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THE LAST WORD.

By EBEN B. REXFORD.

He kissed her lips and sailed away,
And as his ship went down the bay,
He turned with one last look to say,
"Good-bye, sweetheart, for many a day."

His ship sailed east, to isles of balm,
And westward, over waters calm,
And north and south, in far-off seas,
Her white sails fluttered in the breeze.

One night he paced the deck alone,
Still as a grave the air had grown.
The sea seemed listening. Not a breath
Broke silence deep as that of death.

Low, like a sound of winds that play
On pipes of summer, far away,
A voice across the silence came,—
His sweetheart's voice, and called his name.

From far beyond the blue sea's rim
Across the world she called to him,
And yet, so still the great world lay,
She seemed but a hand's-breadth away.

He listened, awe-struck, half in fear,
The world of God seemed strangely near.
But only once the low voice came,—
His sweetheart's voice that called his name.

At anchor in the land-locked bay
At last the good ship "Wanderer" lay,
And eagerly he sought the shore,
Glad that his voyaging was o'er.

He reached the gate. Across the sill
The grass had wandered at its will.
He passed the door. "Sweetheart," cried he,
"Is this your welcome home to me?"

Here lay a book that she had read—
Her sewing, with a broken thread.
The dust was thick upon the floor,
And the wind sang, "She comes no more!"

"She died ere summer's flowers had fled,
And called you at the last, they said.
And then he knew that he had heard,
Across the world, love's last word.



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Tangled Threads: A Summer Resort Story.

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.

Helen paused for a final consultation with her mirror before going down stairs. She touched her flowers with dainty finger tips to make them fall into softer lines, and gave her hair a scientific pat or two, smiling as she liberated a certain tendril just over one ear. It was foolish, of course, but Dick was ridiculously fond of that curl.

The little humorous smile at her own foibles still lingered as she went down. There was to be a dance at the Highland Inn that night and two gaily lanterned launches were moored to the wharf at the foot of the Wintons' lawn, ready to take their guests up the river to the Inn. Mrs. Winton, most amiable of chaperons, was waiting for them to assemble, and her daughter Cecily was just fluttering in from the veranda, a girl about nineteen, with a delicate little face, starlike in its eager brightness, and a slim figure, which reminded Helen irresistibly of a swaying flower. She was very fond of Cecily, and so was Dick.

Out on the veranda a chattering group of Cecily's friends waited impatiently for the moment of departure. They swarmed around Helen as she appeared. They frankly adored her, calling her "the handsome Miss Meredith," and taking certain proprietary satisfaction in every move that she made.

"Now we're all here but Walworth," announced Perry Knowlton, a big, refreshing boy just out of his Sophomore year. "He must be prinking a lot. A-a-a-h! There he is! Hurry, snail!"

Helen smiled as she watched Dick coming down stairs with all the unspent energy of any of these boys. Some years ago Miss Helen Meredith had thought it would be folly to marry a man less than ten years her senior, and a calamity to remain unmarried after twenty-five, but Dick was only thirty-four, and a boy at that, while she admitted thirty with a good grace, looked twenty-six, and felt—just at this moment—a scant sixteen.

Dick paused in the doorway and surveyed them with a friendly smile. "Everybody else here?"

"Hours ago," said Knowlton, sweepingly. "Waiting for you. Come on."

Walworth, taking possession of Helen's wraps, smiled understandingly down at her at the boy's impatience, and held out an obliging arm for Cecily's as she came past.

"Make use of me," he suggested, holding the pretty fluffy things well out of harm's way as they started toward the wharf. "There's no hurry. Knowlton is saving our places in his launch."

It was the accepted custom for the cottagers along the river to come in gay launch parties to the dances at the Inn and the Winton house, brimming with guests and overflowing with hospitality, always furnished its share. Tonight, as they came up the long terraced steps from the wharf to the hotel, the orchestra was playing a Strauss waltz, and its pulsating rhythm beat down to them in delicious waves of sound. When they reached the hotel, Helen excused herself and left them to see an elderly friend who was sick there.

"Don't be long!" they called after her warningly, and "don't be long!" Dick echoed, but nevertheless nearly half an hour elapsed before she came down. The music from below had sounded enticing, but it had not been easy to leave the sick woman, just ill enough to be restless and despondent.

"Poor Dick!" she thought contritely. "I wonder where—Oh, that is his voice!"

Without any formulated intention of listening, Helen paused to locate it. Oh yes, he must be in that pretty nook of a room beyond, where they sat out the Lancers the last time they had been here.

"Let me tell Miss Meredith!" Dick was begging earnestly. "Why not make a clean breast of it right away? She's generous enough to understand—and to forgive."

Helen's eyes widened in astonishment. Her impulse was to announce

her presence immediately by passing the door, but the answering voice made her shrink back. It belonged to Cecily Winton, and there was fluttering alarm in it, and a hint of tears.

"Oh no, I can't bear it! What will she think of us? She is so strong and—and lovely and,—you know how it will hurt her!"

"Yes," Dick hesitated. "I fear it will, but this can't go on forever."

Helen turned back by the way she had come, fleeing softly down the hall. Her cheeks were ablaze, her mind a chaos of amazement and misgiving. What was it that he must not tell her, because it would hurt? Dick—why was Dick saying these things to Cecily Winton?

A dance was in progress, nearly everyone was in or near the ball-room, and she slipped to a shadowy corner of the veranda to think it out, to steady the hot whirl in her head. What did it mean? What could it mean except—

Ten minutes later Perry Knowlton found her there, still blindly trying to



"Gliding rhythmically down the ball-room with this cheerful boy she caught sight of Walworth, standing alone in a doorway"

straighten out the tangle, still fighting against a conviction which would not be pushed back into the darkness from which it had sprung.

"All alone?" he asked, much concerned at this unwonted symptom. "You are not ill, are you?"

Helen grasped eagerly at the excuse. "I did feel rather badly when I came down. It was very stupid for me to misbehave so."

"Oh no, not a bit!" The boy was all sympathy and consternation. "I'm tremendously sorry. Can't I do something? Won't you let me take you home now? I can easily get back in time for the others."

There were tonic properties in his energy and eagerness to serve. Helen gathered her forces together with firm hand and arose.

"Not for worlds!" she expostulated. "I feel much better. In fact, what I most need at present is a delightful waltz."

"Then it is mine!" he said, jubilantly. "You know you promised me one. We've missed you a lot, and the other fellows are in a fume about it. They expect three dances a piece."

Gliding rhythmically down the ball-room with this cheerful boy she caught sight of Walworth, standing alone in a doorway. A moment later she had a glimpse of Cecily, waltzing with one of her guests. The girl's face seemed to have lost some of its

pretty, youthful vivacity, and she looked tired.

When Walworth finally made his way to her, Helen was in the centre of a tiny court, and apparently in her blithest mood. The others sauntered away, one by one, before Walworth's prior claim.

"I am sorry I missed you when you came down," he said, apologetically. "It was very stupid of me, and bars me out from growling because I lost my first waltz."

"I was a little late myself."

She was glad to hear the orchestra start again, and they went in. Not for worlds must Dick know that anything troubled her—at least not yet. A brilliant color was in her cheeks as she danced, her eyes were bright with excitement, and as they passed a doorway she heard someone murmur, "handsome couple," quite audibly. She was divided between two foolishly hysterical desires, one to stop right there in the ball-room and demand what he meant, and the other to drop her head miserably on his big shoulder, and cry.

It seemed an interminable time before they were once more in the launches and speeding down the quiet river toward home. Fortunately they were not so voluble as on the upward trip, and contented themselves with singing song after song, so that her abstraction was not noticed. A golden August moon glorified the river and the silent stretches of woods and meadow on its banks, diversified here and there by darkened summer homes whose inmates were already asleep. It seemed strange that the world could be so peaceful.

Cecily Winton had nestled beside her, and presently laid her hand half shyly on Helen's for a moment. The turmoil of misgiving was settling into the grinding ache of conviction, and it took all Helen's control not to draw the hand away. Cecily was looking up at her, rather wistfully, she realized with quick pain, as though asking for something she would not say. Her pretty, rounded cheek had all the delicate charm of girlhood, she was sweet and fresh and winning, and what man was there that did not look with pleasure on youth and its dainty prettiness? This child was nineteen, while she—she was thirty, and felt it, and tomorrow would look it also.

When Helen came down to breakfast the next morning the light shadows of sleeplessness lay around her eyes. Cecily did not appear, begging to be excused on the ground of a headache, and Dick was pre-occupied and quiet. All around her was a chatter of gaiety, and she alone felt old and out of tune with it.

As they left the table, scattering in a half dozen directions, Helen would have slipped away, but Walworth followed her to the foot of the stairs.

"Will you be ready pretty soon?"

It was their custom to start off for a ramble each morning, and it was too well understood to need any preliminary invitation. Helen was tempted to beg off, but after all, what good would it do?

"In about half an hour, I think."

"Thanks. Don't be too long. It's my last morning, you know, and I am privileged to be selfish."

He patted her arm lightly, it seemed to her sympathetically, and certainly he was very serious for Dick. She excused herself quickly, went to her room and propped his picture in front of her, staring at it miserably.

"Do you love her, Dick? You might have told me before this. It is a poor sort of loyalty, to blindfold those who love you. Better hurt once and have it over with."

She turned away toward the window, looking listlessly out at the wide, flowing river, bright in the sunshine, and the cool stretches of woods. Laughing voices floated up from the veranda, and she winced.

"She won't let him tell me, and the burden of it lies with me,—unless—unless I want to hold him, against his will. Do I love him well enough to give him up?"

She put the picture away, covering it from sight, and put on her hat. In the sleepless watches of the night she had reached a decision, a hard decision, and she must have it over before her courage failed.

ion, and she must have it over before her courage failed.

On her way she passed Cecily's door, and by one of those impulses which make us drive the knife a little deeper into our own wounds, and give it an extra twist or two, she stopped and rapped lightly. Cecily opened it, a dejected little figure in a charming negligee.

"Oh!" she said in a little startled gasp, and turned suddenly pink. "I thought you were mother," she added lamely. "Please come in."

Cecily's evident confusion and her own hurt chilled Helen into unwonted formality.

"No, I thank you. I merely stopped to see if you were better."

"Oh, yes. I shall be down presently. It's very kind of you."

The bend of Miss Meredith's head was at once an adieu and a polite disclaimer of any obligations. She hated herself that she could be hard against such a child, and as she went she carried with her a teasing recollection of a flushed and wistful face, watching her departure from the open door.

During the ramble with Walworth she touched lightly on fifty topics, flitting from one to another with mystifying swiftness, to keep away from the borderland of the personal. Dick was quiet, but out of his pre-occupation he looked surprised, now and then, at her bright restlessness of mind. It was not until they were homeward bound, and almost there, that she dared begin.

"Dick, do you remember our compact?"

"What compact?" Dick was taken unawares.

"About our engagement. That if either of us ever tired, we would be honest about it and ask to be released?"

"Yes, I remember." Dick laughed a little. "I seem to recollect getting into disgrace by making fun of it."

"But don't you think it is right?" she insisted. Her parasol hid her face, but the hand that held it was cold.

Dick seemed inclined to dismiss the question.

"Oh yes, but like most theories, it is a little over-developed on one side. It does very well for a woman. It is her eternal privilege to dismiss a man if she wants to, but no man who is a man can tell a woman a thing like that without feeling like a very small, yellow pup."

"Is it better for them to marry, one deceived and the other unsatisfied?"

"Isn't this a bit weighty for a warm day?" Dick laughed again, but dropped quickly back to seriousness. "I'm afraid it isn't so much what it is better to do as what we have the courage to do. Don't you think we might talk about the weather, Nell?"

Helen stripped a spray from a bush in passing, and crushed it absently in her fingers. She had given him his chance, and he had not taken it. He had practically admitted that it was because he could not bring himself to it. Her face was still obscured by the parasol. When she spoke her voice was not entirely steady.

"Don't you understand, Dick?"

"Don't I understand what? Look here, Nell, what do you mean?"

She turned slowly and faced him, flushing and paling again, but the rebellious voice was under control.

"I mean that I have made a mistake. Recently—I have found it out. I ask you to give me my freedom."

They were in full sight of the house, and Perry Knowlton was swinging down the path to meet them. Dick flushed dully. He was struggling to comprehend it, and drew in his breath shortly as he realized that she meant all that her words signified.

"Will you tell me why?" he began constrainedly.

"I cannot. Please do not ask me."

Down the path Knowlton's voice came cheerily.

"It's time you came home! Everybody has run off and left me, and there isn't a blessed thing to do."

The ordeal of lunch was more than Helen could stand. She shut herself in her room and lay with throbbing head, trying to decide whether she had been rash, or cruel, or kind. She knew her words had been curt, but she could not have brought herself to explain. There was something humili-

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ating about an overt admission that he no longer cared for her.

The interminable day crawled on to four o'clock. Dick's train left at 5.20. In less than an hour she would hear the trap come around to take him to the station.

Could she endure the polite formality of going down and saying good-bye to him before all those people? Of course it would have to come out before long, but at least they need not know until she could get away. Perhaps the poor subterfuge of illness would suffice, and she could send down a message of regret. . . . She wondered if he had told Cecily yet, and then, being less heroic than she had thought, buried her face in the nearest pillow and gulped a little.

A man's step came rapidly down the hall and paused by her door. She thought she heard a whisper, and on the heels of it came an uncertain rap.

"It's Boyd, Nell. May I come in?" She flew to the door and flung it open, throwing her arms around her brother's neck as he entered. He was all she had, this big, splendid boy, and she had been father and mother, sister and chum to him for the past ten years.

"How dear of you to surprise me like this!" she said breathlessly. "I thought you were a hundred miles away."

Boyd's face was an unhappy red! He gently loosed his sister's affectionate hands from his neck and backed off against the door.

"Please don't be good to me, Nell. I've got to make a clean breast of something, and I'm awfully afraid you'll be down on me. You see, I— Oh, well, I'm married."

Helen sat down weakly. It was the last straw.

"Boyd!" she said with shaking voice. Boyd winced and hurried on with his confession.

"I deserve almost anything you say to me, Nell. You have been a brick, and it was caddish in me to deceive

you, but, it happened so quickly, you know. We're both pretty young, and we were afraid her parents would want us to wait a long time, and so one morning—oh well, you don't know how people do things on the spur of the moment. We were coming straight home to own up, but we found a houseful of guests, and right on top of it came a telegram to me that Tom Benner was hurt. I had to run for



"I mean that I have made a mistake. Recently I have found it out. I ask you to give me my freedom."

my train, and I told Cecily that as soon as I could leave Tom I'd hurry back and—

"Cecily!"

Helen was almost hysterical, but Boyd merely looked puzzled.

"Why yes, who else did you think? Dick found it out somehow, and he has been a brick. He wanted to tell

you right away, but Cecily wouldn't let him until I came. She's awfully cut up about what you'll think of it. You mustn't be angry with her, Nell, it was all my fault. Won't you see her? She's waiting in the hall now."

With glowing face and gently compelling hands Helen pushed him out and down the hall to where Cecily waited, a still little statue of apprehension.

"You dear, foolish, rash, outrageous children!" Helen murmured incoherently, drawing the girl in the warm curve of her arm and holding her tight. "You ought to be shaken, both of you, and I haven't the heart to do it. Now go confess to Mr. and Mrs. Winton. Married! Dear, dear, I can't believe it!"

She watched them go off, close together for mutual support, and because they had not seen each other for three endless weeks. They were dubious of the interview before them, but much buoyed up by the one just finished. Then Helen went down stairs to find Dick.

She was still in the dress she had worn that morning, and she gave her hair an apprehensive twitch or two as she went. There was his suit case in the hall. No, he was not on the veranda, nor in the den.

Huddled down in a great chair in the library sat a morose and gloomy Dick. He had been hurt without knowing why, he had received a blow from the hand he thought gentlest of all, and the smart of it would not abate. Would she appear in time to say good-bye?

Through the library door came a soft rush of skirts. She came towards him with both hands out, laughing, almost crying, and with tenderly shining eyes.

"Oh Dick, I've been such a goose!"

Dick stopped for no explanations. He was essentially a man of action. Ten minutes later, when the good season for explanations had come, he opened the library door and called to

Knowlton, who was just visible on the veranda.

"Say Knowlton, would you mind telling Harris not to wait for me? I've decided to stay over until the early train tomorrow morning."

Sentence Sermons.

Serenity comes in when selfishness goes out.

Realizing the right is all there is of religion.

He takes heaven everywhere who has the happy heart.

They find the gate of heaven who seek the good of humanity.

Much of our sorrow is stuff we have stolen thinking it was joy.

Thunders of applause give no promise of showers of blessing.

A good many more would walk with God if he would go blindfold.

He who shuts the door of heaven on another shuts himself out.

The most heavenly virtues come out of the most homely occasions.

The only thing that makes any work sacred is the way that it is done.

Civilization will be synonymous with salvation when it has cured sin.

The tight fist child often finds that he has a loose hold on his father.

The devil has no more effective weapon than the Christian's rusty sword.

Every time you envy another man his meal you drop gall into your own plate.

People who cannot stand up in the fight must not look to sit down in the feast.

Don't think you are fixed on feathers there because you make a lot of fuss here.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF GIRLS



The Girl with a Mission

By Pauline Carrington Bouve

Once upon a time a very brilliant man was discussing with me one of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novels, and in the course of conversation he remarked: "A good woman, my dear young lady, can make more misery in a home than any other sort of a woman."

I remember I was very much shocked by this remark of my literary cynic, but during the years that have intervened since then I have found a certain amount of truth underlying his flippant and apparently unjust assertion. My cynical companion was a man of the world, who had read much and seen more. He was, however, a man of what people vaguely describe as having had "unfortunate domestic relations," and it was a reasonable conjecture that he entertained a somewhat jaundiced view of the domestic side of life, and that his judgment of women and homes was by no means a reliable standard.

Acquaintance at close range with "all sorts and conditions" of women, as well as girls, however, gradually brought me to this conclusion; that had my friend of the caustic tongue said, "a certain kind of good woman, my dear young lady, can make more misery in a home than any other kind," he would have been not very far from the truth. This modification would have covered that class of women of whom the "girl with a mission" is the promise and forerunner.

The kind mentioned represents the "hard-good women," who have established a sort of Ethical Bureau, wherein moral, social and domestic delinquencies must be submitted to their censorship and judgment. It is this type of woman who constitutes herself a sort of family providence, whose special functions are the punishing and remitting of sins. How often one hears one of these self-selected dispensers of fate decree that certain members of her family or social set whom she regards with disapproval, "ought to suffer and be made to suffer," for such and such sins of omission and commission. Extenuating circumstances are coldly dismissed at her door and in her dwelling the pleas of temperamental weakness and inherited tendencies find no crack or crevice in which to lodge.

The "hard-good" woman, has set a high mark for herself as well as for others. She is rigid in the performance of what she considers her duty, she is inexorable in her judgment of her neighbors who fall short of doing what she decides is theirs. For her, there is no middle ground between what she calls good and evil, but she insists upon classifying each, not only for herself but for everybody else.

Two dignified, prosperous-looking, middle-aged gentlewomen were talking together in the waiting room of the Back Bay Station the other day and fragments of their conversation floated above the roar of the out-going and incoming trains below stairs.

"How are Jack and Mary getting on?" inquired one of the other.

"They are having a very hard time, I hear," was the reply. "Mary knew he had nothing, when she married him, so she has no right to complain."

"But Jack's indolent, you know, and the whole burden has fallen on her. She had really supported the whole menage with her designs and illustrations. She is exceedingly clever, they say, and willing to do more than her share."

The lines of the first speaker's face deepened as she said: "That may be very true, but she is very foolish and it is quite right that she should suffer for her folly. She has made her bed

and must lie upon it," and the speaker settled the bow under her chin with resolute fingers.

"Have you seen the baby?" inquired the questioner who evidently had a secret appreciation of "Mary's" difficulties. "No," was the slow but incisive reply. "I told them in the beginning what I thought. Of course, I consider Jack is behaving badly, but Mary should have been wiser. Poor people have no right to burden themselves with children, and if they do, they should not expect friends and relatives to share their burdens. I should feel that I were doing wrong if I were to allow myself to do anything that might encourage such rashness as theirs. Besides, the suffering and hardship will be good training."

"Next train for Dedham," shouted the railroad official in a stentorian voice and the matrons gathered up their shawls and bags and made their way toward the lift.

"Twenty years ago," I said to myself reflectively, "that woman was a girl with a mission, I'd bet a five-dollar gold piece on that—if I had one!"

It may seem a far cry between the girl with the mission (or rather the girl who tells you she has one), and "the hard-good woman," but the links from one to the other are not diffi-

cult to trace. The first link in the chain connecting the two is the "one idea" link, and the last is the "crystallized self esteem," link.

These thoughts were floating around in my head as I sauntered into a nearby restaurant and ordered my modest mid-day meal.

I was counting the squares of maple sugar built up in pigmy pyramids on dinner plates set in the showcase window, when two smartly gowned maidens came in and sat down at my table. There was an air of importance in the way they drew off their gloves and set their parasols against their chair backs, that suggested affairs of import under consideration.

"Have you actually made up your mind to go; I mean, don't you feel shaky about it now and then?" asked my pink-waisted *vis-a-vis*, a scarcely suppressed tone of awe in her voice.

"No," replied the girl in the navy blue shirt-waist suit. "I have thought the matter over carefully and I feel that it is my duty to go."

"Y-e-s, I suppose so," was the doubtful rejoinder. "But I was just thinking, Alicia, what will your Aunt Sophia do without you? You know she's had you since you were a baby and you are about all she has left in the world. Won't she miss you dreadfully?"

"Aunt Sophia will do just what all

the other women in the world have done before," answered Alicia; she smiled calmly as she spoke and the expression of supreme and imperturbable self-assurance reminded me curiously of a smiling Buddha I had lately seen in a Japanese Art store down town. "She realizes, Mabel, as I do," continued the young lady, "that the individual must be sacrificed for the good of the masses and she is too noble to let trivial personal feeling interfere with the fulfillment of my appointed work in life."

"Appointed, yes, but appointed by whom?" questioned Mabel, who appeared to have imbibed new courage with her Oolong tea.

"Why, my natural tastes, my gifts, such as they are, my desire to be of use in the world, my spiritual aspirations—what the bishop calls my natural equipment, for such work. Can't you understand, Mabel dear, that I am not quite like other girls because I have a mission!"

"Yes, but there are so many things to do at home," objected Mabel. "Of course it would be nice to travel and see foreign lands and all that, but China is so far off and just think what an awful time Helen Stone had out there. Besides, the people out there don't want you, you know."

"If I allowed such ignoble considera-

Service for the last six months." And Mabel rose up and called for checks with a flush on her pretty face that was not all due to the temperature of the room.

Here was a case just in line with my theories and my reflections. Here was a "girl with a mission" who would certainly, if she were not demurred by the Boxers, swell the list of "hard-good women" in due season.

But there are a great many other sorts of girls who fancy they have (perhaps sometimes really have) other sorts of missions. The girl who tells you she has a mission, is nine times out of ten the girl who is not very anxious to do the ready-made duties that come to hand day-by-day—those work-a-day duties that are not mixed up with picturesque effects, nor high-flown sentiment, nor any sort of romance.

Among the various kinds of girls and their various "missions" there is the girl who believes it is her mission to convert young men from the error of their ways. This involves a good deal of church-going on balmy Sabbath mornings or quiet walks to chapel service on moonlight nights. Between times there are many occasions for confidential talks, sisterly counsel and exchanging of "views," followed in the case of the young man by sudden symptoms of interest in charity-work, poetry-reading and spring styles for masculine raiment. The end of this course of gentle, moral suasion is generally "an affair of the heart" in which the recipient of all these beneficent influences is apt to have that part of his anatomy damaged.

"I never dreamed Jack thought of me in that way," she explains tearfully to a chosen confidante. "I wouldn't have had it happen for the world; I was just trying to uplift his standards."

Poor Jack, meantime, ungrateful for these efforts in his behalf, becomes a cynic for a while and looks at life through very dark glasses. Sometimes it happens that he never quite regains his lost ideal of womanhood. His standard of woman has been lowered and with it his own character has lost the first bloom of manly chivalry.

But these are really the girls with pseudo missions. There is, thank God, a mission for every girl in the world, and there are many who are earnestly doing what life brings them to do. Some of these are working out their destinies consciously, some of them unconsciously.

Sometimes one catches glimpses of girls who are fulfilling missions that they don't know anything about in the florists, or the bakers or the circulating library or on somebody's doorstep. You think you know her by the look in her eyes sometimes, and you wait a minute longer in the doorway or on the corner to hear her voice, for if the voice and eyes tell the same story, you may be sure you haven't made a mistake. This fragment of an unconsciously told life story dropped in my way not long ago. Two girls were coming up the avenue and one stopped to catch a car.

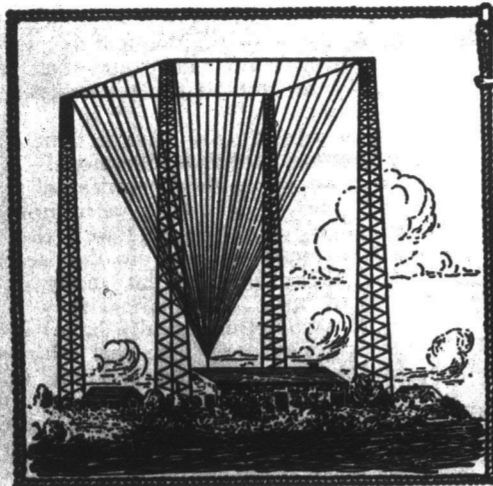
"It must be very hard for you to stay at home so closely with your mother," said one. "Don't you want to go to luncheons, or matinees, or teas?"

"Of course I do; I love luncheons and matinees and teas," said the other, "but, you see, I love mother better. I'd rather roll mother's wheel-chair out and watch her eyes brighten at the sight of the leaves and grass and flowers in the fens than to see all the Nance O'Neils in America."

That girl never thought about "having a mission" in her life, perhaps, but she was doing brightly, with no thought of sacrifice, the manifest duty that was hers to do. In another way, a girl acquaintance who was asked by the minister of her church about what she considered her duty in regard to an unfortunate friend of hers solved the problem. "Oh, dear me," she said wearily, "I don't bother about going down alleys to hunt up people who are carrying burdens, but of course if one comes down the road alongside of me, why of course I have to give her a lift. That's all the philosophy I know about it." And that was good enough.



A Homesteader's Cabin, in Western Canada.



THE OCEAN NEWSPAPER



Watching for a Ship that has been Reported Due to appear by Wireless

By JOHN ROGERS NEWCOMB

There is no question but that the installation of wireless telegraphy on many of the big ocean liners has already brought about decided innovations in the ocean voyage, and that it is destined to produce many others as it is developed and perfected in its working and as its use becomes more general. Already it has come to be regarded as a regular feature of the liner's equipment, and virtually a necessity. The man of large affairs who to-day undertakes the Atlantic voyage may do so with the knowledge that if any matter of great importance comes up he can communicate with his office or his home—an assurance that doubtless encourages many a man to make the crossing who would hesitate to do so under other circumstances. At any rate, the steamship agents say that one of the questions most frequently asked by prospective passengers is, "Your ships have the wireless service, I believe?" and on the liners that carry a "macaroni man," as the wireless operator has been dubbed aboardship, there is always a brisk business in sending and receiving messages toward either end of the voyage.

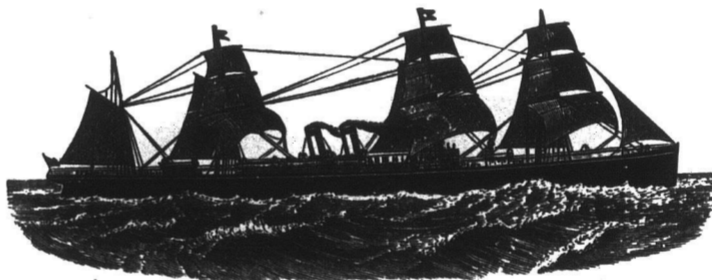
When one considers that the whole art of wireless communication is still in its embryo stages one sees that the progress which has been made in the matter of communication between ships at sea and between ship and shore, is really remarkable. In this novel development the steamers of the American line, whether by chance or by enterprise, seem to have been the pioneers. At any rate, it was on the "St. Paul," in November of 1899, that the first ocean newspaper, carrying telegraphic dispatches, was published. This diminutive news sheet was issued under Mr. Marconi's personal direction, and the few copies of it bearing his signature are now held as cherished souvenirs by those who are interested in the progress of his invention. It was on the American liner "Philadelphia," on Feb. 25, 1902, that Marconi first succeeded in receiving a long distance wireless message. For over two thousand miles, two-thirds of the way across the Atlantic, he kept in communication with the

Poldu Station. Later, in April of 1903, the American Line began to regularly publish newspapers carrying "Marconied" messages on all its vessels. This example has been followed until now there are three newspapers published on the Atlantic. The "Cunard Bulletin," the "Red Star News," and the "Trans-Atlantic American."

Most of the wireless messages which are sent to or from the big liners are dispatched while the ship is near the beginning or end of its voyage. The distance at which communication is certain and effective for ordinary messages is about two hundred and fifty miles. Messages have been sent from much greater

can talk with the New York station during her trip down the harbor and out past Sandy Hook. There she will open communication with the station at Babylon on the Long Island shore, and before she is out of range of the instruments here, she will be able to communicate with the station at Sagaponack. Beyond this is the station at Siasconset, so until the messages flashed from that station fail to arouse an answering click in the wireless office on shipboard, the passengers on the liner may regularly interchange messages with their friends on shore.

Similarly, when the liner approaches the European end of her voyage, she is able to pick up, one



distances, but with the power provided by the ordinary shipboard installation at the present time this is the approximate limit, as announced by the officials of the wireless company.

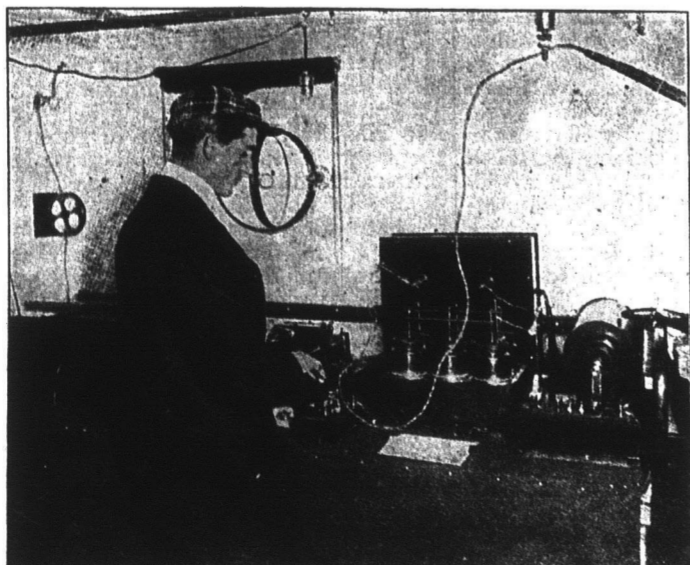
This does not mean, however, that messages can be sent only when the ship is within two hundred and fifty miles from her starting point. The wireless stations are so arranged on both sides of the Atlantic that the liner may be in communication with the shore constantly from the time when she leaves her berth until she is two hundred and fifty miles beyond the farthest point of land which she passes in her seaward flight. For instance, a liner leaving New York

after another, the various stations on that side. Suppose she is a White Star vessel bound for Liverpool. She will come into communication in the order named, with Crookhaven, Rosslare, Holyhead and Liverpool. If her destination is Southampton she will get her first message from the Lizard and the next from Niton.

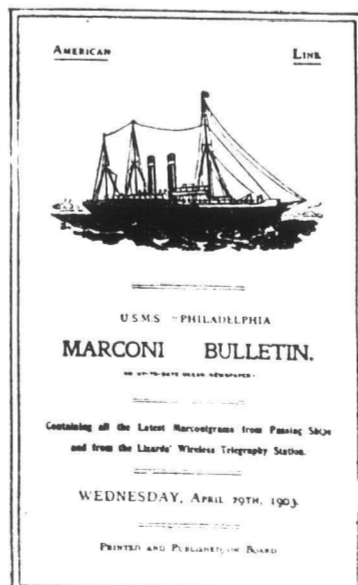
One must not understand, however, that it is only at the beginning or end of the ocean voyage that wireless communication comes into play. As a fact, a liner carrying the wireless mechanism is pretty certain to be in communication with other vessels at frequent intervals in her progress across the Atlantic. Indeed, it has happened on several occasions

that messages from land which could not be answered directly, because the ship had passed out of range of the farthest shore station, have been replied to by transferring the dispatch to another steamer travelling in the opposite direction. This possibility of exchanging information between steamships at sea is one of the respects in which the wireless telegraph has most noticeably and pleasantly affected the Atlantic voyage. In place of the guesses as to the name and destination of a neighboring vessel which used to take place whenever a trail of smoke appeared on the horizon, there now ensues an interchange of an interesting budget of news, and not infrequently an exchange of greeting between friends upon the two vessels. It has happened several times notably in two or three voyages of the "Philadelphia," that the ship has been in communication with other vessels daily throughout her Atlantic journey. Naturally, this wireless conversation across the waste of waters is a pleasant relief in the monotony of an ordinary ocean voyage. Several months ago two west-bound liners, the "St. Paul" and the "Minnetonka," were within communicating distance of each other for several days, and a game of chess was played by wireless between teams on the two ships.

Perhaps the most noteworthy of all the achievements of wireless telegraphy in the Atlantic passage is the ocean newspaper. This is a natural outgrowth of the possibility of communicating with the shore, and on several liners the latest news is published in bulletin form a day before land is reached at either end of the voyage. The matter conveyed in the dispatches is furnished by prominent news agencies in Europe and America; is transmitted to the ship as soon as she comes within the radius of communication on either side; is edited, put into type and printed by the ship's printer and distributed to the passengers, who thereby learn who has died, and whether the stock market has gone up or down, twenty-four or thirty-six hours earlier than they otherwise could.



The Wireless Operator at Sea and His Machine



Front Page of the First Issue of the Marconi Bulletin ever published. (See page 10.)



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Railroads Above the Clouds.

By WARREN HARPER.

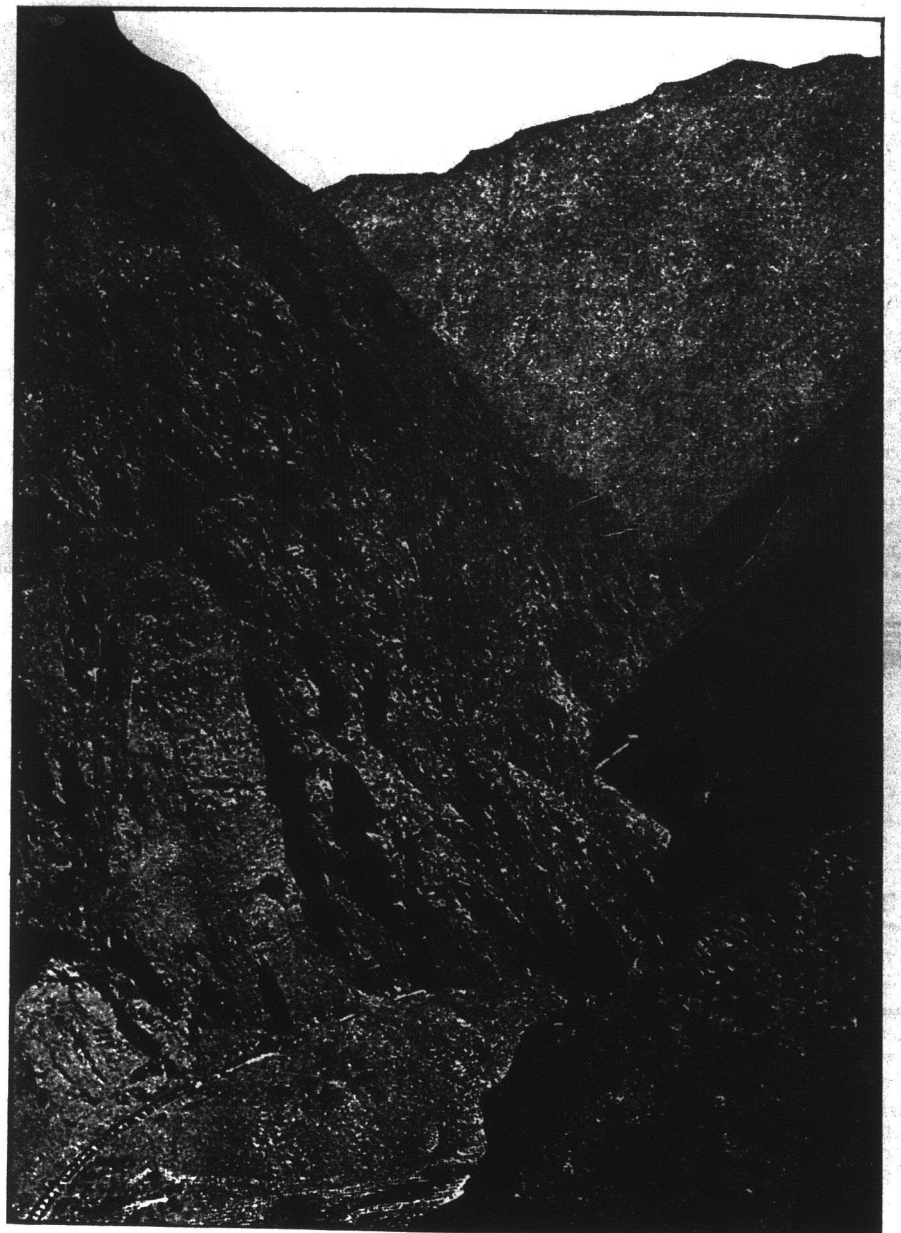
When the world goes a-pleasuring summers, it is pretty apt, somewhere, some time, to find itself on a mountain-top. Popular always, at home and abroad, is the ascent of summits. In the old days, the world had to do its mountaineering by the stiffest sort of climbing on foot, dangerous and exhausting; now, it has only to sit comfortably back on a plush seat and, thanks to the marvels of modern engineering, be pushed up the highest peaks with all the ease and safety of a Fifth Avenue bus. The man with the rod and the plummet has won the day. Steam and electricity have humbled the heights.

