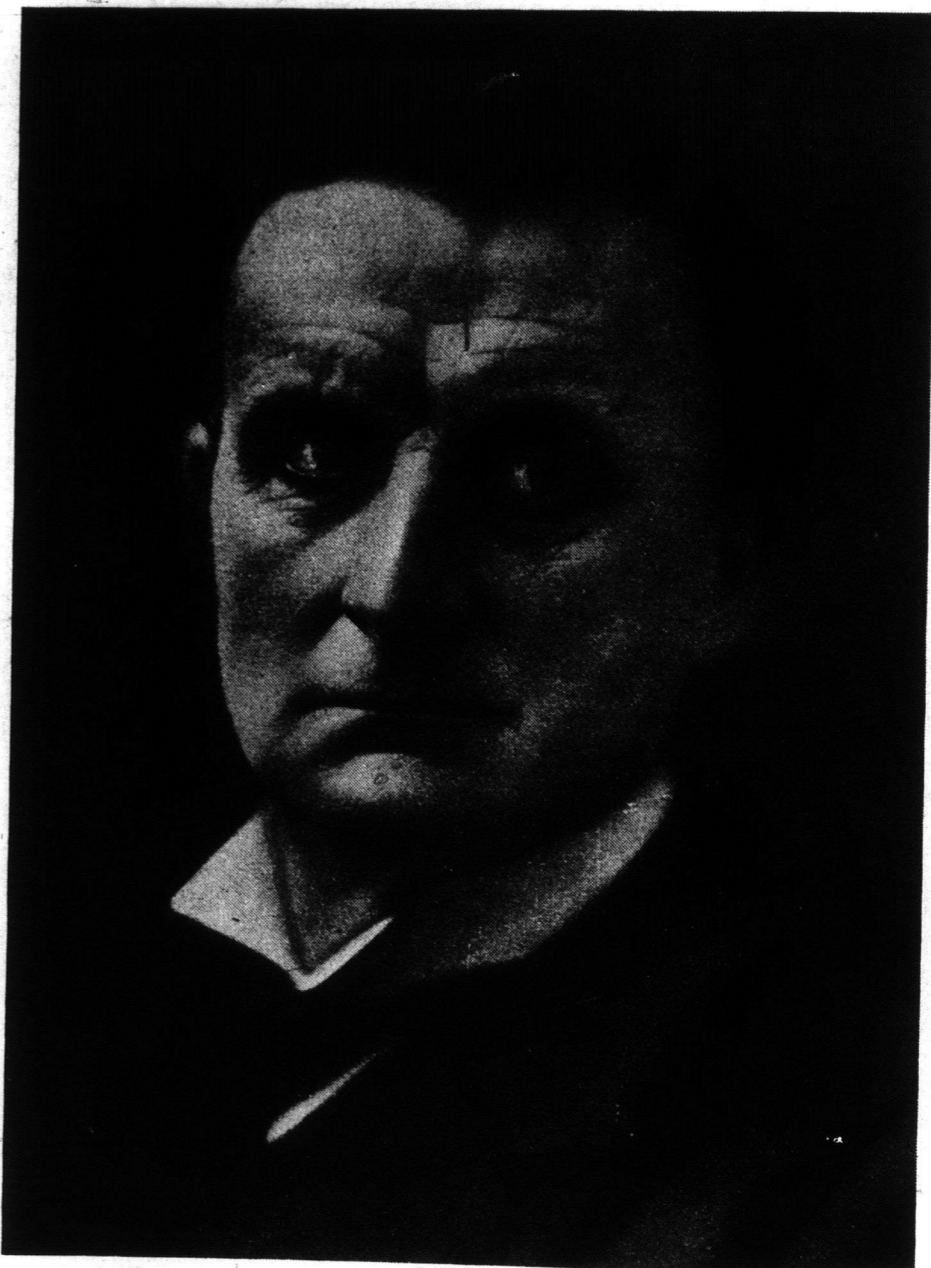
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VISCOUNT GREY, NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO U.S.

Viscount Grey, the new British Ambassador to the United States, has arrived. A distinguished party, including Earl Reading, Earl Curzon, Viscount James Bryce, Winston Spencer Churchill and prominent members of the American colony in London saw him off on his way at the railway terminal in the British capital. The new envoy is one of the biggest figures in the history of the world war. He is persona grata at the White House and very popular in all allied diplomatic circles. He is one of the most famed and respected statesmen living to-day. As Sir Edward Grey, he was the British Foreign Secretary at the beginning of the world war and earned the gratitude of civilization for his noble though unsuccessful efforts to avert the conflict.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from Page 38

to hear me swear while you were in the room." And he had one of his friends with him to witness his apology.

Is it not a credit to these Y. W. C. A. women that some of the branches of the Young Men's Christian Association are requesting women secretaries? Their influence overseas created a beneficial atmosphere. "Was it not difficult for you two young women among seventeen hundred soldiers?" I asked.

"Difficult!" Oh, if you could have seen those splendid fellows! They were all eager to do something kind for us. I tell you, women have just got to be womanly and good. It is what our men deserve," she exclaimed with enthusiasm.

Those men have come back to us after associating with women of noble sacrificing character and they are weighing us. How shall we balance the scales? When a man stands in the presence of a good girl he sees the hope of the world. The new world will come out of a quiet, forceful translation of Christian character into the practical facts of life. Oh, girls! let us string good thoughts, good acts, good habits, on the line of life—like "pearls on the necklace of eternity."

Would you be charming in the eyes of man? A fine soul gives the face its beauty. The only thing we can leave behind us worth while is the memory of a life lived for the good of others; there is no inheritance tax on that kind of legacy. Scott gives us, in *The Lady of the Lake*, a fine illustration of the natural, manly loyalty to a pure girl. When Ellen stepped into the guard room where the roughest of men were wildly jesting—

"The savage soldiery, amazed, As on descended angel gazed," listened to her with admiring respect. Then when the leader and boldest of the crowd left to carry her message, he said: "Hear ye, my mates, I go to call The Captain of our watch to hall; And he that steps my halberd o'er, To do the maid injurious part, My shaft shall quiver in his heart! Beware loose speech, or jesting rough: Ye all know John de Brent enough."

Time has not changed the reverence man has for a clean, courageous girl. It is her best weapon.

TO TRAP SUCCESSFULLY—LEARN THE HABITS OF THE ANIMALS YOU'RE AFTER

Frequently a boy, eager to begin trapping, gets the idea that trapping is the simplest thing in the world—that all he has to do is to buy a trap, set it somewhere and wait for the animals to walk in.

Trapping is easy—but it requires a little patience and study. Any bright boy or girl interested enough to take the pains to do so can become a very fair trapper in a few weeks or months.

Trapping is simply pitting your wits against the wits of animals which for thousand of years have known man to be their greatest enemy.

Therefore, when you plan to trap there are several things for you to do. The first is to familiarize yourself with every hill, nook, stream and woodland in your vicinity where animals make either temporary or permanent homes. Then when the season opens and the animals appear you can, figuratively speaking, put your finger on the places where otter, mink, skunk, weasel or other species would be most likely to be found.

Next study the habits of the animals themselves whenever the opportunity presents itself. Learn what they like to eat, when they breed, how they travel, when their fur is shedding and whether they are wary of man or friendly to him. Then you will be better able to trap them; for the men who know the habits of animals best are the ones that can trap them most successfully.

Books that the higher class fur houses in St. Louis can furnish you either free or at low cost will be an invaluable aid

not hear you." The young lad then remarked, "Well, I am sorry anyway because I did not want the other fellows to hear me swear while you were in the room." And he had one of his friends with him to witness his apology.

in this. Your own observations will prove of service, too.

You cannot set out to trap blindly without knowing the habits of the animals you seek. Never miss a chance to study how they live, for everything you learn will help you in your future trapping.

For instance, it would pay a young trapper to know that otter when travelling in a crowd all use the same trail; that they will leave stream beds that have been traversed too often by humans; that in trapping mink and fox, more than ordinary precaution must be taken to eliminate the human scent, and that extreme cleverness must be employed in placing and baiting the traps in order to outwit these species which are both cautious and cunning.

Begin your studies on even so lowly an animal as the skunk, which is one of the easiest to trap. In a week you can learn enough about him to prove that he is fascinating study. And the more you learn the easier it will be to trap him.

The territory around you doubtless has many furred inhabitants if you will take the trouble to watch for them and find their hiding places. At present prices for furs, trapping offers big money to country boys and men—and women, too.



TRAPPERS Abraham Smoke Pump Drives 'Em Out

Something new. Get all the facts about Abraham Smoke Pump. You will want one of these pumps. Greatest smoker ever invented. Makes most smoke. Drives 'em out from longest logs or deepest dens. Just say you are interested and we will have something to say to you. Don't miss this.

FREE Fur Facts and Trappers' Supply Catalog

You must have this new book "Fur Facts." Contains good trapping stories by Geo. J. Theissen and others and valuable information. You get our new catalog free also. Best hunters' and trappers' guide published. Not a penny to pay for it. Gives you lowest prices on supplies—Traps, Guns, Knives, Hunting Coats, Heavy Coats, Suits for all weather, Fox Horns, Turkey and Duck Calls—everything you want for trapping.

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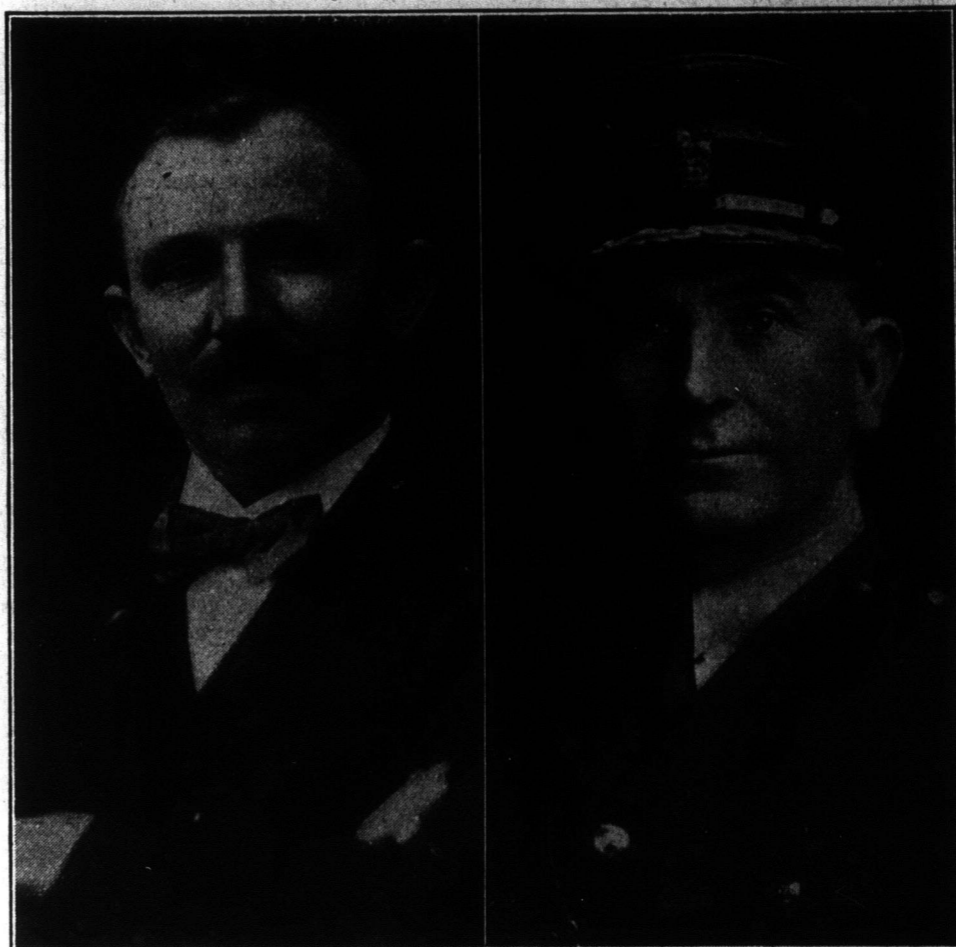
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600,000 BRITISH RAIL WORKERS STRIKE. LEADERS ON OPPOSITE SIDES
Left—J. H. Thomas, Secretary of the British Railwaymen's Union, and head of the 600,000 striking railway workers. In an interview after negotiations with Government officials had been broken off, Mr. Thomas said: "To me this is the saddest day of my life. God knows I am trying hard to bring about a settlement."
Right—Sir Robert Stevenson Horne, British Minister of Labor, who was in charge of negotiations with the labor men. He was asked if the door had absolutely been closed on negotiations, and he replied: "The men's reply shows no indication of a loophole anywhere, and as far as I can see, the door is shut in our faces."

POULTRY CHAT

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

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This long, hot summer has been excellent for raising chickens and turkeys, and the fertility of the hatching eggs was much better in late May and June than in the spring. Fortunately, hens showed their good sense and did not go "on strike," except when the hot weather played them out for a few days in July and August. The weather conditions were so intense, heat and humidity combined, that no fertile eggs could remain fresh very long, whilst waiting to be shipped, in either a farm house or railway station. No wonder hundreds of tons of perfectly good eggs went bad and had to be destroyed during the time of strike and for weeks afterwards. If the good people who held meetings to determine "why eggs rotted by the ton," this summer, had gone out on the average farm, they would have been enlightened very soon. At that season of the year—from May 10th until July 10th—all farm eggs are fertile. A fertile egg keeps fresh only a few hours when the temperature hovers between 80 and 90 degrees. Hundreds of cases of eggs were on the station platforms, in the country, for weeks during the strike, when the sunshine fairly blistered the cases. The result of all this loss of eggs during one of the hottest summers experienced for many years, is, that there are only half the usual supply of eggs held in cold storage in Winnipeg, therefore fresh eggs needs must be costly this coming winter. Farmers should cull out poor layers and old, useless stock, and plan to keep all the good yearling hens and well matured pullets on the farm, in readiness for winter laying. The autumn has been so fine, even late hatched chicks have had a splendid chance to mature. Already eggs are selling in Winnipeg at 70 cents; of course, I mean new laid eggs, and store eggs hover between 57 and 60 cents per doz. By this time the stock of winter eggs, on the farm, have been put in lime solution or waterglass. Everyone who has even a small flock of poultry should preserve at least 15 or 20 dozen eggs for use in winter. Some complaints have come in, of eggs put down in June and July not keeping very well. One lady lost about 12 dozen in water glass. The eggs had been bought locally, and should have been fresh; but in June and July the heat was so intense and, no doubt, most of the eggs were fertile. April and May eggs really keep better than those laid in summer heat. The egg shell is porous and, in hot weather, there is more evaporation, which lowers the quality of an egg. A person should really cull out all eggs put in any preservative for winter use, and more especially where the stock has been bought. A couple of really rotten eggs may spoil the whole crock. Then, again, the container should be perfectly clean and scalded out to sterilize it. All water used in making any solution should be boiled and cooled before using. Never wash eggs that are to be preserved, and cull out all poor, weak shells.

Prof. Herner and Prof. Bergey have recently issued two very timely bulletins on "How to Preserve Eggs," and "The Loafer Hen—Get Rid of Her." Either of these excellent booklets can be secured by writing to the Department of Agriculture, Farmers' publication branch, Winnipeg. Ask for circulars Nos. 47 and 55; free on application.

All birds showing any symptoms of roup and cold in the head, should be culled out, as these troubles will usually increase in cold, raw weather in November. The moulting hens often look somewhat miserable on a chilly day; give them a warm mash made of boiled vegetables and crushed grain or shorts once in a while, adding a tablespoonful of salt and some ginger or pepper. It heartens them up, as it were. Sunflower seeds are such an excellent thing to help make the new feathers grow, all gardens should have a patch of sunflowers handy to feed at moulting time; the seeds are rich in nutriment and oil. Permanganate of potash is useful to put into the drinking water when hens are in their moult; it is excellent to prevent colds, and a good disinfectant. A pinch of

permanganate, enough to pile on a five-cent piece, does for two gallons of drinking water. In the fall, a wise practise is to give all the flock of fowls a simple dose of Epsom salts, one pound of salts to 100 hens; dissolve in warm water and add to a bran mash. Give this to the hens when they are hungry, withholding other food. A couple of doses during the moult will tone them up. Always pick a nice, warm day when dosing the fowls. Do not forget that hens need charcoal—powdered charcoal in a dry mash is a good way to feed this, but, I always empty out all the wood ashes from my range in a box or corner of the chicken yard, and the fowls get all the charcoal they require from the ashes. Lime is so useful in the chicken run; sprinkle it about often, in and out of the house; many a nasty cold is cured by the use of this splendid disinfectant.

Prof. Bergey judged the chickens on Sept. 12th, at the Charleswood Boys' and Girls' Club show, and he found an improvement in the quality of the birds

Photo Contest

To encourage rural photography and enable us to present to our readers some of the countless beauty spots of the West, we offer the following prizes for the best Western views submitted us.

- | | | |
|-----------------|---|---------|
| 1st photo prize | - | \$10.00 |
| 2nd " " | - | 8.00 |
| 3rd " " | - | 6.00 |

Photos must reach us before Nov. 15th. All will be returned except those retained for publication, and they will be paid for at our usual rate. The Western Home Monthly has for years been the best illustrated magazine in the West, and all who enter this competition will be helping to make the great Western Provinces better known.

In sending in photos for this contest, kindly write name and address of sender, together with title, on back of same. Address

PHOTO CONTEST EDITOR
The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG, CANADA

which were very neatly cooped this year. There were over fifty entries of chickens, and eight coops were entered for the prize for "best coop," made by boy or girl. Prof. Bergey gave the children a demonstration and talk on the way to show a bird, and how feathering on the legs, and a side spreg on the comb of a fine bird, will at once disqualify it in the eyes of the judge of pure-bred chickens at any show. A few black feathers can be gently pulled out of an otherwise good bird, and a tiny fine feathering on the leg can be removed in preparing a bird for the show, without any harm. This is frequently done by poultry fanciers. He advocated the use of the "Standard of Perfection" in the schools, so boy and girl club members could thus obtain a knowledge of the different points in pure-bred fowls. If the trustees in the country schools would take the matter up, surely any school, however small, could have a "Standard of Perfection" in the school library.

Classified Ads.

AGENTS WANTED

WANTED RELIABLE AGENTS—To sell fruit and ornamental trees, small fruits, seed potatoes, etc. Good pay. Exclusive territory. We grow varieties recommended by Government Experimental Farmers for our Western trade. Nursery of six hundred acres. Reliable stock. Write Felham Nursery Co., Toronto, Ont. T.F.

EDUCATIONAL

STUDY AT HOME—Salesmanship; Emerson personal efficiency course; languages by phonograph (French, Spanish, Italian); show card writing and sign painting, or any other home study courses. Write to D. G. French, Manager, Educational Bureau, Dept. W., 23 Toronto Street, Toronto. 12-19

MISCELLANEOUS

TRAPPER'S POISON — Goes' Liquid Poison Capsules. Kill fur animals on spot. Goes' Luring Bait attracts them. Fourteenth season in use with excellent results; first-class testimonials. Write for free circulars and mention this paper. Edmund Goes, Milwaukee, Wis., Station C, Route 6. 11-19

PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN! Secure your copy of "What a Young Boy (or Girl) Ought to Know" from Eaton's before it is too late. Children's Protective Society, T.F.

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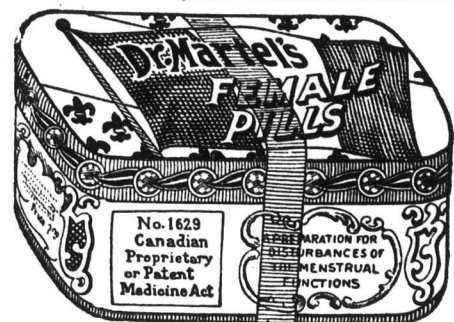
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MUSIC AND THE HOME

Welsh Miners Sing for Prince of Wales

A lesson in it for Canada

One of the most interesting pictures that have of late appeared in the illustrated papers is the one of a group of Welsh miners, led by one of themselves, singing "Hyfrydol," unaccompanied, for the Prince of Wales, who has just paid a visit to the coal pit. These miners also sang for the Royal party on board the Royal yacht.

The writer remembers hearing a friend tell some years ago after a visit to the Old Land, how in Wales during the noon hour workmen would finish their lunch, pull a little music book out of their pockets, select one of their number to stand out in front with the tuning fork and then sing for a half hour. Great voices they had, he said, but the wonder of it all was that any one of the men, almost, was capable of acting as leader. And how they entered into the singing with their whole hearts.

A Canadian soldier upon his return home told his father that one of the finest experiences he had had while away was while convalescing in Wales. A group of the people came to where he was staying several evenings to sing for the wounded men. "I tell you, Dad, that was real music," said the lad.

This Welsh example to us Canadians is a great example. We ought to give ourselves more to music. It would make us better citizens, better workers, happier, and more contented. We, too, can become a singing people from the poorest to the richest for that is the advantage of music, it is not the property of anybody. It is for everybody. Its deepest messages are for everybody.

Do you remember the incident in Nellie McClung's book describing the visit of Pearlle Watson and Danny to the organ recital in company with Mrs. Francis? For Pearlle there was something on the programme—a Welsh Rhapsodie. "It was all there—the mountains and the rivers and the towering cliffs with glimpses of the sea where waves foam on the rocks, and sea-fowl wheel and scream in the wind, and then a bit of homely melody as the country-folk drive home in the moonlight, singing as only the Welsh can sing, the songs of the heart; songs of love and home, songs of death and sorrowing, that stab with sudden sweetness. A child cries somewhere in the dark, cries for his mother who will come no more. Then a burst of patriotic fire, as the people fling defiance at a conquering foe, and hold the mountain passes till the last man falls. But the glory of the fight and the march of many feet trail off into a wailing chant—the death song of the brave men who died. The widow mourns, and the little children weep, comfortless in their mountain home, and the wind rushes through the forest, and the river foams furiously down the mountains, falling in billows of lace over the rocks, and the sun shines over all, cold and pitiless."

"Why, Pearlle Watson, what are you crying for?" Mrs. Francis whispered severely. Danny lay asleep on Pearl's knee and her tears fell fast on his tangled curls.

CHILD'S PREPARATORY TRAINING AIDED BY PHONOGRAPH AND PLAYER PIANO

The average child is anxious to begin piano lessons at an early age.

If this desire manifests itself before the age of six, the lessons should be of a preparatory nature. The regular lessons are best commenced about half a year or so after beginning to go to school.

It is not necessary nor desirable that every child shall later become a professional; but it should be the aim of its music lessons to train the child to appreciate and love music without necessarily following it as a calling.

At the present time every child has advantages of hearing good music which were not available to the music lover several decades ago. The talking machine and the player piano furnish

preparatory training which has shown wonderful results, since the children of today can hear and know more good music than was accessible to their parents when young. Therefore, in this way alone a great amount of preparatory work is being done which can be greatly facilitated by the assistance of the parents.

The time to begin the real piano lessons cannot be definitely fixed, but earnestness of the desire should help to decide the time, providing the physical condition, size and strength of the fingers and hands are satisfactory. This might

be even prior to the child's entrance to school.

AND WHY NOT

"If my son wants to be a musician by profession, why should not the high schools fit him for that, just as much as it would prepare him for medicine, teaching, law, engineering, or the ministry?" said a gentleman to the writer not long since. And this party, being a taxpayer, is entitled to an answer to his question.

Statistics show that music performance and teaching run high among the vocations in our country. Indeed, a study of these statistics would offer many surprises to those who little realize the large share that music takes in our national life. Our school course ought to begin to recognize the fact that a student who expects to become a musician has as much right for preparation in his vocation as has a student

who expects to become a lawyer, a doctor, an engineer, a chemist, or a clerk. To this end well organized courses of music are being introduced into American schools preparing directly for professional music schools, and children at public expense and with high school and public school credit, are being trained for their future profession of music. This notable advance in our attitude towards music is an essential part of national and community life, argues well for the growth of music along the finest and at the same time, sanest lines of progress.

Miller's Worm Powders do not need the after-help of castor oil or any purgative to complete their thoroughness, because they are thorough in themselves. One dose of them, and they will be found palatable by all children, will end the worm trouble by making the stomach and bowels untenable to the parasites. And not only this, but the powders will be certain to exert most beneficial influences in the digestive organs.



Lazzari stands beside the New Edison and sings "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix"

Lazzari has now ceased to sing, and the New Edison is singing the same song alone

THE voice of the decade has appeared. A transcendent artist has flashed into operatic glory. Twenty-two months ago, Carolina Lazzari joined the Chicago Opera—unknown, unheralded.

Today, three continents clamor to hear her. This fall the Metropolitan Opera Company brings her to New York City—its new prima donna contralto.

While the spell of her magnificent voice is holding New York opera-goers enthralled, the New Edison will be giving the self-same voice to music-lovers throughout the world.

The pictures on this page are from actual photographs. They show Lazzari in the act of comparing her voice with its RE-CREATION by the New Edison. She sang. Suddenly she ceased to sing, and the New

Edison took up the same song alone. There was no difference. It was only by watching Lazzari's lips that the audience could tell when she had ceased to sing.

Lazzari has made this test before more than ten thousand music lovers and representative music critics. This test proves beyond all question that the voice of Lazzari, as RE-CREATED by the New Edison, is absolutely indistinguishable from her voice as heard on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Generations may pass. The Metropolitan Opera House may fade into memory. But the genius of Edison has perpetuated forever the real voices of the world's great artists. Not strident and mechanical travesties on their art—but literal RE-CREATIONS, indistinguishable from their living voices.

Note—Edison not only RE-CREATES the great voices of the world. He also finds them. His method of scientific voice-analysis discovered Lazzari.

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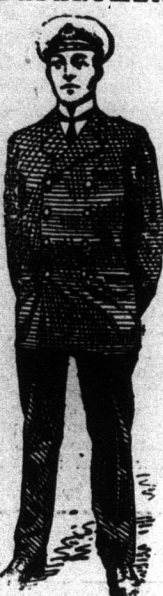
The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development of further specialisation.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.
Ottawa, February 3, 1919.



What Kind of a Holiday Did You Have?

With a Camera in the Mountains

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Helena de Courcy Lett

THIS is the season of the year when friends exchange a cheery greeting—"What kind of a holiday did you have?" Of course you answer—"Fine! Hope you had as good a one," and then follows many a tale. But it is when winter is upon us, and we sit in front of a cozy fire, that we live it all over again. Now I am not grousing because I may not want exactly the same kind of a holiday again, but I certainly feel richer by the experience of the last one. It isn't the place always, or even the weather, or even one's companions—although they do count most—but it is the grand combination of all three that makes all the difference in the world.

Did you ever go away for a holiday with a camera man? Not the camera fiend variety that "shoots" at everything, but a really, truly camera man, who literally "waits till the clouds roll by" while you stand leaning on a bridge pretending to land a fish. You go so confidently to do his bidding, but first he must focus, then he must adjust something more, and then—well then, the sun goes under a cloud! Now a camera man was head of our party, and worse than that, he was helping a movie man to get "scenes in the wild of the north." Alas there was even worse than that, for the next member of the party was a newspaper man, and everybody knows that one of that tribe is second only to a camera man. The newspaper man is the one who listens and profits and always, always strays away looking for local colour—whatever that is—when ever the horses and packs are ready for the trail. To find him again is a tax on one's lung power.

We had been photographing the wonderful reflections of Hudson's Bay Mountain in the still, dark waters of Lake Kathlyn. This mountain, by the way, is not near Hudson Bay, but in central British Columbia. It had been suggested that we take a pony trip to inspect the glaciers lying on the west and south faces of the mountain and we were assured that we would enjoy a pleasant day. So the guide came and while the camera man and the movie man were packing up their treasures I chatted with the guide. Horrors! I found him to be an amateur photographer, who produced from his spacious pockets several bundles of post cards on which he had printed wonderfully beautiful views. But another camera man! That one weakness must have been the explanation, for we found later, that his one-day trip ought to have been made in three, but such is enthusiasm, and such the wiles of the enthusiast, that this one led us on. In the first place we were five of a party with one pack horse and only two saddle horses. In the second place the latter were not the usual intellectual ponies of the trail, but great lumbering brutes on which we each took our turn. All morning the wind had been high and when we rode into the dead timber, we found that several large trees had been blown across the trail, which was very bad from heavy rains and lack of sunshine. Horses are wonderful, generally, and these made their way over or around the obstructions and we began to feel quite cheerful when a sudden, fierce squall sent all the burnt timber shaking. "Be careful," shouted the camera man. "Get off the horse and walk and watch the trees. Dodge if they come down." Creak, creak, creak, like a rusty hinge, as two great cottonwood trees, or giant spruce, rubbed together. We heard trees crashing all about us, but we were almost out of the danger zone and so escaped. Then after a little respite in green and mossy woods, we began to climb.

Up, up, up! Was there no downward slope anywhere? It did not seem so, just a steady grind upward and a long one too, before any small opening in the dense woods afforded us even a tiny view. We were literally climbing a mate to Hudson's Bay Mountain, and as the view broadened, we began to see the hanging glaciers across the narrow valley. The wind was cool, with an icy flavor from the snow fields and the sun came fitfully, but when it did it shone in dazzling brilliance on the beautiful glaciers. It was late in the year, August seems late in the high altitudes, and the wild mountain ash were flaunting huge bunches of scarlet berries, along the edge of the trail and their warm rosinness made a beautiful foreground for the otherwise cool tones of the picture. When we had crossed a heart-breaking piece of rocky trail, we came upon a treeless hillside which was indeed a welcome place, for the ground was covered with a solid mass of huckle-

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Have?

What Kind of a Holiday did you have?

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for there was practically no downward trail at any time—and the wind grew keener, the sun failed us entirely, but the magnificence of the glaciers, now spread before us, made up for a great deal. At this rate we simply couldn't go farther than the little lake at the summit, the lake where we had been promised good fishing. I wondered how our guide ever expected to even cross the summit and look into the great south valley, as climbing always takes so much time. Hopefully onward, but ever upward, until we came to two log cabins and a tent. The miners who were prospecting in the vicinity were not at home and we tethered our horses that we might wander around a bit and enjoy every view. At last we realized how high we had climbed for the great bosom of Lake Kathlyn seemed like a tiny mirror set in green, while the far distant Babine Range was purple-blue against a dull sky. Heather grew all about the rocky knolls and the fickle sun flashed in tantalizing spasms, giving life to the cold glory of the glaciers.

The movie man wasn't exactly cross but the way had been long and here was the sun failing him. Not much opportunity for brilliant pictures. How cold the wind was, sweeping over the desolate rocks, bare but for the hardy heather. "Is it always like this," we asked the guide. "Pretty much, at the summit," he said. "Too cold to fish," said the camera man. "By jove, there's a snow flake!" In an incredibly short time the air was full of the dancing sprites and we shivered in the bitter wind, which sweeping from the nearby glaciers, lashed at us with the fury of a sudden gale. Do you know, I had rather liked our guide till then but suddenly I remembered my fishing rod. I thought how nice and warm it might be on Lake Kathlyn, and how the cut-throat trout might be biting, and then I thought of my rod. How had it stood the journey, for it was strapped to a lumbering horse. It wasn't broken I found, but it had every chance to be on the downward trip. I didn't feel that I liked that guide any more. He did not mind snow or wind, but firmly insisted that there were fine fish in Summit Lake. The movie man looked apprehensively at the camera man. The newspaper man took out his pad and scribbled down a few cuss words and offered me a page to do the same. The camera man was firm and steady as he said, "We will start home now, so as to be clear of the dense timber before nightfall. It is a very dull day and darkness comes early at this time of the year in the mountains." To tell the truth we were all glad to turn towards home, a good roof and supper, alas, the inner man will call; particularly when lunch was only two sandwiches and a glass of glacier water, poor guide that, to have no tea pail.