The majestic Jungfrau, the monarch of the Bernese Alps, is the latest mountain to be conquered. It is now bowing its eternally snow-

Guyer-Zeller, of Zurich, and says, "Don't kill yourself climbing; just ride up with me in a warm car."

The story about Herr Guyer-Zeller goes that, on a certain splendid August afternoon in the summer of 1889, he was enjoying a stroll down the mountain-path that leads from the Schilthorn to Murren, and that in course of it, with the Jungfrau steadily in front of him, the inspiration came to build a railway up its colossal height. And as the Herr excellently combined the traits of a scientific German with those of a hustling American, the bold idea very shortly became a concrete affair; for the next season the enterprise was started—an engineering achievement the like of which the world had never yet seen.

When you find yourself at Inter-



In the Rimac Valley, Oroya Railway, Peru.

capped head to the skill of the engineer and the nerve of the promoter. More than one-third of the railroad from its base to its summit is completed, and already summer tourists are beginning to run up and down it like so many ants on an ant-hill.

For a great many years, Alpine climbers have negotiated, with more or less exertion, the thousand lesser Swiss peaks, but with the Jungfrau it has always been different. It has towered apart, beautiful to behold from afar, but treacherous to those who were too familiar with it. It was first ascended in 1811, and the feat was repeated only four times between that date and 1856. Since then, succeeding years have witnessed a few of the strongest and the bravest reach the topmost spur, but the number is not legion. A great many men, whose valor overcame their discretion, have perished in a fairly considerable total. Last summer, the Jungfrau death-roll was long. And now, along comes Herr

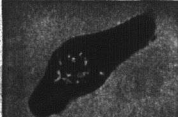
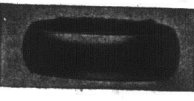

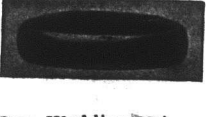
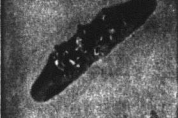


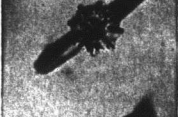

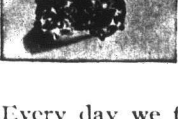
laken, on your European tour, you are within striking distance, so to speak, of this Jungfrau trip. Every morning at nine in the summer-time the train leaves Interlaken for the Wengernalp. At noon you find yourself above the clouds, on top of the Wengernalp at Schidegg; and after lunch, at one, an electric car stands at the hotel door ready for that portion of the Jungfrau ascent which is so far in operation. An hour later you are inside of the Eiger mountains at Eigerwand station. From here an opening has been cut through the solid rock to the face of the mountain, where, from a lofty gallery, you can look down and see, far, far below you, the superb Grindelwald valley, a typical Swiss picture with chalets, glaciers, pasturing cattle, and mountain torrents. The scene is just such a one as you fancy the soaring eagle must get of the world beneath him. Eigerwand, at present, is as far as you can go, the road being but a third done. What a big undertaking

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DRAWER W

BRANDON, MAN.

the affair is, you can judge from the fact that only two yards a day in the summer season was the rate at which the line progressed. It was all tunneling, inside the mountain range, through the hardest of black granite, and there are about four miles yet to go before a point directly up and under the summit of the Jungfrau is reached. From here an elevator shaft two hundred and fifty feet long is to be constructed, out of which one will emerge from the bowels of the mountain upon the very peak of the Jungfrau, thirteen thousand seven hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea.

It is likely that four or five more years will be required to finish the project. Costly tunneling for the entire length has been necessary. To get the required grade, the line has to run up through the Eiger and Monch Mountains before the Jungfrau itself is pierced. On the completion of the line, the round trip is to cost forty-five francs, or about nine dollars. The present run from Scheidegg to Eigerwand and return costs two dollars. To climb the Jungfrau, with guides and carriers, is a matter of two days and nearly a hundred dollars. It is also a matter of peril. The chances of your never coming back are just about as good as those that you luckily will come back.

Besides the three stations already made, others are planned at dizzy altitudes en route to the summit. In each case, a shaft will be run out to the face of the mountain at that particular spot, from which magnificently ascending views of the Alps will be possible. When next you go journeying overseas, this wonderful Jungfrau electric line will doubtless be completed, so that high up above the clouds you can make merry over your Swiss cakes and beer in places where sturdy Alpine climbers of the past have frozen to death.

In the history of "railways-on-end," the honor of being the first

belongs to that up Mount Washington, in the New Hampshire hills. It was the pioneer railroad of the sort, having been started in 1866. So successful was it, that the Swiss engineers immediately copied its principles, and began to run rails up the Rigi, the first of the Swiss mountains to have a railroad. The Mount Washington line is a rack-and-pinion affair of three miles, the strange-looking hump-backed engine and single car taking an hour and twenty minutes, snail-like, to accomplish the distance each way. The accepted thing is to go up by morning train, lunch at the very decent hotel on the summit, and then return to the base in the late afternoon. Many stay overnight on the mountain to see the beauties of the sunrise next morning, but nine times out of ten

they are disappointed, as the world below and above is apt, on the next morning, to be hidden by cloud-banks.

Tourists from May to September flock to Mount Washington from all the surrounding New England summer resorts. Something like ten thousand persons annually, for over thirty years, have been carried up and down without a single mishap. The same story, however, cannot be said of the "slide boards" which are used for rapid transit by the employees of the road when they want to go down the mountain. These affairs are just big enough to sit on—about the size of an ordinary washboard. Flanges hold them on the wide cog-rail, the thick grease on this rail allays all friction, and the force of gravity does the rest.

They can fly down the three miles of descent in three minutes, but it takes a steady nerve to handle one at that speed. Occasionally in the past, an adventurous tourist would borrow one of these "devil's shingles" and try a ride on it, but after nearly a dozen fatal accidents from this source, the boards were finally put under lock and key. A curious experience occurred a summer or two ago, when the telegraph operator on the summit, finding his wires out of order one night, started for the base on one of these slide boards. When half-way down, going at full speed, he ran into a porcupine that in the dark was eating the fat off the cog-rail. Fortunately, the operator kept his seat and continued his flight, but a quill or two gave him a taste of porcupine armor.

Out in Colorado, the old cry of the Forty-niners, "Pikes Peak or bust!" is no longer heard, as an up-to-date railroad now harnesses this mountain. It is the highest mountain-road in America, the top being fourteen thousand one hundred and forty-seven feet above the waters of Los Angeles Bay. The line was completed in 1890, after several years of perils and hardships incident to the survey and construction work. From the summit of Pikes Peak, "weather permitting," one of the grandest views in the West is to be had. To the east are to be seen Manitou, the "Garden of the Gods," and the plains that stretch undulatingly away to the horizon; and to the west rise the ragged rows of snow-mantled peaks that make the great Continental Divide.

To be able to say that they have been up a real volcano, furnishes a good and sufficient reason why a throng of tourists to Italy make the Vesuvius trip every year. Under its original promoters the cable road up to the crater was a financial failure, but some years ago it was acquired by "the man from Cook's," and is now successfully conducted. From



"Tip-Top" pushing crowded car up "Jacob's Ladder" to the summit of Mount Washington, New Hampshire.



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the office in Naples, carriages leave every fair morning for the drive of fifteen miles out to the base of the mountain. From here cable cars carry the passengers to the upper station, the rest of the journey being made afoot. The Italian government compels the use of licensed guides for those who wish to approach within the danger-limits of the crater. For the most part, the trip is an entirely safe one, although some four years ago an unusually violent eruption of the volcano destroyed the upper station and a portion of the road-bed. Still, every



The electric line up Mount Lowe, California. The steepest Road-Grade in the world.

one who visits the Vesuvius tries to make himself out a valiant adventurer, allowing his mind to become filled with dread visions of the historic outbreak of A.D. 79, when Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried beneath a flood of hot lava and ashes, and the same applies to the recent eruption.

Probably the railroads up the Rigi and Pilatus in Switzerland are the two best known. More travellers have made these ascents than any other mountain-trips the world over. They lie on the main highway of Swiss travel, and so remarkable is the view from their summits that few tourists are foolish enough to miss them. Both the Rigi and Pilatus rise abruptly from the Lake of Lucerne, and their distance from the main Alps is such as to furnish an ideal vantage-point from which to see the panoramic grandeur of the big Swiss peaks. All central Switzerland, with its unrivalled picturesqueness and beauty, lies spread beneath one from the top of Pilatus.

On the Pacific coast of the United States is another remarkable bit of audacious mountain engineering, where it isn't necessary to post signs, "Don't walk on the tracks," since every one who goes there has too much respect for his life to commit

the folly. It is the electric line up Mount Lowe, out in the Sierra Madre Mountains of southern California. The first part of the road, the Great Cable Incinerator, is the steepest in the world, having a forty-eight per cent. grade. So much a matter of hanging on to the air was the work of building this line at certain places, that even the sure-footed burro could not be trusted to carry the material for the walls and buttresses, the workmen themselves being obliged to shoulder the burdens. Sharp curves, yawning chasms and overhanging ledges make the timid tourist keep his eyes shut most of the time. No Mount Lowe rattlesnake—and there are such, to the occasional consternation of visitors—can twist itself out of shape half so much as does the upper, or Alpine, division of this California road.

Around the great curve of the world there are, of course, not a few other famous railways of this sort. A queer one is to be found in the Austrian Alps, going up Hochstauffen Mountain. Here a little car, about as big as a doghouse, keeps itself hitched to a single rail, and is carried up by means of a balloon. Soaring high up overhead, it draws the people heavenward in a most unique though safe manner. There



Summit of Pike's Peak, Colorado, the highest altitude reached by rail in the World.

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is the Glion cable line in Switzerland, where a car loaded with water coming down drags up another filled with passengers. At Lauterbrunnen, one of those idyllic Swiss villages, is a stretch of steel that from the base looks as if you would have to do the Jack-and-the-Beanstalk act to get up. Out in Hong Kong there is a peak up two thousand feet of which goes a car at such an angle that the passengers almost sit on top of one another. Just outside of Calcutta, in India, is the wonderful Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway, considered by old travellers to be one of the modern wonders of the world. There is a spot on the line known as "Agony Point," where a sharp whistle from the engine is blown as a warning for people to keep their seats. If they should all happen to crowd to one side of the car to view the scenery at this place, the whole concern would topple over and dash down several thousand feet into the wild valley below. Difficulty in breathing, or mountain sickness, is commonly experienced on this trip. But the splendid vision that is secured from the summit is worth all the dangers, for the mighty Himalayas, the giants of the world, tower there before you in all their glittering whiteness and magnitude and awesome grandeur.

A Band of Mercy Boy.

The other day a horse was trying to get a very small quantity of oats from the depths of a very small nose bag. In vain the poor fellow tossed his head and did his best to gain his dinner. But at last, just as he was settling down to dumb and despairing patience, a bright-faced boy of perhaps ten or twelve years of age happened along. Seeing the dilemma of the horse the little fellow stopped and said: "Hello, can't get your oats, can you? Never mind, I'll fix you!" And straightway he shortened up the straps that held the bag in place, and with a kindly pat and a cheery word which the grateful horse seemed to appreciate, went his way. I would like to be the mother or the aunt, or even the first cousin of that boy. I would rather that he should belong to me than own a Paganini violin or a first water diamond the size of a Concord grape. Bless his heart, wherever he is, and may he long continue to live in a world that needs him. Kindness of heart, and tenderness, consideration for the needs of the helpless and the weak, and the courage that dares to be true to a merciful impulse, are traits that go far toward the make-up of angels. We need tender-hearted boys more than we need a new tariff to bring up and develop the resources of the country.



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Heaviest Rails in the World.

The rails on the Belt Line Road around Philadelphia are the heaviest rails used on any railroad in the world. They weigh 142 pounds to the yard, and are 17 pounds heavier than any rails ever before used. They are ballasted in concrete, and 9-inch girders were used to bind them. All the curves and spurs were made of the same heavy rails, and the tracks are considered superior to any railroad section ever undertaken. The rails were made especially for the Pennsylvania Railroad by the Pennsylvania Steel Company. An officer of the railroad company states that this section of roadbed will last for twenty-five years without repairs.

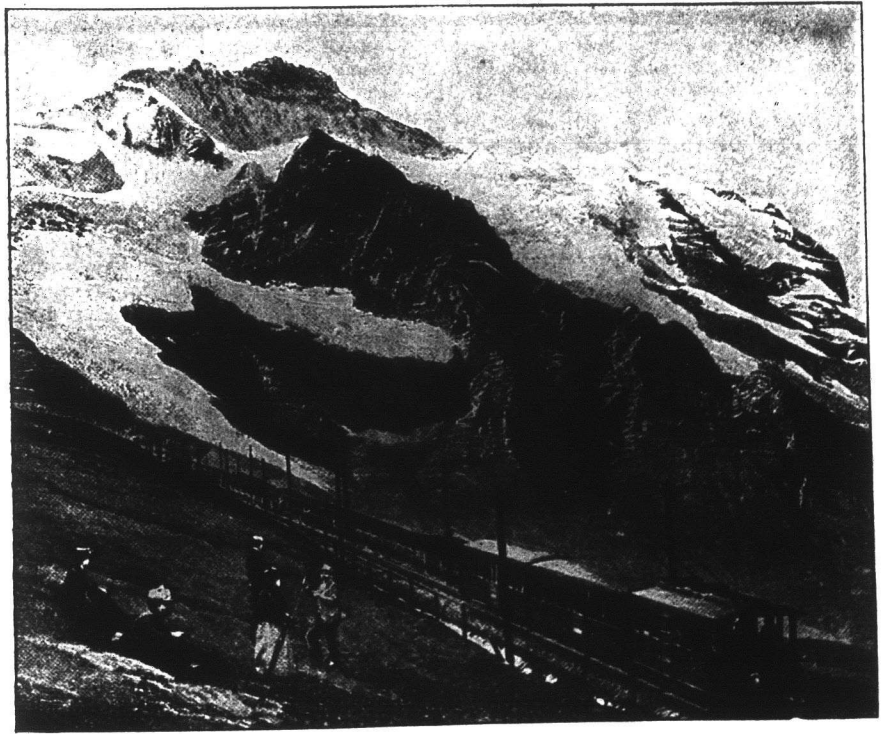
Going to the Theatre in Venice.

Going to the theatre in Venice is like a fantastic overture to the play, and sets one's mood properly in tune. You step into the gondola, which darts at once across a space of half-lighted water, and turns down a narrow canal between walls which seem to reach more than half-way to the stars. The tiny lantern in the prow sheds no light, is indeed no more than a signal of approach, and you seem to be sliding straight into

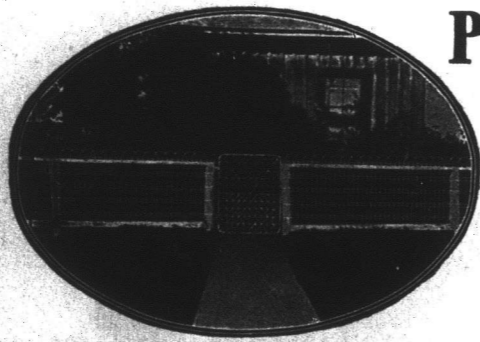
the darkness. Here and there a lamp shines from a bridge or at the watergate of a house, but with no more than enough light to make the darkness seen. The gondola sways, swerves, and is round a sharp corner, and the water rushes against the oar as it swings the keel straight for another plunge forward. You see in flashes.

A Bright Boy.

A telegraph messenger boy, Chas. F. Fielding, living at Newport, R. I., recently rigged up a wireless telegraph instrument of his own, in his father's attic, with an old automobile coil, a cut-off electric light lamp, some acid and a Morse sending key. With this simple contrivance he was able to send messages which completely interfered with the working of elaborate apparatus of the United States Government, and made it impossible to send messages from a distance at the torpedo station. The boy attracted the attention of the commandant of the station and has been enlisted in government service as third class electrician, which will enable him to take a thorough course in electricity at the government school, while he draws \$35 a month besides his board. Before that he was getting \$14 a month and board at home. 'Rah for the boy!



View of the Jungfrau, Switzerland, and the Railway that will connect with the Elevator shaft to the summit



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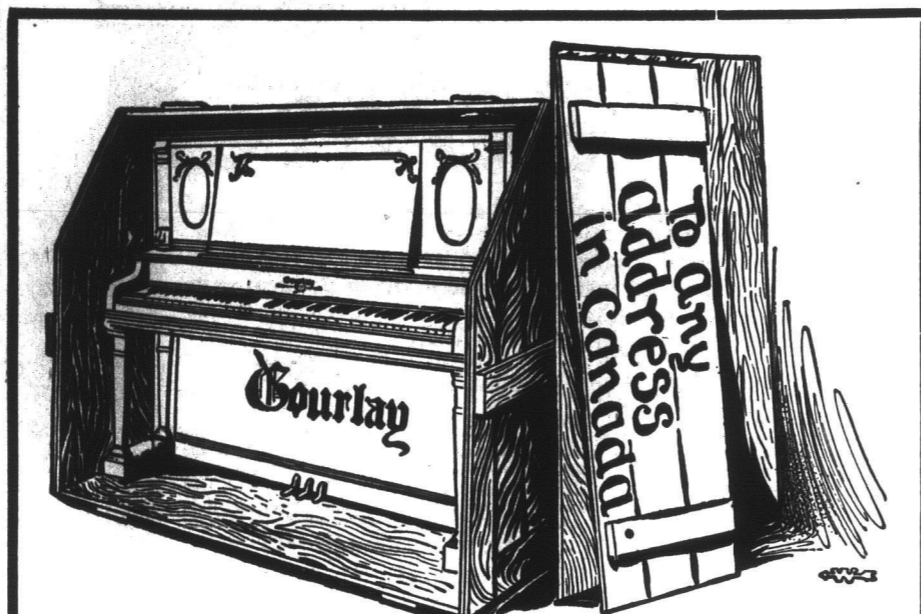
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WINNIPEG

Hon. N. A. Belcourt,

Who Moved the Resolution in the House of Commons Inviting
King Edward to Visit Canada.

During the present session of parliament at Ottawa a resolution was moved by the Hon. N. A. Belcourt, senior member for Ottawa City, and passed by both houses, extending a cordial invitation to his Most Gracious Majesty King Edward, and her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra, to visit Canada. The resolution, introduced as it was by the Hon. N. A. Belcourt, a French Canadian, and by one who was at one time First Commoner and Speaker of the House, came with good grace indeed. In introducing the motion the mover made a brilliant and patriotic speech which attracted widespread attention at the time, and was most favorably

Nearly fifty years ago Your Majesty, then the heir apparent to the Throne which Your Majesty now adorns, honored Canada with your presence, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Victoria bridge. The approaching completion of the Quebec bridge, the initial step and one of the great links in the Trans-continental Railway of Canada, whilst affording Your Majesty a fitting opportunity to witness the progress and development accomplished in Your Majesty's possessions on this continent, would enable their inhabitants to indulge in the manifestation of their loyalty and devotion to their beloved King and Queen.



HON. N. A. BELCOURT.

commented upon. The following is the full text of the resolution:—

"Address—To the King's Most Gracious Majesty:—

"Most Gracious Sovereign,

"We the members of the House of Commons of Canada, in parliament assembled, beg to humbly convey to Your Majesty, with the assurance of our loyalty and devotion to Your Royal Person, the expression of the desire and hope, long and fervently cherished by all British subjects inhabiting British North America, that Your Majesty would be graciously pleased to honor them with Your Majesty's presence, and thereby enable them to offer the personal tribute of their unwavering attachment to the Crown and the government of the empire, of their deep affection for Your Majesty's person, and their profound admiration for those kingly virtues and truly humanitarian deeds which have earned for Your Majesty first place among the great sovereigns of the world.

"We therefore must humbly pray that Your Majesty and Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen will honor the Dominion of Canada with your presence at such time as may be selected by Your Majesty."

The motion was unanimously agreed to by the House of Commons and afterwards by the Senate.

Perhaps at this time it would be of interest to readers of the Western Home Monthly to know something more about the honorable gentleman who introduced the resolution extending an invitation of Their Most Gracious Majesties our beloved King and Queen to visit Canada.

To those of our readers who came from Ontario, Quebec, or the Maritime Provinces, the Hon. N. A. Belcourt needs no introduction. For many years he has been prominent in public affairs in the East, and his best efforts has always been in evidence in uniting and harmonizing the two predominating races, the English speaking and the French speaking races. In Ottawa city, the

capital of the Dominion, where he is best known, having represented it in Parliament continuously for ten consecutive years, he is respected for his broad mindedness, his tolerance, and his generosity. He enjoys the confidence of the English speaking sections of the people to possibly a greater extent than any other man at the capital. He is idolized by his French speaking compatriots, and his fine judgment, tact, and wisdom, is always in evidence in bringing about a friendly feeling between his countrymen and those of Anglo-Saxon origin.

The Hon. Napoleon Antoine Belcourt, K.C., LL.M., LL.D., P.C. (Ottawa), was born in the city of Toronto, Ont., on September 15th, 1860, and is therefore in his forty-sixth year.

He is the eldest son of Ferdinand Napoleon Belcourt and Marie Ann Claire, both French-Canadians, descended from early settlers at Three Rivers, P.Q. He was sent to college at an early age, and graduated in arts at St. Joseph Seminary, Three Rivers, Que. He then entered Laval to study law, graduating from that honored old university with high honors, taking special degree of Master of Laws, "cum dignitate," 1882. He was admitted to the Quebec Bar, July, 1882, and to the Ontario Bar, 1884. He was elected a member of the Law Faculty of Ottawa University in 1891, and still remains a member of that faculty. In 1895 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Ottawa University.

In June, 1894, he was appointed by Sir Oliver Mowatt, Crown Attorney for Carleton County, which position he resigned in May, 1896, to become a candidate for the House of Commons. He founded the Club Nationale d'Ottawa, became its first president, retaining that office for ten years consecutively. In recognition of his brilliant legal attainments, he was elected a K.C. in Ontario and Quebec provinces, an honor conferred on few young men. For some years he was vice-president of the Ontario Liberal Association. In 1896 he was the unanimous choice of the Liberals of Ottawa assembled in convention to contest the city in the interests of the Liberal party, and was elected by a substantial majority.

He was re-elected at the general election of 1900, and again at the general election of 1904. He was elected Speaker of the House of Commons March 12th, 1904, and sworn as Privy Councillor, January 11th, 1905. Hon. N. A. Belcourt has been married twice. He was first married to Hectorine, eldest daughter of Hon. Joseph Shehyn, on January 29th, 1889 (she died). On January 29th, 1903, he married Miss Mary Margaret Haycock, of Ottawa, daughter of Mr. R. H. Haycock.

Hon. N. A. Belcourt is a fluent, convincing speaker in French or English, a progressive Liberal in politics, a man who has unbounded confidence in the future prosperity and greatness of Canada.

He is a warm personal friend of his leader, the Premier, the Right Hon. Sir Wilfred Laurier, and, if rumor is to be believed, he is slated for a place in the Cabinet at no distant date. That he is most eminently fitted both in temperament and attainments for a Cabinet position, no one who knows him will deny. In religion he is a Roman Catholic.

THE WINNIPEG INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

Western Canada's great industrial fair and exhibition, to be held in Winnipeg July 23-28 next, promises to be the greatest in its history and thoroughly in harmony with the spirit and enterprise that is so distinctively Western. It will give opportunity for an exhibition of the progress and development of Western Canada during the last year, probably the greatest feature in the history of the economic history of the Dominion.

The President and Board of Directors are making every effort to make the Winnipeg Exhibition this year the

most instructive in its history, and with the assistance of Dr. A. W. Bell, so well known throughout Canada for his efficient services with the Board of Management of the Toronto industrial fair for several years, have introduced new energy, resourcefulness and initiative into the preparations for what is one of the greatest events in the Western Canadian year.

The prize lists have been increased, as well as the amounts of the prizes. Several of the great stock associations of Great Britain have presented medals and money prizes for competition in recognition of the importance of Canada in the stock-breeding world.

Arrangements have been made with some of the great musical bands of the Western States and Western Canada to participate, and the famous Kuabenshue airship will be one of the principal attractions in the department of amusements.

The dog show, the first of its kind in connection with the Industrial Exhibition will be a feature which will specially appeal to Western Canada, where are some of the best bred dogs on the continent, and will be displayed to the best advantage that modern skill and equipment can give.

Music will be provided by the best bands of the Canadian and United States West, a massed band concert being held twice every day, afternoon and evening.

A distinct feature of the many amusements and special attractions that will be provided will be the famous Kuabenshue airship, which will daily ascend from the Exhibition Grounds. The Kuabenshue airship is veritably one of the scientific wonders of the world, and provides one of the most sensational features possible. It is the pioneer of aerial navigation.

This huge envelope or balloon, 62 feet long, shaped like a herring, ascends high in the air and at a speed varying with the wind sails at a high elevation and returns to the point of starting.

Every effort is being made by the Board of Management and by the manager, Dr. A. W. Bell, to make the exhibition in Winnipeg, July 23-28 next, the most successful in the history of Western Canada.

A copy of "The Magrath Pioneer" has arrived at this office, and we take this opportunity of complimenting its editor and proprietor, Mr. David H. Elton, upon the neat appearance of the sheet and upon the manner in which the news is laid out. The paper will confer much benefit upon the Magrath community and should greatly influence the opinions of Southern Alberta.

SOUTH AFRICAN COUSINS.

Closer Attention to Canada and the Products of this Country.

There can be no doubt that the South African War brought the British colonies closer together than ever before. South Africa is keeping a close eye on Canadian affairs, and the excellent reputation our manufactures are attaining in the world is well known there. Recently Mr. R. C. Lloyd, who has been resident magistrate and civil commissioner of Barkly East, Natal, was transferred to a more lucrative and important post in the Government service. During his stay in Barkly East he has made many friends, despite the fact that for a considerable time he was administering martial law. It was thought only fitting by his friends, both Africans and English, that some testimonial of the regard in which he was held should be presented to him. Accordingly a committee was formed, and it was decided to present him with an eighty guinea piano. The instrument selected was a "Gourlay," made in Toronto by the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming. This is unquestionably a splendid tribute to this high-grade and beautiful instrument, and at the same time a pleasing recognition of Canada's position in the manufacturing world. Mrs. Lloyd is a trained musician and an excellent singer, and, therefore, it is certain she will appreciate to the full the beautiful tone of the Gourlay, an instrument which has excited the enthusiasm of musicians everywhere.



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Traffic Manager,
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W. W. Cory, Deputy Minister of the Interior

Of the many branches of the Canadian Government, the Western Canadian is possibly more interested in the Department of the Interior, its officers and its successful management than in any other branch of the administration.

The economical management of the Lands Department, the vast immigration propaganda carried on to attract a desirable class of settlers to the prairies of the West, as well as the wise administration of Indian affairs, are matters of concern to every Westerner. Of late years, owing to a more energetic initiative policy on the part of the officers in charge of the department of the Interior, hundreds of thousands of new settlers have been attracted to the West. Those settlers soon begin to produce wealth by tilling the fertile plains, transforming the land of the gopher and formerly of the buffalo into productive farms growing abundant crops of golden grain.

White Mouth river, now known as the thriving town of Gladstone. His father is a Cornishman and his mother is Scotch, both his parents being born in the old country. He was educated in the public schools in the Province of Manitoba and finished his education at St. John's College, Winnipeg, graduating from it in 1886. He then entered the firm of Archibald, Howell, Hough & Campbell, and commenced the study of law, where he remained for eighteen months, then transferring his articles to the law firm of Munson & Allan. He remained there for upwards of a year, leaving to join the civil service of the Province of Manitoba as clerk in the Attorney-General's office, where he completed his articles. Whilst a member of the civil service in Manitoba, Mr. Cory served under Attorney-Generals Martin, Sifton, Cameron, and for a few weeks under Hon. Hugh John Macdonald. In February, 1900, he resigned, and in January, 1901, was appointed to the Interior Department,



W. W. CORY.

Much of the success of the Department of the Interior is due to the personal of its staff and to the fact that it is presided over by a Western minister, who has as his first lieutenant a Western man in the person of Mr. W. W. Cory the present active administrative head of the department. Mr. Cory is a man of attractive personality, approachable, broadminded, a resourceful, tireless worker, and a master of detail. He possesses a breadth of vision, a high sense of what is right and a marvellous capacity for organization. Coming from the West, where he practically resided all his life, he has a thorough knowledge of the needs of the country. In short, he is the right man in the right place, and Canada as a whole is the richer by having a man of such sound judgment and high caliber occupying such an important position. Mr. Cory was but five years of age when his father came West and settled with his family on a farm near the third crossing of the

taking charge of the patenting of railway lands.

In July, 1901, Mr. Cory was appointed inspector of Yukon offices, remaining in the Yukon throughout the summers of 1901, 1902 and 1903. In January, 1904, he was appointed assistant commissioner of Dominion lands, a position he held until he was made deputy minister of the Interior, according to that position January 1st, 1905.

Mr. Cory's parents are both living. He has two brothers, Thomas, Jr., and John, who is a lawyer practising at Gilbert Plains.

He has four sisters, the eldest being the wife of Mr. T. L. Morton, for many years member of the local legislature for Gladstone.

Mr. Cory was married in 1883 to Miss Laura Watson, a native of Lincolnshire, England. They have three children, Lewis, Edith and Wilfred, aged respectively seventeen, fifteen and ten. Mr. Cory's parents celebrated their golden wedding April 9th, 1905.

Seeing Your Way in Life All Foolishness.

By JOHN A. HOWLAND.

A man the other day threw himself into the Chicago river, and when he was fished out pleaded in extenuation of his folly that he was driven to it by "not seeing his way in life." He was in fair health, had no one depending on him, and had over \$20 in his pockets. The magistrate expressed his opinion that he was a fool, and, in consideration of the mud and water he had swallowed, dismissed him, informing him there were a good many people who did not see their way in this life, and if they all went and threw themselves into the river the river would be blocked to navigation.

I find that this not "seeing one's way" has almost assumed the complexion of a nervous complaint. The number of young fellows and young girls who are oppressed with terror because they "cannot see their way" is amazing.

"I cannot see my way in my business," a young clerk informed me a day or two back. "I mean to give it up and go in for something else."

He feels certain there must be some occupation in which an industrious and averagely level headed fellow can clearly see his way to fortune from the beginning.

"I am 21 now," a girl confided to me, solemnly, "and what's the good of going on as I am? I cannot see my way a bit. When I am 40 or 50 I shall not want to work like this, and what shall I do?"

"Look ahead of you; see your way. Choose your path, and say, 'That's the path for me,' and stick to it. That is how to succeed in life."

Those words were uttered by Theophilus Horter, who from being almost penniless has amassed an enormous fortune. What Mr. Horter, of course, means is that he found success by acting as he advises others to act. In an account I read of him in another paper I discovered that (1) he obtained his first post in a store by an accidental meeting with an influential person on a train; (2) that a great fire, in which the store manager met death, pitchforked Horter into his place; (3) that a speculation in oil shares made him rich at a bound; (4) that, being rich already, he married an even richer woman.

Now, how far is it possible to believe that Mr. Horter saw his way in these circumstances, and how far were they merely dependent on good fortune? I cannot, for my part, rid myself of the idea that while Mr. Horter is a shrewd, hard working man, no doubt he has by no means really seen his way on some of the most important occasions of his life. But I have not the slightest doubt that advice of his will worry a good number of people, who will come to the conclusion that they are lacking in all that makes for success because they cannot see a good deal farther than a human being was ever intended to.

The celebrated forger, Jim the Penman, used to boast that he "could see through a brick wall." In a famous note written to one of his accomplices, he declared he saw his way ahead for years of prosperous villainy. A few months later he found himself condemned to lifelong punishment! It is well to take the statements of people who claim such wonderful sagacity with a big pinch of salt.

"I claim foresight, but I make no pretension to powers of divination," said Moltke, when, in discussing a military campaign, an officer wanted to know what would happen next after a certain point. Moltke could not tell him, and, indeed, did not hesitate to say that he considered the question absurd in seeking to know what was hidden in the future.

"I only know," he declared, "that whatever happens, all that man can

do to make it fortunate will have been done."

Moltke had his own peculiar way of looking ahead. Perhaps no man could see farther. But people are not satisfied with what satisfied him. That is one of the failings of humanity which makes the fortunes of fortune tellers.

"What does the future hold in store for you? Can you see along that mysterious path of life which lies before you?" one of these humbugs says in a circular I got a day or two ago. "Are your eyes dim and unable to penetrate the mists which surround what fate has marked out for you?"

The man who has so kindly sent me this invitation to consult him is quite right in conjecturing that my eyes are not of that wonderful capacity that can see "what years hence will unfold." But I can see plainly so far, that I have a certain amount of money in my pocket that I would much rather see there than lose sight of by letting it pass into the pocket of this man, who assures me he has such excellent vision into the future.

A police authority informs me that never did fortune tellers find so many patrons as they do to-day. There are thousands of people afflicted with the anxiety of "seeing their way" much farther than Providence ever intended they should. They remind one of Lord Beaconsfield's remark—that the worry of the present was not enough for some people. They must add to it the worry of an imaginary future which never arrived as they pictured it.

In some respects one can certainly see one's way. The man or woman who never saves must clearly perceive that he or she will have no money in the bank. It does not require a fortune teller to predict that some people will be ill or unfortunate. Nothing can help it.

When Mr. Horter tells me that he saw before him his path all along those sixty-seven years of prosperity, I really think he must have forgotten a good deal, and is taking to himself some credit for much that Providence has done for him. However, I should not find fault with him, only that these arrogant statements of successful men frequently have a depressing effect on those who are less lucky. He will not have done service to the world if he convinces people that if they cannot see their way for a few years—say, two or so—ahead, they are deficient in the quality that spells "success."

"To hear some people talk, you might think ez they worked Providence," said Josh Billings: "an' a mighty good job they make of it. I've tried it myself, and my opinion is that it wants a very remarkable man to make a success of it."

It certainly does. Life, in fact, is much like a military campaign. "A commander must have his plan," said Wellington, "but carrying it out is an hour to hour business. I know of no campaign that was in the end the campaign the general had expected at the beginning."

Looking over the lives of my friends, it is strange to see how oddly they have varied from the pretty map drawn years ago. The campaign has not been that expected at the beginning. With some it has been more triumphant and shorter. With others, just the reverse.

"You see," observed the proud organizer of an exploring expedition, who was talking over its prospects with Stanley. "I have provided for every contingency."

"You have only omitted calculating one thing, as far as I can see," remarked Stanley, "and that is the contingency that always does happen and that no one has foreseen." They will come in life, and do not start—they are as often good contingencies as bad.

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“Star-Dust.”

By ELIZABETH H. BOWLE.

It was for sheer deviltry that Andrew Ambrose made love to brown Marty.

Brown as a nut she was—hair, eyes, skin—and her life was brown to match; for the farm, when it paid, wrung too much sweat out of its toilers, draining life's sweetness, especially when there was little in the home-life to redeem. The father was tyrannical of will and surly, the mother feeble of health and always timid and subdued, and Marty herself a scorned girl.

For that mistake the husband, lacking justice and humor, had always blamed the wife; but the unforgivable sin was that the scorned girl did not fear him. She worked, worked like a boy or a man, just for her mother's sake, not to leave her, but she kept her taskmaster at bay. If anything, he feared her, and for this he hated her. “There is no devil but fear.” But Marty would much rather have had love. For no noble nature wishes to be feared.

And then into Marty's brown life came Andrew Ambrose. And this is how it came about.

Andrew had returned from one of his hunting expeditions, to the success of which two bear-skins testified, and was standing outside the

ning than scorn of its manner and motive. It was exquisitely funny to think of handsome Andrew, at whom all the girls made eyes, courting homely Marty—a Marty, too, whose gowning was so poor and unbecoming. It was almost Beauty and the Beast reversed.