Down, down, down and the down trail is the harder. How welcome was the berry patch and the newspaper man and I were seized with a desire to take home a quart or two of berries. We improvised two bags and began to pick feverishly. When the remainder of the party caught up to us, the poor movie man—a child of the south—was blue with cold. Our guide, sitting loosely in his saddle, hatless, coatless and content jogged on while behind him the one pack horse grunted over the two hundred and sixty pound movie apparatus. I looked at the camera man who was riding the second saddle horse and he laughed as I bemoaned the probable fate of my rod, which was tied at the side of the saddle. "Hurry up," he said, "there's no time for berries." The newspaper man and I still picked berries and, alas, and alack, that we did. When our greediness was satisfied we hurried on but did not overtake the party until the first belt of heavy timber was reached. Still laughingly we went our way, reveling in the mosses under our feet and the tall, straight spruce, whose slender tops so far above our heads seemed to touch the sky, or exclaiming over every charming vista of the glaciers,

enjoying every minute. Now that we were out of the keen wind and in the warm, friendly woods we made good time, taking at top speed the two-log bridge over a noisy stream whose waters must have splashed and dashed along their rocky course for ages. The woods grew more dense, no it wasn't the woods but the fading light that made the woods so dark. Even the open glade between the green timber and the dead wood patch was dark and the deadwood marked the last level part of the valley. And then the deadwood. Trees, trees down everywhere since morning, and giants at that. The snow of the summit must have turned to torrents of rain at the base of the mountain for the trail was worse than ever, and in less time than it takes to tell, the darkest, blackest night had set in. Drip, drip from the branches above, squelch, squelch came from the muddy trail, with an oasis of dryness here and there. It wasn't bad at first, that is the first half mile, but when you knew it was easily two—and mountain miles are good measure—why then our enthusiasm ebbed and the luscious huckleberries became a heavier load.

"I'm down to my knees," I called to the camera man, who had given up the pony to the movie man. "Nonsense," he said, "wait a minute. Here get behind me and catch my coat." How black it was, blacker than ever it seemed. "I am down again," I murmured in a small voice, while the newspaper man behind me swore gently but firmly. What a tramp, and would it never end? The horses who had seemed to go so slowly, were now far ahead, much too far for us ever to overtake them, and above the faint tinkle of the pack horses' bell, rose the clear tenor of the guide's voice. He sang and sang in happy content, apparently living in a heavenly trance, and sure that his trusty horse—of course the best of the lot—would carry him safely home. The charm of the music was lost on three miserable beings who squelched and cursed as they felt for the trail with their feet. By now, in the ink blackness of the woods, one could see but a few yards ahead and even then there was the weird uncertainty that grips one in the woods at night. Only when we looked away above the tree tops and saw a bit of the dark blue dome of the sky peppered with stars, did we feel that the world about us was that same world of sunshine-time and not some cavern of the gnomes. It was a rare experience to feel the loneliness of the great, somber woods, to be oppressed by the silence, or startled with poignant alarm when the owls called from one to another. The trees blown across the trail were the greatest trial but when it seemed as if the two miles would never end, we suddenly rounded a corner and emerged upon a grassy slope immediately above Lake Kathlyn. It wasn't so dark after all, with so many, many stars in the sky. Through the cottonwoods came the flickering of a lantern and even the cottonwoods' light shade seemed to give us a friendly welcome after the chilling stateliness of the giant spruce.

When we reached home—the base camp is always "home"—the camera man had the laugh on the newspaper man and me. We hadn't been up to our knees in the mud of the trail, hardly ankle deep, as our light elk boots showed no stain any higher. That shows how night magnifies our woes. When we talked it all over we decided that given fine weather earlier in the year, and about three or four days for the trip, including a peep at the south side of Hudson's Bay Mountain, one could not wish for a more beautiful spot. The inspiration of high mountains cannot be gainsaid. As for our trip, after all, the experience was well worth having, and don't you think our pictures turned out well after all?

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In Cabbage	- - - - -	55 Lbs.	In String Beans	- - - - -	36 Lbs.

And here is what those calories would cost at this writing in some necessary foods:

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NOW that the war is over and women have learnt how comfortable overalls are, they will not want to return too quickly to the ordinary woman's dress. Women who have to do a great deal of housework or farm work know that both these are done quicker and much better if the worker be comfortable.

Perhaps there are some women who would like to work in overalls, if these could be changed, in the instant, into skirts—just when occasion demanded it. Well, for these women, I should recommend a riding-skirt. When buttoned down the front, these latter look exactly like ordinary skirts. And they can be buttoned in the time it takes to reach the front door, after one has heard a knock.

Many women do not care to be seen by strangers in overalls, and I think they will do well to adopt riding-skirts, for their morning work. Here there is great variety, according to the material used. One may have a duck riding-skirt for

everyday use, a serge for best and a velveteen for second best.

Women who live on farms frequently have to rush through wire fences in a hurry. And then they tear their clothes! Wouldn't it be much easier to cross a fence, if by undoing six buttons, one's skirts became trousers? See how easily the man crosses fences. He thinks nothing of them.

Another advantage of riding-skirts over the ordinary overalls is that they are prettier. Now even when a woman adopts man's ways and man's work she should still try to look pretty. Most women care a great deal how they look. They may pretend they do not, but they really do! And if there should be women who do not care, they owe it to their children to try to care.

With a riding skirt, one can have a change of waists and look nice and clean all the time.

Little children also should be comfortably dressed at their play. How often do we not complain that they are always

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We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear.
We shall speak the words of love and cheer;
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
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Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
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Nixon Waterman.

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tearing their clothes? The limbs of a little girl should be as unhampered as those of a boy. Where there is freedom of action, the girl not only enjoys herself more, but she develops quicker. Rompers and bloomers should take the place of our little girls' skirts. One can always have a reserve best dress for special occasions. Children do not romp much on special occasions. It is their everyday clothes which we should consider most of all. It is strange how particular some women are to be perfectly comfortable at all times, yet they never consider that their own children have as much right to comfort as they have.

And, above all, women and girls should have comfortable foot-gear. I have seen them very badly off in this respect, and it was not for want of funds. On the contrary, the richer they were, the more uncomfortable they often looked.

Women are to blame if they will not adopt easy wearing, commonsense shoes; both for themselves and their daughters. I have seen girls tired after walking half a mile. The average girl ought to think nothing of walking 6 or 7 miles daily. But with street cars in the cities and buggies in the country, it is certain that girls, now-a-days, do not walk as often as they should.

And one of the chief reasons that they do not walk is because they are so uncomfortable.

As our health depends a great deal on how comfortable we are dressed, we surely do not want to revert to the times of our grandmothers.

Nor do we want to teach our children
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ABOUT THE FARM

Conducted by Allan Campbell

The Fall and its Opportunities

In the fall of the year we should be able to do something toward getting a start in the next year's operations. The winter puts an end to a good many outdoor activities and it is in the fall after the consummation of the summer's plans and the consequent haste and toil, that one has a few weeks to readjust and take a final survey of the farm and implements before the arrival of the snow declares a general truce. There may be several of the implements that need repairs and this is an opportune time to get such repairs done for when the spring comes it may mean a considerable delay and ill spared loss of time to get even a trifling amount of fixing up accomplished.

The straw stacks among other things, will pay for a visit while the chances are favorable in order to get the edges trimmed up and thus facilitate the loading of the racks when hauling feed and bedding in the winter. It pays to draw a good proportion of the straw away from all around the stack so that a sheer wall is left which will allow for a good approach to the stack and thus prevent the practice of driving partly up the side of the stack as is sometimes done. The latter method leaves an extended stack bottom which has to be cleaned up in the spring as a hindrance to field operations. The sooner the stacks are straightened up, the better, for one never knows when weather conditions may turn unfavorable for this work and make badly shaped stacks to be one of the winter troubles. It is easier to use the fork and rack in the fall and draw home the superfluous stack edges than to use the scoop shovel in the winter when one hardly knows where to find a good approach to the stack.

In regard to implements it is certainly good policy to steal a march on spring if at all possible. For instance, when the wagons and other wheeled vehicles are ready to be stored away, "Do it now" should be the watchword in regard to lubrication, for with all the axles and other frictional parts greased, they will be ready for instant pulling out in the spring, and then the usual spring query "Have the axles had any grease?" will always have one answer, and that will be in the affirmative. The plow shares should be greased as soon as possible after the plows come in from the field and before they leave the barnyard for winter quarters. Any postponement in this regard may mean that they will not be fixed up at all and be rusty in the spring.

The barnyard itself pays well for a very thorough clean up in the late fall for the blanket of snow that may come for the winter season at any time may hide a good many eyesores that will be again revealed in the slush of the spring thaw. Small tools should be gathered up before they are missing, and odd piles of straw, pieces of old lumber, etc., are far easier carted away when high and dry in the fall than they are five or six months later at a period of mud and ice.

If there is not sufficient shelter to accommodate all the wheeled vehicles, implements, etc., a good plan is to centralize them in a part of the barnyard that is the most sheltered and well drained. Such a method will not only ensure their being at least partially sheltered and as dry as possible when the thaw comes out but will establish a common centre on the farm where things may be found, which is a progressive step of promiscuous scattering.

In regard to feed, it has been proven a good plan to have a straw stack at the back of the barn to be exclusively used as a bad weather reserve, viz. to be used when the weather is unfavorable for hauling from the stacks in the fields. By adhering to this scheme much hardship on men and horses is saved and the work of hauling from the fields may

be undertaken on days that are fair or moderate.

The farm house itself can be greatly benefitted by adopting a winter programme. If there is no verandah at the back door a board walk is an advantage. This may be built of 2 x 4 scantling with the eight or ten feet lengths placed about two feet apart and running straight out from the back door. Pieces of the same material should be nailed across like the rungs of a ladder with two-inch intervals. With the long pieces set on the ground on their narrow sides and the cross pieces nailed across on their broad sides this will give a good

raise from the ground to avoid snow and mud and will give a firm foundation where boots may be brushed off and if kept swept clear of snow will prove a boon as a gang plank from the house to the cutter or sleigh.

Now is the time to make plans for the indoor winter flowering bulbs. The farm home may be made to look much more cheerful from November until spring by means of flowering bulbs. A small expenditure in Tulips, Daffodils or Hyacinths is well worth while and the work involved is very slight. They should be planted in pots about the middle of October and placed in the dark of the cellar until they have a good root system and then brought up to the room where they can get the most sunshine. A method that is recommended for ascertaining the extent of their root system is to take the pot up in one hand and turn it over while the palm of the other hand rests over the top. When the pot is reversed lift it up

gently and the soil will be left in the palm of the hand and its shape kept intact. As soon as the little rootlets are noticeable at the edge of the soil it is time to take the bulb up in to the house.

Preparing Bees for Winter

The bees should be brought into the cellar about the first week in November depending on the weather but if the weather continues dry and warm it is as well to let them take advantage of the fresh air until it is too cold for them to be out. When it is decided to bring them into the cellar the entrances of the hives may be stopped up with a cloth or some soft paper. If a cloth is used it will be found advantageous to damp it as it will then be more likely to stay in its place. When the hives are in the cellar the entrances should at once be freed from stoppage. The temperature of the cellar should be between 40 and 45 degrees and be ventilated. The cellar should also be moderately dry.

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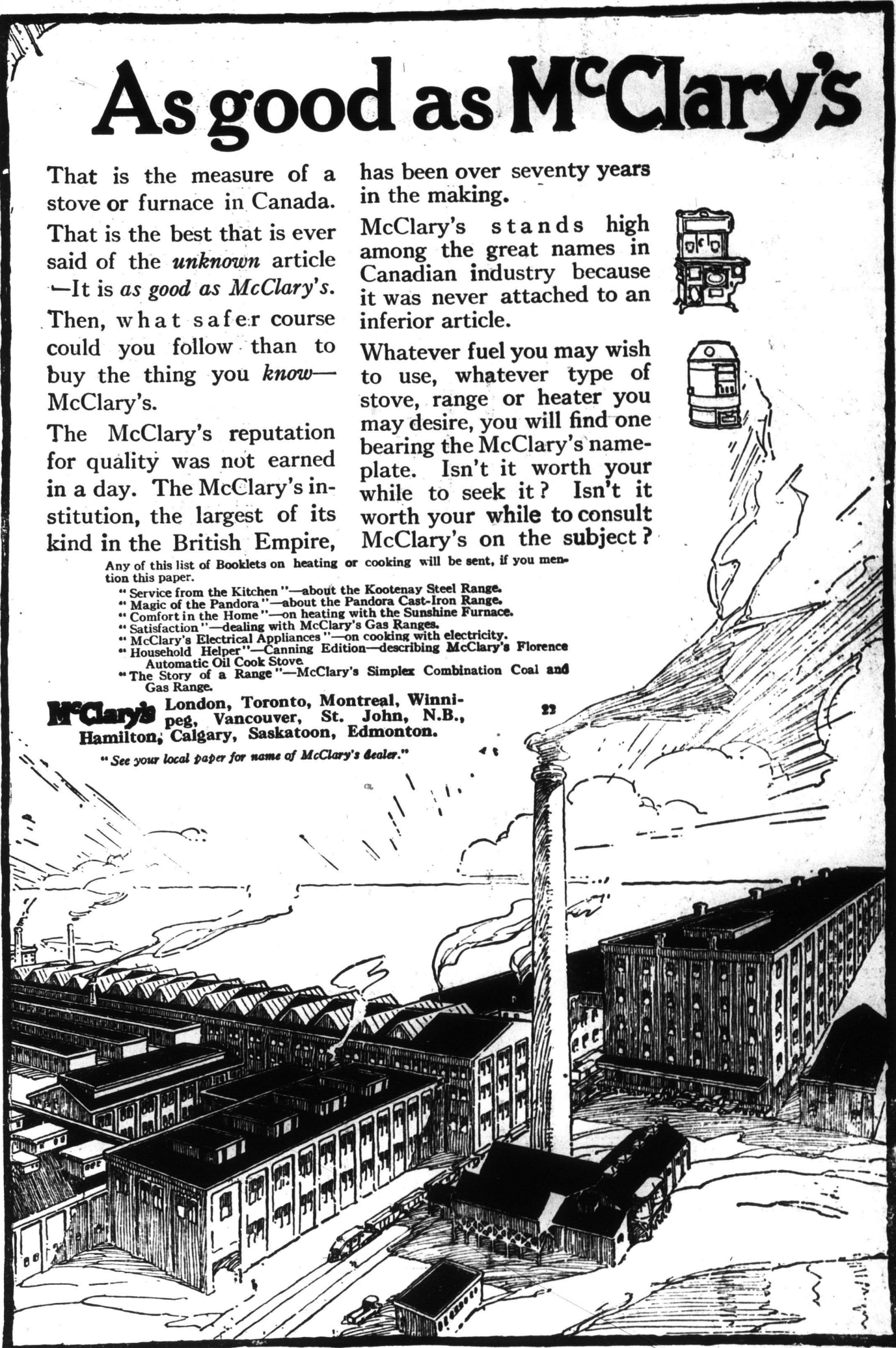
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Darkness is an essential and the bees should be allowed to remain quiet as any disturbance will make them feed to an unnatural degree. It is a good plan to partition off a corner of the house cellar so that the bees will not be disturbed. Do not inspect the inside of the hives at all during the winter.

In regard to outdoor wintering, bees have been successfully wintered in Manitoba in a cellar dug in a hillside on the plan of a root cellar with of course modifications as to ventilation. When the hives are placed in the cellar have them set on a stand which may be made of scantling and should have a slight slope toward the entrance of the hives. Do not allow any obstruction in the entrances so that the dead bees may be put out of the hives easily. Be sure the stores are plentiful for it is best to be on the safe side and have the bees come through the winter in fairly good condition. Another important point is to keep the cellar free from evil smells as bees have very strong objections in this regard and it is as well to remove any decaying vegetable matter from the cellar as soon as possible after the placing of the bees in their winter quarters.