But that very evening Andrew rode out to the farm. Marty was milking and she talked to him while she milked. She knew him. He had shot over their land sometimes and brought them jack-rabbits, and once, to her regret, a brown quail. But, her milking done, she left him to her father, never even coming to the house door to see if he were still there nor to watch him ride away, an unconcern or an abstraction that made Andrew smile again. But he went again the next evening, and the next, and the next, then subtly missed two, but the poor result of that subtlety made him laugh at himself.

But it was that same evening, when Marty had gone to bed, but was sleepless, that her mother crept softly into her room and sat on the bedside.

“Marty, child,” she said, in a tremulous whisper, “you've got a beau.”



“ANDREW HAD RETURNED FROM ONE OF HIS HUNTING EXPEDITIONS . . . WHEN MARTY PASSED BY WITH ‘FRED WILLIAMS.’”

grocery store with three other young men, when Marty passed by with Fred Williams, Rose Martin's “boy,” and when she was out of hearing one said, with a laugh:

“It's full time Marty had a beau of her own.”

Said another: “She's too homely.” And added, sadly reminiscent of a certain exacting beauty: “But perhaps homely girls don't expect so much. I guess they might even be grateful some.”

“Not much, Marty!” said the first one. “She's blamed proud, and as shy as a bird. You'd have to stone or trap her, or shoot her in the wing, to catch her at all.”

Andrew smiled at this, showing his strong white teeth, and when he smiled that way there was a little devil in each dark eye, and the end of a woman's little finger would have fitted into the cleft in his chin. Hadn't a woman held him by the chin and tried it? The words took his fancy and the hunter's blood in him stirred.

“What do you bet I'll have her in my hand within two months, and that when I open it she'll perch on it?”

And he threw his hand upward slightly, a gesture significant of the throwing off of a bird into the air, and then he put it in his pocket. Presumably the bird was perchless.

“How low law!” That was the sole reply he received, and the laugh

Then knowledge seemed to come to Marty almost like a blow.

“But, I thought he wanted to buy the farm. What can he want with me?” she asked.

“The farm nothing, child! Weren't his eyes on you all the evening?”—

Yes, yes, Marty knew that. She could feel those compelling eyes on her now.—“Don't you think I know when a man's courting? Weren't there three courted me, and God only knows why I took your poor father! But, listen, Marty, you must put on my new skirt—I daren't ask for another for you yet!—and sit in the parlor evenings.”

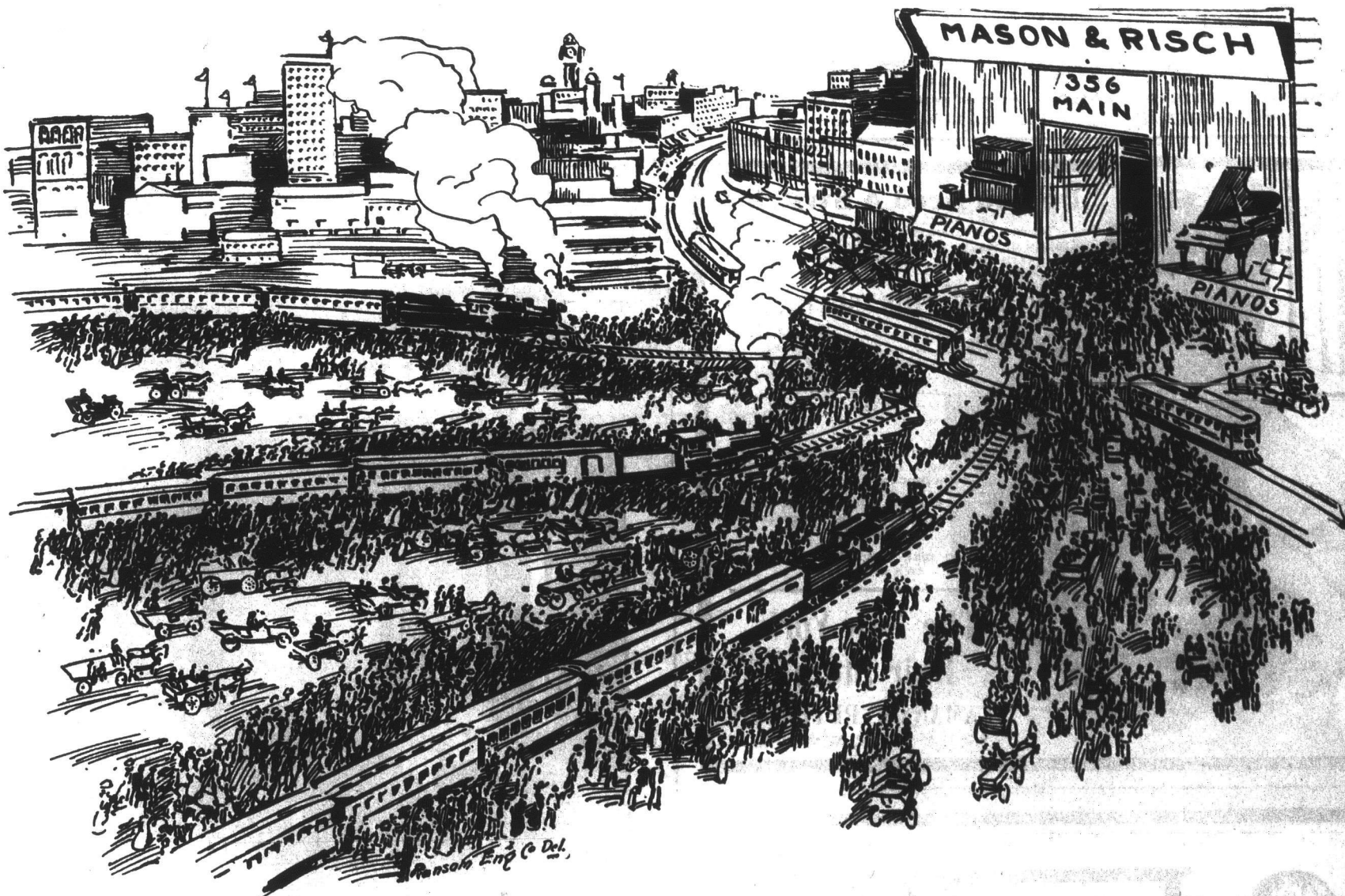
For a moment the aspect of that unspeakable parlor made Marty laugh softly. If “many waters cannot quench love,” surely,” she thought, “some parlors can.”

“I'll never dress up for a man,” she said, quietly, then.

But when her mother emitted inarticulate murmurs, expressive of woe and disappointment, she added, consolingly: “And you know, mother, I look best in my working dress when I have on a big apron. My best dress is cheap and ugly, but my aprons are cheap and pretty.”

The fact was, she had an eye for color and for line, and she fashioned for herself big overall aprons of bright and soft-hued calicoes. Sometimes red, sometimes soft pinks and gray-blues, and sunbonnets to match. She, plowing a dun field on a gray day in one of these costumes, would

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have ravished an artist's eye. He might even have gone farther and loved her straight furrow. And there, too, in a pocket made for the purpose, was tucked her little "Wallen," bracing as the work of which she was now unashamed. It had enlightened her, and fed her fancies. One of her dreams had been to chum with a Thoreau and be simple and sylvan and sincere.

"But even if he is courting me," she said, after a mutual silence, "I needn't take him, if I don't want to, need I?"

"My sakes, Marty, you'd never say 'no' to Andrew Ambrose? You'd be plumb crazy!"

"He's splendid to look at, and I like him around for a while, and he seems very, very kind, but that isn't all, is it? I'd have to love him, and I might not find him lovable. Besides, how can he love me?"

"Why, child, you're a woman, ain't you? And when he can come court-

ing you, don't it show at once he's lovable? He ain't after money and beauty, he looks deeper. Marty, at the pace he's going, there'll be a wedding before the year's out!"

But in her excitement she had unduly raised her voice, and immediately the familiar yell from the next room recalled her there on deprecating tiptoe.

"Will Andrew ever yell at me like that? Never twice! I'd kill myself rather!" said Marty to herself.

But in the days that followed, if she thought at all, she had to own that Andrew was very lovable. Who could have withstood, even knowingly, a pursuit so quiet, so relentless, so skilled, and withal so gentle? And yet to Andrew the chase was a hard one, harder than he expected: he had to admit it was hard enough to be exciting and pleasurable, and that the quarry was worth the trouble if only because she gave trouble. Yet her decoys and defences were those

of sincerity and candour, not of prudery and coquetry. Without meaning to be so, she was proud, elusive, fearless; and the knowledge of her shortcomings in the way of good looks and education gave her just the requisite softening touch of timidity. Occasionally in the breathing-places of the chase she would look at him almost with petition. Love was such a torment of joy, such a fulness of life to her, that at times she almost prayed to be delivered from it. And in those days, the mother, looking on tenderly and silently, fancied that even the outside Marty changed. Her brown skin took a rose tint, her hair seemed burnished, her eyes to have golden lights. Her rich nature, that no hardships had impoverished, only held in check, once placed full in the sun, became almost exotic but for its native austerity of truth. No wonder Andrew found himself looking forward with a beating pulse

to the moment of capture. And there came a day when he said: "Marty, you've got to give in." And her reply was, "I want to be free."

"It's the last thing you'll always want if you're a true woman," he said.

"I want to be a true woman, from head to foot."

Andrew laughed aloud. "Choose, then," he said. And the choice answered his expectation.

The hunter's blood was hot within him, but never the lover's. To know she was in his power was enough. But how could Marty discriminate between triumph and love? And would she be glad or not to learn? It was soon after that, that Fred Williams came one morning to the farm. He had worked there once in haying and harvest times and had known and liked Marty well enough

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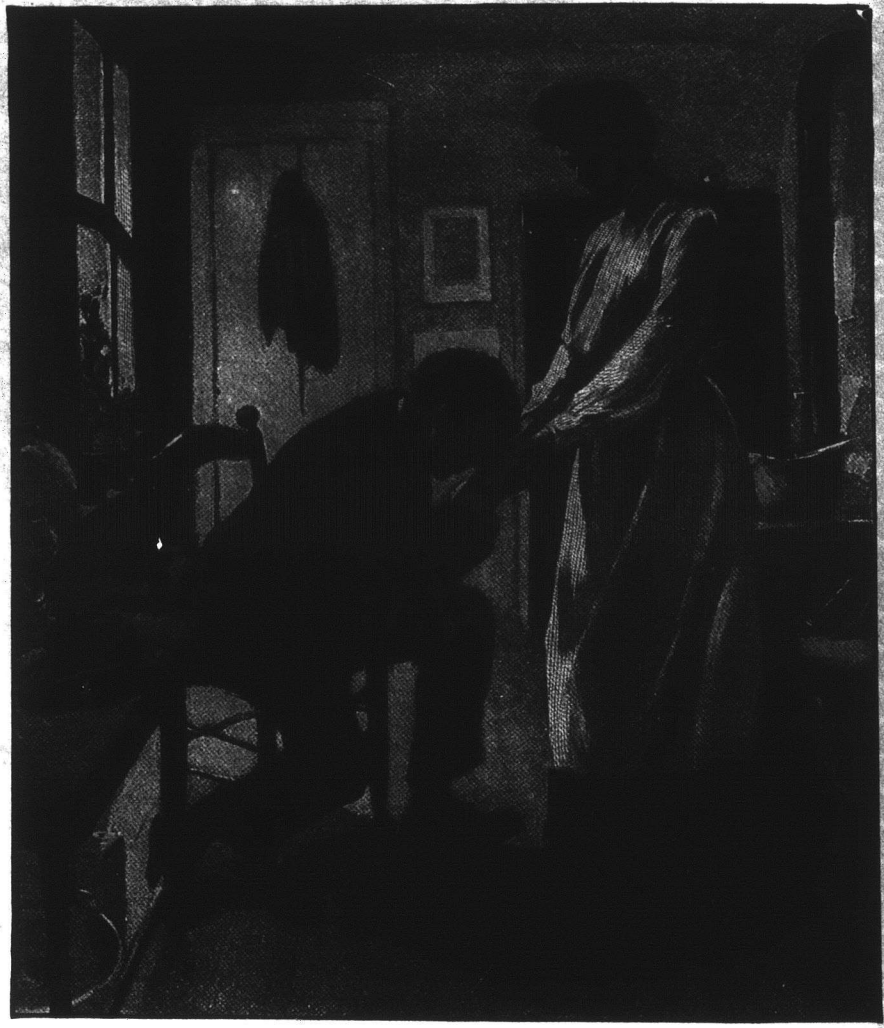
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to be her friend. It was he who had given her the "Walden."
 He had just a few words to say to her. "Where no one can see us," he said, and she left her potato-patch and went over to the barn, where they sat on an old reaper. Yes, just a few words, but they were hard to say. He blundered through them, his eyes on the ground. And as they were said, Marty set her teeth and drew in her breath. But following them came a silence so complete that Fred was, at last, bound to look at her. Her face frightened him. Something in her had surely had its death-blow. Happiness dies hard; and the desire for it dies never.
 "Marty," he said, quickly, "he did not—you have not—?"
 She understood him and answered: "No, Fred, not that. I can see now that he never would have wanted me. Is it very, very wrong of me to wish he had? Am I unwomanly to say so and to feel so?"
 "No, no, never more a woman—but you must brace up, Marty. A

ride, a girl he had known for two days only, but around whose waist he passed his arm unreprieved. How many arms had encircled it, he idly wondered. But then she was bewitchingly pretty—so much so that it was an hour or two into Sunday before he unhitched in his own yard. But in the evening he went to see Marty. Her father and mother had gone to a camp-meeting and she was alone and sitting in the kitchen, the door open to the autumn sights and sounds. The kitchen itself had always a homelike air, was clean as hands could make it, and prints of good pictures pinned on the walls redeemed its poverty. Those pictures had helped Marty many a time. She had that thirst for the beautiful and for its expression that makes for joy and for sorrow.
 The thought in his mind as he rode out had been how best to bring the thing to a finish. The devil in him desired confession just for the sake of seeing how Marty would take it, but always he had killed his prey quickly and mercifully, and so



"THOSE TOIL-WORN HANDS . . . HUNG IN FRONT OF HER, LOOSELY CLASPED, AND ANDREW TOOK THEM IN HIS AND BENT HIS FOREHEAD UPON THEM."

face like that will give you away at once."
 "I am thinking of father, how he will laugh; he has laughed all the time—and of poor mother."
 "But, Marty, this gives you your chance to come out even, or I would have throttled the fellow right there! Not a soul will know but you and me—and you can chuck him over—you can laugh at him—you can pretend to him and every one that you knew all the time and were fooling him. You can make him the laughing-stock of the town. You must do it as quick as you can, Marty."
 "Yes, next time he comes, Fred."
 "You're game; I knew you would be!" And he took her hand and pressed it warmly, kindly, then rose to his feet to go. "Marty, I hated to come! And for God's sake, don't take it too hard—he isn't worth it."
 "You've been a real friend to me, Fred," she answered. "No woman could have done it so well for me."
 That was true. Marty was always one of those women whose friends are men; her strength required their masculine strength, and to them she gave a restful understanding of their weakness.
 That day was Saturday, and in the evening Andrew did not come. As a matter of fact, he was taking another girl for a moonlight buggy

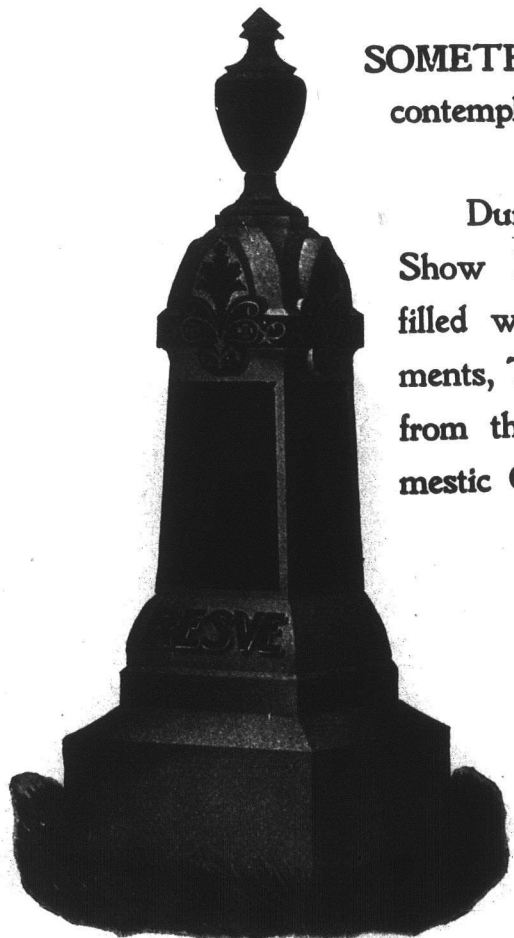
now; and he decided that to pick a quarrel was the better, and fling out of the house—never to return. But how to quarrel with this quiet girl in this peaceful little room? Instead, he leaned forward from his chair to kiss her, but she drew back, and there at once was the opening he wished. Why, he asked, was he not to kiss her?
 Marty's eyes rested upon him a moment in silence.
 "Don't you think it's time we gave it all up?" she asked then.
 "Gave what up? What do you mean?"
 "Making love to each other," she said, quietly, but her gaze now was on the stove. For one thing, she hated to see his face change, as change it did, but he answered steadily enough:
 "I don't know what you mean, Marty."
 "Yes, you do. You made a bet or something that you would catch me, like you hunt and catch a bird. But two can play at that game, can't they? Can you blame me if I wanted to get the better of you when you were trying to get the better of me?"
 He was silent for several moments; then he said, quite calmly:
 "I don't blame you at all. I rather admire you. Sometimes it happens that a hunter is caught in his own

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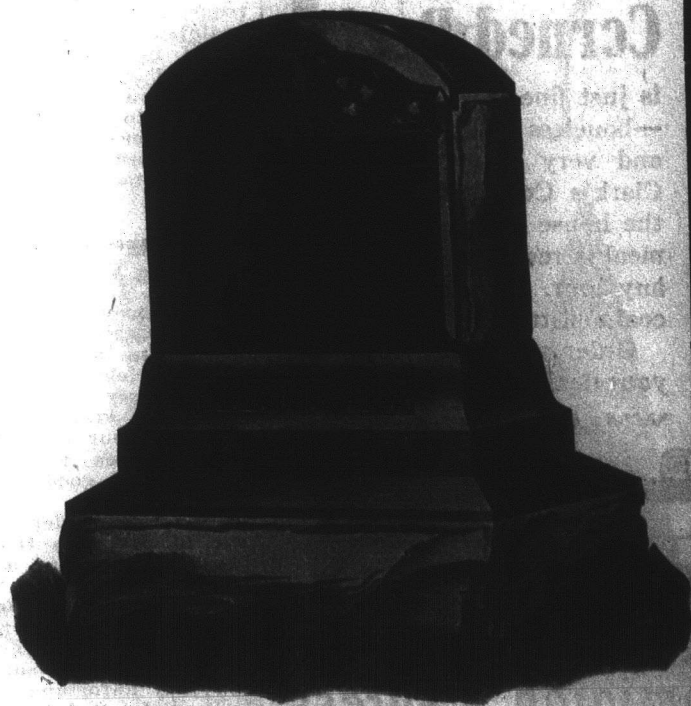
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trap, and he would be a fool to kick."

"Yes, we see then what stuff he's made of. You are made of good stuff, Andrew. You have fine qualities, but I want you to be finer."

"Thank you." He laughed lightly, and said, as lightly:

"So you did not love me, Marty. So much the better."

Marty was silent for a moment, then she said, quietly:

"Yes, I loved you. And I must love you for a time yet, anyway, because I can't tear you out of my heart, Andrew, in a day or an hour, perhaps never. But what does it matter? It matters only to me. Is there anything to be ashamed of in that? I can't think so. I should only be ashamed if I tried now to save my pride with a paltry lie. My pride—I will never belie myself and my love—the love that has been so perfectly beautiful—her voice broke and she turned away her face from him. But in spite of herself, she was swept away for a time by a very tempest of grief. Had she been alone, she would have paced the floor as a wild animal paces its cage, perhaps beaten her head against its walls, one pain to ease the other. And throughout it all, Andrew sat absolutely silent and still. After all, he had not only slain, but slaying had turned the knife in the wound, and he sickened of himself. In those minutes, Marty's wish was granted. He was finer, irrevocably so.

Then she regained self-control, dried her eyes, and stood up before him composed and strong.

"I want you to go now. I don't want you ever to come again."

Her hands—those toil-worn hands that she had tried so hard not to be ashamed of—hung in front of her, loosely clasped, and Andrew took them in his and bent his forehead upon them. It was an act of abasement that filled Marty's heart with amazement, but as she looked down on his dark head, her whole soul was

lost in the one immense desire for one more kiss. How frightfully cruel to be a woman and to have to be silent! And he had taught her to be a woman and now to be silent! A woman,—an unloved one—hardly even a loved one—cannot ask or beg or take unashamed as a man may, or if she does, perhaps all her life she

worth it, but just for that reason I need it more, don't I? And pity isn't for such as you—you have come out by far the greater and nobler—so great and noble, Marty, that I am glad I have held you in my hand for a time—"

He dropped her hands and rose to his feet.



"THEN HE WENT OUT, SHUTTING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM."

regrets. Sometimes, deliberately, she asks, accepting the pang; and ever after says within herself, "It was worth it."

Then Andrew raised his head and looked up in her face.

"Marty, child, I knew you loved me—I am glad you did not lie. It would have hurt me to hear you lie. Love me all you want to. I'm not

"And that's the truth—I give you truth for truth—all the rest was a black lie!"

He turned from her and turned back again, where she stood quite still, not even looking at him. She could not bear to look.

"But you shall have something to feed your heart upon! This is truth, too!"

With a quick movement he took her in his arms and pressed his lips twice upon hers. The first kiss was barbaric in its masterfulness. It obliged her to respond to it. The second one was heartbreaking, for it held farewell in its tender firmness. Then he went out, shutting the door behind him.

Mooney's Car Line.

It takes a lot of confidence in one's success, and an abiding faith in future prosperity, to invest the money necessary to equip a line of private freight cars in connection with one's business. Yet that is just what the Mooney Biscuit and Candy Company, Limited, of Stratford, Ontario, have done.


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THE PIANO OF TO-DAY.

The NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PIANO. See our Magnificent Exhibit at Winnipeg Industrial Fair, July 23rd to 28th.

Correspondence

Our correspondence columns are growing enormously. The number of letters received last month enclosed in blank envelope with stamp attached with instructions to forward same on to some one or another writer, kept us busy a part of the time. We do not mind a little extra work if we can be of any real service to our readers in introducing those who are matrimonially inclined.

Send along your letters, we will forward them with pleasure to any writer in these columns with whom you wish to get acquainted.

Note:—We are not at liberty to send you the name and address of any writer, so please do not make such a request. Should you desire to get acquainted, forward us your letter enclosed in blank envelope with stamp attached and we will mail it to the person you designate.

Owing to the large number of letters sent us for publication, we are obliged to hold some of them over until next month, when they will appear in due course.

A Chance for Alberta Ranchers.

Portage la Prairie, Man., June 5th 1906.
Editor:—I am an interested reader of your magazine, and believe it the best in Canada. I have been nearly three years in Manitoba, and have met a few bachelors and not many of them were "pokey old way-backs, or consumers of strong drink," as a lady writer in your magazine dubbed them. Most of those whom I met impressed me as being good whole-souled clean-living men.

When we consider the difficulties they have to overcome the only wonder is they are as decent as they are. No girl could be expected to marry a drinking man and undoubtedly some of the bachelors are that, but is not the same to be said about a good many "town-men." "Young Woman," seems to have been very unfortunate in the bachelors she has met and I hope she will soon meet some who will correct the first impression. In your December number there was a letter from "Vacuum" telling us he wanted not only a housekeeper but a wife. Good for "Vacuum." Too many men are merely looking for some one to do the housework for them. I should like to meet some of the Alberta ranchers, but they must be sober, industrious and fairly well educated.

"A Manitoba Girl."

Bachelors, Wake Up.

Regina, May 9th, 1906.
Editor:—Your correspondence page is indeed interesting. I have lived in the West for a year and a half and have much sympathy for the Western bachelors. There is a lonely lot to be sure. Many of them, no doubt, do not wish to change. I know several about here who appear to be well satisfied with their bachelor life. If they are not satisfied why do they not make some effort to get acquainted with us girls. Some of your young men have been in the West for a number of years and their finances are now ample to meet the needs of a comfortable domicile. I read a number of letters from bachelors in your magazine, and you would think that the average bachelor regards getting married as a matter of business, such as the buying of a horse or a piece of farm machinery, etc. It is a serious business and no girl cares to be looked upon as a menial. Some express themselves as wanting one "strong and willing to work." Oh! yes, and she must be good looking too. I like "Vacuum's" way of putting it. He doesn't want simply a housekeeper, but a wife.

"Bachelor Girl."

"In the Matrimonial Market."

Aikenside, Man., May 26th, 1906.
Editor:—It is with great interest that I have watched the correspondence in your valuable magazine, the Western Home Monthly. I am a farmer's daughter, twenty-one years of age and am considered good looking, having fair hair, fair complexion, and deep blue eyes. I have all the qualifications of a good housekeeper and am willing to do my share of the work, but draw the line at milking cows, feeding pigs, and getting up and lighting the fire on a winter's morning.

I would like to correspond with any nice young bachelor who is tired of single-blessedness.

Widowers, grass-widowers and cranks need not apply.

"Clover Top."

A Fortunate Young Man.

Norwood, Man., June 5th, 1906.
Editor:—The letter signed "Vacuum" in a recent issue of your magazine on the matrimonial questions seems to be most sensible and temperate. It seems a remarkable thing that so many bachelors should be unable to find wives. I have been in this country nearly a year, which of course is not very long, but at the same time have met young women who would only be too glad to meet a young man such as any of your correspondents describe themselves to be. I may say, I myself am among the number.

"Interested."

Victoria wants an Introduction.

Coleman, Alta., June 7th, 1906.
Editor:—I am a constant reader of the interesting correspondence appearing in your magazine. So far I have not met with a desirable farmer or rancher and I agree with other correspondents that they are rather inclined to waste too much money in drink. No doubt they are tempted to this by their loneliness and if, as one writer puts it, if they could meet with "Miss Right"

rich. I am good looking, a piano player, a vocalist, and have a second-class teacher's certificate and am going on for my first-class.

I am not thinking of such a thing as marriage. I prefer playing the piano, singing or studying. These old pokes are telling untruths and expect young girls to believe them. Don't believe a word they say. We girls of Manitoba and the North-West should aim for a higher station in life than to get married to such old "toughs" as some of these are. I wish to tell the bachelor from "Wakapa" he is right when he says the girls of Manitoba are conceited.

That writer from "Stoetzel" I hope will be disappointed, he wants a slave and not a wife. We are as independent as you, Mr. Bachelor. If ever I wed I mean to get a rich banker or merchant, etc. No messback with hayseeds in his whiskers for me. Oh! No, thank! "Youthful Manitoban."

Defends the Bachelor.

Alameda, Sask., June 9th, 1906.
Editor:—Your magazine is excellent. Permit me to say a few words in



A TYPE OF GIRL WHO WILL "MAKE GOOD" IN THE CANADIAN WEST.

they would be glad to spend their lives at home, provided it was made happy and comfortable. I am an orphan, and came out to this country last July from England.

I am cheerful, affectionate, attractive, and past 30, a good housekeeper, well educated, musical, and would gladly correspond with a refined farmer or rancher of similar tastes. I shall be grateful to you if you will help introduce me to some of your bachelor readers.

"Victoria."

Farmers Not Wanted.

Miami, Man., May 26th, 1906.
Editor:—Your correspondence page is indeed interesting. These old pokey bachelors are stingy old critters and are protesting they do not drink or smoke, but I would judge that 90 per cent of them are not telling the truth. Don't believe what these old pokes say, and don't be too anxious to get married. You will simply be expected to help and slave to assist pull pokey hubby out of a hole. Girls, remain single and make something of yourself in the world. Don't tie yourself up to some stingy old "Bach" to do his housework for him. Just as soon as one of those old "chumps" get a homestead they think that we girls of Manitoba should rush to his assistance and help make him

defence of the bachelor. The bachelor has been the forerunner of settlement in this country and is not deserving of the abuse of some of the lady writers. His lot is a hard one and if his critics were in his place they would not do half so well as he has done. The trouble is today, the girls are all for education, or some way of making their living without work, such as teaching, office work, etc.

Every mother should teach her daughter to first learn housework, she would then be useful to her parents and when she gets married her husband would not be obliged to teach her how to keep house as is often the case. There are many maidens of marriageable age about here, but they are looking to wed some one better than a farmer. The newcomers from Europe are marrying our bachelors and will have good homes and be living in comfort when the maiden ladies of today, then (old maids) too old in fact to support themselves will be a burden to their friends. Possibly they expect the government will keep them in their old age.

"An Observer."

"Agrees with Spinster Aged 19."

Paynton, Sask., May 6th, 1906.
Editor:—I heartily agree with what "Spinster aged 19" has to say on bach-

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Since our beginning in Winnipeg our attention, every day, has been quality above all things. Our steadily expanding business, and the growing appreciation we have enjoyed since that time proves out our claim that merit wins. We have been compelled at times to ask a little higher price but higher quality always went with such a purchase, and although we have sometimes found it difficult to make a patron see as we could wherein the difference laid, time, wear and durability have always demonstrated the wisdom of our counsel and made our customers into friends. Every artist in our employ is a specialist in his particular department, the hair we use the best we can procure from Sunny Southern France and Spain. You are coming to the Fair, why not visit our establishment during the sojourn? Demonstration in private apartments will be free during that time and if you cannot see for yourself why it pays to get the best, there is no obligation on your part. If you cannot come to the Fair there is another way to buy, order from the illustrated articles shown herewith or send for our literature which gives fuller information.

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In measuring wigs just follow the chart as directed.

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elors in your issue of April. In my opinion a man has descended pretty low when he expects a woman to do the work on a farm known as "chores." In fact he is not much better than the African nigger whose national trait is that of having wives to work for him, just the same as we buy horses and other animals to work for us. I maintain a man has very little refinement about him and absolutely no respect for his wife when he allows or expects her to do work such as I have witnessed in these parts.

Rancher No. 5.

One for Highland Lassie.

Boney Glen, Alta., May 14th, 1906.
Editor.—You will do me a favor if you give "Highland Lassie" of Winnipeg my address as I would like to hear from her. I read her letter in your April issue. I remain a subscriber, "Dexter."

Wanted—Addresses.

Lytton, B. C., May 20th 1906.
Editor.—Please give me the names and addresses of the following if you think they would not object, viz:—"Bachelor Farmer," Pincher Creek, "One Who Means Business," Knee Hill Valley, "A Bachelor," Wakapa; "Vacuum," Stoetzel, and "Heather Jack," A. B. C. Girl.

The Real Goods.

Cartwright, Man., May 22nd, 1906.
Editor.—I read in the Western Home Monthly that some bachelors say that really good women are hard to find. Well, I may say, that I return the compliment and say that good men are hard to find. Some of your bachelor writers claim to belong to the goody goody class. I would like to get acquainted with some young man who wants a good housekeeper. I can do anything in the way of housekeeping. I can and am willing to milk if that would help a poor man. I am full of life and particularly fond of music. My height is 5 ft. 3 inches. Scotch, good natured, very tender hearted, very fond of horses and cows. My complexion is dark, black hair, clear skin, hearty and strong and very fond of working in a garden. The man who answers this will have no reason to regret his action.
"Young Woman" No. 6.

Englishman Would Wed.

Gladstone, Man., May 24th, 1906.
Editor.—Will you please help me to become acquainted with a sincere honest young woman from 18 to 28. My age is 28, dark, rather tall, healthy, an Englishman, am a gardener and a man of steady habits. I do not know your charge for the cost of publishing this letter. Please send bill and I will remit amount.
"George."

A Reasonable Kind of Man.

Crossfield, Alta., May 14th, 1906.
Editor.—I like your magazine. I think the young lady from Dauphin in your May issue writes a sensible letter. I am a young man of 24 years, do not drink, smoke, chew or gamble. I live with my folks on a farm and am not one of those lonely bachelors so often described in your magazine. I don't believe in a wife being continually indoors working herself to death, but like to see her take parts in outdoor sports, such as fishing, skating, hunting, etc. If I were married my wife could accompany me on my next bear hunt in the Rockies if she wished to go. If any of the fair readers of your magazine wish to correspond with me they will find my address with the Editor.
"A Rocky Westerner."

Please Forward Letter.

Buffalo Lake, May 29th, 1906.
Editor.—I shall esteem it a great favor if you will be so kind as to forward the enclosed letter to the young woman signing herself "Jane Eyre" in the May issue of your magazine.
"A Lonely Bachelor."

Bowser Writes a Letter.

Portage la Prairie, May 31st, 1906.
Editor.—Would you kindly forward enclosed letter to the young lady in Ontario "Jane Eyre" whose letter appeared in your magazine and oblige.
"Bowser."

One for Jolly Girl.

Drinkwater, Sask., May 23, 1906.
Editor.—Enclosed find a stamped and sealed letter. Please forward it to "Jolly Girl" whose letter appeared in your magazine.
"Wiry Jim."

Wants a Respectable Girl for Wife.

Killam, Alta., May 20th, 1906.
Editor.—I am an interested reader of your magazine. I am a young man 22 years of age, I neither smoke or chew and am free of vice. I have a home-stead and am now looking for a life partner. I want a good, industrious respectable girl for a wife. I am an Englishman by birth. If you can introduce me to a nice kind of girl I would consider it a favor. Canadian girl preferred.
"Englishman."

He and Widow might do Business.

Griswold, May 8th, 1906.
Editor.—Send me the address of the widow who writes from Grand View, March 25th, saying she wishes to get married again. As I am a widower with two children and looking for some one to care for them, perhaps this lady and I might do business.
Thanking you, etc.
"Sincere."

A Chance for a Good Young Man.

Moose Jaw, Sask., May 17th, 1906.
Editor.—Please be so kind as to give my name and address to some sober, respectable farmer bachelor in Saskatchewan who wishes to correspond with a good Protestant girl with a view to matrimony. I am 23 years of age and would make a good wife for a right young man. I would like address of men from Moosomin or Moose Jaw which is in your May issue, or the man signing himself "Lone Bachelor" from High River, Alberta. Please help me get a husband.
"Susan Jane."

He Wants a Wife.

Mayville, Alta., May 28th, 1906.
Editor.—I am a constant reader of your magazine and I like it. I would like to correspond with some young lady who is willing to become a farmer's wife. I am a young man 24 years old 5 feet 10 inches tall, do not drink, smoke or chew, and think I would make a suitable partner for any honorable woman. I do not only want a housekeeper but I want a wife and helpmate.
"A Young Farmer."

Wish Our Efforts Success.

Regina, Sask., May 15th, 1906.
Editor.—Will you kindly forward the enclosed letter to the young lady signing herself "Jane Eyre," Ontario. Your columns are utilized for a very pressing public need in being thrown open as a channel to introduce its readers to one another. I trust much success will crown your efforts in this direction.
"Blinks."

Bachelors should apply at Registry Office.

Edmonton, April 25th, 1906.
Editor.—I see in the last issue of your excellent magazine, in the correspondence column, a young bachelor wanting a wife, or rather a slave to feed his animals and himself, do his washing, etc. He had better apply at some registry office or some employment bureau, perhaps he may get suited there if he can pay \$20 or \$30 per month. The majority of the little farmers think wives should work all the year round, and try and please her lord and master and let him have all the pleasure. The poor wife must keep at it, that's what she was cut out for, at least a great many of the so-called men? think that way. I admire "Young Man's" letter, also the gent that is on the "Still Hunt."
"Careful."

Two Scotch Lassies.

Edinburgh, Scotland, April 30th, 1906.
Editor.—As a copy of your monthly magazine has come under our notice and having seen a column of correspondence from bachelor farmers wishing wives, would you kindly put us in correspondence with two of them. I, — am cook and my friend, — is housemaid. We are both in service together and would like very much to meet in with two steady young men who would appreciate a good wife, as we would a good husband. I, — am 20 years of age, tall and of good appearance; my friend is 22 years, and of similar appearance. We both enjoy the best of health and it is the height of our ambition to live on a farm.
Any bachelors who would like to correspond with us would greatly oblige
"Two Scotch Lassies."

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To get this dressy Suit for boys delivered at your station or Post Office for \$4.50 is one of the best bargains ever offered by this big store. Boy's Suits, coat, vest, and short pants, made of Good Quality Canadian Tweed, dark ground with light stripe pattern. Coat is 2-button Sacoque style, has two buttons on each cuff. Vest has fancy lining. Pants are lined all through, have two sides and one hip pocket and two buttons at each knee, altogether a dressy, well made, good Wearing Suit, Sizes 28 to 33. You can't find its equal at \$5.00. Delivered to any address for per Suit..... \$4.50.