The Trees we might have Planted

The writer makes no apology for bringing up the subject of planting trees at this late date for the subject is one that one that will stand a great deal of publicity without being considered stale. With drifting soil, bare looking farm homes, and scorched up gardens where trees are not planted we have every incentive to plan during the coming winter to at least make a start in the sheltering of our prairie farms and homes.

It would be a good plan to make a pencil sketch now and add to it as ideas come during the winter so that the tree planting could go ahead in the spring without any reconsiderations. The outline could be made and the varieties chosen. A few trees of the native plum would be a good addition to the garden. Wherever they are grown the fruit is greatly appreciated and the blossoms in the early spring are certainly a beauty spot on the farm especially as they come when practically all other trees are bare of foliage. A Caragana hedge around the home grounds makes an ideal means of enclosing the private part of the farm. The Caragana is handsome, hardy, and forms a tight hedge. The young plants should be planted in a single row about a foot apart while the bed they are in should be kept free of grass and weeds for about a foot each side of the row.

Good neighbours near the house front are found in the Common Lilac and the Tartarian Honeysuckle. These may be planted as individual shrubs in circular beds. The Honeysuckle has a very sweet perfume while the bloom of both the above shrubs is very handsome. The bloom of the Lilac makes a very pleasing decoration when cut for the house and will keep well in a vase with water.

A tree of beauty well worth planting is the Mountain Ash. It has rose-like leaves and its clusters of berries though white in summer turn blood red in the fall. These red berries make splendid decorations for the home and are a great embellishment in clusters of other decorations at festivals, etc.

Amidst the green of the other trees of the farm a tree of great grandeur is to be found in the White Birch. The white bark of this tree is a particularly outstanding characteristic and its effect is of striking beauty. A fine companion to this tree is the Cutleaf Birch. The latter tree is also known as the Weeping Birch on account of the hanging shoots it has which gives it a very graceful appearance.

The bareness of winter is greatly offset if the home grounds have evergreen trees such as the Colorado Spruce, Pine, etc. Evergreens require extra care in planting and the method of procedure recommended is to get the young trees from the bush and see that a large ball of earth adheres to the roots so that one actually transplants soil as well as roots with the tree. This method will give the young tree an extra good chance as it will not be like putting it into completely foreign en-

vironments. A mistake that is very apparent in this country is the planting of evergreens too near to each other, and also allowing grass to grow too near the trunks.

If there is a hurry to get a windbreak planted the willows make a quick growing hedge. The Golden Willow is a good selection for such an object in view. In the winter the bark changes color from a bright yellow to a deep golden. The Red Willow is about the quickest growing of all the willows and makes an efficient windbreak. The Laurel Willow is very handsome, having rich green shiny leaves and is a good acquisition for the making of avenues, etc.

Economical Housing of Live Stock

Under present conditions the fall plans for building additional shelter for live stock will likely in a good many cases be subject to considerable modification owing to the prohibitive price of lumber and the scarcity of labor. This, in a way will be a benefit to the country inasmuch as it will bring to the front the fact that even in the severe winters we have we can dispense with a good deal of the expensive accommodation that seems to be necessary for the protection of our stock.

It has been proven by repeated experiments that breeding ewes do well in an enclosure provided with a rough shelter made of poplar poles with straw thrown over the roof, the roof itself being made of the same poles. Such a building is easily made and should have a slight slope in the roof. It must be closed on the three "weather" sides, viz. north, east and west, and open to the south. The slope of the roof should be to the south. Feeding racks can be placed in the enclosure and also on the north wall inside.

To place sheep in an ill ventilated and over warm shed will defeat the object of the covering nature has given them in their heavy fleeces. The freedom of run and the lack of overheating makes the sheep shelter above described at least worthy of a trial.

Pigs may also be wintered very economically in wooden hog cabins. The A-shaped type is to be recommended. With straw piled over them they have proven a very desirable type of house for wintering pigs in. Of course it is as well to provide a yard in which to set the cabins.

In regard to horses it sometimes occurs that when the winter comes and all the horses of the farm must be provided for in the way of shelter, it is found through increases of colts or by the purchase of additional work horses, that the accommodation is crowded. There may be some horses that will not be required all winter for work and these will need all the care of the ordinary working horses, will cause extra cleaning and bedding and grooming, beside the fact that they will chafe with their confinement in the stable. Such horses may be advantageously wintered out in a corral provided with a rough shelter, straw covered such as before described for sheep though the walls should be made more windproof than the former shelter. Horses in such a corral will provide their own exercise and will be free from stocking up in the legs, will be in a harder condition to go into spring work, and will reduce the stable work materially.

Fall Work in the Poultry Yard

At this period pullets should be fed heavily for egg production. Mixed grain morning and evening. Make them keep working for their feed by burying it in litter. Keep hoppers with grit and oyster shell available. Green feed is advantageous and should be given them for nest results. Mangels are a very desirable and convenient form of feeding in addition to the grain ration which may be wheat, barley, corn and buckwheat as a mixture. Pullets and hens should be in their winter quarters but not altogether so that they may be better regulated in regard to feed.

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

ABOUT THE FARM—Continued
ANTS AND APHIDES

Nearly everyone has seen the tiny pale green insects that infest the tender leaves of the woodbine, the maple and many other plants, and that seem to attract great numbers of ants. The little insects are aphides, and serve as live stock for the ants, which care for them and protect them. Aphides suck the juices of plants, and void the digested fluid later in the form of honeydew, a liquid that furnishes the ant with appetizing and nutritious food. Some species of ants merely lick the leaves where the dew has dropped, but most ants stroke the aphides and make them give up the sweet liquid just as human beings induce a cow to give milk. Some aphides have on the sixth abdominal segment a set of tubules that it was long supposed were the source of the honeydew. According to the *Journal of Heredity*, that is not the case. The excretion from the tubules is yellow and sticky, and is used as a protection against the ladybird beetle, the so-called aphid lion and other hereditary enemies of the aphid. When the enemy attempts to seize the aphid, the latter immediately excretes the defensive liquid from the tubules, and smears the head and thorax of the beetle with it. This usually frightens, blinds or disconcerts the attacking insect to such an extent that the aphid has a chance to make its escape. The same relations existed between the ants and aphides in prehistoric times as now. Blocks of amber that are perhaps two million years old have been found in which are embedded the ant and the aphid together. Those blocks, with other evidences, make it sure that then, as now, the ant depended largely on the aphid for food. At present seventeen species, including nine genera of aphides, are known to be milked by ants. The ants protect the aphides in every way possible: they fight their enemies; they build tents for them; they carry them to a place of safety in times of danger; they take the eggs to their own nests for the winter, and see they receive careful attention and that they are hatched at the proper time; place the newly hatched food purveyors where they can get an abundance of good, succulent leaves and take them back to the nest in case of sudden cold weather, and at all times see that nothing is lacking for the comfort of their charges.

INVESTMENTS

Out on Highland Avenue a young woman with a tired, excited face stood on the curb and waved her handkerchief at Judge Bradley's passing automobile. "Hello, Uncle Judge!" she cried. "Isn't this just luck? I was so tired I didn't know how I was going to drag myself to the electric car."

"The holdup of a Federal officer is a serious matter, young woman. But, being a judge, I withhold judgment until I've heard the case. There may be mitigating circumstances."

"There certainly are!" Carol agreed, nestling comfortably back in the cushions. "My, but we've been working! It's for an entertainment for the war orphans. Mrs. Grosvenor is letting us have the use of her grounds, and we are going to give A Midsummer Night's Dream. The rehearsals are the least part of it; there are a thousand details. I'm on three separate committees besides being in the cast. I expect you to buy half a dozen tickets, sir. But, O Uncle Dana, aren't people queer? I tried to sell a ticket to Miss Betty Hitchcock, and she said she couldn't afford it; couldn't afford one ticket for little, starving children! And before she came into the parlor I heard her tell her old Maggie to cook potatoes in their skins for the saving. I never supposed she was so small."

Judge Bradley shot a keen glance at his niece. But he said nothing then, and five minutes later Carol was at her own door.

The play came off a week later. Everyone enjoyed it. Carol had had scores of compliments and many flowers besides her uncle's. She should have been triumphantly happy, but when her uncle came in the next evening to congratulate her he found a very serious-eyed niece.

"Father and mother are out," she said, "but I am so glad you came in. I—things don't come out the way you expect them to, Uncle Dana, and it's so disappointing."

"Suppose you tell me," her uncle suggested.

"It's the play. We've been working over the accounts nearly all day, and, uncle, in spite of the two-dollar tickets, we've made only seventy-seven dollars. It doesn't seem possible. But there were so many expenses—the lighting and chairs and scenery and costumes and music and printing—"

"Seventy-seven dollars—for a month's work of how many people? Thirty?"

"Nearer fifty," Carol acknowledged.

"About one-fifty apiece. Yes, I agree with you; it wasn't a very successful investment. Do you, by any chance,

know how many war orphans Miss Hitchcock is supporting? She brought the committee the money for the fifth one yesterday. She laughed when we asked her, and declared she was doing it on 'scraps and savings.' I imagine one saving is in tickets to entertainments. We can't exactly blame her for making a little better investment of her two dollars. Do you think so?"

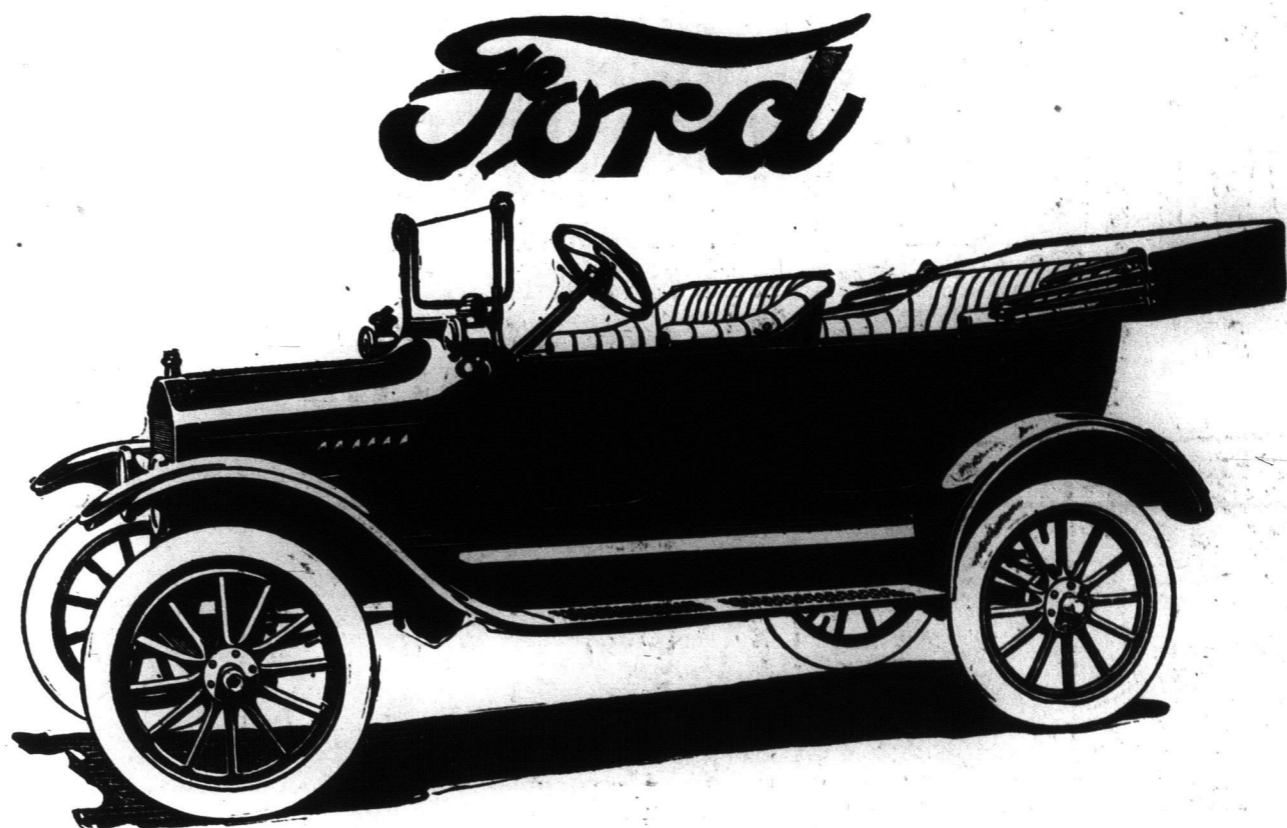
"Oh," Carol cried, "I didn't know! O uncle, I'm so ashamed!"

They Soothe Excited Nerves. — Nervous affections are usually attributable to defective digestion, as the stomach dominates the nerve centres. A course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will still all disturbances of this character, and by restoring the stomach to normal action relieve the nerves from irritation. There is no sedative like them and in the correction of irregularities of the digestive processes, no preparation has done so effective work, as can be testified to by thousands.

Onomatopoeia

When an English daily paper reported that "The recipients of the medals were Sergeant W. A. Norris, D.C.M., and Private A. Trichney, M.M., and tootootom-PUF Medal..." Mr. Punch remarked that "Private Trichney's second distinction was awarded presumably for something extra good in the bombing line."

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"A Joan of Arc Machine"

SHE withstood everything in the field and above all was, and still is, the last and only car to survive until the cessation of hostilities"—Extract from letter received by Ford Motor Company from a British Soldier, in Africa.

Over shell-torn roads, through water soaked fields, second only to the tanks in its power to climb debris and crater holes, the Ford car made a world famous record in the fighting area of the great war. In press despatches, in field reports, in letters, in rhyme and song the praises of the Ford were sounded.

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The Ford power plant that established this world-wide record in every theatre of the war remains the same. It will be in the Ford you buy.

Ford Runabout, \$660. Touring, \$690. On open models the Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment is \$100 extra. Coupe, \$975. Sedan, \$1,175 (closed model prices include Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment). Demountable rims, tire-carrier and non-skid tires on rear as optional equipment on closed cars only at \$25 extra. These prices are f. o. b. Ford, Ont., and do not include War Tax.

Buy only Genuine Ford Parts. 700 Canadian Dealers and over 2,000 Service Garages supply them.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited
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Young Peoples' Department

The Fairies' Secret

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Nell R. Harrison

Did you ever wonder, children, what the deal until I found out what really does little fairies of summertime do when happen to them—and if you are very, very winter comes? I used to wonder and good and listen just as carefully as ever wonder—and worry quite a bit, too, for you can, I will tell you a story that will when the nipping cold weather sends us explain what has been, until now, the scurrying to hunt up last year's woolly about story, but I am sure you would caps, furs, mufflers and mittens, it just about story, but I am sure you would place in all this wide, frozen world for a like to hear it from the very beginning, such delicate wee creatures as the summer wouldn't you? So—once upon a time Queen Summer fairy folk. Yes, I used to worry a great deal called all her flower ladies-in-waiting

into a big, golden ship with a great white cloud for a sail and away they swept over the blue sea of the sky to a far country called the Land of Past Happenings. Then the Earth felt very much forsaken and sad indeed, even wept a little and became enveloped in a dark mantle of gloom. (Some people would say it was merely raining and foggy out, but we know better, don't we?) However, by and by she cheered up and began to take an interest in life once more. The air was crisp and fresh, the sunshine warm and inviting, so she donned her prettiest dress of red and gold, peeped into a lake for a looking glass just to see how really lovely she looked, laughed with delight at what she saw, and then went into her court and told them to prepare

for a long journey which she was about to take, and they, of course, would go with her. So one bright morning found them clambering up a slanting sunbeam off for a frolic with the Whispering Winds.

Now, before Queen Summer went away she summoned the fairies before her and in bidding them farewell said, "Dear Fairies, you have served me long and faithfully and I fain would take you with me on my journey, but this is your own particular part of the world and so you must remain. Before I depart, though, I must ask one more favor of you; take these gifts to all the trees, shrubs and bushes that have been so kind to my flower ladies-in-waiting, and tell them the Queen is well pleased with them. Good-bye, my fairies, I shall like to remember that you will be here to welcome me when I return." So the fairies went fitting about tying the Queen's gifts to every stalk and branch, and delivering her parting message. Now I wonder if you can guess what those gifts were. I do not believe you could even imagine. Well, they were little brown sacks with baby seeds, inside! Yes, little, round, brown, baby seeds all nestled close inside the brown sacks that swayed gently in the breeze like hammock-swings, and they were very contented and happy, these baby seeds, until one day a terrible thing happened to them.


Old Mister North Wind came prowling over the mountains that day, mumbling and grumbling and howling and growling in a furious temper, as he always is. When he caught sight of the brown sacks he laughed a horrible, wicked laugh, puffed out his cheeks till his face looked like a big ripe pumpkin, then let out all his breath with such force that it tore the sacks into shreds and down fell the poor, little brown seeds, helter-skelter, pell-mell, and oh! but they were frightened. They rolled here and there and everywhere, trying to find some place in which to hide, creeping into small hollows in the ground and then lying there shivering with the cold. You see, Old Mister North Wind has a lump of ice where his heart should be and that, of course, makes his breath very cold indeed. Goodness only knows what would have become of those poor terrified seeds if dear, loving Mother Nature had not happened along just at that time. She scolded Old Mister North Wind soundly and told him to chase himself away back to the Arctic Ocean where he belonged. You may be sure that he went in a hurry, too, for all things must obey when Mother Nature lays down the law. Then she brought out a wonderful, soft, warm blanket of snow, covered up the little seeds, tucked them snugly in, smiled and shook her finger saying, "Now, my beautiful babies, off to sleep you go!" But they had not quite altogether recovered from their terrible fright and whimpered and cried a little as babies will sometimes. So Mother Nature took a small silver horn out of her big apron pocket, blew a long, sweet blast on it, and then you should have heard the babies laugh! But what do you suppose happened? Something nice, but surprising. Can't you guess? Well, then, I shall tell you. Every fairy that ever danced through the sunny hours of summertime came flocking in from all sides. Mother Nature greeted them affectionately and said, "This world is not a very comfortable place for you fairies now, so I shall give you some new work to do until your Queen returns." So she bade them lie down under the snowy blanket, sing the babies to sleep and watch over them so that if they awakened they would not feel frightened again. Now that is the sort of task the fairies delight in and so they each snuggled down beside a baby seed and sing the prettiest lullabies, which they make up themselves.

"Nestle close, my little babe,
Within my circling arm,
And gently, softly, sweetly sleep
Secure from every harm.
Let your tired eyelids down,
Pretty little, baby brown,
Don't you fear, baby dear,
Fairy Folk are near."

The little brown seeds liked that slumber song best and the fairies had to sing it over and over again, but it was not a great while before they were fast asleep. Sometimes the fairies had a short nap themselves and time fairly flew by till one fine morning Merry Little Sunshine

Continued on Page 56

WHO WILL BE MARY-PICKFORD'S LEADING MAN \$2500.00 PRIZES! FOR THE BEST ANSWERS.



Do You Know These Five Actors' Names?



1. Plain Rachelich 2. Learn a Lass 3. Jet Black Rig 4. Sell Raw Hip 5. In for a Bad Glass Uk

CANADA'S own and beloved Mary Pickford is about to produce one of the greatest moving picture plays of her career. It is a story abounding in love and humour, pathos and happiness.

Miss Pickford's big problem now is to select a capable actor who will be suitable as her leading man in this great production. She can pick from all the greatest moving picture actors of the world, but her selection is now down to the five favorite movie actors whose pictures are shown above. One of these five will be chosen by her to play the Leading Man's role in this great new movie production.

Do you know the Names of these five Favorite Players? The object of this contest is to recognize and name these five most prominent movie actors. After you have recognized them, and in order to help you name them correctly, we have put their right names under-

neath their pictures in jumbled letters. Unscramble these letters, put them into their right order and you will have their names. In case you are not familiar with the names of the most popular moving picture actors today, the names below will help you.

Names of Some of the Favorite Players

Fred Huntley, Allan Sears, Owen Moore, Milton Sills, Jack Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Charles Ray, Elliot Dexter, Wallace Reid, Francis Ford, Dustin Farnum, Henry Walthall, Warren Kerrigan, Jack Gilbert, Harold Goodwin, William S. Hart, Thomas Meighan, Antonio Moreno, Stuart Holmes, Francis X. Bushman, William Farnum, Robert Harron, Douglas Fairbanks, Earl Williams, Ralph Lewis, Tom Moore.

These Magnificent Prizes Given for Best Correct or Nearest Correct Replies

1st Prize, 1920 Chevrolet Touring Car, Value \$990.00	
2nd Prize, 1920 Ford Touring Car, Value \$740.00	
3rd Prize, \$150.00	14th Prize, \$5.00
4th Prize, 100.00	15th Prize, 5.00
5th Prize, 50.00	16th Prize, 5.00
6th Prize, 25.00	17th Prize, 5.00
7th Prize, 20.00	18th Prize, 5.00
8th Prize, 15.00	19th Prize, 3.00
9th Prize, 10.00	20th Prize, 3.00
10th Prize, 10.00	21st Prize, 3.00
11th Prize, 10.00	22nd Prize, 3.00
12th Prize, 10.00	23rd Prize, 3.00
13th Prize, \$5.00	24th Prize, 3.00

And 25 Extra Prizes of \$1.00 each.
\$500.00 Additional Cash Prizes will also be awarded.

This Magnificent CHEVROLET TOURING CAR

First Prize VALUE \$990.00 Or its equivalent in Cash.

This Great Contest is Absolutely Free of Expense Send Your Answers Today!

This great contest is absolutely free of expense and is being conducted by the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the largest and best-known publishing houses in Canada. That is your guarantee that the prizes will be awarded in absolute fairness and squareness to you and every other contestant. Frankly, it is intended to further introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine. You may enter and win any of the prizes, whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and, moreover, you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny of your money to compete. Here is the idea.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is so popular everywhere that it now has the vast circulation of 100,000 copies a month, but our motto is "Everywoman's World in Everywoman's Home." We want more Canadian readers to become acquainted with this famous publication. Therefore, when we acknowledge your entry to this contest, and you know your standing for the prizes, we shall send you a copy of the very latest issue and a review of many of the fine features soon to appear, without any cost to you. We shall also send, free of charge to all qualified contestants, a charming photo of Miss Mary Pickford with reproduction of her autograph in her own handwriting. Then, in order to qualify your entry to be sent on for the judging and awarding of the big prizes, you will be asked to assist us in carrying on this big introduction plan by show-

ing your copy to just four friends or neighbours, who will appreciate this really worth-while Canadian magazine and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfill this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time.

How to Send in Your Solution

Use one side of the paper only, and put your name and address (stating whether Miss, Mrs., Mr. or Master) in the upper right-hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers, use a separate sheet of paper.

Miss Mary Pickford, as Honorary Judge and three independent judges, having no connection whatever with this firm, will award the prizes, and the answer gaining 250 points will take first prize.

You will get 20 points for every name solved correctly, and 40 points will be given for general neatness, punctuation and spelling; 10 points for hand writing, and 100 points for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges. The contest will close at 5 p.m., May 31st, 1920, immediately after which the answers will be judged and prizes awarded.

DON'T DELAY! Send your answers to-day. This announcement may not appear again in this paper. Address your entry to:—

Movie Editor, Mary Pickford Contest,
Dept. 33 EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, TORONTO, ONT.

About Vaccination against Colds

Written for *The Western Home Monthly* by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

"If colds are eternally associated with germs," writes one of my distant, but witty correspondents, "why not put salt on their tails, snare them, parboil them, and prepare them as you do typhoid and other bacteria, which have become vaccines and sure preventives against the disease they cause?"

"This very thing has been done, but not with the awaited and hoped for promise, fulfilled so triumphantly in the instance of typhoid. Nevertheless, it seems to help sometimes, and there is no reason not to try vaccines for 'colds.' The worst that can be said about them is their harmlessness."

"Man," says a clever scribe in the *London Spectator*, "is a very noble piece of work; is indeed king of kings, except at those times, when he is troubled with a cold in his head." Perhaps this is not original and harks back to Strabo, Horace, Persius, or the Cuneiform inscriptions, but it gives a glimmer of a fellow's feelings, when he has a "cold."

A cold in the head has robbed many a man of more things than dignity, comfort, and well-being. In the sad lexicon of a hard world, there never has been a healer, a scientist, a christian, or a philosopher, who could happily endure all "colds."

Scoffers and publicans, sinners, and sophists begin to appreciate aunts, grandmothers, and even their wives, when a real honest-to-goodness "cold" sets in. They become suddenly troubled with domestic instincts, are grateful for a good fire, a hot mustard foot bath, heavy comforts, and bedding, and an early-to-bed retirement as well as a long night's sleep.

One sceptic estimates that the number of bad speeches and stilted social engagements that have been escaped, because of "colds," should make them revered instead of accursed. While I cannot fully agree with this, I appreciate this view of the distemper.

Next to injustice and scandal, "colds" are perhaps, the commonest things in creation. If it is possible to vaccinate human kind against them, that is to make them immune to their germs, it seems

strange that like yellow fever, scarlatina, and measles, they return like a bill collector over and over again to plague you in season and out.

Diphtheria and typhoid fever seize hold of you once or twice in a life time, never more. Then there is an end to them. Not so "colds." These abominations cling to you and revisit their inhospitable quarters times out of mind. If you brew and manufacture some sort of chemical ostracism in your blood and tissues against these unwelcome visitations, their endurance is brief. Unlike the Kaiser and his staff, they do come back.

Soldiers and nurses work at will amidst smallpox, and typhoid microbes. Their structures have been reinforced against these germs by vaccines made of these same parasites killed. The animal or child bitten by a rabid dog, is saved from that ever fatal scourge hydrophobia, by vaccination with dead and weakened rabies germs—the Pasteur preventive treatment—during the time between the bite and the interval of 30 days and more, in which hydrophobia microbes are travelling from the skin to the vital spot of the brain and medulla oblongata.

Why cannot the same plan of vaccination be carried out for the prevention of other infectious diseases? It is for plague, cholera, typhoid, and whooping cough. It has been tried for ten years in the protean and variegated assortment of nose, throat, and lung invasions, yecept "colds."

Somehow or other, either the particular group of microbes which cause "colds" have not been identified or engaged with destruction, or the membranes of the nose, mouth, and other respiratory parts lack the stamina, resistance, instinct, or capacity to form those curious enzymes or chemical juices, which the rest of your anatomy makes and puts on the physiological market, after vaccination with the destroyed bacteria of lockjaw, typhoid, hydrophobia, diphtheria, and cholera.

The nose on your face and the throat in your gullet are not well-made or well-mannered. These structures are not paragons of perfection; they lack certain essentials, which the blood and humors of the human form divine may need to produce a commodity able to compete with and to put to rout the hereditary enemy, "colds."

An American army surgeon has found that a cold in the head is caused by a bacillus, which cannot abide fresh air. It moves and has its being deep down in the linings of the nose, eyes, and throat. As Captain Kidd did to many a gallant galleon of the seas, this germ scuttles itself into the nose. As far as I know, this germ has not been commercialized in the form of a vaccine.

Plainly, there are more than two ways to cause a sneeze and the symptoms of a "cold." If the pollen or dust of many different ragweeds and plants can do so, various kinds of bacteria may also do it. The point in the vaccination for "colds" would then be a problem first to find your germ, before you inject the vaccine.

Punishment To Fit the Case

During recent manoeuvres, says the *Bristol Times*, a captain called one of his sergeants one day and said, "Sergeant, note down Private Bates, one day on bread and water for slovenly turnout on parade."

"Beg pardon, captain," responded the sergeant, "but that won't make any difference to Bates. He's a vegetarian."

"Then," said the captain, "give him one day on meat and soup."

He Wobbled

"Come out to our place to dinner to-night," said the banker.

"I'll be glad to," said his friend "Our girl," said the banker, "is studying music—"

"Oh, that reminds me. I've a very important engagement for to-night. Sorry, old man, but I can't come."

"Can't you? Too bad! Our oldest girl, as I was saying, is studying music in Chicago, and we're awfully lonesome evenings."

"Oh, I'll cut that engagement and come anyway."

Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

Children's Diseases Are Not Necessary

They Add Nothing to the Well-being of the Child and Invariably Leave the System in Worse Condition Than Before They Came

IN fact, they often sow the seed which, in adult life, develops into disorders of the heart and blood vessels and degenerative diseases of the kidneys.

So if children escape any child's disease they are the gainers in general health by just that much. It may be that years are added to their lives or chronic invalidism avoided. Then there is the enormous risk which every child runs who has measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, or other diseases.

Perhaps this does not agree with your idea of letting your children have these ailments when young, with the belief that they must have them some time. This old idea has cost many thousands of lives. It is time to forget it, and to put forth an effort to save the children from these ailments.

All these children's diseases are known as germ diseases, and germs are harmless to a body strong enough to fight them.

Rich blood is the greatest of germicides. Therefore, seek to keep your children's blood rich and pure by giving them whole

some, nourishing food, and by allowing them to exercise freely in the open air.

If they grow pale and weak and languid—if they fail to derive proper nourishment from the food they eat—if their nervous systems get run down from the tax of school work—use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as the best means which medical science affords to enrich the blood and build up the exhausted system.

Children whose blood becomes thin and watery are helpless before an attack of measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, or other contagious disease. They seem to "catch" everything that is going. They are always "catching" cold. Their resisting force is nil.

But their young bodies soon respond to the nourishing, invigorating influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. As their blood is enriched they become healthy, robust and rollicking—they enjoy their food—their play—their work at school, and grow into strong, healthy men and women.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box is the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.



GIRLS! A MASS OF WAVY, GLEAMY BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Let "Danderine" Save and Glorify Your Hair



In a few moments you can transform your plain, dull, flat hair. You can have it abundant, soft, glossy and full of life. Just get at any drug or toilet counter a small bottle of "Danderine" for a few cents. Then moisten a soft cloth with the Danderine and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. Instantly, yes, immediately you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will be a mass, so soft, lustrous, fluffy and so easy to do up. All dust, dirt and excessive oil is removed.

Let Danderine put more life, color, vigor and brightness in your hair. This stimulating tonic will freshen your scalp check dandruff and falling hair, and help your hair to grow long, thick, strong and beautiful.

Latest Fashions and Patterns



CATALOGUE NOTICE

Send 10 cents in silver or stamps for our up-to-date fall and winter, 1918-1919 catalogue, containing 550 designs of ladies', misses' and children's patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking. Also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

FASHIONS

A Serviceable Coat Style. 2625—Novelty cloaking in blue plaid was used in this instance, with gray silk jersey cloth for collar and cuff facings. Velvet, corduroy, plush and other pile fabrics, also velour, cheviot, tweed and serge are good for this design. The collar is a good feature. It may be rolled high for cold weather style, or arranged in low outline as illustrated. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Style for "All the Day Through." 2617—This will make a good business dress, or serve for general wear. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. Back and front are arranged to form panels, with plaits at the seams. The design is good for gabardine, jersey cloth, checked or plaid suiting, velveteen and corduroy. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is 1 1/2 yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Charming Day Dress of Brown Serge, with Trimming of Matched Liberty Satin. Waist, 2641. Skirt, 2620—The waist pattern 2641, is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust

measure. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make the dress for a medium size will require 6 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. The skirt measures 2 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Very Popular Style. 2236—Girls' blouse dress, with two styles of sleeve. This will be a very attractive model for a school dress in serge, galatea, linen, repp, checked or plaid suiting. The style is simple and easy to develop. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 12 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Easily Made Apron. 2642—Seersucker, chambray, gingham, lawn, percale, drill, linen and alpaca are nice for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Dress for Wash Fabrics or Woolens. 2634—This is a good model for the growing girl. The fronts, and the back portions are lengthened over the sides to form panels, over which pockets are placed. The sleeve may be in wrist or 3/4 length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 3/4 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Shirt Waist with Long or Short Sleeve. 2229—This pattern is

HAD BOILS

All Over Back, Legs and Body For 39 Months.