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It's a dressy, up-to-date shirt, very nice for Sunday Wear. Made in Blue Ground with light stripe and Cream Ground with Blue stripe. Sometimes it's hard to get a really nice shirt of this kind for the boys it's one we have made especially for our best trade. Sizes 12 to 14. An excellent Value, Sent to any address for cash..... 75c.

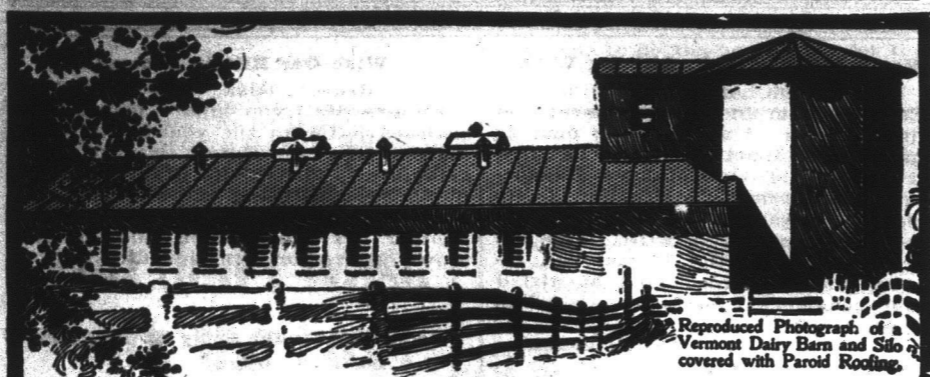
Here's the Biggest Bargains we ever got hold of in a Cushion Girdle, each 35c.

It's a saving of 15c. on every one you buy, for up to the present time we never heard of them being sold for less than 50c. We can offer you this bargain because we had the chance to buy 500 of these girdles at a bargain price, and now we are offering them to our customers at the same reduction as we got them for. Silk Cord Girdles for cushions 3/4 yards long, in nearly every combination of shades, also plain colors, have heavy tassel ends. Sent to any address on receipt of... 35c.

Women's latest Improved Hose Supporters for 38c.

There are only 100 pairs of these, so first come first served. It's big reduction on these staple goods, but this store is noted for its bargains. Women's Hose Supporters, made with mercerised pad, have strap to fasten around waist, and four tabs. The fastener is an improved rubber grip, that does not wear the stocking, black only, regular 50c. a pair, no matter where you buy them. Sent to any address, per pair..... 38c.

If you are in Brandon during Fair Week, make it a point to Visit this store. Our big Mid-Summer Clearing Sale will be going on, and you'll find piles of Seasonable Goods on the Bargain Counters. Our Stores are directly opposite the POST OFFICE, on ROSSER AVE.



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THIS IS WHY! It is made of extra strong felt, with an extra good saturation and coating, which makes it proof against sparks, cinders, water, heat, cold, acids and gases; light slate color; contains no tar; does not run or crack, and does not taint rain water.

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WRITE US FOR SAMPLE AND BOOKLET

RATTRAY, CAMERON CO., Ltd.
141-143 BANNATYNE AVE., WINNIPEG

Wants Introduction to "Jolly Girl."

Didsbury, May 24th, 1906.
Editor:—Your magazine is a peach and I could not think of getting along without it. I am a young man who neither drink, smoke or chew, and would like to get acquainted with a young girl who signs herself "Jolly Girl" in a recent issue of your magazine.
"Didd."

Want Their Addresses.

Grand View, May 19th, 1906.
Editor:—Please put me in communication with "Widow" from Moose Jaw, also Woman from Grand View."
Widower No. 3.

Farmer Green has Caught on.

Brookdale, May 10th, 1906.
Editor:—Please send me the Western Home Monthly I will send you a dollar as soon as I hear from you, I could send the money now but I am not sure whether I have your right address. I would like to correspond with some young lady. I enclose you a letter which I cut out of your last number and would like to correspond with the lady writer.
"Farmer Green."

Matrimonial Philosophy.

Star, Alta., May 22nd, 1906.
Editor:—I have been following with much amusement and keen interest the letters from the "Bachelors" letters on loneliness. They would like to correspond with "Maldens." view to matrimony. In my opinion distance lends enchantment to the bachelors of the West. I do not think it exactly fair of the bachelors to want girls to correspond, and have these girls come out to marry them, for suffer they surely will. Do you imagine a girl from the small towns or villages of the East could settle on the prairie with an entire stranger—no neighbor's house for perhaps two miles, adopt herself readily to these circumstances and be happy? In many, many cases both husband and wife will have spoiled their lives, for they are assuming life's greatest duty without love. Love may come but to draw water, cut wood, rarely have a cent to spend, perhaps (as many women has) be six months in the home without seeing another woman's face requires, I should think, a deep and abiding love for the one we do it for. Think well, "Bachelors," and "Malds," remember, a lifetime of joy or misery hangs in the issue. When we buy by mail we have the privilege of returning the article. There is no return in this transaction, the step is irrevocable. The need, the crying need of our country is homes, but let them be homes founded upon right principles that we may not afterwards reap a harvest of woe.
"Alphas."

Northern Girl has her say.

Prince Albert, Sask., May 15th, 1906.
Editor:—Your magazine is immense and we all look forward to its arrival each month with pleasure. I think some of the writers are too hard on the poor lonely bachelors. I think the bachelor an admirable creature, and he does not dissipate half as much as some writers would have us believe. If they had a good helpmate to love them and encourage them they would be very different then. I am not married but when I get the chance I will surely marry a farmer. I would not care if he only had a log house, but I love a good driving horse. I have lived some 23 years in the West and I know whereof I speak. I am proud of the West, particularly Prince Albert; I have lived on a farm all my life and hope some day to have a husband who will own a good farm.
"Northern Girl."

One who Speaks from Experience.

Prince Albert, Sask., May 20th, 1906.
Editor:—I read the Western Home Monthly every month and I agree with "Spinster aged 19" and believe a farmer's wife should have education and refinement the same as other women. I think one of the greatest mistakes a city girl can make is to marry a farmer unless she be strong and healthy. The work on a farm is very hard, and I speak from experience. What kind of a wife does "Home Lover" expect to get, when he would have her milk the cows, feed the calves and pigs and weed the garden, as well as do washing, ironing and cooking. Does he expect his wife to be a machine? He says he would not object to her going to town, playing the piano, etc. after the work was all done. I wonder when that time would come? However, I hope he will get a wife to suit him, but all I can say is "God help the wife." The bachelors that I know are

a fine class of men, of course a few of them like a glass of liquor a little too often, but they are not all like that.
"A Friend of the Bachelors."

A Matrimonial Medium.

Cumberland House, April 30, 1906.
Editor:—Please find herewith one dollar as per Special Subscription Order Blank enclosed.

I have taken much interest of late in your magazine which a friend kindly lent me to pass the hours away with. Your correspondence column seems to be supplying a long felt want of the younger generation in outlying remote districts.

How many more or less forced marriages are brought through isolation of young men and women whereas if they had had the opportunity of a wider choice a greater resulting degree of happiness would have been the consequence.

Now, however, with the opportunities which your magazine is offering through its columns, young people may, though quite a distance apart, enter into a friendly correspondence with the ultimate view of finding a mate suitable in temperament, etc.

As I am one of these Robinson Crusoes myself I am going to advertise a little in the hope that some charming young lady will take pity on me and make my exile a paradise. So here I go.

I am a young man with very fair prospects, considered not very ugly age twenty-six, height five feet seven or eight, fair education, supposed to have been very well brought up, but the veneer and varnish, mostly all rubbed off by this time. If any young woman about same age, of good family, well educated, etc., etc. and a good housekeeper, and lastly with a fair share of good looks would care to enter into correspondence with me I shall esteem it a great favor.

Before closing I would just remark that society has no pressing claims on people out here, so the principal desideratum is that she be a home lover.

I may mention that I have no great stock of photos out here but anybody (especially the weaker sex) desiring one of mine, will be pleased to forward on approval.

"Far North."

Bachelors take your Medicine.

Grenfell, Sask., April 19th, 1906.
Editor:—I have been somewhat amused lately at the turn your correspondence column has taken. Have our bachelors forgotten the way our grandfathers courted in his young days; or did they never hear of grandpa's manner of wooing? So "Alberta Boy" has not found a suitable partner yet, but is willing to marry a foreigner. Poor boy, he is sadly in need of someone to mother him. My advice to him is to marry one on the other side of forty. I think "A Home Lover" is the most truthful of all your writers. Girls will marry a man like "Home Lover" for he is not afraid to let a woman know what is expected of her.

There is not much else for a woman to do than what is mentioned in his letter, in fact she might not have to play a piano, chances are he would not have a piano. "Spinster aged 19" wrote pretty near the truth concerning some married people. So the Western bachelors haven't time to go hunting a wife! He might spend the time he spends on Sunday washing his shirts in getting acquainted with the girls.

We have a few bachelors about here, one old fellow says he will get married when he finds a woman he likes better than his money. Another one keeps his hair cut close all round to save money on combs.

Another house holds three bachelors and when the sister got married they said they would never "bach," that was five years ago; they are at it yet. But poor fellows, it isn't their fault altogether. I am a girl 24 years old, I keep house for father and two brothers. I don't see why girls want to get married when they have a good home, unless they love, then it is different. Girls, widows and spinsters, be careful whom you marry; it is for a lifetime, until "death do us part." This advice is for bachelors as well, so many good men get useless women that are more hindrance than help to themselves.
"Susan."

An Error in Price of Maypole Soap.

In the advertisement of Maypole soap, in our last issue, the price was given as 25c.

This should have been 10c for colors, 15c. for black.

A. D. RANKIN & CO.

Brandon's Greatest Store

ROSSER AVE. BRANDON, MANITOBA.

When in town kindly make this Store your Headquarters. The Best Goods, The Best Service and the Keenest Prices always Prevail.

Direct Importers of High Class Novelties in Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, Neckwear, Dress Goods, Linens, Ready-to-Wear Garments, Underwear, Millinery and Carpets.



Mail Orders Promptly Attended To

A FEW SPECIALS FOR OUT OF TOWN CUSTOMERS

- No. 1. Women's Lisle Thread Hose *Natural Wool* Sole, very cool for Summer Wear. All sizes. 3 pairs for..... **\$1.00**
- No. 2. 70 in. Wide Pure Irish Linen Table Coverings. Direct from Belfast, floral designs. Special..... **90c. yd.**
- No. 3. Women's Fine Lawn Blouses, Trimmed with Val. Lace and insertion, short or long sleeves, Tucked. Special..... **\$1.25**

A Magnificent Stock of the Newest Designs and Weaves in Dress Goods, always Up-to-Date, including, Panamas, Crepe de Chenes, Eoliennes, Broadcloths, Cashmeres and Mohairs. All prices from..... **35c. to \$2.25 yd.**

Lace Curtains

We are in direct touch with the leading Manufacturers, in St. Gaul, Switzerland, and have succeeded in getting together the finest Stock ever Seen in Brandon, Plain White, Two Tone and Three Tone Effects and Heraldic Designs. Prices from **50c. pair to \$45.00**

FOR THE BEST GOODS, THE BEST ATTENTION AND THE KEENEST PRICES WE CAN'T BE BEAT.

Poetry of the Hour.

"So Kind You Are."

By Witter Bynner.

You have an eye more warmly brown
Than autumn days away from town,
But will not let me speak my mind,
So kind you are and so unkind.

You have a voice with all the moods
Of twilights and of solitudes,
But light to leave me as the wind,
So kind you are and so unkind.

You have, wherever I may be,
A trick of persecuting me,
'Tho' out of sight, not out of mind,
So kind you are and so unkind.

The way would seem not half so soon
To reach your heart as reach the moon,
Yet it's a way I'll surely find—
So kind you are and so unkind.

—From McClure's Magazine (May).

The Boy from Calabogie.

He was twenty-one in April—forty
Inches round the chest,
A soopler or a better boy we'll never
see again—
And the way we cheered the lad when
he started for the west,
The town was like a holiday the time
he took the train.
At Calabogie!

"Are ye ever comin' back with the for-
tune, little Dan,
From the place they say the money's
like the leaves upon the tree?"
"If the mining boss'll let me, as sure
as I'm a man,
The mother's Christmas turkey won't
have to wait for me
At Calabogie."

And the letters he was writin' to his
mother from the west,
Sure ev'rybody read them, and who
could see the harm?
Tellin' how he'd keep the promise to
come home and have a rest,
And the money that was in them was
enough to buy a farm
At Calabogie.

What is it makes the fever leave the
weak, and kills the strong?
And who'd 'a thought our Dannie
would ever come to this:
When the Sister had to raise him, and
say, "It won't be long
Till it's home, my lad, you're going to
receive a mother's kiss
At Calabogie."

So we met our little Dannie Christmas
morning at the train.
And we lifted up the long-box with-
out a word to say.
Och! such a boy as Dannie we'll never
see again,
God forgive us, 'twasn't much of a
merry Christmas day
At Calabogie!

—William Henry Drummond.

Lovers' Lane.

By Arthur Guiterman.

It goes beneath a checkered arch
Of leaf and sunlight, oak and larch;
Athwart a mead of meadow-sweet,
A field of lily-bordered wheat;
Through groves of bridal birch it turns
And mossy hollows, deep in ferns;
Then up a hill and down a glen,
From Nowhere out and back again;
And many feet have worn it plain—
That errant way of Lovers' Lane.

There, unafraid, the wood-folk play;
There wanton briars' dip and sway
To catch and keep whatever comes
And make much work for clumsy
thumbs
Of loosing tress and lacing shoe—
Such tasks as lovers love to do.
Of tales there told with eye and tongue
I need not tell—if ye were young—
Nor yet of castles reared in Spain
By architects of Lovers' Lane.

If Lovers' Lane ye wander through,
That roadway's rule is "two by two."
Altho' the path is wondrous straight;
For here's a hedge, and there's a gate.
A brook, a stile, a quaking moss,
The strong must help the weak to cross;
Then, deep in shade ere set of sun,
Its dells are never safe for one—
Still (must the sorry truth be known?)
In Lovers' Lane I walk alone!

The Isle of the Long Ago.
By Benjamin Franklin Taylor.

Oh! a wandering stream is the river
Time,
As it runs through the realms of
Time,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical
rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge
sublimin',
And blends with the ocean of years.
How the winters are drifting like flakes
of snow,
And the summers like buds between.
And the year in the sheaf—so they
come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and
flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.
There is a magical Isle up the river
Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical
clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the June with the roses are
staying,
And the name of this isle is the Long
Ago,
And we buried our treasures there:
There are brows of beauty and bosoms
of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved
them so!

There are trinkets and tresses of hair.
There are fragments of songs that no-
body sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp
without strings,
There are broken vows, and pieces of
rings,
And the garments that she used to
wear.

There are hands that are waved when
the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the
turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone
before.

When the wind down the river is fair,
Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed
isle,
All the days of life till night—
When the evening comes with its beau-
tiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber
awhile,
May that "greenwood" of soul be in
sight.

Though we walk in weariness until the
very end,
Though we quit this weary world with
none to call us friend,
Dear Old Mother Nature, with a
mother's soothing charms,
Lulls her tired children into slumber in
her arms.
She has love for all of us, the wise ones
and the wild,
Greeting us at evening with "Welcome
home, my child."
Wicked hearts and weary hearts, and
happy hearts imperiled—
Nothing teaches charity like living in
the world.

—Putnam.

The Exhortation of the Dawn.

Look to this Day!
For it is Life, the very life of Life,
In its brief course lie all the Verities
and
Realities of your Experience:
The Bliss of Growth,
The glory of Action,
The splendor of Beauty;
For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And To-morrow is only a Vision.
But To-day, well-lived,
Makes every Yesterday a Dream of
Happiness,
And every To-morrow a Vision of
Hope.

Look well, therefore, to this Day;
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

—From the Sanskrit.

Ashore.

Out I came from the dancing place:
The night-wind met me face to face—
A wind off the harbor, cold and keen,
"I know," it whistled, "where thou
hast been."

A faint voice fell from the stars above
—"Thou? whom we lighted to shrines
of Love!"

I found when I reached my lonely room
A faint sweet scent in the unlit gloom.
And this was the worst of all to bear
For some one had left white lilac there
The flower you loved in times that were.

Laurence Hope.



WOULD THEY?

The Berliner Gram-o-phone or Victor Talking Machine is a musical instrument. The best proof is the reputation of the artists who sing for it.

Do you suppose that Caruso, Scotti, Plancon, Emma Eames, Gadski, Homer, would permit their glorious voices to be maltreated by a mere machine? They know that the

Berliner Gram-o-phone OR Victor Talking Machine

not only reproduces the song—but the purity, richness and volume of tone—every shade of emotion—the clear enunciation.

They know, too, that their reputations will be enhanced by the vivid, life-like reproductions of the Victor records.

Few are able to hear these great singers in the opera house. YOU may have their glorious voices—in all their beauty and naturalness—with the Berliner Gram-o-phone or Victor.

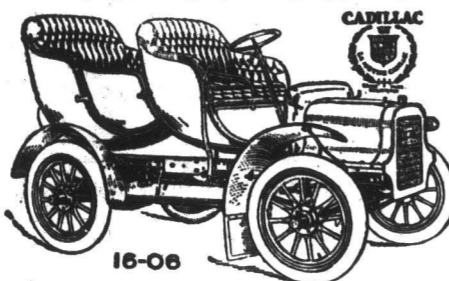
These wonderful instruments not only reproduce the voices of the greatest singers—but the best Bands, Orchestras, Musicians and the Cleverest Entertainers.

Write for Free Catalogue of 3,000 selections.

The Berliner Gram-o-phone Co.
of Canada, Limited
2315 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL.

There is not an Automobile as good as

The Cadillac at the Cadillac Price



MODEL M. LIGHT TOURING CAR
\$1,300, WINNIPEG.

Motor Value

The Cadillac is undeniably the greatest automobile value ever offered—not alone in fairness of price but in the satisfaction and everlasting service received for that price. In fact, there are few establishments, if any, sufficiently well equipped to produce cars the equal of the

CADILLAC

At an actual factory cost of less than our selling price. This is but one of the many benefits a Cadillac purchaser derives from the wonderful combination of equipment, skill and experience that backs up every car built by the Cadillac Company.

The Cadillac couldn't be better if you paid just twice the price; write us and we will tell you why.

Our finely illustrated Booklet will be sent upon request.

Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout, \$1,025

Model M, Light Touring Car, \$1,300

Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car \$3,200

Write us for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List.

McCullough & Boswell

—SOLE AGENTS—

GRANITE CURLING RINK

Corner Hargrave and Ellice Streets

Winnipeg, Man.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Prof. James: Pessimism leads to weakness; Optimism leads to power.

Jean Finoh: When men retire at sixty from active life, the result is that active life retires from them.

Arthur Mursell: Some people are continually breakfasting on bonds, dining on debentures and supping on stocks.

Dr. Sproule, M.P.: I see that it costs \$73,000 to police every 1,000 people in the Yukon. This is outrageous.

F. H. Cowen: Man owes his growth to his conflict with difficulty. It is not what he has, but what he is, that constitutes his glory and his bliss.

Chicago Post: After this when Alfonso performs in public there will be conspicuously displayed two placards, "No Bouquets" and "Omit Flowers."

Carmen Sylva: In a great crisis, or even at a tragic moment, we sometimes talk nonsense, just as the dog barks when he is afraid.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward: I want to see evening play centres established in every district in London, in all the parks and open spaces, with a superintendent of play grounds.

G. H. Lewes: Instead of saying man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstances.

Fres. De Witt Hyde: "A man who has graduated from a college and a seminary of the traditional type, is useless and juiceless—he is dead the day he graduates."

St. Hon. John Morley: It is a great mistake to think you cannot understand the pleasures of literature unless you possess a library. A very few books will serve if rightly chosen.

Montreal Star: "Them's my sediments," said the hydrant water, as it went through the filter and came out on the other side. "I hope I make myself clear."

Sir Oliver Lodge: Truth cannot but be the breath of the nostrils of every genuine scientific man, but his ideas of truth should be large enough to take into account possibilities far beyond anything of which he is at present sure.

Dr. Adolph Von Struempell: Nothing, from the physician's standpoint, is falsier than to think that the evil influence of alcohol is lessened through the increased substitution of beer for the stronger alcoholic drinks.

Prof. Jerome Dowd: In spite of all the facts bearing upon degeneracy there are as yet no positive evidences of degeneracy and no occasion for alarm, but the present conditions and tendencies are far from satisfactory.

Henri Bourassa M.P.: "It should be made a rule that when a member of the House calumniate or makes an unfair reference to a reporter in the press gallery he should have the grace to apologize in the same place in which the calumny has been uttered."

Mr. Mareil, M.P.: The evolution of government has proceeded satisfactorily in our case. The French have retained their language, their laws and their autonomy and no more loyal subjects of the crown are to be found in the Empire.

Grand Master Dr. Sproule, M.P.: We are all members of one large family, united to inculcate loyalty in the hearts of all citizens of our Dominion, to support, maintain and advance the principles of Protestantism, and to promote the peace, happiness and contentment of our people.

Miss Agnes Deans Cameron: Kipling's great power lies in his sincerity. He paints things as they are. He studied words for ten years and the result re-veals all his labor. Kipling's religion is one of humanity, not philosophy. His keynote is the singleness to each man of his own work.

S. H. Hadley:—If a man cheats me nineteen times, I shame him by trusting him the twentieth.

Fres. James J. Hill: "We do not expect to come in here and run away with your business; we expect to help to build it up. We hope to be able to enjoy your prosperity with you, because if the people of the country along the line of railway served by the railway are not prosperous, depend upon it the railway will be poor."

J. Ogden Armour: The truth is that Mr. Roosevelt has strong personal animus against the packers of Chicago and is doing and will do everything in his power to discredit them and their business. The reason is too obvious to require explanation to anybody knowing anything of American politics and American public life.

The Sporting Editor: It was in the third innings of the second game, with two on the bases, and Sam at the bat. "It is up to you, Sam," "A home run," and similar exhortations were made to the lanky first baseman. Did he make good? Well, ask anyone who was at the game. When the ball and bat met there was a noise like unto a fat man falling through a skylight.

Vice Pres. Wm. Whyte: If Mr. Hill, after completing the railway connections, can induce the wholesale dealers of St. Paul and Minneapolis to cut their prices for Canada, then the entire western trade of the Dominion will be lost to eastern Canada, if the country itself is not lost to the British Empire.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Barnett: "I must have pretty things about me, and I must have change. So I am compelled to have pretty clothes—many of them. They must be mine, too—not merely something for which I have paid. A woman should dress from within and out. Her dress should be first the garment of her mind."

Robert E. Knowles: The world needeth a new Dante to write a new "Inferno," with the bagpipes thrown in. Then will that sombre picture of future suffering be complete. The bagpipes are a good thing in their place, but their place is with Dante and his "Inferno." They have survived only as dull-dogs survive, from a perverted sentiment and mal-educated taste.

President Roosevelt: It may hereafter be necessary to consider the adoption of some scheme, such as that of a progressive tax upon all fortunes beyond a certain amount, so framed as to put it out of the power of one of these enormous fortunes to hand on more than a certain amount to any one individual. Such a tax would, of course, be imposed by the national and not by a state government.

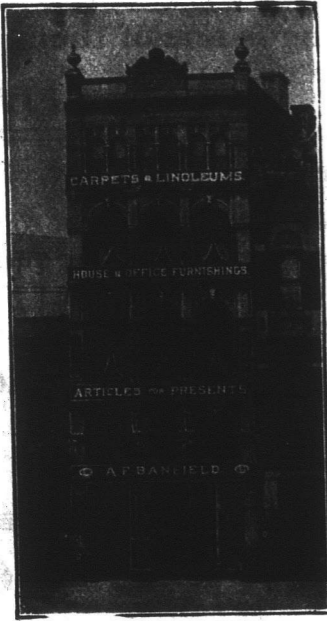
Secretary Taft: "In round figures we now spend \$70,000,000 a year to maintain a fighting force of 60,000 men. For five per cent. of that sum we could hold on call an additional force of 40,000 trained men on whose training we have already spent the huge sum of \$120,000,000, and who in case of sudden need would be worth 150,000 men obtained by promiscuous enlistment."

Carl Schurz: For public speeches I should, as a rule, prefer the English partly because of the greater simplicity of its syntactic constructions, and partly because the articulation is mechanically easier and less tiring to the speaker. I should also give it the preference for political and commercial discussions, inasmuch as its terminology is more complete and more exact. But for philosophy or poetry, and for the more intimate expressions of family life, German is superior.

Wilbur Glen Volva: You will never win the people to God by using soft words and making them believe that they are not so bad after all; you will never win the people to God by laying down the Sword of the Spirit. I tell you, Zion, we are called upon to-day, even as the prophets of old in the days of fleshly Israel's apostasy, to cry aloud and spare not, and to witness against spiritual Israel's apostasy. Do not come to me and say, "I don't believe in using such harsh words; I don't believe in calling the people devils." Well, I do; if a man is a lazy devil, I will call him one.

VISIT BANFIELD'S

492 MAIN STREET

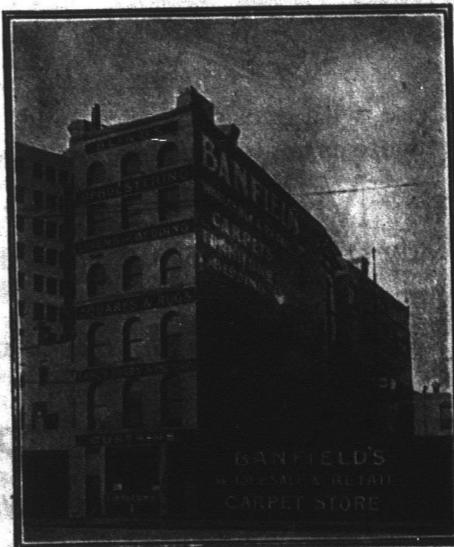


Main Street entrance to Banfield's

When you come to the Winnipeg Fair visit Banfield's, and see the largest and most select stock of **Carpets, Curtains, Rugs, Linoleums, Oilcloths, Furniture, House Linens, etc., ever shown by any Western Canadian Firm.**

WE'VE BEEN 23 YEARS IN BUSINESS in this city and herewith is pictured a brief outline of our business as it now stands.

Hotel and House Furnishing is a specialty with us. What the store supplies is the only thing missing from our stock, the good old bird has a perpetual and exclusive agency, but outside of this we furnish every corner of the home from cellar to garret. Our extensive buying facilitates us in giving the lowest prices possible in any part of Canada and our easy payment plan is a boon to those who require a little time to pay.



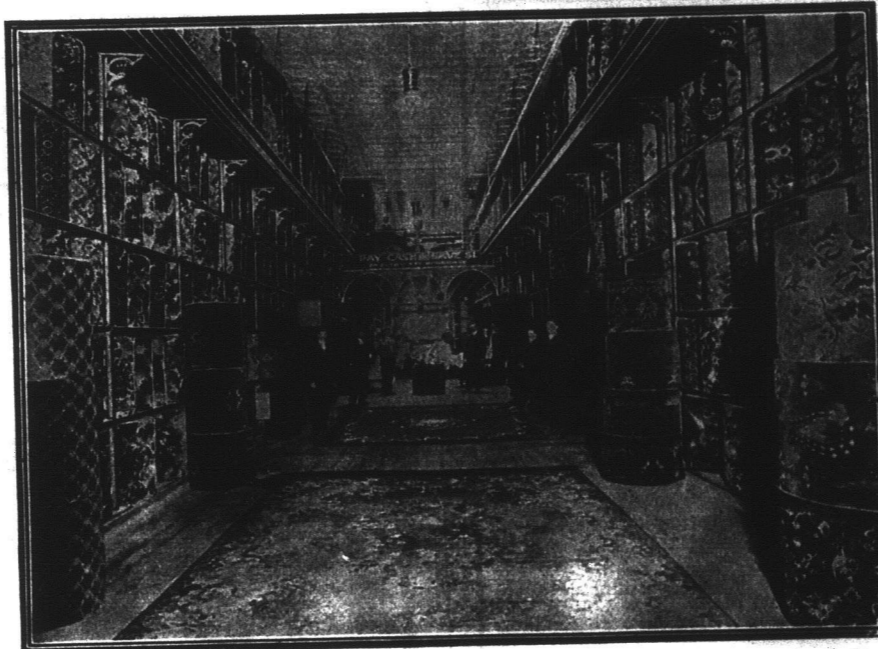
Albert Street entrance to Banfield's

Besides the countless number of homes furnished by us in this city, we have also equipped such hotels as—

The Royal Alexandra, The Majestic, The Riverview, The Metropolitan, The C.N.R. Hotel and many others.

If you will just drop in and pay us a visit during the fair you can depend upon a genuine welcome. Buying will not be spoken of unless you introduce the subject and we will consider it a pleasure to show you all parts of the store.


If you have a home to furnish write us now giving



The Carpet Department, just inside Main Street entrance. Miles of the World's Finest Carpets are displayed here.

particulars and we will have an estimate prepared for you so we can talk matters over when you come to town.

Fair, square dealing is the implement with which we have long cultivated the Western field. We sowed the ground with quality and the harvest has been a most gratifying one. Our dealings extend to nearly every town and hamlet in Western Canada and to the doors of thousands of farmers through the great west.

<p>BRUSSELS CARPETS</p> <p>We have a beautiful range of Brussels carpets in self colors, designed in art and floral patterns. These goods all have borders to match.</p> <p>Special Exhibition Price, per yard 95cts.</p>	<p>VELVET CARPETS</p> <p>Velvet carpets in floral and conventional designs, a full range of colorings. Exhibition visitors may well consider themselves favored in being offered these at per yard. \$1.10.</p>	<p>PRINTED LINOLEUM</p> <p>Of extra heavy weight and rich appearance. Over thirty different designs to choose from. Regular 45 to 50cts goods, every piece of it. Selling at per yard. .35 cts.</p>	 <p>BUFFETT</p> <p>In selected quarter sawed oak. Beautifully hand polished, two separate cupboard doors, fitted with copper-leaded glass doors, deep roomy linen drawer and two smaller drawers. This Buffet is generally regarded as exceptional value, \$47.00 But the Exhibition price is \$37.50</p>
	<p>INLAID LINOLEUM</p> <p>In light and floral designs. This is the kind in which the patterns run three and three. Although always considered good value at \$1.00 per yard we will sell this during the fair time for. .75 cts.</p>	<p>LACE CURTAINS</p> <p>Nottingham Lace Curtains 40 inches wide by 2 yards long. Plain and figured centres, fine border. Three patterns in the bargain lot. Regular \$1.25 curtains, Exhibition price to clear them, per pair. .90 cts.</p>	

A. F. BANFIELD & CO.

492 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG.



MUSIC
A Luxury
that is a
NECESSITY

for those with musical tastes, and there are few persons so unfortunate as not to be endowed with some musical appreciation. **The Morris Piano** is of such supreme excellence as to stand pre-eminently at the head of the great musical instruments.

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Mr. Rothschild has in his museum at Tring park, near London, at least one specimen of every species of butterfly known to man in this collection. They range from the little, ordinary kinds so common all over the north temperate zone, to the rare specimens that come from the unexplored corners of the earth. Some of his specimens Mr. Rothschild caught in his own gardens. Others he sent expeditions into the equatorial regions to find. Some cost him nothing but the labor to mount. One specimen cost him \$2,500.

The Rothschild museum is undoubtedly the best equipped for its work in the world. A staff of curators is constantly employed and the millionaire scientist himself spends there all the time that he can take away from his business in the city.

Mr. Rothschild does not confine himself exclusively to the collection of specimens from the insect world. His zoo is filled with animals, and the museum includes 2,300 stuffed specimens, many of them now extinct. There are two specimens of the famous auk along with two eggs of this bird, making a collection in itself that would be impossible to duplicate at any price. There are turtles 200 years old; birds whose existence was seriously doubted by scientists until specimens were obtained; a hundred strange and freakish types of animals, to find which the world has been scoured by Mr. Rothschild's expeditions.

But it is in his butterfly collection that he takes the greatest pride. The animal collection is a marvel of interest to the observer or to the worker therein, but it is to the completion of his collection of gaudy winged insects that the studious M.P. has devoted his greatest efforts and is most interested.

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By Henry H. Dean, is the other.

Regarding these books we think it sufficient to tell you that they have been adopted by and are now the authorized text books of the agricultural College, Winnipeg.

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How Women May Retain Men's Respect.

BY HELEN OLDFIELD.

Women should never forget that they stand on a superior level, and when they place themselves on an equality with man they do but descend from those heights. It is the natural instinct of man to venerate woman, first in the person of the mother who bore him, next in that of his wife, then again of the daughter, or it may be of the sister or sisterly friend who watches over his children. It is not too much to say that, in all times and places, and under all circumstances soever, a truly womanly woman will hardly fail to obtain proper deference from men. And if the latter sometimes assume too lordly an air towards the weaker sex, that, is, perhaps, altogether unintentional. For men are in some respects just like children, who are quite unconsciously the greatest tyrants to those they love best. Our little ones feel that they require much care and attention, and they quietly demand it of us. In the same way, in the hour of trouble, in sickness and fatigue, our husbands and our sons seem to us just dear spoiled children, whom we must do our best to help and comfort, however inordinate the claims may be which they make on our sympathy and indulgence. Some women have quite marvelous and special gifts in this direction, and I do not suppose they have ever found out that in exercising them they were in any danger of sacrificing their dignity. Those wives, on the contrary, endanger their position from the first who are so foolish as to stand on their dignity, opposing, as it were, their own fancied importance to that of their husband's, and always fearing being thrown into the shade by them. To women who feel like this I can only give the advice to remain unmarried; that is by far the most rational solution of the problem. They are then certain to escape the chief worries as well as the greatest sorrows of life. It is true that at the same time they miss the chief blessings it can bring. But the argument that one must needs marry in order to escape loneliness in one's old age rests on an absolutely false foundation. For, whether married or single, one is always more or less lonely as the years roll on, both on account of the gaps which death leaves in the ranks of our friends, or through the circumstances which call away the young to some distant land and to new duties, to a new and wider sphere of action. How seldom is it given to a married couple to celebrate their golden wedding, surrounded by the joyous throng of their children and their children's children! Even the fullest, richest existence has its lonely hours, and it is impossible that the happiest wedded life should be without such. It may happen to the most loving wife and mother to feel more than once her thoughts carried back with yearning to her childhood's home and the companions of her youth, and she may recall with a sigh the comparative immunity from care that belonged to those early days. For this reason young girls cannot too soon begin to prepare themselves for the hours of loneliness life must inevitably bring, and they should resolve from the first that whenever left thus they will spend the time profitably in acquiring useful knowledge, in enlarging their mental horizon so as to be able to share their husbands' pursuits and understand their aims, to become their worthy companions in every enterprise. For this no tremendous display of learning is requisite, that would often rather weary a man than not, instead of giving him the sensation of repose he seeks. One of the friends of my youth, an unmarried woman, whose skill with her needle was unrivaled, always had a book open before her while she worked, and whilst executing some lovely piece of embroidery of such graceful design and in such delicate colors that it looked like a water color sketch, she would learn all the finest passages from her author by heart. Thanks to this system, she was able to relate stories without end to the young people with-

out ever having to refer to a book. She would sometimes say: "I never went in for an examination, like so many girls of the present day, yet I flatter myself that I know some things a little better than they do. Few of them have found time to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the language and literature of four countries, studying the best authors, and committing the finest passages of their works to memory. My knowledge of history, too, is, I fancy more thorough than that which is obtained by the modern system of education. But then, from my youth up I have spent all my spare time in reading, and always the best books. Shakespeare I began reading when I was only eight years old, as, luckily for me, there were no children's books in my time."

Anything more delightful and entertaining than this old lady's conversation could hardly be imagined, and we of the younger generation were never so happy as in listening to her. For such true culture renders its possessor indulgent and amiable towards others, whilst the severe ordeal of public examinations and the terrible cramming of professional training often take away from women much of their native grace and charm.

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The Northwestern Business Agency is one of the oldest and most extensively advertised Agencies of its kind in the United States.

Its phenomenal success during the past twelve years is the best evidence of its superior facilities for making quick and satisfactory sales.

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People desiring to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, anywhere, will find it to their advantage to write this Agency at once.

See advertisement in this paper on page 55.

Birthday Gifts.

July opulence comes in for the magnificent ruby.

She of the month of roses is picked out for agate.

The rich sea blue sapphire is for the girl of September.

Miss November should be treated to a topaz bracelet.

An amethyst shirtwaist set will please Miss February.

Clear, sparkling diamonds should greet the "April baby."

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There's nothing unlucky about the opal for the October girl.

If the stork brought her in August she should have sardonyx.

There are bloodstones for the girl who arrived in bleak March.

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To Drive Mosquitos Out of a Room.

When retiring for the night take with you a leaf of the castor-oil plant (Ricinus communis). After bruising it to bring out the odor, wave it a minute or two about the room to get the air filled with the odor, which is very disagreeable to mosquitos.

They will soon disappear, not to return that night.

This plant is grown by many families for the "mole beans," and the new variety, Zanzibarensis, is one of the most decorative plants for the lawn, besides being equally effective for mosquitos.

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No. 1 Beautiful Ebony finish, Nickel trimmings, 10 Keys, 2 Sets of reeds, Metal corners on bellows. Regular..... **\$4.00**
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No. 112 Stainer Model, rich deep Amber red, light shading, beautiful tone with good bow, Rosin, Extra set strings in a well made Violin Case, Brass trimmings, a splendid outfit. Regular Price..... **\$14.00**
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We invite all visitors to the Exhibition to call and inspect these goods before buying. The bargains are such that we know you will appreciate them. Write us at once if you do not intend to visit the city as the first order received will get the best selection.

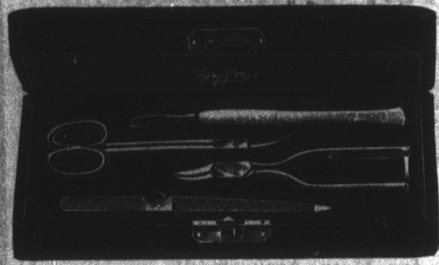
For articles not advertised write us and we will send complete catalogue.

All goods must be satisfactory or you can return at our expense and we will refund payment.

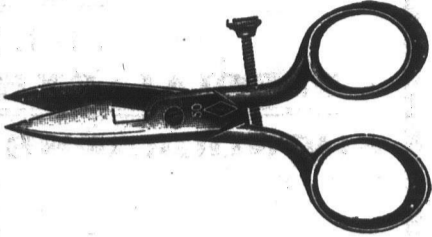
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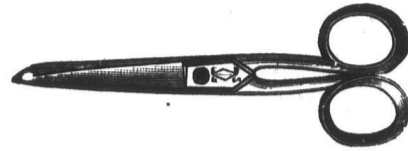
PREMIUMS for ROYAL CROWN SOAP WRAPPERS



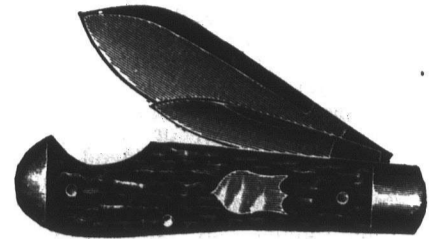
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In Elegant Plush Lined Case
For 700 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or \$2.25
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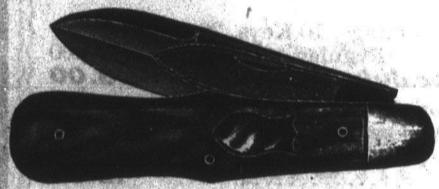
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Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or
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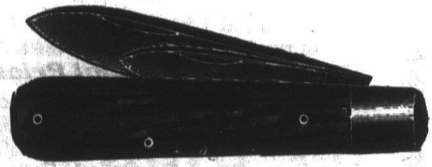
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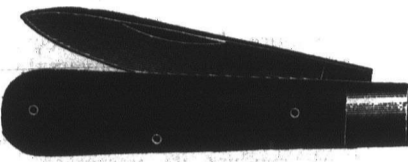
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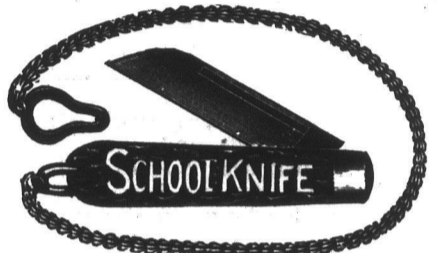
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Free for 125 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers,
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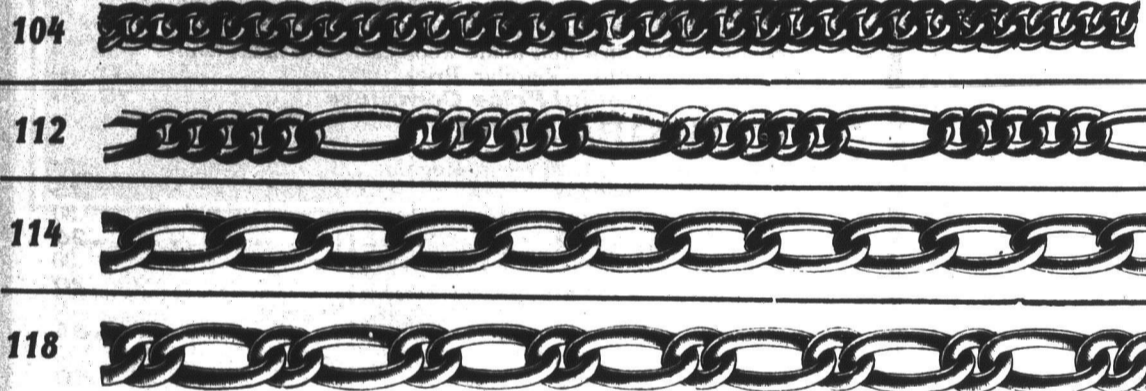
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One Blade, best quality of steel,
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No. 8118—SCHOOL BOY'S KNIFE
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Free for 15 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers

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If outside of Winnipeg, add 5c. for delivery, in each case.



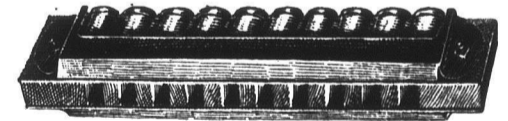
These watch chains are well made and heavily gold plated. Warranted to wear well. The designs are neat and attractive.

Free for 300 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or \$1.00 and 25 wrappers.



This complete four piece Silver Tea and Coffee Service, Consisting of Tea Pot, Coffee Pot, Cream Pitcher and Sugar Bowl; heavily plated on white metal, with attractive design, as per cut. For 1650 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or \$5.50 and 25 Wrappers.

If outside of Winnipeg, add 35c. for delivery.



Mouth Organ, Free for 50 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 10c. and 25 Wrappers.

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Address: Premium Department,
The Royal Crown Limited, Winnipeg.

Personality Important as Mentality.

By JOHN A. HOWLAND.

Too often the parent of the youth bends him to an occupation or profession in life for which he may be fitted in brain capacity but for which in physical make-up he is grotesquely unfitted. Or, if not bending him to such a calling, at least the parent allows him his freedom of choice to his undoing.

It may be a hard proposition for the young man to be told that while he has every taste and every brain capacity for a certain profession he has a figure and personality which will make his venture in life a failure. But too often this is true. Or if figure and personality shall not make failure for him, too often it is a handicap such as makes success beyond him. Handicapped by this front and figure he cannot hope for a realization of half that his brain promises and is capable of producing.

Not long ago I had a marked demonstration of this truth. It was in the personality of a lawyer. He had been reared on a farm; he had more than an average supply of "horse sense"; he was well educated and the Supreme court of a great state had admitted him to the bar with marked credit. But in the light of conditions he was to me the greatest physical failure for the office which I could have conjured up. He was five feet in height. He had a good forehead, but an inefficient face, dwindling sharply to an effeminate chin. He was diffident in manner and wholly without figure. In every movement one could read sensitiveness and lack of self-assertion. He was the personification of the gentle man, as it is spelled in two words—sympathetic by nature and by the constitutional inability to school and train himself for the stern milling processes of the law. Thus at 37 years old he came to me, saying that he had been a failure and that ten years before he had found out that failure was to be his finish.

How could it have been otherwise? Who of worldly knowledge and experience could not have told him that in the study of law for practice before the bar he was courting nothing but failure? Who should have told him, however? Should it have been his fond parents, who, perhaps, could not have seen it? Should it have been the head of the law school who ought to have known? Or should the Supreme court have exerted a little common sense and refused to admit him to practice not because he did not know enough but because in all human probability he could never have opportunity to do enough?

Given such a nature as possessed by this man and clothed in such insufficient physical garb he might have had a brain of twice the normal capacity and yet have failed. Supposing that his talent and training had fitted him for legal work in which his appearance at bar would not have been necessary; who of the world's hurried men of affairs has a moment of consideration for a man who has not the aggressiveness to get past an office boy at the door of a private office? Where can one find one of these strenuous men of affairs to whom a strong face, figure, and personality are not as appealing as the lack of these qualities are prejudicial?

Time and again some one rises to deplore the fact that the ideal college man of to-day should be an athlete rather than of the scholar type. But the college type is only the recognition of world conditions. "Do something" is the demand of the age. In compliance with the exaction men are doing things, and in the doing the men of greatest force are setting the pace. Before the man who is schooled to do can have a chance to prove himself he must have forged to the front of opportunity. There are no handicaps put upon the pacemakers. Only unionized labor has reached this socialistic desideratum.

Some philosopher failed of accuracy for the times when he asked for "a sound mind in a sound body." A sound mind in a large body would have been much nearer the qualifications. For the most part to-day opportunity opens for the man of figure, dress, and bearing where in other garb the brain of twice the capacity finds a closed door, bolted on the inside.

It is possible that in the ministry the man of the type of my lawyer consultant finds an expected least handicap because of physical frame. But how few are the great religious teachers who have found success through the handicap of diminutive figure and insufficient lung power?

"Such a fine looking man!" Have you ever stopped to consider how wide-

spread is this remark as applying to the person under complimentary discussion? Do you have a conception of how many mental and even moral shortcomings such a phraseology may cover? To-day men's judgments are based largely upon an introductory first glance. There is not time for a careful, studied character diagnosis according to chart. "Yes" or "No" alike are to be had to-day in shorter space and more irrevocably than ever before in the world's history. This is a statement which many of my readers may look upon as the reprehensible characteristic of the business man only. They have only to study themselves a moment to learn that they, too, are as unstudiedly and as consistently devotees of a first judgment. One of these critics of the business man who has refused to give my lawyer failure a case for court as readily would have laughed him out of court had the critic seen him there.

Before a man may be a policeman or a soldier he must measure up to a certain physical standard, no matter what high test he may stand in brain capacity. While there is no written law for the fact, it remains true in scarcely less degree of professional and business men in scores of lines.

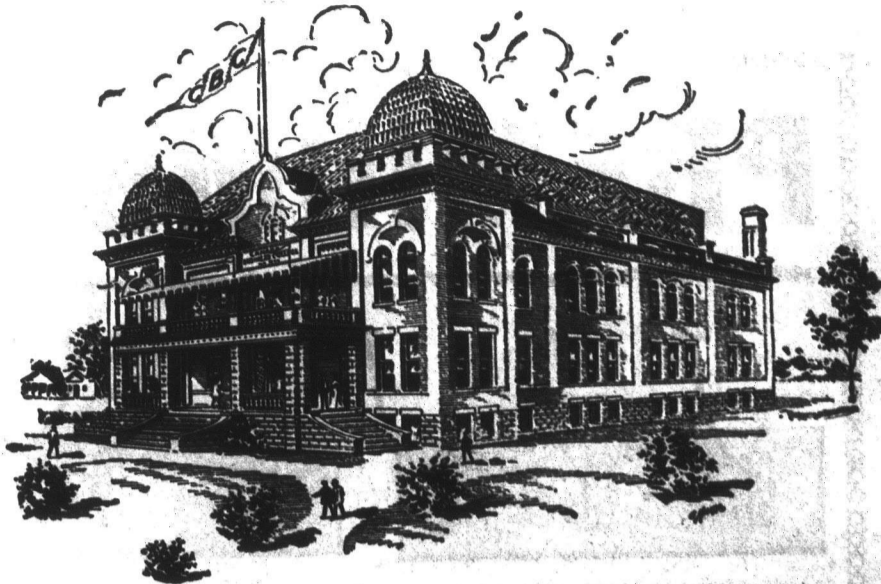
For the man of diminutive frame who expects to make success through his brain it is essential that he shall not have to go out and compete for a recognition unless he have some unusual personality. He cannot make headway on a soft manner and he becomes laughable when he attempts to "bluff." If he shall be behind an attractive store front which is the invitation for customers he may succeed easily. If he have a profession which calls his clientele to him he may work without handicap. Perhaps if under the disadvantages of physique such a professional man gains recognition his future may widen immeasurably because of his inability to "look the part."

But, as a general proposition, the parents and the instructors of youth must not consider mental equipment without weighing heavy in the balance the physique of the individual candidate who is to depend on the world's favor.

The Advent of the Porcelain Enameled Water Closet Tank.

As the old fashioned wood rim bath tub and the unsanitary wood encased lavatory have been forced to give way to the beautiful porcelain enameled roll rim bath and the open, one piece lavatory, so the wooden closet tank is being supplanted by the handsome, sanitary and serviceable porcelain enameled tank. Except in the case of very cheap work, the indications are that the wood tank will shortly be seen no more, the enameled tank having been demonstrated to be so greatly superior to it in every way.

We have come to recognize sanitation as one of the most important elements of civilization, and we are beginning to understand that articles made of wood have no place in the bath or toilet room. Dampness will crack the wood, and too much heat has a likewise injurious effect. It is therefore very evident that vitreous, glazed materials, such as porcelain enamel, are in every way superior to fixtures which have about them any parts of wood, marble or other porous substances. That the porcelain enameled tank is destined to become as popular and universal as the porcelain enameled bath tub goes without saying, therefore, the public takes more interest in matters pertaining to the bath, health and cleanliness than heretofore, and along with this interest, more attention is bestowed upon the particular devices and equipment of bath and toilet rooms. We are made aware of facts and fundamentals relating to hygiene of which we formerly never dreamed. We realize as never before how plumbing and sanitation has advanced. We appreciate the dainty, immaculate bathroom with its walls and floor of tile, its bath of pure white enamel, the dainty one-piece enameled lavatory, and the porcelain enameled closet which has proven to be such an important step forward in modern sanitary appliances. We therefore welcome with thorough appreciation, the advent of the enameled closet tank, knowing that it adds to the health, cleanliness



The New College Building for the Canada Business College, Chatham, Ont.

We have just received from Messrs. D. McLachlan & Co., the enterprising proprietors of the above popular school, this cut of their new college building, which they have just moved into. As will be seen, it is a magnificent structure, and will make a fitting home for the work of a school that has always stood for the highest and best in the line of commercial training.

This is the first building of the kind in Canada built and used exclusively for business college purposes. Through this last forward move, this school now holds a unique position not only among the business training schools of the Dominion, but in so far as we know on the continent. It, therefore, marks an era in the history of commercial training in this country which is worthy of special mention, and is a fitting culmination in the work of an institution that for nearly a third of a century has always been in the vanguard in the introduction of the newest and best ideas in connection with high-class commercial training. It is also the only business school in Canada which has been running for thirty years without change of management.

We wish the proprietors, Messrs. D. McLachlan & Co., that great measure of success in their venture which so forward a move in the cause of commercial education would entitle them to, and trust that they may long be spared to guide the destinies of a school that has already accomplished much in the interests of practical education.

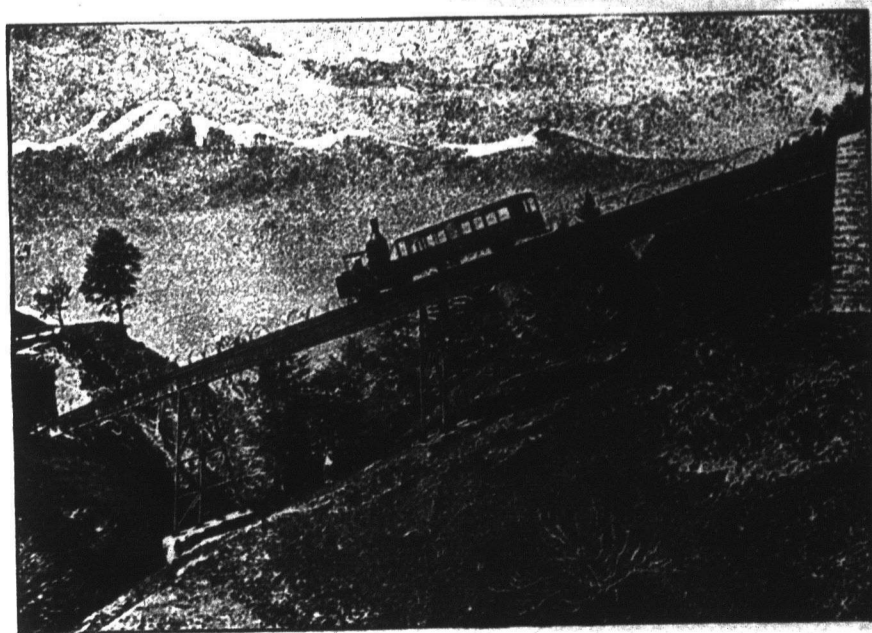
There has been a strong desire for some years on the part of many of the ex-students to hold a reunion of the thousands of those who have attended the institution during the past 30 years, and the proprietors had thought that the present would be a most fitting time to carry the idea into effect; but they were not able to get a satisfactory arrangement with the Canadian Passenger Association to carry this into effect this year, and have decided to call it off until satisfactory arrangements can be made.

Every former student of the institution is asked to communicate with the proprietors, giving present address, so that in the event of making satisfactory arrangements as to time limit of tickets later on, they may be able to send each ex-student full particulars of the gathering when it is finally arranged for. They would also send to each student sending in his address a cut of the new college building.

and beauty of the bath and toilet room.

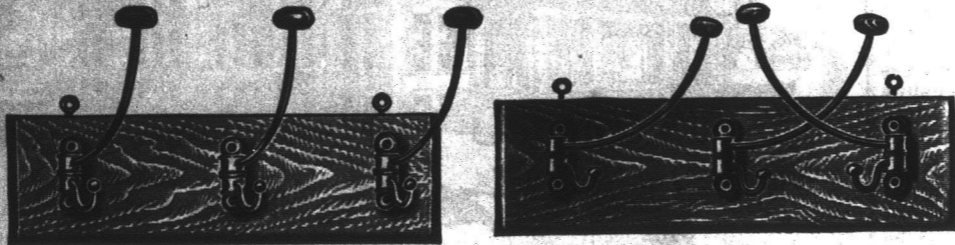
The Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., has designed and placed on the market several different styles of porcelain enameled tanks for low down closets. The tanks are made in various attractive designs, and can be furnished for syphon jet, syphonic or washdown closets. The company had not anticipated such a prompt demand for the new tanks so soon after its being placed on the market. As a result the various factories are busy with orders from all parts of the country, and the Company is already enlarging its facilities to enable it to supply the trade. It is very evident that it did not take the public long to recognize the advantages of the enameled tank, as many of the finest office buildings, hotels, private residences and railway stations in the country are equipped with the fixture.

Apple Layer Pudding.—Sift two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two cupfuls of flour, wet with sufficient milk to make a stiff dough. As you roll it out, spread on thin layers of lard, fold over and roll out again as thin as possible. Cut equally in four pieces and roll as thin as a wafer. Place in the baking-pan with the bottom of it slightly floured. On the dough place a layer of chopped raisins and apples, and an equal amount of blanched, chopped almonds; fleck with bits of butter and sit over brown sugar. The next layer of dough goes on and then the "filling" alternately until the dough is used up, the top layer being the crust. When baked remove carefully from the pan to flat dish and send to table. Serve with it a half-liquid sauce.



Trains on the Rigi Railway Switzerland.

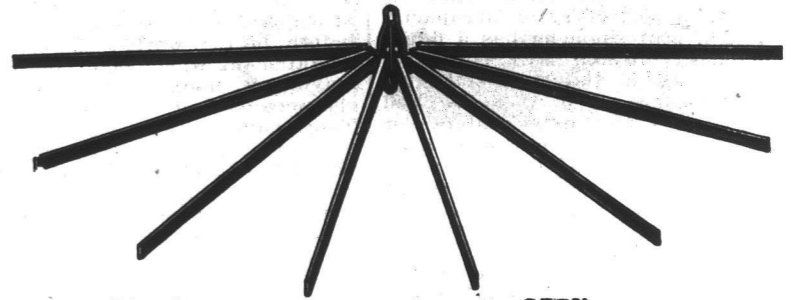
PREMIUMS for ROYAL CROWN SOAP WRAPPERS



OPEN CLOSED

Hat and Coat Rack, No. 74 (Three Hooks)

Back oak, 17½ in. long, 5 in. wide, ½ in. thick. Hat hook extends 6 in., coat hook extends 2 in., base of hook 2½ in. Movable arms, antique oak knobs, polished steel, handsomely nickel plated. Free for 125 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 35c. and 25 Wrappers. If outside Winnipeg add 15c. to cover delivery.



Clothes

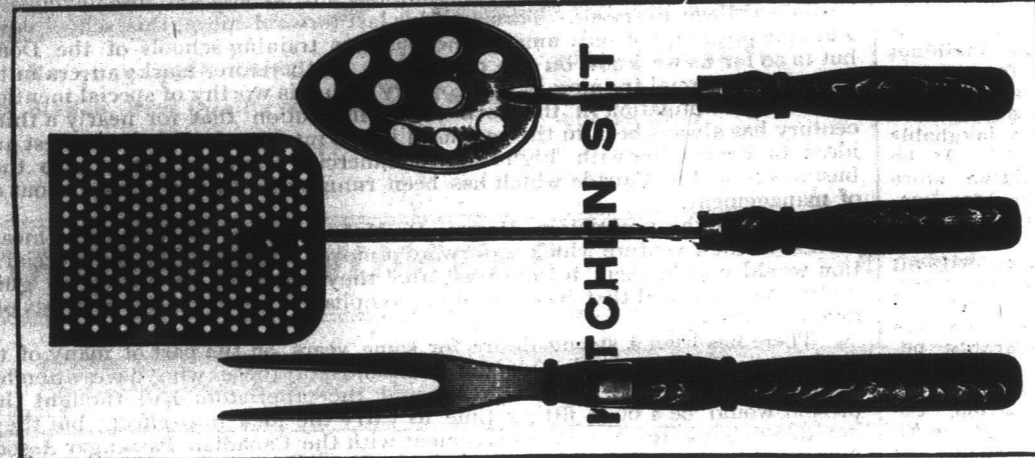
Rack No. 71

Eight arm wall clothes rack, wood arms, steel back, each arm working independently. Free for 75 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 15c. and 25 wrappers. If outside Winnipeg add 15c. for delivery.



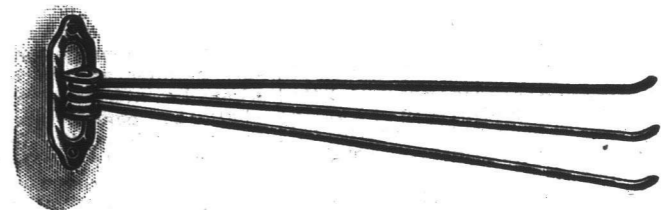
OPEN

CLOSED



Kitchen Set, No. 70

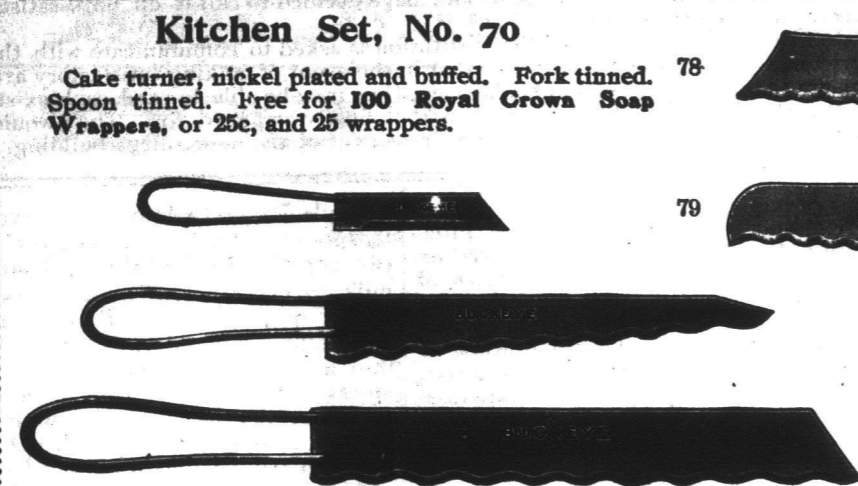
Cake turner, nickel plated and buffed. Fork tinned. Spoon tinned. Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 25c. and 25 wrappers.



Display and Towel Rack, No. 73

"PHYLLIS" Three Arms made from 3-16 in. Bright Wire

Nickel plated. Two screw holes for bracket. Length over all, 11½ in. Length of arms, 11½ in. Free for 50 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 15c. and 25 wrappers.



Christy Center Cut Bread Knives

Finest knife steel, handsomely finished handles. Choice of pointed No. (78) or round end (No. 79) packed complete in box. Free for 175 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 50c. and 25 wrappers.

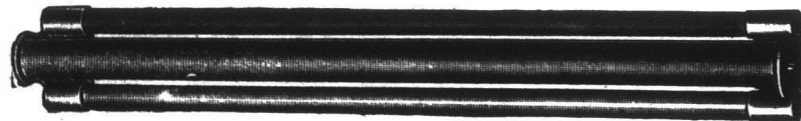
Buckeye Set, No. 76

Consisting of one PAREING KNIFE, one CARVING KNIFE, one BREAD KNIFE. Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 25c. and 25 wrappers.



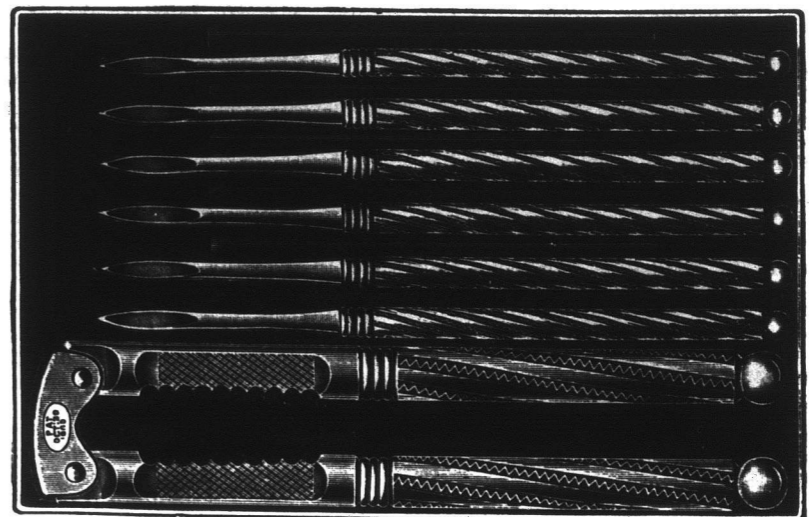
Screw Driver, No. 77

Cherry beaded handles. Length 10 in. Free for 50 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 15c. and 10 wrappers.



"Climax" Towel Roller, No. 75

Steel pivots and steel ends. Roller selected oak oil finish. Free for 50 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 15c. and 10 wrappers. If outside Winnipeg add 15c. to cover delivery.



Combination Nut Crack and Nut Pick Set, No. 72.

Six picks and one crack, with spiral knural, nickle plated. Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 25c. and 25 wrappers.

Address: Premium Department,

The Royal Crown Limited, Winnipeg.



What the World is Saying

"Kit" on Cuba.

The name "Kit" has become famous throughout Canada. Recently at the Lady Journalists' Convention, she gave a description of her experiences in Cuba:—

"I had no soles to my boots," she said, "only the uppers were left. My hat was all tattered and scarcely a hat at all. My blouse had been washed in the sea, and was all wrinkles. When I got to my room I asked the boy to bring me the largest schooner in the hotel full of—no, not beer, milk. I hadn't seen milk for four months. Then I sat on the bed—the first bed I had seen for four months. I had had only a straw mattress and that full of red ants and cockroaches. And when I saw the plenty that was all round me and thought of the misery that I had seen, I cried as a woman will until I fell on the floor. I never drank the milk, but went to sleep on the floor."

Healthy State of Canada's Finances.

That Canada is prosperous is shown in her revenue increase of more than seven and a half millions over eleven months of 1905. The following are the exact figures:—

The revenue of the Dominion of Canada during the eleven months of the current financial year up to the first of June amounted to \$71,012,213, which is an increase of \$7,687,884 over the corresponding period of last year. The ordinary expenditure was \$50,206,425, an increase of \$3,349,193, and the expenditure on capital account \$11,781,138, an increase of \$1,611,229.

The returns show that during the eleven months the customs collections increased \$4,289,000 over 1905; the excise collections, \$1,385,000; the post office receipts, \$6,986,000, and the receipts from public works and railways, \$679,000.

The bounty payments of \$1,936,286 represent an increase of \$395,845. The railway subsidy payments of \$1,637,574 were \$423,278 larger than for the corresponding period of the year before.

The Dangers of the House Fly.

Before the advent of the bacteriologist the house fly was regarded merely as a nuisance. It was an intruder, an uninvited guest. It created so much trouble for its size that to some human beings it caused as much amusement as execration. It tickled the wit of no end of humorists, lent a light touch to many a caricature, and won, too, a certain amount of respect for its democratic ways. It was no respecter of persons. But in the light of modern science the fly has been found to be a menace to mankind. Says the New York Tribune:—

Experiments have proved that it can carry on its hairy body the germs of various fevers, so that it has come to be feared by armies almost as much as the bullets of an enemy. An epidemic of cholera in a Manila prison not long ago was traced to flies. As soon as the insects were barred from the convicts' quarters the pestilence abated. Among the Egyptians and Fiji Islanders the house fly has been found guilty of conveying the germs of the prurient ophthalmia.

Ellen Terry and Shakespeare.

It is a matter of genuine delight that after studying Shakespeare for fifty years, Miss Terry should preserve her pristine enthusiasm. This she has done, and the study has been a liberal education. She says:—

If in my fifty years' work upon the stage I have done anything in the cause of Shakespeare, he has done everything for me. No dramatist before or since has ever given us players such

opportunities, nor suggested to us such high, brilliant, and varied ways of exercising our art. Every part of Shakespeare's has been to me a liberal education. To my intimate association with Shakespeare I owe much of my happiness and all of my wisdom. When in the future I summon to the 'sessions of sweet silent thought' the many happy remembrances of my fiftieth stage birthday, there will come first in the train of affection and honor this message from Shakespeare's town."

The Sorrows of the Millionaire.

The millionaire has come into his own in more ways than one. He is being weighed in the balance, sifted as wheat, down through the proverbial knot hole, squeezed, kicked, punched, and otherwise figuratively maltreated. A writer in the North American Review adds another indictment:—

"Excessive gains, like excessive salaries, are inherently dishonest, and the men who seek them can not possibly be of any genuine value to the American people. The less temptation, therefore, we offer men to work merely to amass great fortunes the better for them and for us; and the more sternly we confine everybody to honest returns for honest service, the better for them and for us. Whoever has a dollar for which a dollar's worth in property or service has not been given has a dishonest dollar; and if he keeps it he is a dishonest man, no matter by what fine phrases he seeks to cover such dishonesty."

Hail Caine on Alcohol.

The great novelist has assumed another role. From delighting his readers with the creations of his prolific brain, he has recently treated them to a dirge on drink. Nothing stronger has been said on any temperance platform:—

Looking back from more than middle life, I can hardly remember a case of wreck or ruin that has not been, directly or indirectly, the result of drink. It is a terrible roll-call my memory goes through of men of good and even brilliant gifts and of bright and glorious opportunities, who are dead or worse than dead, at the hands of the great hypnotist. Against that record I cannot recall a single case of a man who, free from the tyranny of drink, has been utterly destroyed by misfortune. The hardest blows of fate seem powerless to slay the man whom the great hypnotist cannot subdue. I truly believe that if drink could be utterly wiped out of the world to-night, humanity would awake in the morning with more than half its sorrows and suffering gone.

The "Jungle" Allegations Sustained.

The Neill-Reynolds report on the situation of the Chicago packing houses sustains, in the main, the allegations made by Mr. Upton Sinclair. With an impetuosity that does them credit, the American newspapers are calling on the President to take immediate action. They have some pungent advice to give the packers also. The Chicago Record-Herald says:—

The great packers, in particular, could pursue no more disastrous policy than one of resistance and defiance. While it is a fact that conditions may be better in their establishments than in the smaller ones, they must bear the brunt of the charges, and their sole aim should be to make good for themselves regardless of others. They must realize that it is on them that the interest of the whole American public is centred, and that Chicago is in no mood to share the odium that may attach to them from stockyards scandals.

Quebec the C. P. R. Terminus.

The C. P. R. has made the important decision to make Quebec the summer terminus of

their new Empress boats. This is a blow to Montreal, but Sir Thos. Shaughnessy gives as a reason, the protection of the boats:—

The very great value of these vessels, which are very different from the ordinary vessels that come to the port, and the unsatisfactory condition of the channel, its narrowness at the bends and lack of uniformity in depth, have made us apprehensive of the consequences of bringing them up here. In addition to that there are the high marine insurance rates which impose a very serious burden, apart from the risk.

J. J. Hill and the West.

There are few men who can speak with a greater ring of authority on the commercial questions of the day than Pres. James J. Hill. Mr. Hill has joined the august company of the prophets. Speaking at a luncheon given him by the Canadian Club, he said:—

Your city has grown; but let me say your growth has only commenced. All cities grow out of the country that supports them. There is an old saying, 'God made the country, man makes the town.' I tell you with a country such as you have behind you you have room for a greater population than the Dominion now holds; all they have been able to do in 150 years you should do in the next 25 years."

The French under British Rule.

The French people of the Dominion of Canada are a permanent element in the British Empire. There are croakers who now and then raise the race cry; but the vast multitude of French-Canadians are as British as those who are English born. In a recent speech at a dinner given him in Boston, the Hon. Mr. Marcell said:—

As a citizen of Canada, as a British subject, as a subject of the Sovereign who is with the President of this great country, one of the peace makers of the world, as one in whose veins courses the blood of France and Ireland, countries which have not always been on friendly terms with Great Britain, to state that in so far as Canada is concerned the rule of Great Britain has been a blessing to us all, and that the great nation which has done more than all others for the advancement of human liberty in all its forms has achieved upon the northern part of this continent a share of success which in other days under adverse circumstances and in dealing with her own offspring it was not given to her to see accomplished."

Another Religion.

Henry Demarest Lloyd, a leading Socialist writer, has discovered that man is his own god, and the creator of his own future. Prayer is aspiration, and Christianity a religious reaction and a mistake:—

The words and deeds attributed to the gods are in truth the words and deeds of humanity. They are the words and deeds in which men not yet realizing themselves have tremblingly expressed ideals they thought too great to have been their own creation. Men have been worshipping themselves, and they are beginning to see that the time has come for humanity to declare itself and express its hopes and fears in terms of humanity. God is the name man gives his own future. What men worship that they are growing toward. Men have always been ruled by elective gods. It does not derogate from the invisible to emphasize the visible that religion has always been a revelation to man from man.

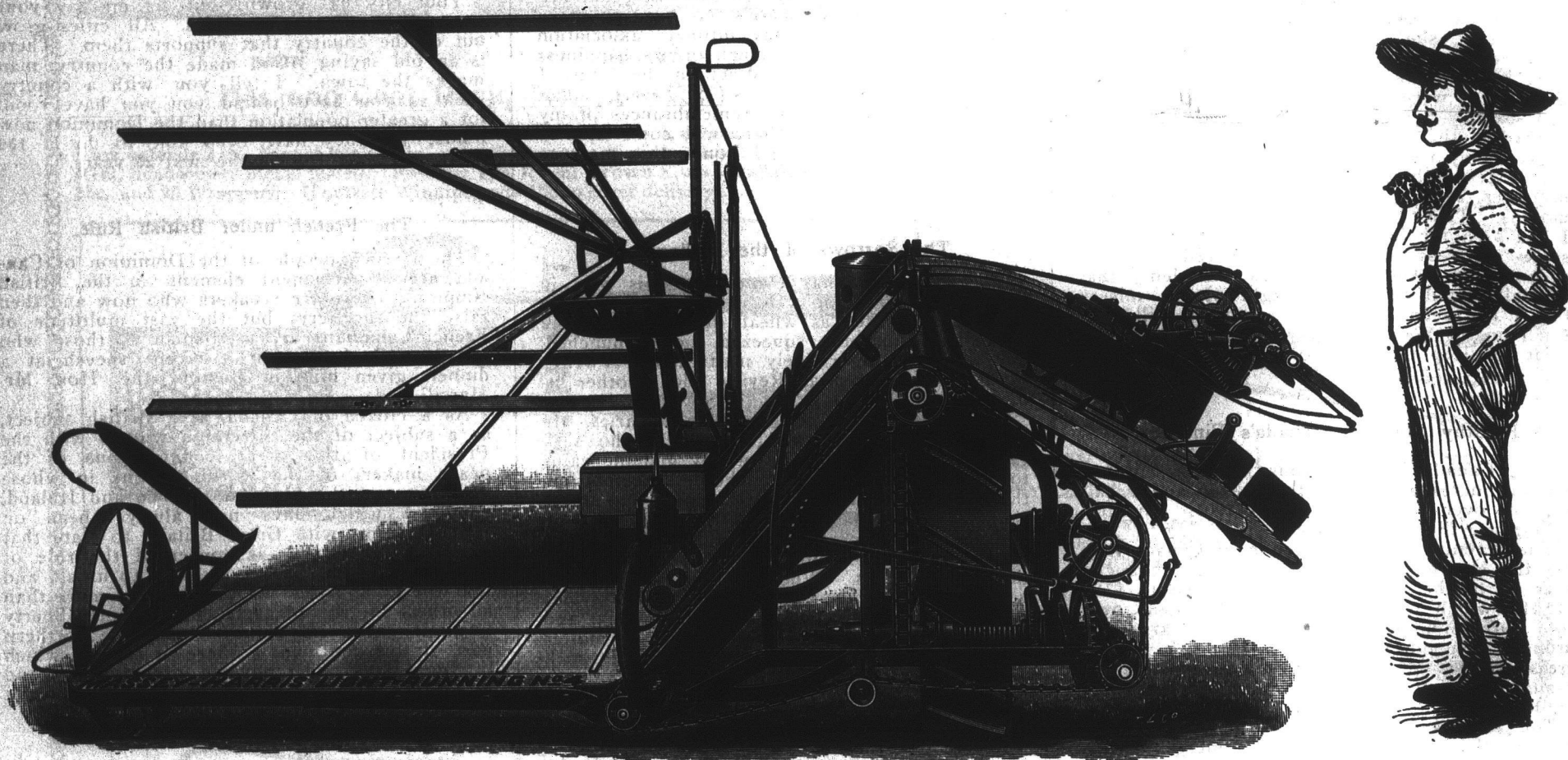
The Air Ship—A Reality.