Ex-Gnr. F. Plumridge, 156 Curzon St., Toronto, Ont., writes:—"I am writing these few lines to let you know how wonderful is the effect of Burdock Blood Bitters. For thirty-nine months, overseas, I had boils all over my back, legs and body, in fact I was simply covered with them. I tried several different remedies, and while in France had medicines sent from England, but all to no avail.

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CANCER

and Tumors successfully treated (removed) without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. Come, or write for free Sanatorium book Dr. WILLIAMS SANATORIUM 3023 University Av., Minneapolis, Minn.

Fashions—Continued from Page 50

pretty for madras, pique, striped flannel, serge, taffeta, voile, crepe and crepe de chine. The fronts are closed in coat style. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Here is a Good Dress for the Growing Girl. 2630—This style is fine for combinations of material. Satin and serge, voile and crepe, batiste and gingham could be here combined, or, one material may be used with any suitable trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Work or Morning Dress. 2626—This model is easy to develop, and comfortable to wear. The sleeve may be in wrist or 3/4 length. Gingham, seersucker, chambray, percale, lawn, linen and khaki, cotton gabardine, repp and poplin may be used to develop it. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. Width at lower edge of skirt is about 2 3/4 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A New and Smart Jumper Style. 2773—This is an attractive model for combinations of material. The guimpe of lawn or batiste and the dress of challie, albatross, voile, silk, or serge, would be very effective. The dress closes on the shoulders. The guimpe may be made with the sleeve in wrist, or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 1 1/2 yards for the guimpe, and 2 1/2 yards for the dress, of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any ad-

dress on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular One-Piece Dress. 2778—This style is especially attractive for slender figures. It is good for serge, voile, gabardine, satin and taffeta. As here illustrated, taupe serge was used, with facings of matched satin. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 4 yards of 44-inch material. Width at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dress for Many Occasions. Waist 2782, and skirt 2784—Comprising ladies' waist pattern 2782, and ladies' skirt 2784. Taupe crepe meteor, or georgette crepe combined with satin would be attractive for its development. Light gray gabardine embroidered in blue would be nice. Voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, shantung, and taffeta are all suitable for this dress. The waist 2782 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt 2784 in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inches waist measure. It will require 7 yards of 44-inch material to make the dress for a medium size. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Serviceable Garment. 2421—How comfortable this dress will be when you know it is easily adjusted and that it is not cumbersome. You may slip it over your best dress when called to help in household duties, and be ready for service in a moment. The model is nice for khaki, galatea, gingham, chambray, drill or linen. The closing is reversible. The belt ends hold the fullness over the sides and back, at the waistline. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40,

Fashions—Continued on Page 53



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Are you unhappy, unfit for your duties? Write and tell me how you feel and I will send you ten days' FREE trial of a home treatment to meet your individual needs, together with references to women in Canada who have passed through your troubles and regained health; or you can secure this FREE treatment for your daughter, sister or mother.

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October 20-22

National Educational Conference at Winnipeg

PROMINENT SPEAKERS—LIVE SUBJECTS

In advance of the definitive program in the form in which it will be issued at the time of the Conference, the Convening Committee announces that the following items are definitely assured:

- 1—Salutatory Addresses—By His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, and His Worship C. F. Gray, Winnipeg.
- 2—"The Lessons of the War for Canadian Education," Hon. Dr. Cody, Minister of Education, Ontario.
- 3—"The School and the Development of Moral Purpose," Dr. Theodore Soares, Professor of Religious Education, University of Chicago.
- 4—"The Development of a National Character Through Education," Sir Robert Falconer, President University of Toronto.
- 5—"The Essential Factors of Education," Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Ontario Department of Education.
- 6—"The Boy Scout Movement as an Auxiliary to the School in Moral Training," Dr. James W. Robertson, Dominion Commissioner of the Boy Scouts.
- 7—"Methods and Ideals of the Canadian Standard Efficiency Training Groups," Taylor Statten, National Secretary Boys' Work Department of the Y.M.C.A.
- 8—"The Function of the Public School in Character Formation," Dr. J. F. White, Principal Ottawa Normal School.
- 9—"Education and Reconstruction," Peter Wright, British Seaman's Union.
- 10—"The Basis of Moral Teaching," Michael O'Brien, Toronto, Ont.
- 11—"The School and Industrial Relationships," Dr. Suzzallo, President University of Washington.
- 12—"The School and Democracy," President John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education for the State of New York, Albany, N.Y.
- 13—"The School and the Newer Citizens of Canada," Dr. J. T. M. Anderson, Director of Education Among New Canadians, Regina, Sask.
- 14—"The Interest of the State in Character Education," Dr. Milton Fairchild, Washington, D.C.

The task of initiating discussions has been assigned to persons representative of all parts of Canada. Among those definitely secured at this date in this connection are:

Dr. Clarence McKinnon, Principal Pine Hill College, Halifax, N.S.; Prof. H. T. J. Coleman, Dean of Faculty of Education, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.; J. J. Tompkins, Esq., Vice-President University of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N.S.; Very Rev. Dean Llywdd, All Saints' Cathedral, Halifax, N.S.; Dr. H. P. Whidden, M.P., Brandon, Man.; Prof. Iva E. Martin, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.; Prof. W. H. Alexander, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.; Dr. G. W. Parmalee, Deputy Minister of Education, Quebec; R. W. Craig, K.C., President, Winnipeg Canadian Club and Chairman Winnipeg School Board; Dr. John MacKay, Westminster Hall, Vancouver, B.C.; R. L. Forrance, Manager Royal Bank, Guelph, Ont.; W. A. Buchanan, M.P., Lethbridge, Alta.; W. McL. Davidson, M.P.P., Editor, Calgary Albertan, Calgary, Alta.; W. G. Raymond, Esq., Post Master, Brantford, Ont.; Prof. C. B. Sissons, Victoria University, Toronto, Ont.; W. J. Sisler, Principal Strathcona School, Winnipeg.

Delegates to the Conference should make their hotel reservations immediately.

The following committees are at your services: Reception, Entertainment, Transportation, Hotel Accommodation.

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A Quaker Collar in Tatting.

You know, don't you, how a collar can make or mar a costume. The simplest kind of wash or wool frock can be worn for "dress up," if it's topped by a dainty collar like this. Use a No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton.

Medallion.—R 1 ds, p, 1 ds, p, 1 ds, p, 1 ds, p, 1 ds, p, 1 ds, p, 1 ds, p, 1 ds, p, 1 ds, p, 1 ds, p, close, fasten thread securely and break. Join spool and shuttle to a picot of the ring, ch 3 ds, r 6 ds, p, 6 ds, p, 6 ds, p, 6 ds, close, *ch 3 ds, join to next picot on ring, r 6 ds, join, 6 ds, p, 6 ds, p, 6 ds, close, repeat from *, making 9 rings. There are 23 medallions made with the above directions and joined as the illustration shows.

1 dc on top of tr, 2 ch, 1 tr in ring, 4 ch, 1 dc under tr; repeat 8 times in ring.

2nd Row.—6 ch, 1 dc under ch, between pts; repeat.

3rd Row.—10 tr under each loop of 6 ch.

4th Row.—1 pt between groups of tr, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr in 6th tr of group, 3 ch; repeat.

5th Row.—Slip stitch into 1st sp of 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr in 1st sp, 2 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr in 2nd sp, 6 ch; repeat.

6th Row.—Same as last row, but make 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr under the 2 chain.

7th Row.—Same as last, but an extra group in centre sp, and 3 ch, 1 dc under the 2 last bars, 3 ch; repeat.

8th Row.—6 ch, 1 dc in 1st sp, 6 ch, 1 dc in next, 5 ch, 1 dc in next 6 ch, 1



Outside Edge.—R 7 ds, p, 7 ds, p, 7 ds, p, 7 ds, close, *leave 1/4-inch of thread r 6 ds, join to third picot from where the medallions had been joined, 6 ds, p, 6 ds, close, leave 1/4-inch of thread, r 7 ds, join, 7 ds, p, 7 ds, p, 7 ds, close, repeat from * joining rings to next picots and fourth and fifth rings of 6 ds are not joined but have a picot at the top.

Top Edge.—R 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, close, leave 1/4-inch of thread, r 5 ds, p, 5 ds, close, leave 1/4-inch of thread r 5 ds, join, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, close, leave 1/4-inch of thread, r 5 ds, join, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, join to p on medallion, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, join to next p on medallion, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 5 ds, close, leave 1/4-inch of thread r 5 ds, join, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, p, 5 ds, close, leave 1/4-inch of thread, r 5 ds, join, 5 ds, close, leave 1/4-inch of thread and repeat. Crochet a chain joining the picots for the top finish with the required number of stitches to have the work lie flat. A larger or smaller collar can be made if you wish, by using a greater or fewer number of medallions and the same edges.

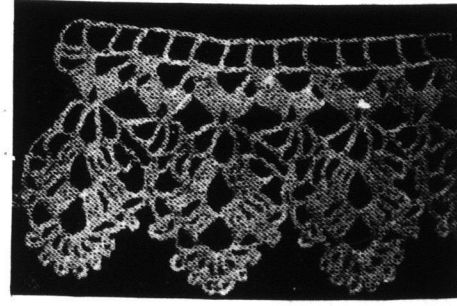
d c in next 6 ch, 1 dc on d c between groups.

9th Row.—2 long tr with 3 ch between each group; repeat 4 times in loop of 5 ch, 4 ch, 1 dc in next loop, 3 ch, take next loop and 1st of next scallop together; repeat.

10th Row.—Into every space make 1 tr, 1 pt, 1 sp; repeat 5 times, 3 ch, 1 dc between; repeat.

Bollina Lace.

Make a ch the length required around your tea-cloth.



1st Row.—1 l tr into the 9th ch from needle, * 2 ch, miss 2, 1 l tr in next ch; repeat from * to end; turn.

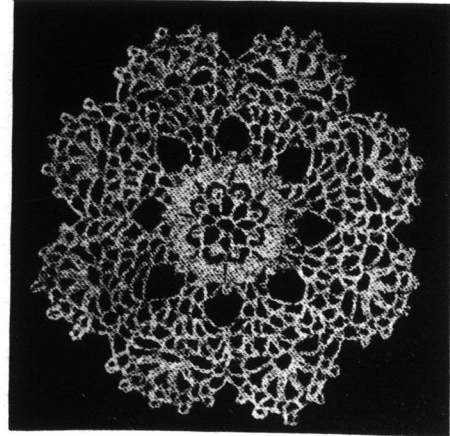
2nd Row.—2 dc, 5 ch, 2 dc into 1st hole, 8 ch, miss a hole, and repeat; turn.

3rd Row.—A 1 dc in picot of 5 ch, 1 ch, 4 tr, 3 ch, 4 tr into next hole, which is an 8 ch hole, 1 ch, repeat from A to end; turn.

4th Row.—Slip stitch to hole of 3 ch, 4 l tr with 3 ch between each into this hole; repeat same each hole of 3 ch; turn.

5th Row.—* 1 l tr, 3 ch, 1 l tr in 1st hole of 3 ch, 3 l tr, 6 ch, 3 l tr in next hole, 1 l tr, 3 ch, 1 l tr in next hole, 3 ch, 1 dc in middle hole of next group, 3 ch, over to next group, and repeat from * to end; turn.

6th Row.—* 1 l tr, 3 ch, 1 l tr in 1st hole, 3 l tr on 3 l tr, 3 l tr, 6 ch, 3 l tr in hole, 3 l tr on 3 l tr, 3 ch, 1 dc in next hole, 1 dc in next hole, 3 ch; repeat from * to end; turn.

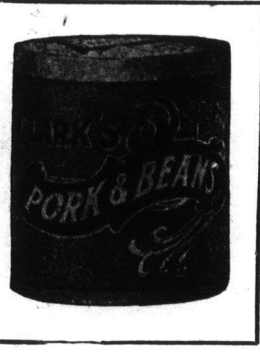


Glass Doily.

A round doily like this is very handy for small plates, tumblers, &c.

Make 8 chain, join.

1st Row.—5 ch, 1 tr into ring, 4 ch,



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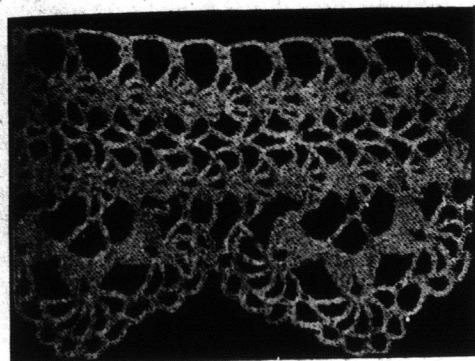
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7th Row.—* 1 tr, a picot, 1 tr between 3rd and 4th l tr, 3 ch, 7 tr with a picot between each into hole of 6 ch, 2 ch, 1 tr, a picot, a tr between 3rd and 4th l tr, 3 ch, 1 d c in each of the next 2 holes, 3 ch; repeat from * to end of row.

Chelsea Lace.

A dinky little edging, you'll agree, which will come in for no end of things. Make 14 chain. 1st Row.—4 tr with 1 ch between each into 6th ch from needle, 3 ch, miss 3, 1 d c, 3 ch, miss 3, 4 tr with 1 ch between each into last ch; turn with 5 chain. 2nd Row.—4 tr with 1 ch between each into middle hole, 3 ch, 1 tr in next hole, 1 tr in next hole, 3 ch, 4 tr, with 1 ch between each into middle hole, 5 ch, turn. 3rd Row.—Group of 4 tr, 3 ch, 1 d c between the 2 trs in middle, 3 ch, group of 4 trs, 5 ch, turn. Repeat other three rows of heading,



but don't turn at the end of 3rd row; do 6 ch, 11 tr, 6 ch, 11 tr in 1st hole of 5 ch of turning, 6 ch, 1 d c in next hole of 5 ch; turn. 7th Row.—1 d c, 3 tr, 3 l tr, 3 ch, 3 l tr, 3 ch, 1 d c in each of 3 holes, 3 ch; repeat heading. 8th Row.—Heading, 6 l tr with 2 ch between each into hole of 1st point; repeat same in next 2 peaks, 5 ch; turn. 9th Row.—1 d c in 1st hole, 5 ch; repeat, going into every hole round scallop. When doing the next scallop join by 2nd hole of 5 ch. Heading.—2 tr in 1st hole of 5 ch, 5 ch; repeat.

Fashions—Continued from Page 51

42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style. 2780—Figured voile and batiste are here combined. The design is nice, too, for satin, gingham, percale, dimity, lawn, linen, challie and serge. The jumper portions could be omitted. The dress is a one-piece model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 1 yard for the jumper. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Boudoir Set. 2794—This comprises a dainty cap, and a very lovely dressing sack, made in "slip on" style. The models are nice for lawn, organdie, washable satin and silk, as well as for crepe, albatross, percale, batiste and nainsook. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 3/4 yards of 32-inch material for the sack, and one-half yard for the cap. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Garment. 2798—This pretty pyjama model is especially suitable for warm weather. It may be of washable satin, of silk, crepe, cambric, nainsook, lawn, or batiste. Embroidery, or feather stitching would form a pretty finish. The model is made to slip over the head, and additional opening is provided for at the back. The ankle edges may be finished with a casing and the fullness drawn up to form a ruffle. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this

illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

2531—Here is a simple but pleasing model, suitable for gingham, seersucker, chambray, percale, gabardine, serge, velvet and silk. It is a one-piece style, with a broad belt arranged at high waistline. Either style of sleeve will be becoming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 12 requires 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An "Easy to Make" Apron. 2785—This model is nice for seersucker, gingham, lawn, percale, drill and jean. The body portion is finished with strap ends that are crossed over the back and fastened to the front at the shoulders. In this design, all waste of material is avoided, and the garment is cool, comfortable and practical. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Little Lydia had been given a ring as a Christmas present, but, much to her disappointment, not one of the guests at the Christmas dinner had noticed it. Finally, unable to withstand their obtuseness or indifference, she exclaimed: "O dear, I'm so warm in my new ring!"