The air-ship has become a reality, and the finger of fate points to its becoming a necessity. The Orville brothers have given the first practical solution of aviation. The machine is thus described by the Technical World:—

The Wright flyer is constructed of spruce wood, second growth ash, steel wire, heavy muslin, and a very small percentage of metal. It is not at all bird-like in shape, early experiments having demonstrated that it was not feasible to build such a machine when more than thirty or forty pounds was to be carried. Imagine to yourself a structure about eighteen feet long, consisting chiefly of an upper and a lower deck of rectangular framework, the width of each being about seven feet. The two decks are about three feet apart and are held together by uprights, between which are stretched small wings or slats, like those of an old-fashioned window-blind. In the centre, between the two decks, is located the gasoline motor that drives the propellers, which are placed immediately below the upper deck. The operator reclines at full length on the lower deck, face downward.

Well! Well!

"After all these years of use that binder of mine is as good as ever. I shall certainly buy another Massey-Harris Binder this year. They always stand up to their work so well."



The Massey-Harris Binder is full of good points

The exceptionally wide elevator canvasses are a distinct advantage in handling heavy, down and tangled grain.

The thrust block and ball for bevel shaft take up all wear.

Note the size of the canvass rollers, also size of spindle or gudgeon. Gudgeons carry three rivets put in in quarter style.

When visiting the Winnipeg Exhibition don't fail to visit the Show Rooms

OF

Massey-Harris Company, Ltd.

Corner Market Square and Princess Street

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

WRITE A BOOK! A great book is a great monument. There it stands upon the book-shelf in a thousand libraries for one hundred years. What a silent force! What a subtle power! What an invisible influence! While I write these lines the vision of seven mighty volumes rise before me. Seven books, and each book has marked an epoch in the history of human thought.

Darwin's "Origin of Species" caused a revolution in the realm of human thought. No other writer was ever so thoroughly criticised at first and so generally accepted at the last, as the writer of the "Origin of Species." The scholar and thinker who does not accept the fundamental doctrine of this book occupies a lonely position. He is the exception.

Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," which was really a looking forward, brought fame to its author and set all humanity dreaming and thinking of that ideal social condition when poverty shall have passed away and the benefits and blessings of life shall be equal and universal in its distribution. God hasten the day!

Mrs. Humphrey Ward achieved her fame in the writing of "Robert Elsmere." It proved to be the best problem-novel which ever appeared in England. It was reviewed by Gladstone in "The Nineteenth Century," and had an enormous sale in England and the United States. It was a sad book, and told the story of a young preacher's eclipse of faith.

Henry Drummond's "Natural Law In The Spiritual World" was another book which attracted universal attention. Drummond, who was a preacher and a scientist at the same time, discovered that his scientific studies carried him into theology, and that his theological studies led him into the realm of science, and that the laws governing both realms seemed to be the same. The result was a stirring volume which reminded many of Butler's famous "Analogy." Drummond found difficulty in securing a publisher. He was travelling in the heart of Africa when news reached him that he had achieved fame as a writer.

Harriet Beecher Stowe stands in history as the person who wrote a novel—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—which became a powerful factor in producing one of the most powerful national revolutions known to modern history. Its story is too well known to need more than the mere mention. Mrs. Stowe claimed that she wrote the book "by inspiration"—that the labor on it was a delight. She was a young mother with an infant in her arms, and burdened with household duties, but some invisible spirit seemed to suggest paragraph after paragraph. It was a labor of love and work of pleasure. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the world's most famous novel.

"The Jungle" is the last great book. Its writer, Upton Sinclair, is a Socialist with a message for the world. The book is a work of fact as well as a work of fiction. It is a revelation of the utterly filthy condition of the sanitary arrangements in the stockyards of Chicago, and a story of the oppression of immigrant families in the United States. The reading of this book caused President Roosevelt to send a special message to Congress. It is the book of the hour. No well informed person should be ignorant of its contents.

THE ART OF ELOQUENCE. Eloquence consists of two things—conviction and expression. To have an idea, or opinion, or conviction, and the ability to give expression to the same—this is eloquence. Eloquence is the ability to think upon your feet with the assistance of your vocal apparatus. Eloquence is the faculty of thinking aloud—the knack of freely, fully, and forcibly expressing thought after thought as these thoughts march through the corridors of the mind.

Newman Hall,

who became one of the great pulpit orators of his day, reveals in his autobiography how he managed to develop fluency of speech.

He says: "It is a fact that more than a hundred of my first addresses at college had only one hearer, and that was myself. I had a very painful sense of my inability to speak extemporaneously. I knew that frequently a minister is called upon suddenly for an address when unable to respond with credit to himself or benefit to others.

I Resolved to Fight.

"I resolved to fight this inaptitude. Directly after breakfast I locked myself in my study, placed my Bible on the mantel shelf, opened it at random, read out the first verse that caught my eye, and at once began to discourse on it as a text, keeping on during ten minutes without pausing. Of course, what I said was frequently far away from the text, with plenty of words and little thought, yet sometimes a train of meditation would be evoked, which I entered in a book. But this confession is not an apology for want of preparation, or for

Empty Verboosity.

"I have never preached or spoken by arrangement without careful forethought. This private exercise was merely to give facility when there was no time for preparation." To my mind this affords us a splendid illustration from the life of a man who achieved unusual success of one way in which freedom of utterance and facility of speech may be developed. The method which helped the young divinity student in the matter of enriching his vocabulary will also assist the young lawyer, rising politician, and successful business man in doing the same thing.

THE VALUE OF PRAISE.

Kind words never die. Most men remember the kind things which are said to them and who it was that uttered the words. No mortal fails to recollect the unkind thrust and the name of the mortal who was guilty of offering it. Unkind words never die. It is so easy to hurt. It is so easy to help. Our words may be an inspiration or a discouragement. Study the science of encouragement. Commend your friends on the pleasing features of their character and work. If a man sings well, tell him so. If he writes well, let him know that you have enjoyed reading his article. If he has shown great tact in a difficult emergency, let him know that you recognize the fact. I never met a man in my life who did not enjoy a compliment. That old divine and theologian, Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, N.Y., once said: "The man who does not appreciate a compliment has not yet been born."

Gough.

Some body stepped forward to John B. Gough at the close of an eloquent lecture and said to him, enthusiastically, "Mr. Gough, that was a splendid effort." His face brightened, and his hand-grasp tightened as he thanked his friend for the compliment bestowed, and said: "Did you really enjoy the lecture?" "Did you like it?" Gough had been lecturing for 30 years, and yet he enjoyed a compliment.

Edmund Kean.

Edmund Kean, at the height of his fame, when playing before a quiet and well-nigh sullen audience in the city of London, an audience which had not offered the actor one round of applause in forty-five minutes.—He turned on the audience, impatiently, and said: "If you cannot applaud, I cannot act."

Joseph Jefferson.

Joseph Jefferson, in his autobiography, a volume well worth reading by every student of human nature, has said that one evening when performing in an eastern city, the leader of the orchestra, sitting with the other members of the musical profession, in the pit, right in front of Jefferson, turned his back indifferently on the famous actor and carelessly surveyed the audience. Jefferson had played before the nobility of the old world and the aristocracy of the new, but he could not be indifferent to such careless inattention. He turned to a friend at the close of the act, and, referring to the discourtesy of the master musician, said, "Wouldn't that kill you?"

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Oliver Wendell Holmes sat at a banquet table in the city of Boston. He had just read a speech and recited an original poem. When he sat down it was amid an ovation of thundering cheers and rattling applause. The artillery of praise had been turned loose upon him by an admiring circle of friends and acquaintances. Just then a reporter of the Boston Transcript turned toward the "Autocrat of The Breakfast Table" and remarked, "Are you not tired of cheers and applause after all these years of triumphs?" The old philosopher replied, "No, sir! They never cheer loud enough—they never applaud long enough to suit me." Honest old mortal. He liked praise, and he was frank enough to admit it.

KNOW YOUR FORTE.

A wise philosopher has said that we are all alike in one respect—namely, we are all different. Most people are right-handed. Some people are left-handed. It is well that we are not all alike. Napoleon's favorite word was "Glory." Wellington's favorite word was "Duty." In the making of Modern Italy, Cavour stood for a monarchy; Mazzini fought for a republic; while Garibaldi struck for liberty, and was indifferent to the form of government. In the American Civil War there came to the front three great generals—Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. Grant could plan a great campaign; Sherman was a great master of detail; Sheridan was built for hard fighting. Every man to his work. The English Reformation developed two great characters—Wesley and Whitefield; Whitefield the orator, and Wesley the organizer. Whitefield left a name, Wesley left a denomination. A past generation produced two great prophets—Emerson and Carlyle. Carlyle tried to settle everything while Emerson tried to unsettle everything. Emerson was like the sunbeam. Carlyle was like the lightning flash. Emerson was like the zephyr, Carlyle was like the cyclone. Emerson dealt in short sentences, Carlyle spoke in long paragraphs. Emerson was the philosopher and prophet, Carlyle was the prophet and poet. Great men differ. What a difference in preachers—Guthrie was strong in illustration; Spurgeon dealt in short pungent sentences; Talmage was dramatic; Joseph Parker was the incarnation of originality; Beecher was a lover of force; Phillip Brooks was boundless in his sympathy. It is well for a man to know his own forte. The prayer of the Scotch elder was a wise one: "Grant, O Lord, that I may always be right, for thou knowest I am hard to turn."

"GOOD SOCIETY."

Some people, instead of spending their time trying to make their own society good enough for somebody to get into, spend their time trying to get into good society, which, in spite of its name, is not good enough, nine times out of ten, for good people to get into or stay in.

Life in the West is not easy. The new settler will find it a great change from the cultivated country which he called "home." There is one word we wish to give to the new, discouraged settler. It is Perseverance. Perseverance wins the only kind of reward worth winning—

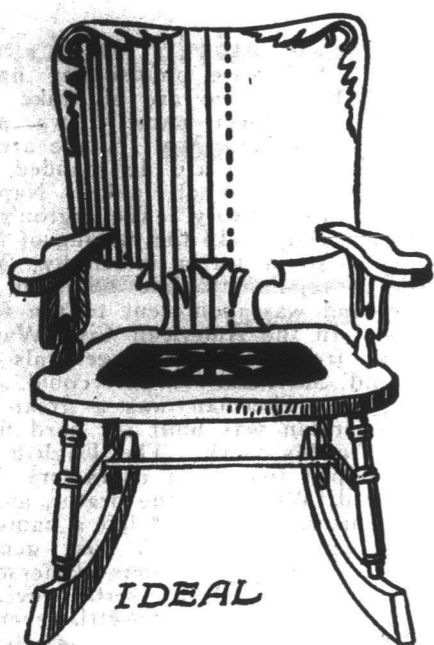
TO THE NEW SETTLER.

wholly our own, and part of our very being. Perseverance includes aspiration, as well as ambition; it maintains a code of high ideals in the pursuit of a worthy object. "The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims." Perseverance makes men and women of might. It is also infectious; it sheds a reflective power of determination on those around us. Perseverance enables us to give two bounds for every fall, and cultivates a discriminating power to avert a similar mishap when it again threatens. The effects of the fall are lost in the stimulating efforts of the forward bounds. "Perpetual pushing and assurance puts a difficulty out of countenance and makes a seeming impossibility give way." Perseverance gives a glow and a zest to life; it clears the vision. Tenacity of purpose gives self-respect, and surrounds every living thing with interest. Through power of his own effort a man grows to appreciate—more than fine gold—the brains and refinement of his neighbors. Perseverance leads men to absorb that most nourishing of all foods, experience, which contains life-giving ingredients for success. "Mere genius darts, flutters and tires, but perseverance wears and wins." The steady, industrious worker makes the best citizen, and, by his example and personality, the greatest power for advancement in any community. The life of activity is the life of growth, and impels a man onward to the ultimate unfolding of himself.

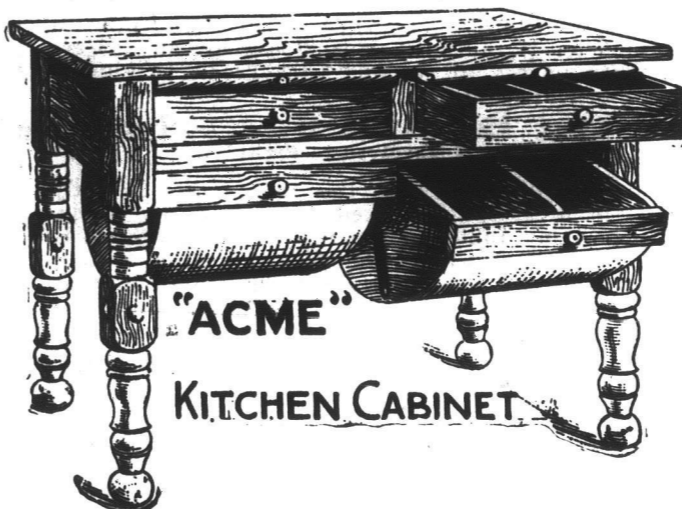
The IDEAL'S SPECIAL VALUES for JULY

When you visit the Exhibition make
this Store your head quarters .

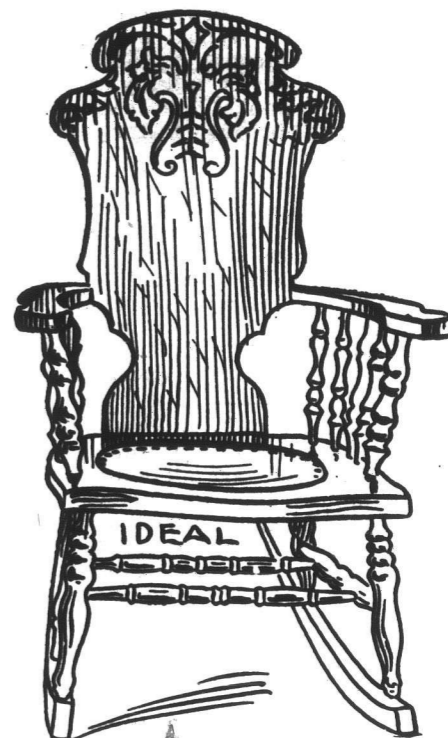
Everybody welcome; see our dis-
play at the Exhibition Grounds .



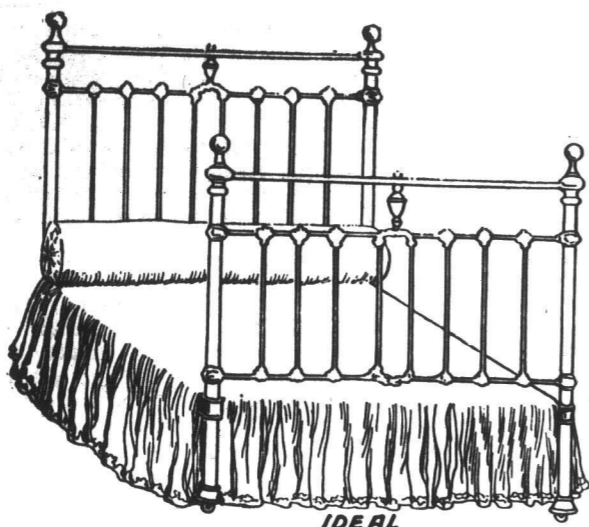
No. 1 Child's Rocker, solid golden Oak highly polished, impervious or cane seat. July special **\$1.95**



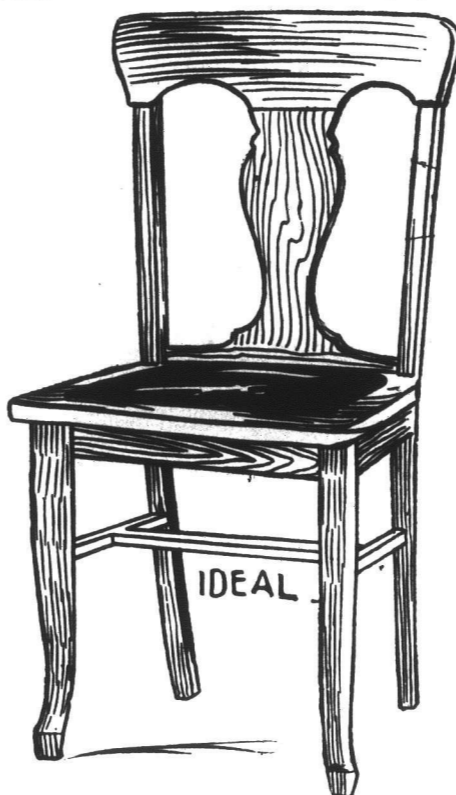
No. 3 Kitchen Cabinet, hardwood, golden finish, size of top 26 x 46 inches, heavy turned legs, two large metal lined bins for flour, etc. Two drawers and two chopping boards. July special **\$6.45**



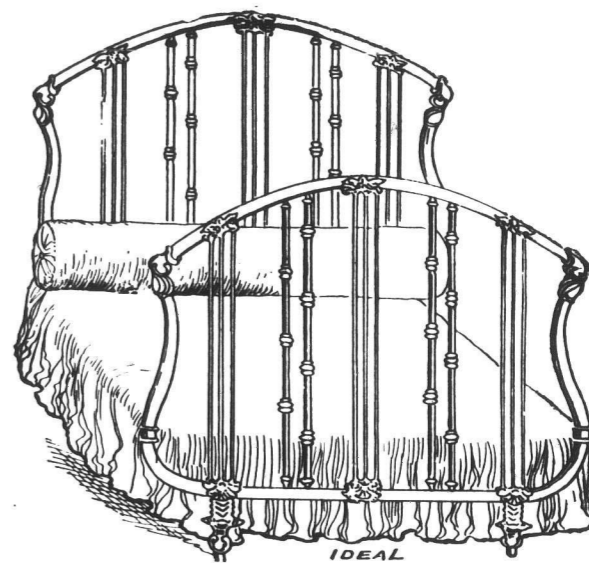
No. 2 Cobbler Seat Rocker, selected golden 1/4 cut Oak, highly polished, with large sized leather seat. July special **\$4.25**



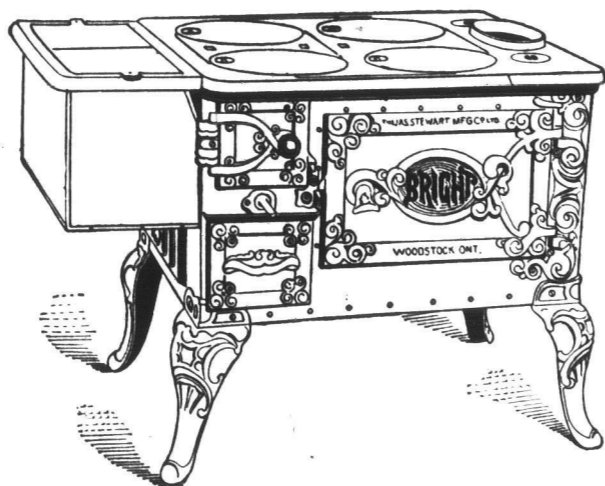
No. 5 Iron Bed, white enamel finish, heavy posts and fillings, brass knobs, cap and top rails. All widths. July special **\$7.45**



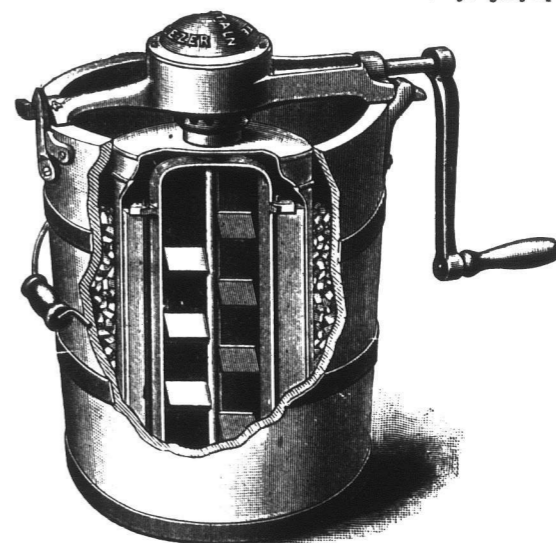
No. 4 Dining Chair, selected golden 1/4 cut Oak frame, highly polished, seats are upholstered in best quality of leather. July special **\$3.25**



No. 6 Iron Beds, fancy colors, very handsome design, with four brass spindles in head and foot. Four feet six width only. July special **\$15.50**



No. 7 Cook stove, No. 9 top, steel body, good fire box, burns either Coal or Wood, good sized oven, steel body and reservoir. July special **\$16.50** Without Reservoir **\$13.75**



No. 8 White Mountain Ice Cream Freezer, guaranteed to give satisfaction, exactly same as shown in cut. 2 quart size **\$2.75** 3 quart size **\$3.00** and 4 quart size **\$4.00**

"THE IDEAL" Dept. "H" COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS
CORNER OF PORTAGE AVE. AND HARGRAVE ST.



If the King comes, he will visit Winnipeg. It is more than forty years since, as Prince of Wales, he came to Canada. The Union Bank was not then erected, neither was Happyland fenced in. But time brings changes. The

WHEN THE KING COMES TO WINNIPEG.

Assiniboine is now bridged at Elm Park, Thos. Sharpe is Mayor, open and airy flat cars are used as trailers, and Cris. Campbell is Chairman of the Board of Health. It will be a great day for Winnipeg when His Majesty arrives. Stepping out of his private car, he will be met first by a deputation of North End mosquitos, who respect a royal pate as little as a Polluk's. As the royal blood is thus drawn a feeling of friendliness will arise in the royal breast, for the Prince and the mosquito met here in '62. Following quickly on the heels, or rather the beaks of the mosquitos, will come His Worship the Mayor, dapper and dignified. Then the Civic Fathers, each wearing a silk hat of various vintages, cocked at angles to suit the occasion and the convenience of the wearer. A visit will be made to Archbishop Seraphen's Cathedral in the North End. The towering tombs and mighty mausoleums of that sacred fane having been inspected, the party will drive to the City Hall. Here the King will command the Mayor to kneel, the royal arm will be extended, while the royal voice proclaims "Rise, Sir Thomas Sharpe, my good and doughty knight."

Students in theology who have evinced a decided distaste for the study of Hebrew, will welcome with delight some recent statements made by no less a theological light than Dr. Amory Bradford: "The average man can get a better knowledge of the contents and meaning of the Scriptures from translations than

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF HEBREW?

from such study of Hebrew as it is possible for him to secure, without making it a life-study, which no modern preacher can do without neglecting more important subjects. I once heard Emerson say what has since been published, that he would as soon think of swimming the Charles River whenever he went from Cambridge to Boston as of trying to read the ancient classics in the original. What Emerson said concerning the Greek and Latin authors applies still more emphatically to the Hebrew. Men who do not know a language both sympathetically and technically, should not be allowed to palm off on others their weak attempts at translation and interpretation as the truth. The scholars who prepared the Revised Version, working together for years, would be far more likely to prepare an accurate translation of Job or Amos than any theolog could after studying the language in a cursory way for but three years."

The man with the muck rake is coming in for a fair share of contumely these days. Ogden Armour, the brain of the packing combination, declares that President Roosevelt has a strong personal animus against the Chicago packers, and is doing all he can to discredit their business. In the meantime, it is not well to attack the muck rake man too furiously, until we are quite sure he makes, as well as rakes, the muck. Should the United States Federal Government undertake the cleansing of Chicago's Augean stables? If it inspects at all, it is desirable that the inspection be a real one. Pending the investigation, the foreign demand for packing products has decreased from 30 to 50 per cent. a hundred pounds. It is said by some that it has cost the packers a third of their business, or \$20,000,000 in ten days. We cannot waste much sympathy on the packers. If people let their business fall into such a state that a description of it kills it, they have no one to blame but themselves. The pity is that the innocent suffer with the guilty.

THE MAN WITH THE MUCK RAKE.

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The finger of a relentless fate is pointing to the food supplies. War has slain its thousands, but canned potted chicken (?) its tens of

thousands. Not only in Chicago have the tins been weighed and the chicken found wanting; England, that boast and pride

THE FINGER OF FATE.

of fair play and justice, has been practising a huge joke upon the palates of her blue-blooded scions of noble families, as well as those of "Arry and 'Arriet." A London sanitary inspector has reported that "a firm engaged in the manufacture of tinned delicacies, such as potted chicken and tongue, had been making them out of old tinned meat which had been worked over, and other materials added, under circumstances too loathsome to give detail." Meat from cows that died from disease found its way into London butcher shops, while all sorts of refuse and dirty scraps are put in London made sausages. Raisins were found in jam factories filled with ants. Rotten apples, pulp orange peel, filthy macaroni, and other refuse bought from grocers were made into jam.

We learn from Ottawa that the famous contractors, McKenzie & Mann, are now in negotiation with the government with regard to the construction of their proposed line to Hudson's Bay. The value of such a line to Western

THE ROUTE TO HUDSON'S BAY.

Canada cannot be over-estimated, and the time has arrived when this road should be speedily pushed through. About twenty years ago a clause was inserted in the Dominion Lands' Act providing for a land grant of 12,800 acres per mile to assist the construction of a road to Hudson's Bay. The subsidy was afterwards given to the Winnipeg and Hudson Bay Railway Company, which is now controlled by McKenzie & Mann. The line in question would be about 500 miles in length, and the land grant, therefore, would be some 6,400,000 acres in all. The area reserved for the selection of the grant lies alongside the route to be traversed by the new road.

Britain's wheat importation for 1905 amounted to 97,622,752 hundredweight. Russia supplied a fraction more than one-quarter of this (24,703,200), Argentina a little less than another quarter (23,236,400), and the British East Indies a little less than a

THE WHEAT SUPPLY OF BRITAIN.

third quarter (22,807,422). Australia supplied 10,064,700 hundredweight, the United States 6,834,700 and Canada 6,522,030. The imports of 1904 were approximately the same as those of 1905, although there were relatively unimportant changes in the quantity imported from different countries. Russia, Roumania, and Argentina made small gains in 1905, while the British East Indies supply fell off about 10 per cent. The supply from the United States fell off about 7 per cent., and the Canadian export increased 7 per cent.

Publicity is the key to twentieth century business success. He who has a business must get that business before the world, or the world will pass him by. The general laws which apply to ordinary business institutions also apply to communities and cities. To settle up a country you must exploit its resources; to build up a city, you must advertise to the world its industrial and commercial possibilities. Municipal advertising has become a distinct branch of business publicity. Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, and Commercial Clubs, are the mediums through which a municipality can best reach the general public. Every community has its strong points as a place of residence, or as a commercial or manufacturing centre. These facts must be set forth and given to the public in some way, if there is to be any progress. The only question is, how can it best be done? It must be remembered that the capital stock of a municipality is the unoccupied territory and business opportunities within its particular sphere of influence. These, speaking in the language of trade, are what the municipality has to "sell." Every institution located in a legitimate line of production; every family brought

MUNICIPAL ADVERTISING.

into the territory; every farm improved, adds just that much to the business resources of the community by increasing the productive and consumptive power of the people, and to that extent increasing the market.

Those who read the correspondence columns of the Western Home Monthly will agree with the editor that wives are a scarce commodity. The Baltimore Sun calls attention to the need of wives in the Canadian West. During the first four months of this year, 14,000 immigrants who arrived in Canada, only about 1,500 were women, and most of them were married. There were some 11,000 young men without wives. The Sun thinks that the lack of women in Western Canada is a real and serious impediment to the development of the country, however fertile and productive it may be. The same difficulty confronted the young settlers who crossed the Atlantic to colonize Virginia. Then a lot of enterprising sea captains gathered up young women and took them over to Jamestown. A young man could get a wife by paying the freight. It so happens that most of the wifeless ones in Western Canada are from Great Britain, where, owing to the emigration of men, the women are greatly in the majority.

Attention is being directed strongly at present to denatured alcohol as a fuel. One gallon of 94 per cent. alcohol is equal, it is claimed, to two gallons of gasoline for fuel, light, or running motors, making it at 24 cents per gallon as economical as gasoline at 13 cents, which is the price at which it usually sells, but government chemists say that it can be sold at a profit for 15 cents, and some authorities say that in large quantities it can be sold for eight to ten cents per gallon, making it much cheaper than gasoline and more efficient, less objectionable and quite safe, while gasoline is dangerous, and the odor very nauseating.

ALCOHOL AS A FUEL.

It is used in Germany in stoves, ranges and lamps, and makes a beautiful light at a cost of one-third of a cent per hour for a 30 candle-power light. In France and Germany most of the motor cars are run with alcohol, and it has proven far more efficient than gasoline or naphtha, with a pleasant rather than an objectionable odor. It is also used on motor boats, and in Russia, boats of 300 h.p. using alcohol have proven successful.

General W. T. Haines, of Maine, an educational statistician of repute, has found that an uneducated child has one chance in 150,000 of attaining distinction as a factor in the progress of the age. That a common school education will increase the chances of the common school boy twenty-three times, and give him eighty-seven times the chances of the uneducated; and that a college education will increase the chances of the high school boy by nine and give him 219 times the chances of the common school boy, and more than 800 times the chances of the untrained. These facts speak for themselves. They are not new, but nevertheless should be often told. Our Western boys should take them to heart. Every boy who takes a college education will have his powers vastly increased thereby. Any instrument that brings success nearer to us cannot be called useless.

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.

At last we have a fast line from Canada to England, not as fast as we expect to yet have, but a very great improvement on what we have had in the shape of quick transit. The Empress of Britain made the time in five days twenty-three hours and seventeen minutes. This breaks the record for that route, and places the Empress of Britain as the record breaker. All honor is due the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the enterprise they have shown in this and other things which have made for Canadian prosperity. Not only is the Empress of Britain fast, she is also beautiful. No expense has been spared to make her one of the most commodious and luxurious ships afloat. The decorations are superb. The "Britain" was built at the Fairchild works on the Clyde. Her principal dimensions are: Length over all, 570 feet; beam, 65 feet, 6 inches; depth amidships, 45 feet; normal draft, tonnage, 14,500; horse-power, 18,000. Her passenger capacity is: first cabin, 350; second cabin, 350; third cabin, 1,000; crew, 400. Total capacity, 2,100.

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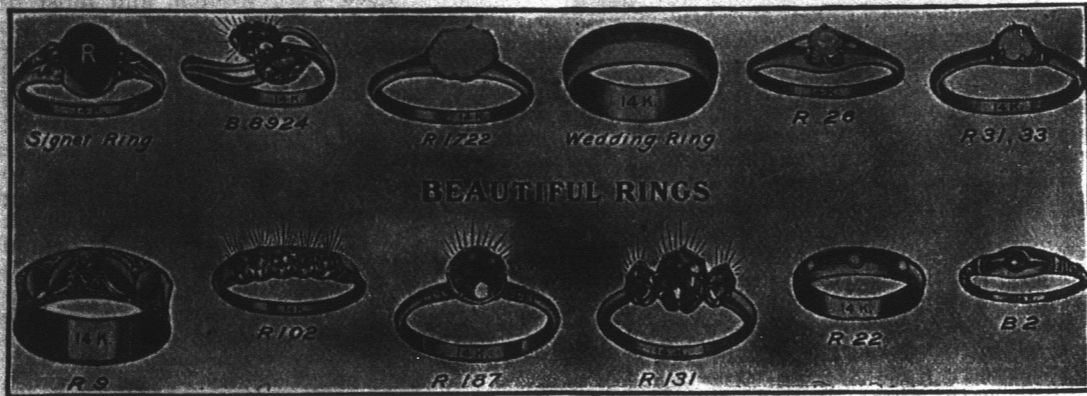
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USE IT—For your own sake.
USE IT—For the soap's sake.
USE IT—For the sake of the premiums.

"COMFORT" is a pure, sweet, wholesome soap, dealing sudden death to dirt, without harming either tender hands or delicate fabrics. For wash-day, and every other day, you'll find it the quickest, easiest, CLEANEST soap you ever used. Take advantage of our liberal premium offers—cut the trade-mark from every "Comfort" wrapper, and save them to exchange for any of the handsome articles in this list that may please your fancy.



R 3—Baby's Child's Gold-Filled Chased Ring. Single stone setting. Fair quality, should last a couple of years. For 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 10c.

R 22—Gold-Filled Band Ring, set with three stones. All sizes. Baby's, Misses' and Ladies'. For 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.

R 101—Gold-Filled, three stones, Emerald, Ruby, Amethyst, Turquoise, or Opal. For 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 25c.

R 107—Gold Filled, single stone, Emerald, Amethyst, Turquoise or Opal. For 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.

R 1004—Handsome Gold Filled, two stone Opals in twin setting. For 50 Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.

R 2—Fancy Chased 14k. Gold-Filled Ring. For 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 25c.

R 1175—Gold Filled, single stone, Emerald, Amethyst, Turquoise, Opal. For 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.

R 31, 32—Gold Filled Fancy Band Ring, Belcher setting. Choice of Emerald, Ruby, Amethyst, Turquoise, Opal. Manufactured in Misses' and Ladies' sizes. For 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.

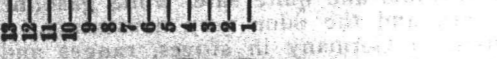
R 25—14k. Gold Filled Ring, Tiffany Setting. Choice of Amethyst, Emerald, Ruby, Turquoise. For 150 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 50c.

Ladies' or Gentlemen's Solid Gold Shell Oval Wedding Ring. Manufactured especially for us, and guaranteed to wear five years with ordinary care. For 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.

R 103—Solid Gold Shell "Princess" Ring. Choice of Diamonds or Garnets. The stones are doublets, an exact imitation of the real gems, and will last a lifetime. Free for 200 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 50c.

Lady's Signet Ring, gold-filled, with two of your initials engraved thereon. Free for 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 25c.

TO GET THE RING SIZE WANTED.



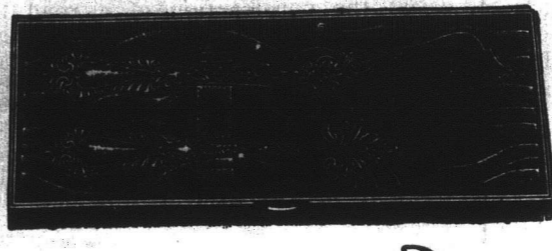
Measure with a piece of string around the second joint of the finger for which the ring is intended. Cut off the excess length of string which encircles the finger, and place one end at 6; the figure which the other end of the string touches will be the size of ring wanted. When sending for a ring, send this number, as well as the premium number of the ring desired.



Chased Silver Filled Chain Bracelet with lock and key, for ladies or children, both sizes. Free for 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.



Silver Salt and Pepper Shakers.—The pair free for 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or for 25 Trade Marks and 10c.



This handsome set of Carvers free for 200 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 50c.

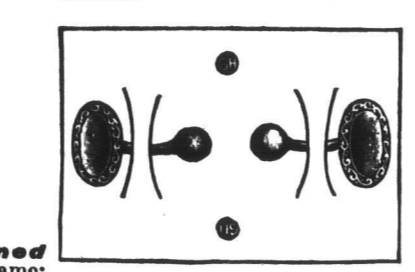
Pretty patterned **Butter Knife & Sugar Spoon.** The pair, in a nice box. Free for 100 Comfort Trade Marks or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.



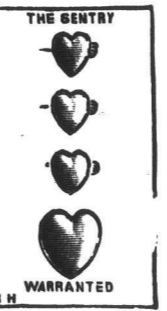
T 44—Gold Plated Cable Link Neck Chain, with Roman Gold Charm. Stone setting. Locket opens. Space for two photos. Free for 100 Comfort Trade Marks or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.



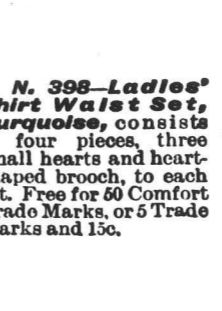
No. 26458—Elephant Grain Ladies' Hand Bag. 8-inch 4-balled frame; 2 compartments, 1 fitted with purse; moire lined; braided handle; 4 1/2 in. deep. Free for 40 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and \$1.00.



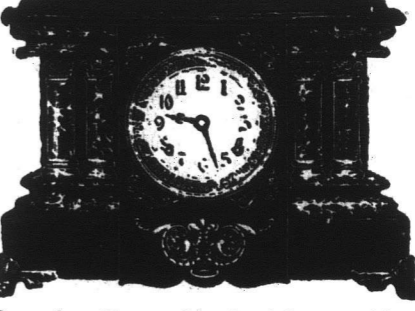
L 119—Rolled Gold-Plated Link Cuff Buttons. Bright finish. Sent for 50 Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.



N. 398—Ladies' Shirt Waist Set, Turquoise, consists of four pieces, three small hearts and heart-shaped brooch, to each set. Free for 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 5 Trade Marks and 15c.



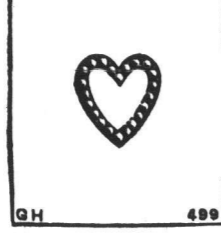
A 33—Mother of Pearl Beauty Pin. Three to each set. Set sent for 25 Comfort Trade Marks, or 5 Trade Marks and 10c.



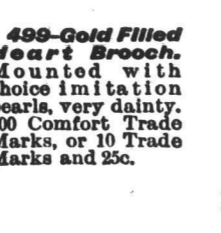
Drawing Room Clock—Adamantine enamelled case, double side pillar, imitation marble ornamentation, ivory dial, gold plated ornaments, eight day, hour and half hour strike, cathedral gong movement. 19 inches high, 17 inch base. A beauty. Packed and shipped F.O.B. for 25 Comfort Trade Marks and \$5.00, or free for 2000 Trade Marks.



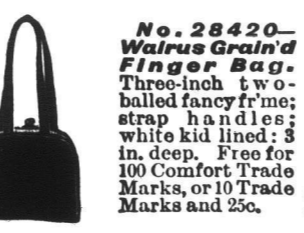
Ornate Gold Clock, 10 inch high, very fanciful and decorative, real gem. For 25 Comfort Trade Marks and \$2.50, or free for 1000 Trade Marks.



499—Gold Filled Heart Brooch. Mounted with choice imitation pearls, very dainty. 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 25c.



No. 26420—Walrus Grain Finger Bag. Three-inch two-balled fancy frame; strap handles; white kid lined; 3 in. deep. Free for 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 25c.



A 33—Mother of Pearl Beauty Pin. Three to each set. Set sent for 25 Comfort Trade Marks, or 5 Trade Marks and 10c.



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Write us for a complete catalogue of the handsome premiums we offer. We will send it free of charge, and in it you will find a most tempting assortment of Jewellery, Silverware, Pictures, Books, Music, and Ornamental Trinkets to choose among.



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Cut out the necessary number of trade marks, as shown here, from your Comfort Soap wraps, and mail them to us with a note, telling exactly what you want.
Fifty trade marks, with a note, can be mailed for a two-cent stamp, and don't fail to write your name and full address quite clearly. If sending more than 50 trade marks, just cut out the centre of the trade mark as shown (No. 2), and reduce weight, saving postage.

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Amounts under \$1.00 may be sent in stamps or postal note. Larger sums should be forwarded by P. O. Order, Express Money Order, Bank Draft, or Registered Letter. We cannot be responsible for money sent in unregistered letters.
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COMFORT SOAP, TORONTO.

The Woman's Quiet Hour

by E.G.H.

Motto for the month.

"Every Stroke Upward."

The C. W. P. C. The Canadian Women's Press Club have visited Winnipeg; they have toured the West and gone home rejoicing. I have chosen the motto of the club for the motto of the month, because it is quite as appropriate for workers on farms as it is for workers with pens.

And now a word about the club. It is the first time in the history of Canada that so many women connected with newspapers, and actively engaged in work on the same, have ever been gathered together. It marks a new era and sets up a landmark for all time to come, that such a gathering should be held first in the hub of the Dominion—Winnipeg.

There were present thirty-five members, and these covered the whole country from Halifax to Victoria, and represented almost every line of newspaper work undertaken by women, and the best papers in Canada. In addition to the Canadians, there sat as visiting delegates in the convention, four American women, representing some of the largest and most influential of the American dailies, weeklies, and magazines.

The objects of the club, as defined by the constitution, are:—

"Mutual sympathy, counsel and helpfulness among press women for promoting and protecting the personal and professional interests of its members, and to maintain and improve the status of journalism as a profession for them.

"The promoting of Canadian National sentiment in all papers or magazines with which members are connected.

"The promotion of a higher standard of literary excellence in newspaper writing."

Readers of the column will ask how far these objects were promoted by the gathering that has just been held, and I am afraid I must admit not very much. If, however, there was not much actual business accomplished, there was a general feeling of good comradeship established. East and West got acquainted, and exchanged ideas, and the bond between the widely severed provinces will be stronger for all time to come.

Another year probably less of social functions will be attempted, and more time given to the actual business of the club, but the Winnipeg members were naturally anxious that the women from the East should experience real Western hospitality, and rather too much was crowded into the two days.

"Kit." As I write, the membership book of the club is beside me, and the first name on the list is that of Kathleen Coleman ("Kit"), perhaps best known of all newspaper women in Canada. I had often pictured "Kit," and always thought of her as small and piquant, but found her tall and queenly with a mass of red-gold hair, very graceful in her movements, and with the most delicious brogue. "Kit" was the first president of the club, but in her own charming way she declared that she had been too lazy to do anything. We learned in the first three minutes that she was not a presiding officer; in fact, she made no pretence of knowing anything about it, and things got delightfully muddled, but I would defy anyone to stay mad with "Kit." No matter what she might do, her Irish tongue is quite as facile as her pen, and she could coax a bird off a

tree. When it came to the Saturday night reception, she told of her early struggle in newspaper work, and her work as war correspondent in Cuba—the first woman war correspondent to be accredited by any government—and there she was at home, and everyone fell in love with her. When made honorary president of the club, she declared that "to be a figure-head was her vocation," and as she said it everyone present felt that they would be willing to forego some of the more businesslike qualities if they were sure of making as handsome and charming a figure-head.

Her talk on her experiences was very like a leaf from her page in the Mail and Empire, and delighted everyone. There was only one regrettable incident, and that was a slighting reference she made to missions; in short, that the Phillipinos had been a simple people, and had not known how to lie and steal until the missionaries went amongst them. I think it was an idle statement, made somewhat in a spirit of mischief, but unluckily one Venerable Archdeacon was so incensed he rose and left the



Mrs. Dr. COLEMAN (Kit)
Toronto Mail and Empire.

hall, and a number of ladies and gentlemen who had been invited because of their interest in missions and kindred work, were deeply hurt, and the Winnipeg committee felt decidedly uncomfortable.

It is always a mistake to sneer at missions, foreign or domestic, and in her heart I am sure "Kit" honors the brave men and women who have given their lives freely for Christ and the gospel, but like many of us, she has seen the cases that were not sincere and where only mischief was done and she chose a rather unfortunate time for having a fling at them. But as I said before, the woman herself is so altogether womanly and so entirely good to look upon that it is impossible to lay up anything against her, you feel that anything that may have hurt you was done with no thought of malice and no one would be so ready to acknowledge an error as this most charming and fascinating of Irish women. It seemed incredible that the tall young fellow and the slight fair girl who called her mother could possibly be her children.

Francoise. Miss F. Barry (Francoise) was another outstanding figure of the convention. The fact that she owns and edits her paper, Les Journal de Francoise, had created an earnest desire in the hearts

of western members of the club to meet her, and certainly they were not disappointed. In the first place, she is a splendid looking woman, tall and stately, and carrying herself with the grace and dash that seems to be the special heritage of French women. She was not much given to "speak in meeting," but when she did, her words were well chosen and to the point, although she speaks English with a very strong French accent. More eloquent than her tongue were her gestures. On her return from the western tour I asked her what she thought of the country. The reply was "Magnificent," but with the single word she spread out



MISS BARRY (Francoise),
"Les Journal de Francoise."

her hands in a way that made me feel the West was larger than I had ever thought before.

Madame Gagnon was another of the contingent from Montreal. She represented Les Presse particularly, although she writes for Francoise paper also. She is an old Westerner, a daughter of the late Governor Royal, and found it pleasant to renew acquaintance in Winnipeg and St. Boniface. Unfortunately, the first day of the convention she was too ill to attend. This, I am sure, was a great loss, as a few minutes talk was sufficient to convince me that she is a woman of great executive ability and sound judgment. She has quite a standing as a writer on such subjects as insurance for women and kindred topics, and also does considerable editorial writing for both French and English papers.

Miss Eva Boutilier was another charming French woman, who contributed her share to the general good. The press women of Montreal certainly did their city proud.

Agnes Deans Cameron. Perhaps it is Western partiality, but to my way of thinking Agnes Deans Cameron, of Victoria, was the most striking woman at the convention. All the West is familiar with the story of how she incurred the wrath of the School Board of Victoria because she made them appear ridiculous, and how, in sheer spite, they suspended her certificate as a teacher for three years. Before the convention was over, many a woman, who had come to it rather prejudiced against her, said, "What mad folly could possess a school board to let a woman like that go when they might have had her to teach their children?"

Those who know her well in that capacity say that she is a teacher born in the purple, and I can well believe it. In addition to teaching, however, she has for years done newspaper work, and every practical newspaper woman recognized in her at once the elements that go to make success in that calling.

Apart from her ability as a writer and teacher, she is an exceptionally fine public speaker. Her voice, full and resonant, is under perfect control, she has a great command of the choicest English, epigram and ap-

propriate anecdote come without apparent effort. In responding to toasts to the press and to addresses of welcome, she said the right word, just enough, not too much, and nothing omitted. It was, however, in her address on Kipling at the Saturday night meeting that she was at her best. Ah! what a treat it was; something to remember in the slow griping of the years, for she took that best of all views of Kipling—the apostle of the dignity and grandeur of work. You felt instinctively that it was because she was herself a worker that he had appealed to Miss Cameron so strongly. The finest touch of all was her reference to his stories for children, then her own love of the child was revealed. Speaking of this incident afterwards, a friend said to me: "Do you know the thing that struck me most was that all the women on the platform that evening were wives and mothers, with the single exception of Miss Cameron, and yet to me she suggested more of the mother heart, in face, voice and thought, than any other speaker." I felt instantly that this was true. A man passing in the crowd said to a friend "that is a grand, good woman; you feel it when you look at her, you hear it in her voice. She is brainy, probably the brainiest woman here to-night, but above all she is good."

Was it any wonder that with people who had only heard her once going wild over her, that the members of the club, one and all, came to look upon her as the type of all that is best in women. The West has good cause to be proud of Agnes



MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON,
(Victoria Progress)
and Seattle Post Intelligence.

Deans Cameron. I feel I am a better woman every time I take her by the hand and look into her eyes.

Cynthia Westover Mrs. Alden is a familiar name through her connection with the sunshine movement and the Ladies' Home Journal, and the club looked forward to meeting her and hearing her speak with very keen pleasure. As a woman, she was one of the most delightful I ever met; as a speaker, she was an utter failure.

She is tall and matronly in figure and has a commanding appearance. Her charm of manner is very great, and in conversation she seemed always to say the right thing; no one heard her utter a word of harsh criticism, and if a jarring speech were made she passed it over with something so sunshiny that no one could help feeling good natured.

Judge of the disappointment, then, when her entire address on the Saturday evening was made of stupid stories about printers' and proof-readers' blunders. Worst of all, a few of the stories were really vulgar. I had to pinch myself to be really sure it was the same woman that I had taken such delight in chatting to in the afternoon.

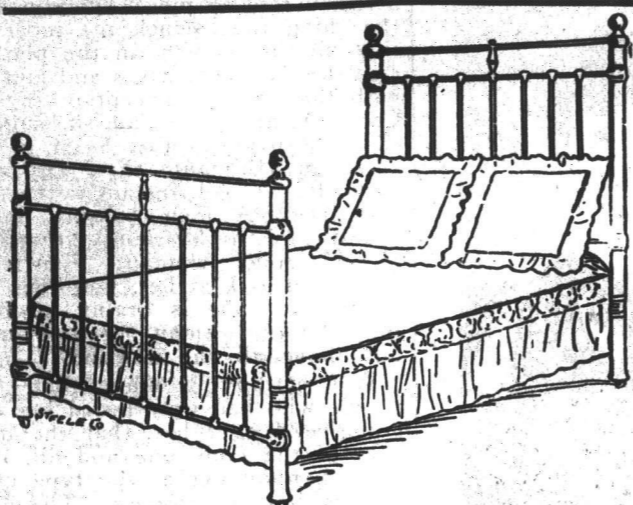
There was nothing instructive, no-

Continued on Page 37.

Pleased to Meet You

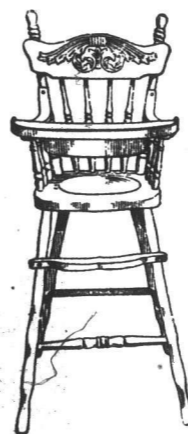
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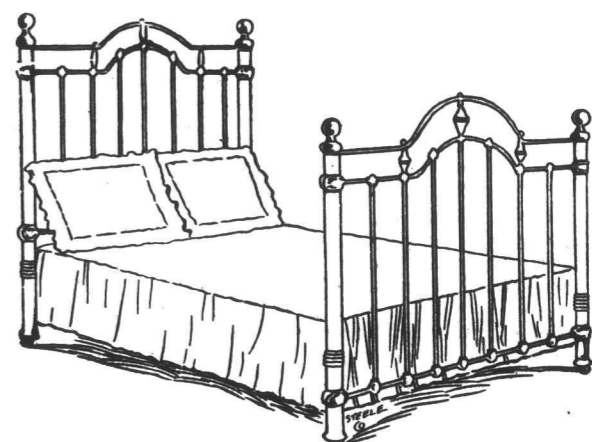


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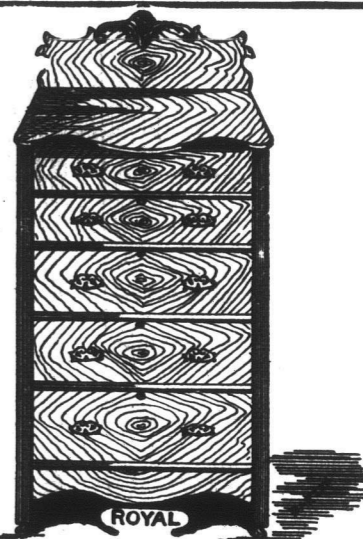
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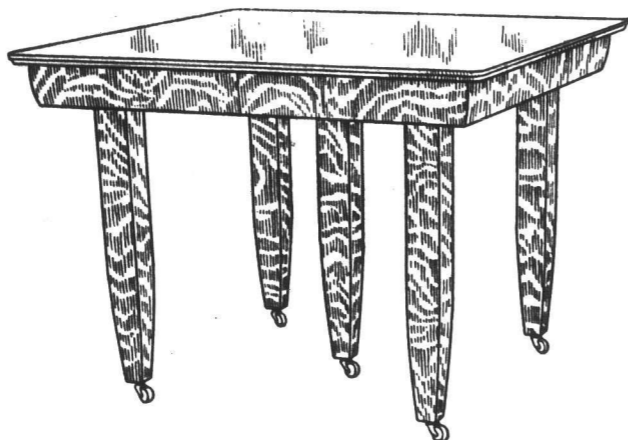
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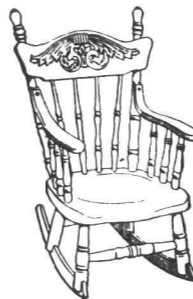
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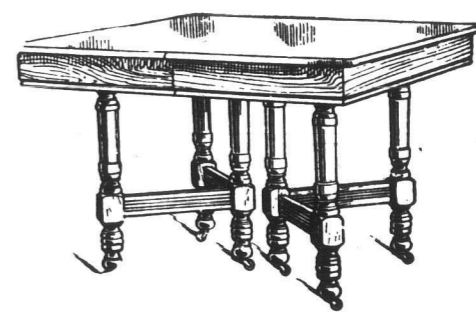
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What to Wear and when to wear it

BOOTS AND SHOES. I said something last month about the boots and shoes with the mannish toe, and this month, through the kindness of The Royal Shoe Company, I am able to show cuts of the two most comfortable styles of low-cut shoes that are now considered the thing for street wear. I am emphasizing this mannish toe because I really believe it would save many a woman, who has to be on her feet all day, from nervous breakdown. It will be noted that one shoe is buttoned; this is the latest. There is going to be a very decided return to both buttoned boots and shoes, especially for fall wear. Gun metal finish is the latest for heavy-soled



walking shoes, and patent leather for dress.

Of course, for July the canvas shoes will hold first place, and indeed the demand for white and chocolate shoes is so great that Winnipeg merchants, at least, cannot keep abreast of their orders. Canvas shoes are not so serviceable for walking in the country as are the leather ones, but they are so cool, and it is surprising what a pair of white canvas Oxfords will stand. I am still wearing a pair I bought last summer, and they have been wet through and muddy many a time and oft, but a scrubbing with a stiff, clean brush, a little scouring with Sapolio, and a coat of



pipeclay, makes them look like new. The white lace stockings and white shoes do look so smart with white or colored wash gowns.

STOCKINGS. Stockings are cheaper in Winnipeg than they have been to my knowledge in the past twenty years, and they are prettier than we have ever had before, and better fitting and more comfortable.

Come to think of it, that is a keynote of much wearing apparel in these days, it is comfortable, comfort being study as well as appearance.

NECKWEAR. From feet to neck is quite a jump, but neckwear is one of the things that is being featured for July. I think there never was a season when so much variety has been shown, and where fresh novelties have appeared every week.

The Spanish scarf for the neck and shoulders has routed every other kind for first place. These scarves are two and one-half yards long and three-eighths to a half-yard in width, and colors are white, black and cream. Women seem to have realized how much these long, loose scarves of filmy lace soften and brighten a plain gown and add grace to the figure, and they are seen on the streets by the score.

Another popular garment is the bolero of Baby Irish or of linen braid in either dead white or cream. These boleros are simply charming, and add the most elegant touch to a plain silk or wool gown, and a very handsome one can be bought for \$8.

COATEES. These coatees are made of lace, gauze ribbon, and fluted chiffon; they come straight across the back just below the shoulder blades, and have long stole ends in front. They also come in white and cream, and are very dainty.

COLLARS. The long tab collar has seen its day, and although still much worn, it is not going to be the latest thing for the future. The newest collar is the Swiss; it is almost like the old stock, but has a sharp dip in the front instead of being straight round. It is made of fine Swiss embroidery, and edged on both sides with ruffles of Val lace. It is a most becoming collar, and any girl can make it for herself in a couple of hours.

BELTS. As the summer advances the number of white eyelet embroidery belts is on the increase; they come in both narrow and girde widths, and are worn with both white and colored gowns. This is another toilet accessory that the clever girl can very easily make for herself. Next to the embroidered belts, the Oriental belts are the most worn. These belts show Persian and Dresden designs on silver or gold groundwork, and the old gold belt is out. These belts are very cheap, as now it is possible to buy the Oriental belting by the yard, and a belt length costs about 60 cents, so that the girl who has a pretty buckle can have several of these belts at very small cost.

FALL COATS. It seems early to talk about them, but I want to give my readers a little timely hint. There is going to be a very radical change in coats for suits for the coming fall. There will be a 21in. tight fitting coat and a 36in. decidedly loose coat, and then for separate coats there will be the 48 and 54 inch tight coat. So, dear women, beware, and do not let any salesman beguile you into thinking that a late spring suit will be correct for the fall, for it will not.

FOR EXHIBITION WEEK. I made a tour of the big shops the other day and found that every one of them are making extensive preparations for Exhibition week. Some of them will have their fall suits on sale, and all will offer bargains in summer goods and house linens. I never saw so much preparation made for Exhibition week before, and if the clerk of the weather is only good to us, the women will have a delightful time shopping for all manner of things.

"That a woman can put
On the crown of her head
Or the sole of her foot."
To quote Miss McFlimsey, of Madison Square.

CHINA. This is another thing that is going to be featured extensively for Exhibition week, and really the beauty and cheapness of china is amazing. There is a line of Ainsley now being shown that is a very good second for Crown Derby in the colors and the shapes, and the quality are all the most fastidious could desire.

The Women's Quiet Hour.

Continued from Page 35.

thing amusing, from start to finish. I still feel that that address must have been concocted in a moment of mental aberration, and did not in any way represent Mrs. Alden. That she felt it a mistake was evidenced by a remark made afterwards, for to the credit of our Winnipeg audience, be it said, the vulgar stories fell very flat.

Final. As a final word about the Women's Press Club, let me dwell for a moment on the kind assistance given the Winnipeg committee in their efforts to entertain the visitors properly. Every English newspaper in the city contributed in cash to the entertainment fund. The city gave a luncheon, and the Provincial Government an auto ride and afternoon tea. The society of Elks gave their beautiful club rooms free of cost for two entire days, and Lady McMillan, the ever charming hostess at Government House, without solicitation, gave a reception to the club.

When Winnipeg was left behind and the club toured the provinces, they declared that their wonder knew no bounds at the lavish hospitality extended to them everywhere. It was not intended in that light, but I am sure it is a good investment for the country that the women from the Atlantic and the Pacific, and from the States to the south, should have visited us and gone home satisfied.

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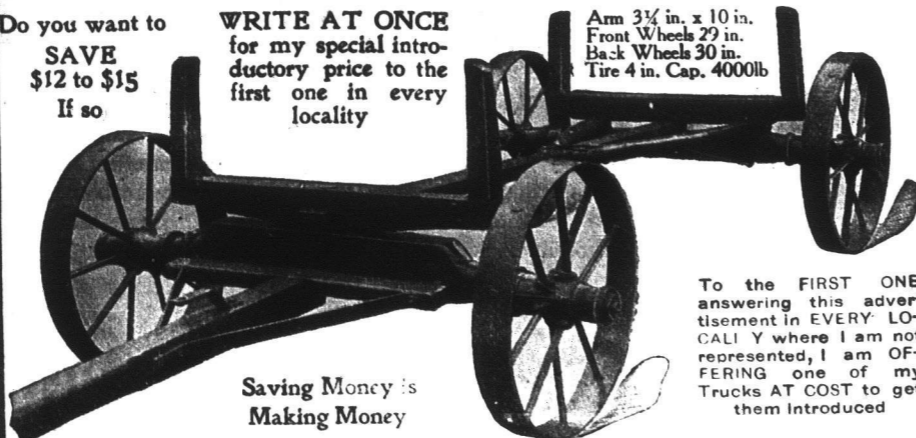
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Fashion Most Cruel of Mistresses.

By Delia Austrian.

There are plenty of women these days who have little regard for the opinion of men, but there are few who refuse to heed the dictates of fashion. A story in print is that of a young married woman whose husband objected to her using a chafing dish for fear of an accident. She refused to comply with his wish, and said: "My dear, I used this chafing dish long before I knew you. If I had known you were going to deprive me of my innocent pastime I never should have allowed you to love me."

A few evenings later her husband came in and saw his wife ripping sleeves out of her waist. He looked at the operation, and said that they were so pretty he would not change them. "I know they are," she answered, "but it's the fashion to have the sleeves large above, so I'm turning them."

"O, I see," remarked her husband. "My wishes count for little, but when fashion decrees you comply."

In this modification of behaviour, dress and mode of life which makes fashion, likeness, instead of unlikeness, is insisted upon. Respect must be shown by following those in authority. Queen Alexandra has a great fondness for pearls, therefore her subjects are so fond of them they wear them when they go shopping.

A desire to follow the fashion may come from two motives. It may be prompted through reverence or to assert equality; but this second motive is the more common. With primitive people fashion is often an expression of reverence. A Fijian chief was going over a mountain path one day followed by a long string of his people, when he happened to stumble and fall. All the rest of the people did the same thing except one man, who was instantly set upon by the rest to know if he considered himself better than his chief.

The women of Africa are not different from the smartest Parisian when it comes to heeding the dictates of fashion. An Englishman came upon a Kaffir woman laden with bracelets and anklets. He asked if they were not heavy, and she

said: "Heavy, very heavy. But it says that Kaffir husband have many cows. Other women in kraal have many too, but we have many more."

Fashion in civilized society is associated with change in dress, but among primitive peoples it is devoted to a variety of changes made in the body. It is a cruel fashion that keeps women changing their hair from bangs to pompadour, and from braids to curls. A woman's tresses are considered worth thought among many primitive peoples, and they often dress it elaborately. The Fijian women keep their heads closely shaved, but the men cultivate a luxuriant growth at much time and expense. In many parts of Africa the women eradicate the eyebrows. Special pincers are made for the purpose.

Fashion is most fickle when it comes to color. It is brown one season, gray the next, and sea-green for contrast. Primitive women also believe in a variety of colors, but since they wear so few clothes they decorate their skins. Australian women are partial to brown, so they cover their faces and bodies with ochre; in the south-eastern part they decorate themselves with dots and lines.

Red is the favorite color in New Caledonia. The women will wear none other. When paint is not enough of a decoration, tattooing is used. The Polynesians show wonderful skill in this art.

The dictates in fashion often are cruel. It makes the American girl believe she must be thin as a rail, though she starve and walk miles to accomplish this feat. But slim girls, willowy as the willow, are not popular everywhere. The Kirghis of Asia estimate feminine beauty by the amount of fat. A man, in speaking of his wife, never forgets to mention her weight. The Somal men choose their wives by standing the girls in a row and selecting the fattest. Among the Hottentots whatever shortcomings a girl may have, she must not be thin. These queer conceptions of beauty are often gained through great suffering. Chinese women believe that small feet are

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beautiful, and will have them at any price.

A Botocudo of Brazil is shunned by good society unless she has a piece of wood in her lip—the heavier it is the better. It often weighs a quarter of a pound, and a heavier pendant is attached to increase the weight. The Chinook woman has the reputation of being lazy unless she flatten her baby's head between boards. One wise man once said that fashion wears out more apparel than the man, and he ought to have added she is more fickle than a flirtatious woman.

Handsome New Store.

Much credit is due the enterprising firm of Cross, Goulding & Skinner, Limited, on the excellence of their magnificently-appointed piano parlors, in the Edward Block, opposite Eaton's, 323 Portage avenue. Previous to moving into the above premises they were located with the Royal Furniture Co. until a more desirable location presented itself.

Their new parlors are indeed very beautiful. With their beautifully decorated interior, soft lighting effects, and expensive plate glass front they present one of the most modern piano warerooms in Western Canada, as it should be to be in keeping with the excellence of the large stock displayed. New Scale Williams Piano and "Weber" New York are the instruments taking first place, and judging from the business shown by the above company and the rapidly-increasing demand for New Scale Williams Pianos from the finest homes throughout Western Canada, they are indeed an instrument of very superior excellence. Those most competent to judge style them the upright piano with the tone of a grand, from the fact that the tone, in pureness of quality and volume, more nearly approaches that of the grand than any attempt made heretofore; to the more finely perfected New Scale is attributed its wonderful tone.

A splendid display of New Scale Williams Pianos, Weber Pianos, Mason &

Hamlin and Doherty organs, will be seen at the Industrial Fair, July 23rd to 28th. When contemplating purchase come, see, and judge this much-talked about piano for yourselves. Visitors to the Exhibition are cordially invited to visit Cross, Goulding & Skinner in their new home, opposite Eaton's, 323 Portage avenue.

That Sleeping Car Hammock.

Patrick O'Connor and Denis Boyle were travelling in a sleeping car. It was a brand-new experience for Denis and fraught with much interest and not a few qualms, but Patrick, having once before spent a night in a sleeping-car berth, felt himself a seasoned traveller and as such patronized Denis. When the time for retiring came Patrick stowed himself away in the upper berth, leaving the lower berth for Denis.

There was much struggling and sighing from behind the curtains of the lower berth. "How ye gittin' on, Denis?" called down Pat.

"Sure I'm all right," replied Denis. But still the disturbance went on. "Most ready for slape, Denis?" said Patrick.

"All right! All right!" replied Denis again. Silence for five minutes.

Finally Denis's voice came quaveringly in the semi-darkness. "The clothes is here, and me shoes they're here too, all put away, but how to git meself into the little hammock to slape, begorra, I don't know!"

A Popular Piano.

Perhaps there is no Company in Western Canada, selling so many pianos as the Morris Piano Co. This Company receive their instruments by the carload, and it is almost a weekly occurrence to see a carload of piano boxes lined up in front of their warerooms. The hold that this fine piano has taken with the public is marvelous, it sells entirely on its merits and is used in all important places in

Winnipeg where pianos of tone and durability are needed, such as The Winnipeg Theatre, Bijou Theatre, Unique Theatre, Manitoba Hall, Edwards Hall, Manitoba Club, Sons of England Hall, Oddfellows Hall, Orange Hall, Happyland, many of the City Churches, and by the majority of the Winnipeg musicians all of whom are enthusiastic over the excellence of this renowned piano. Mr. S. L. Barrowclough, the Western Manager, is one of the best known musicians in the West and speaks in very high terms of the Morris. He invites all interested to visit the Company's Warerooms, and the exhibit at the Fair grounds, where he and his co-workers will be pleased to demonstrate the superiority of Canada's most artistic piano.

A BAD CASE

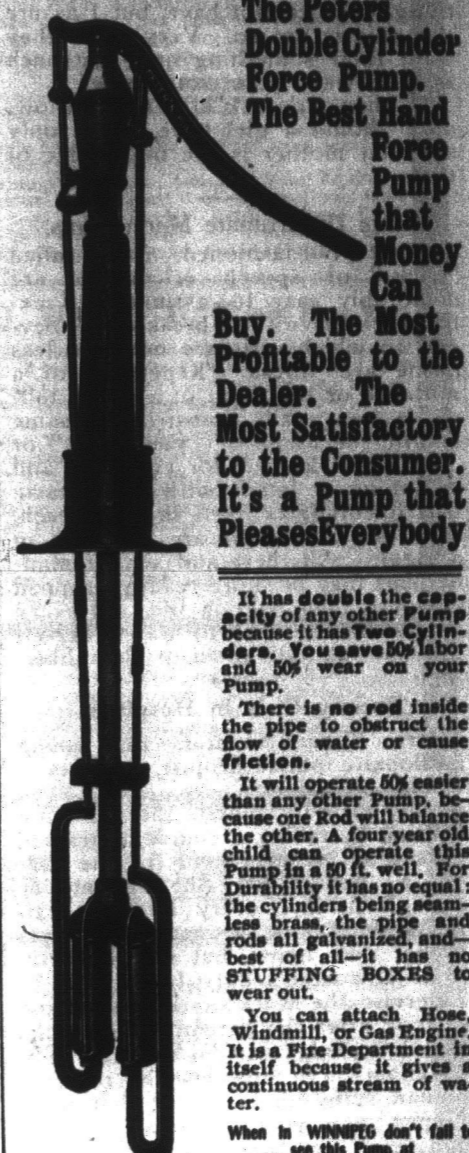
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Price 50c. per box, or 3 for \$1.25; all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



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Things Girls Should Do.

Try This for a Day.

Grace has a way of telling me my faults, and as she does it kindly, confessing to the same faults herself, makes no hard feeling. One day recently she said, "Do you know, I think we have fallen into a habit of criticising unkindly most of the people we meet?"

I was enormously astonished, for I fancied myself one of the most charitable of judges. But Grace is usually right, so I did not contradict. The next day we agreed we would pass no criticisms upon our friends and neighbors that would pain them were they present to hear. That, thought I shyly, will show Grace her mistake.

But, bless you, the day was very young indeed when I committed my first offence by saying that there was no excuse for Mrs. Brown dressing so conspicuously behind the mode. It was some consolation to hear Grace promptly agree with me and add a little more on her own account.

But the wretched habit cropped up all day. Every hour or two I said something more or less disparaging about others. By night I was thoroughly humiliated and ashamed, and before going to bed said, "Grace, I haven't been a bit better to-day about that disagreeable habit, but I've noticed every time I've spoken too critically of people." "A fault confessed is half redressed," laughed Grace, "to-morrow we'll do better." And so we did.

A Girl's Allowance.

How much should a girl's allowance be? If yours is smaller than another girl's you feel just a wee bit abused, as though you were not treated well. But, you see, mother gives you what she can, and maybe her allowance is not as much as her friends find in their purses. Until you are there yourself you fancy that father and mother do not want the things they cannot have, but I assure you this is not so. Very often they want their something quite as much as you want your something.

If, then, you ask how much allowance should a girl have, I can only say that mother is the best judge of that.

Some Unfortunate Mannerisms.

What old-fashioned folk called "tricks" of speech or manner are deplorably easy to assume and extremely difficult to break off. Several to which girls are more or less prone are these: Repetition of a sentence or the point of a story, telling it over again almost in the same breath, the usage of "you know" or "don't you know" for emphasis and beginning a laugh with such haste that it entangles itself in the speech, and the final words are delivered in a giggle. All these and similar mannerisms may be more readily dropped in youth than later in life, and every girl would be wise to watch herself lest she fall into them or their like.

Society Girls in Hospitals.

Mrs. Robert Hunter, the young millionaire philanthropist, believes it would be salutary for New York society girls to emulate their London cousins by taking a course as trained nurses to prepare them for the care of a household. She has money enough to hire every hospital staff in Manhattan in the event of illness in her own home, but she looks on it as a woman's duty to be able to supervise the work of those engaged to look after the patients, and thinks that knowledge can be acquired only by experience. Besides, the relief of human suffering is a task that must deepen any young woman's nature and teach her that life, even for the wealthiest, is not all champagne and chiffon. Hundreds of debutantes in this Dominion hold nurses' certificates—indeed, many of New York's hospitals recruit their forces largely

among Canadians. The London Hospital staff includes among its students or graduates Lady Maud Keith-Falconer; Admiral Sir John Dalrymple's daughter, Mrs. Howard Marsh; Miss Campbell, daughter of Sir John Campbell; Lady Hermione Blackwood, one of the chief workers in the Queen Victoria Institute for Nurses, and scores of others whose names are published in the peerage of baronetage, and who popularly are supposed to devote their lives to unbroken frivoly.

Can You Forget Yourself?

The girl who is both timid and self-conscious is usually a very unhappy person, and should receive the sympathy of her companions, instead of their jeers, as is sometimes the case. This kind of a girl is ready to blush at any instant, and she knows it, which makes her situation actually distressing. If she receives an invitation to attend any social function she is simply delighted, but as soon as she is there she wishes herself safe at home, and out of reach of the eyes which she fancies are directed at her in ridicule because

on her dressing table. Constant vigilance on a girl's part is necessary in these small traits unless she would be judged unworthy her birth-right—daintiness.

The Joy of a Good Letter.

If I were a girl again I would take more pains than most girls do in writing letters. I would cultivate a legible hand that anybody could read, without having to decipher it as if it were a Chinese puzzle. I would not write three pages of prolix explanation before I arrived at the real reason for my letter. I would learn how to say things clearly and agreeably, and when I had finished I would stop. I would not forget old family friends, nor keep my mother wearying for a letter, if I were away from home.

There are many more things I might do were I again a girl, but these few suggestions will do for this day. Another time I may give a few more hints to girls who are good enough to listen to me. As my old teacher in penmanship used to say: "Command you may, your mind from play, long enough to see what wishes lie before you, and how very, very much you who are in the hour of radiant girlhood may make of your lives."

with all your heart; above all things, avoid indifference and that enemy to all progress—apathy.

Select the pleasures that will bring you greatest joy. Choose the work you are most fitted to do.

Keep your eyes open; be alert; never be afraid to try things.

Eliminate "I can't" from your vocabulary and put "I'll try" in its place.

Even if you don't like the work you are at present engaged in, do it well. You never can tell but that it may be the opening to your true vocation.

Play is the antidote to work, and when it comes time to play put all work out of your mind and let the joy of living and fun fill you from head to foot.

Be alert and alive; make the most of every minute of your youth and health and vitality. The world's a pretty fine old place, and your chances are just as good as anyone else's.

The Friendship of Girls.

There is nothing that is such a lasting pleasure as the possession of a really true friend. But how many people lose their friends by their own foolish conduct and then seem unable to see that it is through their



Interior of Amusement Hall Binscarth, Man.

she cannot appear vivacious and brilliant, as do many other girls present. And so most of her appearances in society are enjoyed only in anticipation. Of course, her self-consciousness makes her awkward, and this adds to her misery. If only she could forget herself, and learn to think of others, much of this trouble would disappear. For beneath her self-consciousness she is often a charming companion.

A Telling Trait.

Neatness is one of the most attractive of feminine qualities to a man. It is also one of the rarest. Early and persistent must be the training which carries the girl into womanhood with her "bump of neatness" well developed. Unless inherently fastidious during school days, she is liable to drift into unfortunate habits which she never outgrows.