It Has Many Qualities.—The man who possesses a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is armed against many ills. It will cure a cough, break a cold, prevent sore throat; it will reduce the swelling from a sprain, cure the most persistent sores and will speedily heal cuts and contusions. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of a dollar.

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You don't need to live near our store to buy a Sellers-Gough fur piece. You don't have to personally visit our display to choose the fur or style you want. For out-of-town patrons we have prepared a wonderful style book. A complete panorama of every style and pelt to be seen in our store. It is completely illustrated, showing in picture Fashions' latest demands as designed by the world's leading fashion artists. The display shown in this book—as the exhibit in the store—is the most comprehensive and authoritative to be seen on the continent. It is incomparable for variety, completeness and values. And the prices listed are astoundingly low. Prices which you could only expect to get from an organization like ours that buys the pelts in the raw, makes up the furs, and sells direct by mail—saving money at every step. Considering the high cost of skilled help and the scarcity of high grade furs our prices this year are nothing short of amazing.



9-238. Alaska Sable Stole made from good quality skins in the full animal style with two heads and tails. All silk linings. \$49.00
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To ensure your complete confidence in buying furs from our style book we offer this following guarantee:—

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Toronto, Ontario

ARE YOUR BOWELS Constipated?

If So, Watch Your Health.

Unless one has a free action of the bowels, at least once a day, constipation is sure to ensue and it is one of the ills that causes more ill-health than any other trouble of the human system.

Keep your bowels regular by using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills and you won't be troubled with your stomach, you will have no sick or bilious headaches, no jaundice, piles, heartburn, water brash, catarrh of the stomach, floating specks before the eyes, and everything will not turn black and make you feel as if you were going to faint.

Mrs. Garnet Hutt, Morrisburg, Ont., writes:—"Having been troubled for years with constipation and trying everything I knew of without effect, a friend advised me to use Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I used four vials and am completely cured. I can gladly recommend them to every one who suffers from constipation."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents a vial at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

IF THIN AND NERVOUS, TRY PHOSPHATE

Nothing Like Plain Bitro-Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force.

When one stops to consider the host of thin people who are searching continually for some method by which they may increase their flesh to normal proportions by the filling out of ugly hollows, the rounding off of protruding angles with the attendant bloom of health and attractiveness, it is no wonder that many and varied suggestions along this line appear from time to time in public print.

While excessive thinness might be attributed to various and subtle causes in different individuals, it is a well-known fact that the lack of sufficient phosphorus in the human system is very largely responsible for this condition. Experiments on humans and animals by many scientists have demonstrated beyond question of doubt that a body deficient in phosphorus becomes nervous, sickly and thin. A noted author and professor in his book, "Chemistry and Food Nutrition," published in 1918, says: "That the amount of phosphorus required for the normal nutrition of man is seriously underestimated in many of our standard text books."

It seems to be well established that this deficiency in phosphorus may now be met by the use of an organic phosphate known throughout English speaking countries as Bitro-Phosphate. Through the assimilation of this phosphate by the nerve tissue the phosphoric content when absorbed in the amount normally required by nature soon produces a welcome change in our body and mind. Nerve tension disappears, vigor and strength replace weakness and lack of energy, and the whole body soon loses its ugly hollows and abrupt angles, becoming enveloped in a glow of perfect health and beauty and the will and strength to be up and doing.

CAUTION:—While Bitro-Phosphate is unsurpassed for the relief of nervousness, general debility, etc., those taking it who do not desire to put on flesh should use extra care in avoiding fat-producing foods.

CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.



R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.

Correspondence

Another Pin-Money Suggestion

Dear Editor,—I have been and am greatly interested in the talks on how to earn a little extra money at home, and sometimes wonder why women who are so anxious to do this, and really need to, do not oftener utilize the things at hand instead of trying to get the materials that some friend is using who lives, perhaps, in a large city some distance away, amid entirely different surroundings or circumstances. What does well in one place would not take at all in another. One should try to take the initiative, and exercise her own good sense and ingenuity. Try to discover what your neighbors or the people about you want, and then do your best to supply that want. Let me tell you a little experience of my own, and surely what I have done any other woman can do, in substance. She may have to vary her offering a little, since conditions are not the same in all places; that is, if the fir-balsam does not abound near her home let her utilize some other material in another way.

I came up here for my health last spring. Some one advised me to get a small fir-balsam pillow and lay under my head. I tried it and found its sleep-inducing properties to be wonderful. It occurred to me that what I, a semi-invalid, found so good others would like, and when I discovered that the fir-balsam grew abundantly near my boarding-place, I made up my mind to try my hand at making pillows to sell to the summer boarders and tourists. I thought of the old adage: "Nothing venture, nothing have"; the experiment would not be an expensive one at most, involving only a little pleasant work with practically no expense, as I had in my trunk some remnants of cretonne I had intended making into doilies and luncheon-sets, with crocheted edge, for gifts. Instead, I utilized them in making pillow-covers of three sizes, the smallest really not larger than a sachet—six or eight inches square, but as fragrant as the larger ones. I get the fir-balsam boughs and strip off the "needles" or foliage to fill the pillows, which sell very readily to people who come into the town for a short stay. Taking them home they show them to friends who live where the balsam does not grow—at least, feel sure they don't, because I have had several orders by mail from persons I did not know, all of which—aside from the pennies added to my income—takes my mind from myself and interests me in other things, which is almost the best part of it. One who lived on a road where there is much automobile traffic would do well to make up a nice assortment of the pillows and arrange them attractively on a table placed under a shade-tree near the road, with a sign "Fresh Fir-Balsam Pillows, Fragrant and a Specific for Insomnia," or something of the sort. It would be a good plan to have your name and address written or printed on a small paper or card, with the price of the pillows, and pinned to each; then if the purchaser wanted more, or others who saw the pillow wished to send, they could do so. You could leave the display with no one about, if need be, because I do not believe that any passerby would take a pillow without paying for it. This is merely a suggestion, of course, to be modified as thought best. Kelowna.

Let Something Good Be Said

When over the fair fame of friend or foe The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,

Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet May fall so low but love may lift his head; Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet

If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead But may awaken strong and glorified,

If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown, And by the cross on which the Saviour bled, And by your own soul's hope of fair renown, Let something good be said.

That is a favorite poem of mine, written by James Whitecomb Riley. I not only have it in my book of selections, but it is printed in ink on a white card and hung in my kitchen where I can see it often, so that if I am tempted to say some ill or unkind thing of some one, friend or neighbor or stranger, I have it as a reminder. I used to be inclined to gossip; indeed, I can see now that it was one of my "besetting sins" to listen to some story told by one neighbor of another and then relate it again. Our editor's talks showed me how wrong it is to do this—that we should pass on the good instead of the bad things, and that it is just as ill-natured to carry tales as it is to tell them in the first place. Charity.

Again the H. C. L.

Dear Readers:—I have been very much interested during the past two or three years in the various discussions regarding the high cost of living in many different magazines and papers. I was about to remark that our own way of eating had not changed a particle, but will modify that statement somewhat. We never eat much meat, and what we do eat is pork, because we are too far from town to get anything else. We raise our own vegetables, as any can do who have a small piece of ground and are not afraid to work. We have a large fruit-farm and when fruit is ripe we must sometimes work from sixteen to nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, as help is so scarce and fruit must be gathered. I notice that the miners and many other working people are demanding an eight-hour day and are getting it, too. Farmers do not get this, but when our hard work is over, and the cellar filled to overflowing with good things to eat, do you think we do not enjoy the well-earned rest from our labors? I know if I were a wage-earner and lived in a city, as I once did, I should plan to use the cheaper but nourishing foods, and if I could save in no other way for a home of my own I would live in one or two rooms. I have comparatively small sympathy for most of the city poor. We farmers usually find it very difficult to get help, and when farms are so cheap in parts of our great country, and we have here to burn trees after trees to get them out of the way, it would almost seem that in case of many of the poor in the cities it is their own fault. They would not go without amusements away off here in the "timber," and work as we do. A home of their own has no attractions for them when it requires such "sacrifice." Most of our foreign population worked in the country at home, but here in Canada the majority of them crowd into the cities and stay, never trying to get out in the country. Our province is a good one, with mild winters, plenty of fuel, abundance of good food, if you work for it, and cheap land compared with many other places. But we do not want lazy people—there are too many of them here now!

Now, sisters, a favor, please: I want recipes for tomato figs, preserved tomatoes, etc., and will return favors in any way I can. Mrs. Kit.

How About You?

Dear Readers:—Ever since I first got the idea from our paper I have been collecting for my scrap books. I have one book of selections of which I am especially proud. I call it "Songs of Sunshine," and there is not a line in it that isn't cheery and uplifting. Sometimes when I get a little blue, as we all do occasionally until we have learned that there is absolutely nothing to be blue about, I get out my book and read the poems, beginning at the first; and before I have gone far I am ready to

Heart and Nerves So Bad Walked Floor All Night.

Nature intended women to be strong, healthy and happy as the day is long, instead of being sick and wretched. The trouble is that they pay more attention to the work they have to do than to their health, therefore they become run down, weak and miserable. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the remedy that these nervous, tired-out, weakly women need to restore them to perfect health and happiness.

Mrs. Fred Lee, Almonte, Ont., writes: "My oldest daughter was so bad for over a year, with her heart and nerves that she was compelled to give up her work. I was very discouraged about her, as I had her to two doctors, but they did her no good. She could not sleep at night; would have to walk the floor, and felt as if she would go out of her mind. One day a friend told me to use Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I cannot speak too highly of them. She used three boxes and is feeling fine. She started back to work two months ago."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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THE Never-Failing Remedy for Appendicitis

Indigestion, Stomach Disorders, Appendicitis and Kidney Stones are often caused by Gall Stones, and mislead people until those bad attacks of Gall Stone Colic appear. Not one in ten Gall Stone Sufferers knows what is the trouble. Marlatt's Specific will cure without pain or operation.

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The internal method of treatment is the correct one, and is sanctioned by the best informed physicians and surgeons. Ointments, salves and other local applications give only temporary relief.

If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets, and you will bless the day that you read this. Write to-day.

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You learn to become an expert wrestler, right in your own home. You learn from the greatest wrestler in the world, the champion, the world's champion, the world's champion, the world's champion. You learn to throw and handle big men with ease. Learn to defend yourself. All taught in our course of lessons, and illustrated with hundreds of charts and actual photographs by

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Farmer Burns, "the grand old man of the mat," taught Frank Gotch, "the World's Champion," all he knew about wrestling, so Gotch won the world's championship. You learn to throw and handle big men with ease. Learn to defend yourself. All taught in our course of lessons, and illustrated with hundreds of charts and actual photographs by

Farmer Burns School of Wrestling, 107 Range Bldg., Omaha

Write today stating your age.

FREE

ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

SUCH AS

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, etc.,

ARE DANGEROUS.

During the hot weather the bowels seem to be more susceptible to disease than at any other time of the year.

The holiday season is on; you go travelling and change your diet and drinking water; catch cold at every change in the weather; eat unripe fruit, etc., which causes the bowels to become loosened up. To get relief from these conditions, you must take something to relieve those awful cramps in the stomach; those awful pains in the bowels; in fact, something that will in a natural and effective way stop the fluxes of the bowels as quickly as possible, and at the same time not leave them in a constipated condition.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is exactly the remedy you need, and by using it you are not taking any chances to endanger your health as it has been on the market for the past 74 years, and we have yet to hear of one instance where it has not done everything we claim for it.

We wish to warn the public that a great many instances have been brought to our notice where dealers have been asked for "Dr. Fowler's" and have tried to sell a substitute. Protect your health by not accepting substitutes for this old and tried remedy; they may be dangerous.

Price 35c. a bottle at all dealers. See that our name appears on the wrapper. The T. Milburn Co., Limited Toronto, Ont.

sing again. Sometimes I open the book at random, and it just seems to me as if the opening were guided by some unseen wisdom, because the poem opened to is so exactly suited to my needs. Then if I set about making somebody else glad the cure is complete. Try it, and see if it is not everything I recommend it to be.
Sister Gladheart.

Some Happy Ideas

Dear Readers:—May I join your delightful circle for a few minutes? I have read our paper since I was a little girl. When I married I began taking it myself, and I can hardly wait each month for its arrival; the letters from the sisters are very helpful, and the recipes for Good Things To Eat never fail. I am but twenty-three years of age and the mother of two brown-eyed baby girls aged two years and three months respectively, so you may know I have my hands full.

I am much interested in making attractive and useful articles for the home. Those who are not fortunate enough to own a kitchen-cabinet will find two or three shelves of the same length as the cook-table a great help. The many little things that are needed to prepare each meal can be placed on the shelves and thus many steps will be saved. Draw-curtains may be attached to the top shelf to conceal things when not in use. Slat from an old wooden bedstead can be made into an attractive porch-swing, and painted green or any desired color. The coarse sacks with blue stripes, known in my particular home as meal-sacks or bags, when washed clean, ripped and dyed some pretty color, make neat and serviceable pillow-covers for use on the piazza or in the living-room. A box as long as a window is wide, and just high enough to come up under the sill, can be easily transformed into a nice receptacle for freshly ironed shirtwaists or little dresses and aprons, and serve the double purpose of window-seat. Hinge the cover on, pad the top and cover with cretonne, furniture-calico, or any material you may have at hand, and make a flounce of the same to extend to the bottom of the box—or it may be sandpapered smooth and stained the color of cherry, oak, walnut, etc.

Can any one give me a sure cure for soft corns between the toes? Also forandruff? The information will be appreciated.
Gertrude

Concerning Flemish

Dear Editor:—I read in your May issue a letter from Belgium, "A Canadian," who says that the Flemish language is spoken in the province of Liege and that it is a dialect of French with a few words borrowed from other languages. No, sir, people in the province of Liege are not speaking Flemish, but Walloon, which is a French dialect with not any borrowed words of other languages. Wallon, by itself, is a language, a very old one, about the same as the French-Canadians are speaking. They are speaking it in the provinces of Liege, Luxembourg, Namur, Hainant and South Brieabant.

A Belgian

We Are All Tired of Dancing

Dear Readers:—It has been several months since I last wrote to "The Page," but goodness knows, how I wanted to write—the preventive was the want of time. I see dancing is still the subject of discussion. Now, we surely must get further on than that. I'm sure "dancing" has been the subject for almost a year. Of course, some of the correspondents tell of their good times, which I enjoy reading very much. I noticed a number of new correspondents who seem to be full of "jest and youthful jollity," but, the one that caught my eye was "Soldier's Sister." She spoke of "something" that I think of daily, and discuss whenever opportunity opens its doors to me. Can you guess what that "something" is? It is Prohibition. I really do think it is worth pulling to pieces, as it were. I wish that this great Dominion of ours, with all the clean young people growing to man and womanhood, may never see or even hear of whiskey again. It not only means their ruination, but the disgrace of those

dear ones with whom they are connected. Oh! why was such a curse brought to my native land, for I am a true native of Canada, and my heart and love for my country, and people are as warm as though I were their mother or they mine. I am only seventeen, but I haven't lived seventeen years for nothing. Please, Mr. "Skyraper," won't you be kind enough to voice your opinion? You discussed dancing, so now discuss this question, which is far more important than the former. The soldier problem should also be talked of, but I'm afraid I've had my say already, so will leave it for the future.—Red Cross Rose.

Desires Correspondents

Dear Readers:—I have been a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly for a long time and like the magazine very much. I often thought I would write a letter to the correspondence page, but never seemed to get up enough courage to do so. Some of the letters are quite interesting. I think Soldier's Sister wrote a very good letter. I agree with what she said about helping the returned soldier. I think they deserve all the help they can get. It is certainly great to know the awful war is over. It was a terrible heart-breaking war. I had a very dear brother killed "over there" two years ago, and we miss him so much.

My reason for writing is to ask for a few correspondents between 25 and 35. It is very lonely here, especially in the winter time. My address is with the Editor.
Prairie Maid.

Fond of Corresponding

Dear Readers:—I have not been a reader of your magazine for very long, but it interested me so much, that I found myself anxious to write, when I recently saw one. I live in a small place bordered with lakes and mountains, and I find country life very enjoyable. I am very fond of swimming, dancing, riding, playing and reading. There are two splendid lakes here for bathing, and the water gets as warm as 82 deg. at times. I go to high school here, and can speak French quite fluently when I am in the humor. I am very fond of corresponding with people I don't know, so would same young girl or boy please write to me? I will answer immediately. Wishing your magazine every success.—Smiles.

Teaching Manners in School

Dear Readers:—I happened to notice the article in the June number, entitled "Have your Children Gracious Manners?" I am rather interested on that subject at the present time, and may say that the children of some rural schools have very little idea of its meaning, and it appears to me that it has not been considered by the authorities part of a child's education. We all know that manners should be taught at home, but when parents are not capable of instructing that art in their homes, it should be taught in schools. Probably some of your readers could give me their experience. I think if a little more money and interest was devoted to education in our rural schools, it would need less to run our penitentiaries. I might mention that I am a bachelor, and in bringing up this subject it is not directly benefiting me, but our coming generation.—Chips.

P.S. for the Editor:—Dear Editor, I expect you will think I am one of those crazy old bachelors. Maybe you will think right; but I think if some of our readers found more interest in the welfare of the coming generation, and the beauties of nature, this would be a far better and purer world.

Address Wanted

Will Arnott Stewart kindly send his address to the editor and receive mail.

A Real Asthma Relief.—Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has never been advertised by extravagant statements. Its claims are conservative indeed, when judged by the cures which it performs. Expect real relief and permanent benefit when you buy this remedy and you will not have cause for disappointment. It gives permanent relief in many cases where other equally famous remedies have utterly failed.

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We Are As Full of Deadly Poisons As A Germ Laboratory.

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"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Absolutely Prevents This Dangerous Condition.

The chief cause of poor health is our neglect of the bowels. Waste matter, instead of passing from the lower intestine regularly every day, is allowed to remain there, generating poisons which are absorbed by the blood.

In other words, a person who is habitually constipated, is poisoning himself. We know now that Auto-intoxication, due to non-action of the bowels, is directly responsible for serious Kidney and Bladder Troubles; that it upsets the Stomach, causes Indigestion, Loss of Appetite and Sleeplessness; that chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Pain In The Back, are relieved as soon as the bowels become regular; and that Pimples, Rashes, Eczema and other Skin Affections disappear when "Fruit-a-tives" are taken to correct Constipation.

"Fruit-a-tives" will protect you against Auto-intoxication because this wonderful fruit medicine acts directly on all the eliminating organs. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

RHEUMATISM

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 316F Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.
Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true

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FREE Send today for a free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's and one of our special combs. State the exact color of your hair.

Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the results. Then you will know why thousands of women have already used this scientific hair color restorer.

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So Bad Night.

to be strong, the day is long, wretched. The more attention to do than to become run. Milburn's is the remedy d-out, weakly nem to perfect

Ont., writes: as so bad for art and nerves to give up her encouraged about doctors, but She could not e to walk the ould go out of nd told me to Nerve Pills, ghly of them. is feeling fine. two months

erve Pills are mailed direct e T. Milburn

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You Try This ertful Treatment. nternal meth- e correct one, ost informed tments, salves ns give only

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Marshall, Mich.

low STLE

Ye, learn to an expert, the right, be strong, be healthy with you. Learn to. Write FREE

Laddie Jr. sees many a law-breaker on our long trip

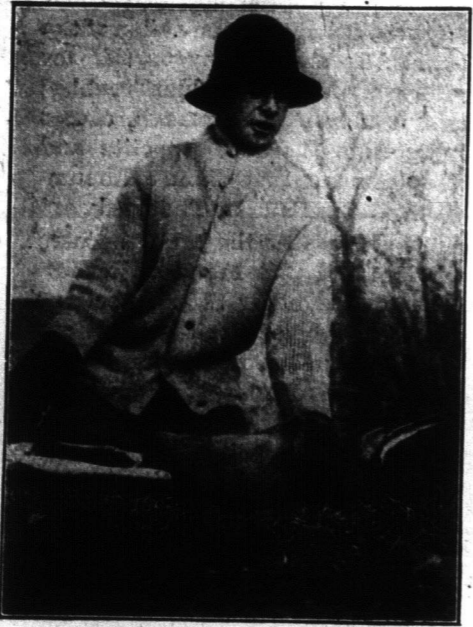
Continued from Page 6

picked up some things and ran away along the sand, stooped down and resumed their creeping. Within ten minutes I saw them again wringing the necks of some smallish birds. So we walked down the hill to get closer to the strange performance.

"Kla-how-yah," said Laddie Jr., as we got near the three little almost nude boys.

"Kla-how-yah" ("good day" in Chinook), the eldest one answered shamefacedly. Then after some by-play they went through their performance once more. The old, old story of man supplying his stomach's needs.

The hunting implements were crude, three long double sticks of cedar about half the length of a lath and half as long and thick. All along these sticks were rude black hair slip nooses standing up; quite evidently hair from the mother's head too. They formed a three-sided square of these noosed sticks in the sands and slowly but surely herded some of the many feeding flocks of shorebirds towards it. On hands and knees, with many a careful side creep, many a swift or slow wave of the hand; they drove the devoted flock on. There!



Laddie Jr. and a Bittern

some are picking worms up out of the sand right within the fatal sticks—a wild flutter, a swift rise and fall, a rush of little brown Indian boys and three more sandpipers were speedily killed.

Another day, while the boy and I were drawing our loaded canoes along over the snow-covered ice of a northern river, we saw a dark patch on the snow ahead of us. I raised my finger and leaving the canoes, we walked silently ahead until we came right beside the cow-skin covered body. Pretty soon a brown face, poked up with a contortion of the shoulders and a fine ten pound maskinonge sprawled struggling at our feet. Laddie laughed, then I did and the big law-breaker guffawed with a silly grin. He had gaffed the fish over a wooden decoy in the hole in the ice. Every lake or river seems to have its man who would rather take a fish than a day's work. In this case it was an Indian I admit, but the white man does it to make a living and beat the law, when he has plenty of chances to obtain work, while the Indian does it to feed his family and from that old, old, in-born hunting spirit. I tell you, if potatoes dodged the spade and fled away from the hoe the Indian tribes would be great gardeners.

Once, when on the northern lakes of Ontario, the boy and I heard a tremendous "bump—bang!" Just around the next long point we could see the ripples spreading out and we put speed into our paddles and flew along. Too late; all I saw was a leg disappearing into the bush and a lot of dead bass on the top of the water. In this case, dynamiting. We did complain to the next game warden, but he was too late—and the lawbreaker too soon—as the next stick

went off premature and, as the warden said: "We never did bury all of that there man." I am sorry to record my observations, but there are a great number of game law breakers all over this Canada of ours.

It is a common sight, all through the great drowned lands of Canada to see the man with the spear. I wonder if he knows how many times and how often I have seen him through the glasses, but it is a different thing to catch him. The spear is thrust down into the mud and he is looking for a ten dollar bill that blew away, or some other likely story. It is often the department's fault for having a farmer as warden who is too busy or who favors his friends.

We never met a sea otter hunter along the outside Pacific Coast who was not after cod or devil fish or some other harmless amusement. I remember sitting behind the shelter of a rock on a wild reef trying to picture a sea lion and, at the same time, keeping my weather eye on an Indian who was keeping his on a sea otter that was diving and fishing along the shore. I was jolly glad, too, when I saw him give up the hunt, even if he did come my way and scare off my old wet country lion. I feared if he got the otter he might try for me, as a witness to its capture might mean the loss of five hundred to a thousand dollars to the brown-faced hunter, as it is very much against the law to take this, the most valuable fur bearer on earth or water.

I have known of lawbreakers to hide their pelts, or put their fish on an anchor line, or carry their valuable fur beneath their shirts, but the empty hold of the ocean-going cruiser gasoline boat at the lonely anchorage in an unnamed bay gave us the greatest thrill. There was not the slightest doubt it was the boat which left Vancouver loaded with Chinamen en route for Seattle. The Chinks were to be smuggled into the United States for one hundred dollars per head and there were just a score of them. The wireless got into play and they were headed off from Port Townsend and Victoria by the swift revenue craft. That ill-smelling hull never made a harbor nor launched a boat for those unfortunate smuggled Chinamen. Still when the revenue cutter found it anchored it was empty; the white men had been seen swimming ashore. Where were the orientals? Ask the wild currents of the Straits of Fuca; they alone can answer. So Laddie Jr., and I have made up our minds that it's best to be honest, just so that one may play the game squarely.

The Fairies' Secret

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came and pulled the coverlet of snow away, woke the babies and told the fairies that Queen Summer was expected back very soon.

Then what a scurry and scramble took place! Baby seeds had to have the sleep washed out of their eyes, be brushed up and have their very prettiest dresses put on, some blue, some pink and white—just about every color and combination imaginable. The fairies certainly were busy for a while. Then they took the babies out into the Gardens of the World to meet Queen Summer who smiled sweetly and exclaimed, "What a lot of pretty flowers we have here!" The babies, who were really not babies any longer since they had grown enough to be called flowers by this time, hung their heads shyly but peeped up every now and then at the Queen who was the most beautiful creature they had ever beheld. How they did wish they could always remain near her!

Just then the fairies began telling the Queen how they had taken care of the seeds all winter under the cosy, white blanket, and she smiled more sweetly than ever before and said, "That is like my dear fairies. I am proud of you. And you shall keep your little seedlings here in my court with you and they can learn to be my ladies-in-waiting." There was a flutter among the flowers and Queen Summer turned to them saying, "Come, children, how would you like to become the Queen's hand maidens?" But the flowers remained rooted to the spot, overcome with shyness, so the Queen laughed gayly and said, "Never mind,

you dear things, the fairies are quite able to look after all my wants and you are pretty enough just to look at where you are, so keep your frocks clean and tidy and I will teach you how to distil sweet perfumes, that you may help to make Summerland a place of beauty, joy and sweetness." The flowers nodded their pretty heads and the fairies were fairly radiant with happiness, for they had learned to love the flowers when they were only little, brown, helpless seeds very much in need of careful nursing, and they were so glad to think that they would still be able to take care of their little charges.

And so, as in other fairy stories, they lived happy ever after, and all was revelry and joy.

There, my story is ended. I hope you enjoyed it, and perhaps you will remember it when next Jack Frost pays a visit to this fair Canada of ours. At any rate you will be glad to know that your fairy friends are safe and comfortable—and busy, as they like to be.

How to Dress Comfortably

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more about how they look than about how they feel.

We would not wear long, trailing garments and pointed shoes and tight-laced corsets, if we had any sense, because it seems to me such things went with the hysteria which was so common in olden days.

So, when we choose new garments, let us choose them, above all, with a view to comfort: both for ourselves and our girls. Then, there will be more healthy looking, rosy-faced girls and women, and we shall not have to resort to rouge-pots, or lip salves, to make us look presentable.

A healthy woman is always good-looking, no matter what her age, and we all love to see a healthy girl, full of good spirits and vitality. This she will be if she be suitably and comfortably dressed, from the top of her head, all through her garments, down to her sensible, common-sense shoes.

Starving on Dakota Plains

Continued from Page 12

not had anything to eat since the night before and our dogs had had nothing for two days. So we slept again and sallied forth next morning to try our luck again.

The storm had not abated one iota except that it was not snowing as heavily, but there was just as much snow in the air. Early in the day I saw three antelope, and thought our famine was broken. Creeping up on them I took deadly aim and pulled the trigger. "Click!" It was frozen and wouldn't go off. I must have tried it five or six times, but no go. In a few moments the antelope saw me and away they went. Another night of starvation faced us. We were afraid our dogs would attack and eat us. But we went out next morning, tramped most of the day, and returned at night without a thing. When I came back one of our dogs, a fine big yellow fellow was standing in front of the cabin door. So after I had thawed my rifle I let blaze at him and hit him behind the ear. We dragged him in and soon had him in the kettle boiling. We had a fine feed that night; our only fear was that we had eaten too much and would be sick.

There is an old saying that "Dog will not eat dog," but it is a fallacy. Dog will eat dog if he is hungry enough; at least ours did—all but one, and he refused to eat dog boiled, roasted or fried.

It had been storming steadily for fourteen days and we stayed in the cabin eating dog meat and looking for a relief party every day for that length of time.

Off in the Storm Again

The party never came, and we had slaughtered eight dogs. We had now four left and that was only enough to carry mail and blankets to Fort Totten. We had concluded that we would never get any assistance, and with the roasted hind leg of one dog we pulled out for Totten. The distance was more than eighty miles, but we had more timber

shelter going this way than going back to Fort Stevenson. We had to leave Bellgarde, of course, but he was well thawed out before we left and made a fairly respectable corpse. To have put him outside would have meant that wild beasts would have eaten him, and we had no tools to dig a hole. He soon froze after we left the cabin, and his body was eventually taken to the military burying ground at Fort Totten.

It was still storming when we left Mouse River, and there was now eighteen inches of snow on the level and bitter cold. We think we have cold snaps here in Alberta, but compared to North Dakota in the 'sixties and 'seventies you'll find this is Florida in winter time. We had no tent or shelter of any kind save the blankets our dogs were hauling. And with this outfit we started sixty-five miles. In the afternoon of the first day out both the boy Mulligan and Guarddey became stone blind. I had to break roads for the dogs and two blind men, who walked behind, holding on to the tail ropes of the sleighs. The second day I was partially snow blind myself. If I had been like the others there would have been three corpses on Dakota plains.

It was storming continually, and we could travel but slowly. We had soon eaten up the hind leg of the dog with which we started out; but for ten days we wandered, frost-bitten, snow blind, and in misery of all kinds, and finally we staggered into a place called Crow Island Lake, fifteen miles from Fort Totten. We had been ten days going sixty-five miles, and had nothing to eat in that time but the dog's leg and some rose berries. The first three days were the worst; after that we didn't feel hungry, but got very weak. The snow gave us plenty to drink, and once we were able to get dry wood enough to make a fire and melt enough to give us water till it froze up. We were taken to Fort Totten the next day and got attention from the cook and doctor, and were soon all right again.

We reported our experiences next day. The day following Guarddey and myself with five half-breeds and a large sleigh-load of provisions, blankets, etc., started back to Mouse River. Two of the half-breeds stayed at the station for the remainder of the winter. The three other breeds wrapped the body of Bellegrade in a blanket, put it on a sleigh, and took it back to Fort Totten. Guarddey and myself took a dog team with provisions and blankets and a load of mail from Totten and went back to Fort Stevenson.

The telling of our experiences to the officer in command at Fort Stevenson got for us a month off duty on full pay, and when we took our route again all danger of blizzards for the winter of '69 and '70 was over. Mulligan was several weeks recovering at Fort Totten, and was afterwards frozen to death near Edmonton. Old Guarddey died of dropsy somewhere in Dakota.

Love's Memory

(Continued from Page 13)

as he disappeared from view round the bend.

"There goes my revenge—and a fine chance I lost to make money. All for what? A bit of something—a bit of something that most of us need, sentiment. I didn't think I had as much. But then—little Maud. There never was a sweeter girl. I'm glad I didn't go with the boy to see her. She's an old woman now, and Guy Smith's widow. No, I prefer to keep the old memories of her undisturbed—little Maud with golden curls and clear blue eyes. Little Maud! I'm glad to have done something for you, to have kept your home together. It's my thanks for the friendship and—and—the pin you gave."

"Now," said the colonel, looking along the line of recruits, "I want a good, smart bugler."

At that, says London Opinion, out stepped a dilapidated fellow who had a thick stubble of black beard.

"What!" said the colonel, eyeing him up and down. "Are you a bugler?"

"Oh, bugler!" said he, "I thought you said buglar."



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