One girl may have a trick of leaving shoes about her room. As a mere tot she was permitted to do this, and as she grew older the untidy custom was never abandoned, for the simple reason that she herself did not notice anything unusual about it, and probably nobody else took the trouble to correct her. Another slovenly habit is leaving a bunch of combs in her comb or

The Wearing of Rings.

Girls whose hands are not yet fully grown and formed—that is, generally speaking, girls up to eighteen—should not wear rings. Many a taper finger has had its shape spoiled by a ring which became so gradually too tight that the wearer did not notice it until the mischief was done. Pianists or persons who play any instrument seldom wear rings. They think that the weight of the ring lessens the muscular strength of the finger. If a girl thinks she must wear rings, then let her at least take them off each night and rub a moment the part of the finger that has been covered by them. This restores circulation and helps the finger to attain its normal growth.

The Signs in the Road.

Don't be satisfied that you'll do it to-morrow or rest on your laurels because you did it yesterday; do it to-day.

Take advantage of every opportunity that comes your way.

Don't get into the way of belittling your chances and feeling they are not big enough to bother over.

Try to put energy, interest into everything you do.

Work with all your heart; play

own fault that the once pleasant intercourse is at an end? Girls must remember that to call a friend "darling" to her face and speak ill of her behind her back is not the way to keep her love. In a friend one ought to be sure of finding someone whose advice is worth taking, and whose affection is always the same for us to fall back on, however ill the rest of the world treats us. Friendship is something better than a mere formal knowledge of each other, and the lapse of years between our meetings should not be able to make the least difference in our regard for each other.

To Deal With the Pestilent Fly.

Screen every door and window from top to bottom. Fit the window screens outside the sash and have the lower half adjustable. If a few flies get in slap them with a folded newspaper; but if there are many, wait till four o'clock, which is their hungry time, and darken the room, except one narrow ray. Set there a plate of poison paper and sweetened water. Lock the door and leave them to their fate. Plates of fly-paper on a shelf outside the kitchen door will destroy myriads. To make a shelf to hold the plates of fly-paper, nail up a box opening outward.

You Are to Be the Judge!



YOU ARE TO BE THE ONE

to say whether it is or it isn't; whether you will or you won't; whether we are RIGHT or wrong. We leave it TO YOU entirely, for YOU to decide. The only evidence we want to submit is a dollar package of VITAE-ORE, which package we want YOU to USE, and at our risk. All we ask is a FAIR VERDICT. We say if you are sick, that VITAE-ORE WILL CURE YOU. We say that ONE PACKAGE will PROVE to you that it is the remedy for your case and condition. If it does not, YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE, we want nothing from you.

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If You Are Sick we want to send you a \$1.00 package of Vitae-Ore, the great healer from the earth's veins, enough for 30 days' use, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not spare 5 minutes to write for it, 3 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes to insure for you new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what Vitae-Ore is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

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Vitae-Ore is an ore-substance—a combination of minerals—mined from the ground, from the Earth's veins. It contains iron, sulphur and magnesium, three properties most essential for the retention of health in the human system, and one package of the ore, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative value nearly 800 gallons of the powerful mineral waters of the globe, drunk fresh at the springs. The mineral properties which give to the waters of the world's noted healing springs their curative virtue, come from the rock or mineral ore through which water forces its way to its outlet, only a very small proportion of the medicinal power in the ore being absorbed by the liquid. Vitae-Ore is a combination of these medicine-bearing minerals, powdered and pulverized, requiring only the addition of water to make a most remarkable healing and curing draught. Thousands have pronounced it the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Anemia, Dropsy, Catarrh of Any Part, Liver, Kidney & Bladder Troubles, Stomach & Female Disorders, Nervous Prostration, General Debility.

IF you are sick or suffering from any of the above named disorders, in all of which V.-O. is of special value, don't let another day go by before you send for a trial package.

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from anything ever before offered, from other treatments you have used, as is pure milk from chalk and water or the brilliant sunlight from a tallow candle. It flows like life through your veins, pure as it came from the veins of the earth, and acts in a different manner, cures in a different way. It is different from all others and can be differently offered to those in need—on trial, the user to be the judge—a way sellers of medicine dare not duplicate or copy. Send for a dollar package today and test it at our risk. Do not delay, but do it today.

What People of Western Canada say of VITAE-ORE:

- MANITOBA.**
Napinka, Man.—I received your trial package of Vitae-Ore and have been benefited by its use, therefore I willingly enclose you herewith \$2.00, which will pay for package already received, also two more.—R. T. Yeomans.
St. Boniface, Man.—I am very well satisfied with results obtained from use of trial package. I have not yet finished the V.-O., but it has done me a lot of good, so I enclose the \$1.00.—F. S. Moy.
Stonewall, Man.—I have been using your Vitae-Ore twenty-six days and in that time it has done me so much good that I know you do not overestimate its curative powers. Enclosed find \$2.00 to pay for trial treatment and two additional packages.—Mrs. P.S. MacDonald.
- ALBERTA.**
Strathcona, Alb.—Enclosed you will find an order for \$2.00, for which please send me two more packages of Vitae-Ore after taking out \$1.00 to pay for package received about thirty days ago. I am very much better since using your medicine and intend to continue its use until I am completely cured.—Mrs. S. Coleigh.
Calgary, Alb.—Vitae-Ore is the best remedy I have ever been able to get hold of. I know it has saved my life, when I was all broken up from Catarrh and La Grippe. I cannot praise it too highly.—Mrs. Carrie Hunter, 355 N. 13th st.
- BRITISH COLUMBIA.**
Coutlee, B.C.—Enclosed find \$2.00, \$1.00 of which is to pay for the package of Vitae-Ore sent me on trial, and \$1.00 for additional medicine. I have been greatly pleased with results.—W. Charters.
Central Park, Vancouver, B.C.—The trial package of V.-O. has done me much good in the way of toning up my system. Enclosed find \$1 to pay for the same.—James Bunting.
- ASSINIBOIA.**
Yorkton, Assa.—Your medicine has done me good so far, and I enclose you \$2.25, \$1.00 of which is to pay for the trial package sent me, Miss Bella McLunes.
Cannington Manor, Assa.—Your Vitae-Ore has done me a great deal of good and have only used it two weeks. Find enclosed \$2.00, for which send me two more packages after taking out \$1.00 for trial package sent me.—T. Book.

V.-O. Will Do As Much For You

as it has done for hundreds of readers of this paper if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1.00 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer the advertisement. We want no one's money whom Vitae-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge. Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, can hesitate to try Vitae-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases, two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say—do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper.

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—Phœnix, B. C.—I began the use of Vitae-Ore on the 18th of October, for Nervous Prostration. My attention was first called to V.-O. by the 30-day trial offer, and my first use of it was in the dollar package sent me without a penny deposit, according to the offer. I began to improve from the very first, and have continued improving ever since. I felt so weak before beginning V.-O. that I know I would have had to quit all work if I had not got better, sleep better, look younger—in fact, feel improved in every way. I spent hundreds of dollars in good Canadian money with doctors in trying to get cured, to no good, and I surely feel thankful for the great benefit I have obtained from the few dollars spent with the Noel Company, Limited, for Vitae-Ore.—J. FORSTER.

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to test a wonderful remedy, a remedy with a more remarkable record than any which has ever been offered the public; a remedy which has been successful in restoring health, in thousands of cases; a remedy that has saved thousands from premature graves; that has saved hundreds from the surgeon's knife; that has saved thousands from a life of chronic invalidism. You cannot refuse to test it and be fair to yourself or just to us, who make this liberal offer. Does not the very offer Vitae-Ore prove its merits? We don't ask you to buy it, don't ask you to spend a penny on the strength of our claims. We just ask you to test it.

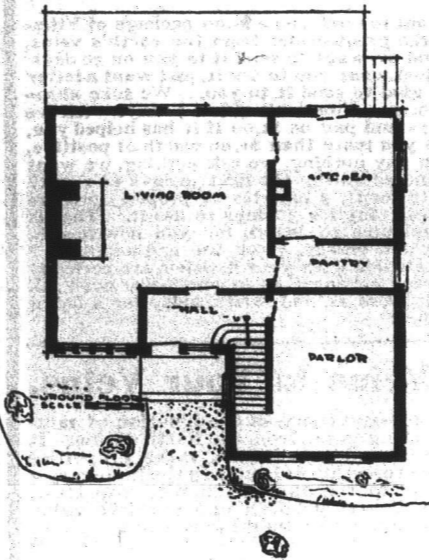
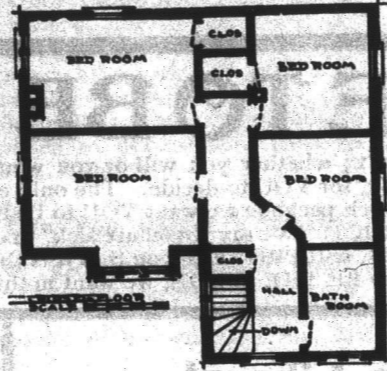
IT IS DIFFERENT from anything ever before offered, from other treatments you have used, as is pure milk from chalk and water or the brilliant sunlight from a tallow candle. It flows like life through your veins, pure as it came from the veins of the earth and acts in a different manner, cures in a different way. It is different from all others and can be differently offered to those in need—on trial, the user to be the judge—a way sellers of medicine dare not duplicate or copy. Send for a packet to-day and test it at our risk. Address

THEO. NOEL CO. LTD., Dept. H. M., 522 MAIN ST. **WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.**

ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Herwood, Architect, Winnipeg

This is a house that not only looks picturesque, but has all the essentials for comfort. As all builders know, a plan providing rooms under the roof is the most economical one, and, if proper provision is made to insulate the roof, and provide a cross current of air, by means of windows, the upper flat is not only warm in winter weather but is cool in the summer. In all these designs the first thought has been for comfort, and then working from the plan which has been drawn for every convenience, building the house upon it as artistically as possible, yet in every case studying how to save expense. Take this drawing. There are no parts which can be called unnecessary. The roof is to shelter. The windows are for light, not ornament. The chimneys will draw, and the disposition of the different rooms is convenient. Still it can be built cheaper than one unskillfully designed. Why? Because in architecture primary, everything is subordinate to the mass. You may add interesting detail after you have proportion, but you cannot make proportion by detail. This house is built of 2in. x 4in. studs, double papered and sheathed, and outside strapped and lathed, or counter-lathed with pebble dash mortar left white. The roof is a dull red, and all the outside woodwork a brown stain. The chimneys red brick, if possible. All floors edge grain fir. The trim-stairs, doors, etc., to be fir flat grain. The fire-place a rough red brick, lined with fire bricks and dogs for logs, with a brick hearth. The upstairs may be finished in cedar painted white. The plastering two coats, hard wall finish, and the bathroom fixtures of a standard make. The basement cement floor, with coal bins and vegetable bins. This should make a comfortable house for the country or for a large lot.



Water as a Medicine.

We are told that not one person in a hundred drinks water enough to keep the system in a healthy condition; a sluggish circulation and torpidity of the liver, due to lack of liquids in the blood, will bring disfiguring blemishes, dark, puffy places under the eyes, and make one look haggard and old before his time.

What the external bath does for the cuticle, the internal bath does for the sewerage of the body, and, while massage and electric treatment are good, the main work of beautifying and building up the health must be done by

flushing the clogged sewers of the body, relieving the canals of the poisonous waists of dead tissues. Kidney troubles bring the puffy look, and one of the finest remedies for kidney troubles is copious water-drinking.

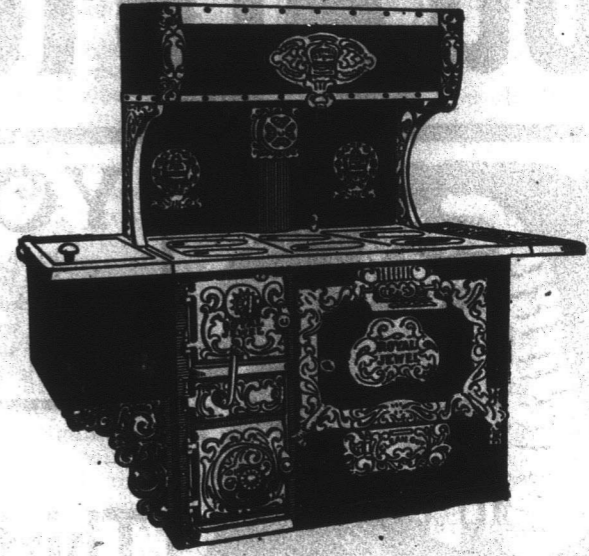
Sip the water slowly, and do not have it too cold. A pint may be taken on rising in the morning, before breakfast, and even more will not hurt; and no water should be drank for at least two hours after meals, giving the stomach time to digest its contents. A person with a small stomach cannot drink as much water as one time as one with a larger stomach, but as the glands absorb the water, carrying it into the system, more can be taken, and this should be kept up at short in-

tervals until half an hour before the next meal.

On going to bed, the last thing to do is to drink more water. Several quarts a day, and for some disorders two or more gallons are recommended to be taken, it is not advisable to drink the water ice-cold, as many persons cannot take it in quantities unless slightly warmed, while some disorders call for hot water to be drank frequently. * * To be effective, water-drinking should become a habit, as no noticeable goal will be evident from a few drinks, or scattered indulgences. The "drink habit" must become regular and prolonged, if good is to result—which it surely will.—The Commoner.

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That was a neat sarcastic comment made the other day by Mrs. Torrington upon a statement made by Dr. Gilmour, Warden of the Central Prison, before the Local Council of Women at the Canadian Institute. Dr. Gilmour said that he found many criminals very musical, as shown by the fact that they could sing the Glory Song. Mrs. Torrington remarked that the fact could hardly be cited as proof that the persons referred to were musical.

More than a quarter of a century ago Tchaikovsky made a correct diagnosis of the disease which has now become epidemic among German and French composers. "All the German composers of the present day," he remarked in 1879, "write labriously, with pretensions to depth of thought, and strive to atone for their extraordinary poverty of invention by exaggerated coloring." Speaking of a work by Lalo, he said: "The concerto is full of queer, wild harmonies. In a modest violin concerto such spicy condiments are out of place; but, apart from that, I must say they have a kind of crude character, because they are not the outcome of the essential musical idea, but are forced upon it, like a schoolboy's bravado put on for the teacher's benefit. . . . Do not imagine, my friend, that it is the pedantic harmony master who speaks thus. I myself am partial to dissonant combinations, when they have a motive, and are rightly used. But there are limits which must not be overstepped. Now, to enter into technical details, let me say that no breach of the laws of harmony, no matter whether it is harsh or not, really sounds well unless it has been made under the influence of the melodic origin. In other words, a dissonance should only be resolved harmonically, or melodically. If neither of these courses is adopted, we merely get abominations a la Mous-sourgsky." Were Tchaikovsky living to-day, he would have added, "or a la Richard Strauss, Vincent D'Indy, etc."

Mr. A. S. Vogt is negotiating with Mr. Emil Paur, of the Pittsburg Orchestra, in regard to the selections which the Mendelssohn Choir will give at the concerts next February at Buffalo and New York. As a majority of the choir have voted in favor of going to New York, the concerts there may be considered assured, unless some difficulty should make its appearance in regard to the programmes. For Toronto, Mr. Vogt has chosen as one of the shorter works for orchestra and chorus Elgar's "Challenge of Thor," from "King Olaf." This number was given with great effect in Paris, France, by the famous Leeds Chorus, having been selected as a characteristic specimen of modern English music.

The late lamented Phil May once drew a series of pictures entitled "Songs and Their Singers," the exquisite humor of which will not readily be forgotten by those who saw them. A lady of uncertain age, with scanty tresses tightly drawn back, sings, "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair"; a very meek-looking little man sings "I Am a Pirate Bold," or some such ferocious ditty, while a ponderous individual, who would require a derrick to raise him to the back of a horse, announces that "We'll All Go a-Hunting Today." Any such persons are accordingly warned to avoid the song "Visitors," by Waddington Cooke, to words by Helen Hay Whitney, for this song is only suited to a small boy, and for him it is a very amusing little ballad, cleverly satirizing the behaviour of child visitors and the sufferings of the poor boy who must be polite to them. The music, too,

is bright and decidedly pretty. "Visitors" is published by Messrs. Chapell & Co., Ltd., of London.

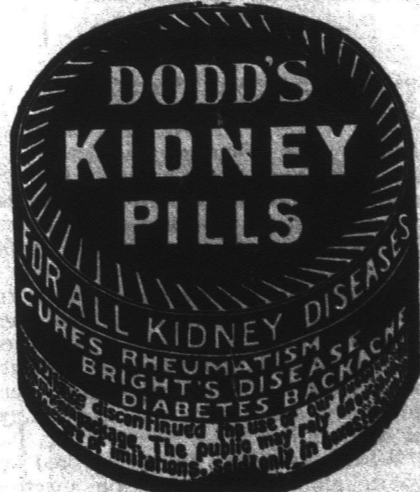
A. R. Gaul's sacred cantata, "The Holy City," was performed last week in Knox Church, Neepawa, by the choir of that church, Mr. C. Goetz Innocent, conductor, and was repeated by request on Saturday night. The chorus consisted of 34 voices, including soloists, which though not large had been trained to such a degree of efficiency as to surprise the musical critics and win the admiration of all. The cantata was presented in full from beginning to end without an error at both performances; the second even surpassing the first, especially in the solos. So successful a performance of a work of this magnitude clearly shows what can be accomplished by the indefatigable energy of a conductor backed by the loyalty of his choir. The parts were well balanced on the whole, but in some cases the tenor was not strong enough, noticeably in the heavier choruses. The attack was good, not only in the loud choruses, but in the soft and delicate portions of the work, showing that the singers were under perfect control, and obeying every signal of the conductor. The expression and quality of tone were excellent, the enunciation and phrasing being perfect, and the painstaking work of preparation was quite manifest. The soloists were Miss Minnie Counsell, Mrs. Geo. A. Dinwoody, sopranos; Miss Alice Walker, contralto; Mr. Uriah Barr, tenor; Mr. A. G. Hays, baritone, all of whom have received their vocal training from Mr. Innocent. The instrumentalists of the evening were: Miss Thea Mason, piano; Miss Bula Moffatt, organ; Mrs. (Dr.) Mack and Miss Effie Hamilton, violinists. The pastor, Rev. R. Francis Hall, and his congregation are to be congratulated on having such an efficient choir.

The pianoforte recital given on Thursday evening, June 21st, by the pupils of Miss Ethel Curry, in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, included the following numbers:—

- PART I.**
- Valse—"Arabesque" Lack
 - Miss Annie Halperin.
 - Mazurka Spindler
 - Miss Gladys Brady.
 - "Shower of Stars" Wachs
 - Miss Lilian Serace.
 - "Papillons Roses" Thome
 - Miss Anna Johnson.
 - "Canzonetta" Bohm
 - Miss Hattie Robinson.
 - "Spinning Song"
 - Miss Olive Ritchie.
 - PART II.**
 - Gavotte Godard
 - Miss Annie Wodlinger.
 - Valse—"Caprice" Eyer
 - Miss Mona Munro.
 - "Dancing Shadows" Engleman
 - Miss Gladys Chisholm.
 - Mazurka Bellima
 - Master Johnnie Gibson.
 - Military Polonaise Chopin
 - Miss Lilian Parke.

Mr. Orville A. Robertson, leader of the Cleveland band now under engagement at Happyland, expresses his willingness to play gratis, a sacred cornet solo for the offertory at any local church service next Sunday morning. Consideration will be given to the first who takes advantage of this opportunity. Mr. Robertson has been affiliated with church work for the last twenty years, and is a member now (performing when at home) of the Grace M. E. church, N. Y.

What is the difference between an old bachelor and a pretty girl? A pretty girl steals the hearts of others; an old bachelor steals his own.



Lump Jaw

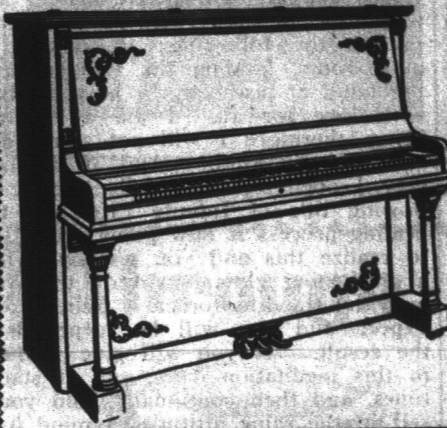
The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Advice. Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy. FLEMING BROS., Chemists, 88 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario.

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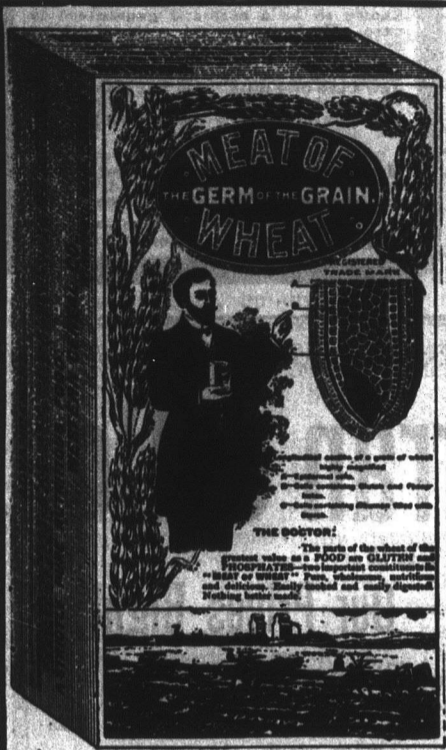
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Anger, Fear and Worry.

(P. M. DEWAR, Specialist, No. 11 and 12 Strand Arcade, Auckland, N.Z.)

Fear is everywhere. It brings failure, want, sickness and death. It has become a fixed habit. By fear nothing is gained, but on the contrary everything may be lost. Do not say that you cannot help being afraid. Everyone can rise above it, only it takes time to overcome. Be in earnest and the time will soon arrive when all fear will lose its hold, and you will find yourself a tower of strength and a master of circumstances. Fear and worry are too expensive for anyone to indulge in.

"Where are you going?" asked an eastern pilgrim one day, on meeting the Plague Angel. "I am going to Bagdad to kill five thousand people," was the reply. Some time later the pilgrim met the Angel returning, and said, "You killed fifteen thousand and not five." "No," said the Angel, "I have killed only five thousand; fear killed the rest."

Fear and worry have the effect of closing up the channels of the body, but hope and cheerfulness open them, so that the life forces go bounding through in such a way that disease can rarely get a foothold. Remember that health as well as disease is infectious. Every sufferer will derive benefit and many will be entirely cured by attending to the following: Retire into a quiet room, holding the thought with the mind at peace and a heart beating with love for all, "I am a spiritual being, therefore I will not admit disease of any kind. And if diseased now I open my body fully to the inflowing tide of Infinite Life, and the healing process is now going on." Try to realize this and you will soon feel a quickening glow imparted to your body by the life forces. Believe and expect—and you will be surprised at the result. If you will give yourself to this meditation daily, and at stated times, and then continually hold yourself in the same attitude of mind, you will be astonished how rapidly your body will get into a healthy condition.

I firmly believe that there is no one agent that produces more sickness than fear. It affects the flow of the blood and paralyzes the muscles so that it makes one powerless to move. Many people have greater faith in the power of evil than in the power of good, and hence remain evil. Success is an impossibility to the man who is filled with fear. Every man has powers lying dormant, which if called into action would make him a power in the world. These latent powers cannot be aroused until one believes that they are within oneself.

"God has not given us the spirit of Fear" (2 Tim. i., 7). "Perfect love casteth out fear" (1 John iv., 18). "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me" (Job iii., 25).

There is not one person out of a dozen who is not in the habit of worrying. Hardly a week passes without our hearing of a sudden death from heart disease, the victim often being in the prime of life. What is it that weakens the heart so much? As a rule it is constant worry and fear. Professor Elmer Gates has shown that worry chemically changes the blood to a poison. Worry destroys nerve filaments, breaks down muscular fibre, and throws brain, heart, stomach and liver out of working order. Anger, fear and worry are an evil trinity, whose reign, I hope, is fast approaching an end. Why? Because people everywhere are trying to overcome these traits and emotions. Worry is wrong, is unnecessary and must go, and the sooner the better. Constant worry denotes a lack of faith. Most people will tell you it is foolish to worry, but they cannot help it. To learn to overcome worry is a long step towards learning the secret of happiness, and having taken it, as you will and must do, you will find that life is worth living.

Many a man fails to assimilate and digest his food simply by the action of improper mental or emotional conditions.

A severe fright or great grief will poison a mother's milk and cause the infant to be ill. The contents of the stomach are rendered poisonous by the action of anger. When such is the case, it is to your advantage to exercise control over yourself and refrain from anger, fear and other like emotions, if for no other reason than that of your own interest.

There is much in the Turkish motto, "Every time a man gets into a passion he drives a nail into his own coffin."

Anger, fear and worry are most difficult emotions to control, but they can and must be overcome. My experience has taught me that doubt and fear paralyze every power of man to rise to better conditions of life, while affirmations and faith open wide the door to boundless possibilities.

These harmful emotions will attract thoughts of a similar nature emanating from others. On the other hand, if you will send out thoughts of love, kindness, cheerfulness, etc., you will draw to yourself thoughts that will make your life brighter and happier in every respect. Just try this for a few months, not in a half-hearted, doubting manner, but confidently and expecting what you look for. Or, in other words, pray as if you were on the point of receiving.

Anger is a sign of weakness, and an angry man is always placed at a disadvantage.

Thoughts of fear never helped anyone, and never will. Many of the things we fear never occur. The energy and vital force wasted on fear and worry are more than sufficient to enable us to overcome our real troubles when they do come.

An old man of eighty years, when on his deathbed, said to his son, "John, I have had many troubles and worries in life, but the majority of them never occurred," meaning that though anticipated, the troubles had not come on him.

Should you be troubled with the above evil trinity, give yourself auto-suggestions similar to the following: "I will not become angry, no matter what takes place. I am fearless, I will not be afraid of anything; I will not worry. I will overcome every kind of worry." Repeat these suggestions whenever you think of them. It is best to overcome one trait before beginning on another. If you will follow up these suggestions faithfully and expect to overcome them, for you failure will be impossible.

If you hate a man and send out thoughts to that effect, you will get hate in return, and very often with interest added. If an unkind thought about another person enter the mind, it should at once be replaced by some virtue he possesses, or some good deed he has done.

"As a man sows so shall he reap" A strong, powerful thought for the good of your fellowmen will strengthen you; strong men will be attracted to you and therefore aid you.

A person who is given to worry should give a few minutes every morning to some noble and uplifting thought.

Thousands of people are daily sending out to their fellow-beings unfriendly suggestions, such as fear, hate, and disease. Anger, fear, and worry are habits that grow rapidly. The more they are indulged the stronger they become.

Anger is very weakening, and always destroys the charm of character. Many people can trace misfortune and sickness to a fit of anger.

When friendship is but a social ladder, the soul goes down faster than the feet can climb up.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you.

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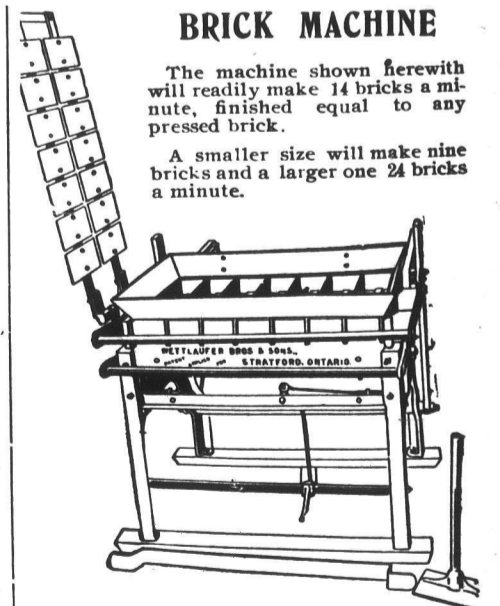
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A smaller size will make nine bricks and a larger one 24 bricks a minute.



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No. 13 in American History.

Queen Victoria once asked Ambassador Choate if Americans believed 13 to be an unlucky number.

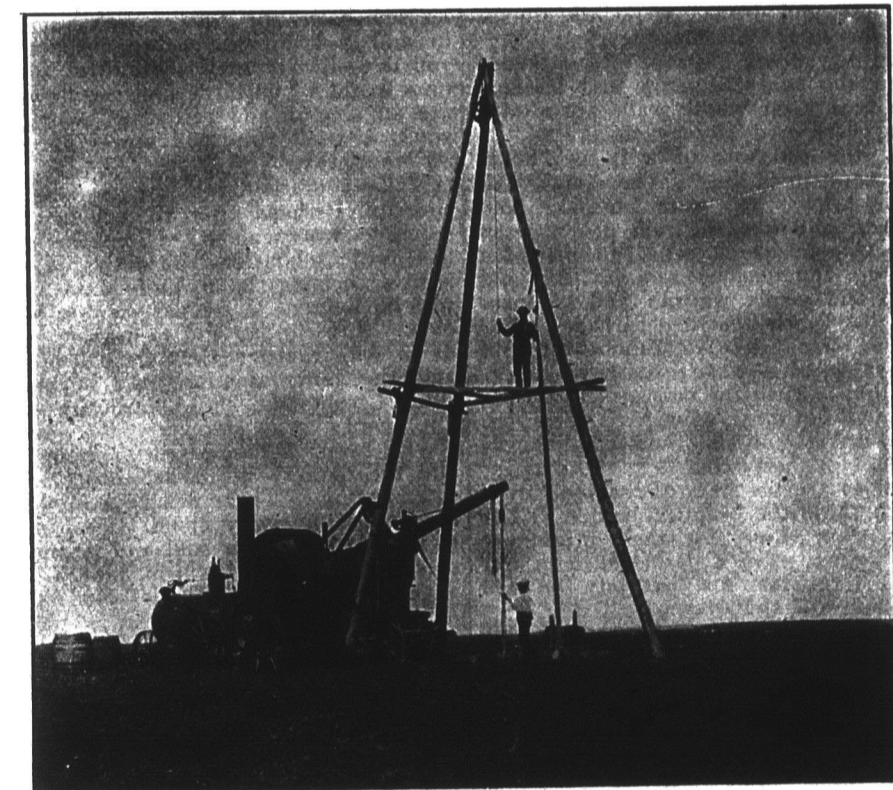
"No, Your Majesty," he replied, "we do not, for the eternal foundations of our republic were built upon the number 13."

In the first place, America was discovered on the eve of the 13th day of the month, and the original republic consisted of 13 colonies. The first official stars and stripes adopted June 14, 1777 had 13 stripes and 13 stars. Our national emblem—the American eagle, requires 13 letters to spell it, as does the motto on our seal—"E Pluribus Unum," and of the great seal of the U. S., Annuit Coeptis."

The first word to pass over the Atlantic cable was sent on the 13th day of the month, and on Friday at that. The silver quarter in your purse is not considered a "hoodoo," yet 13 is written all over it. Above the head of Liberty are 13 stars, the eagle bears an olive branch with 13 leaves in one claw and 13 thunderbolts in the other. On his breast is a shield bearing 13 bars, and from his beak streams a ribbon with our motto containing 13 letters. Each wing has 13 feathers while, as you know, it takes 13 letters to spell quarter dollar.

The war of 1776 was called revolu-

tionary and was not unsuccessful because it was spelled with 13 letters. Our flag was saluted by 13 guns when Washington raised it—yes, and by 13 cheers. The American navy had just 13 vessels at the outset—no more, and the founder of it—John Paul Jones—was not unlucky because of the letters in his name. He was exactly 13 years old when he came to America, and was the first to carry the 13-starred flag to glory and victory and to have it saluted by a foreign power on the 13th day of the month. Perry's great victory on Lake Erie was won on the 13th day of the month, and the Stars and Stripes raised over Sumpter on the 13th.



The Well Boring Outfit of J. B. Snider, High River, Alberta.

It would seem that the evil omens attached to the number 13 merely hint at the retribution which overtakes those who profane that which is essentially sacred.

Rev. Minot J. Savage in a sermon on "Superstitions," declares that he never found 13 unlucky except on one occasion when he owed a bill for 13 dollars and had but 12 with which to meet it.

We all know that rooms in hotels, staterooms and sleepers, bearing the number 13 are not taken from choice by the average person. A travelling man arriving late at a hotel was assigned to a room 13. "No, you don't," said he. "I'll sleep on the bil-

liard table or office floor first." The clerk with a merry twinkle sent him to 94 and the guest failed to add the figures together.

"My wife is worrying about there being 13 at the table tonight," said a host. "Superstitious, eh?" replied the guest. "No, but she has only one dozen best forks."

In the life of Richard Wagner, 13 played a part. He was born in 1813, the numerals of which added make 13, he finished "Tannhauser" April 13, 1860, and it was performed for the first time March 13, 1861. He died February 13, 1883—a most unlucky thing for the world at large.

Thirteen is repeated in a singular way in the case of a man named George Cootes (13 letters here) who moved from Vermont to Minnesota and lived there until June 13, 1898, when he joined the 13th Minnesota Regiment, Co. M.—the thirteenth letter in the alphabet. He was the thirteenth child in his family. He took part in the Manila land fight August 13th and died soon after, but not on Friday or on the 13th day of the month. To the unbeliever this would be put down to a chain of coincidences, but to those who have faith in omens it affords added proof of their tenets.

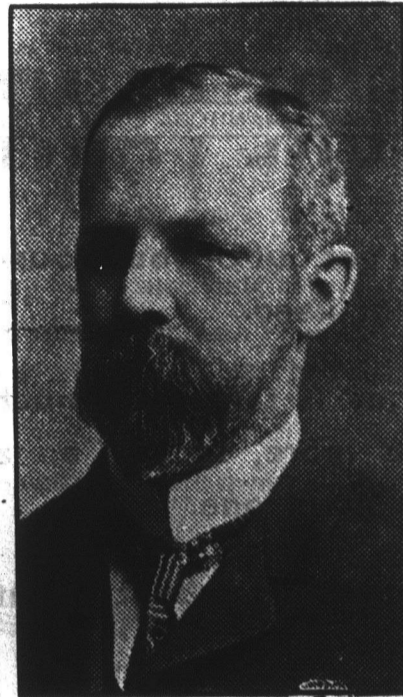
Many a man is praying for grace to bear his trials who needs just sand to shake them.

A RESTFUL SPOT.

The new home of the New Scale Williams Piano. Make this your headquarters when attending the Fair, July 23rd to 26th. Opposite Eaton's, 323 PORTAGE AVENUE.

Just across from Eaton's

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AN INVITATION

Is cordially extended to you to visit our school when you come in to the Exhibition. You will see us with our "working clothes," on and be able to judge at close range of the nature of our work. Make use of us. Our services are at your disposal in any way.

We have a nice new catalogue that we would like to send you. Drop us a card for it.

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The Winnipeg Piano & Organ Co.

SOLE AGENTS

295 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg.

The Influence of Cheerfulness.

By MRS. CORA-MANX KNOX.

Through the face we read the life of him we meet. From infancy to old age the face is a mirror which reflects the life within. We are all sculptors. Every emotion is sculptured upon the body, making it either beautiful or ugly, reflecting a life of peace and contentment or one of storms and discontent. "If we are beautiful within," I often try to teach my little girl, "we will be beautiful without." In these days of mental science we can almost say, "By their face ye shall know them." It is inspiring to meet a face that is cheerful and sunshiny, and like a sunbeam will brighten the most stormy day. We may not know her, but her face is noble and from it there radiates an influence that helps all with whom she may come in contact. "She is an aged woman, but her face is serene, though trouble has not passed her by. She seems utterly above the little worries and vexations that torment the average woman and leave lines of care. The fretful woman asked her one day the secret of her happiness, and the beautiful old face shone with joy. 'My dear,' she said, 'I keep a Pleasure Book. Long ago I learned that there is no day so dark and gloomy that it does not contain some ray of light, and I have made it one business of my life to write down the little things which mean so much to a woman.' They were little things, but they were all blessings.

No flower will blossom in a darkened room; no soul can grow and blossom into beauty on whose walls are always hung dark and gloomy thoughts. We need the sunshine of a happy, hopeful, contented life. They make all living things to grow brighter and fresher, and like the rain drops, wash away the unclean. The sunshine of a smiling countenance radiates far and wide and sends warmth and gladness into the hearts that are perhaps chilled by misfortune. We cannot estimate the value of a warm, sunshiny, cheerful life. Such an one makes a little paradise for those who dwell near him. He makes others nobler, happier, better, for his living.

Smiles are the stars of the soul, from which shine the beautiful within. Let your stars shine, for their brightness may lighten many a darkened path, and be a light for his pathway onward and upward and ever on.

There is a difference between a smile and a *smile*. One may come from the face; the other from the heart—from one whose life is made up of cheerful thoughts that beam out all over his countenance. Cheerfulness is surely the sunshine of any life, and like the sun, sends out its beams of love and gladness everywhere.

But someone may say, "It isn't natural for me to be cheerful"; make it natural then. The athlete may say, "It isn't natural for me to jump so high," but he makes it natural by practicing. You surely wouldn't allow

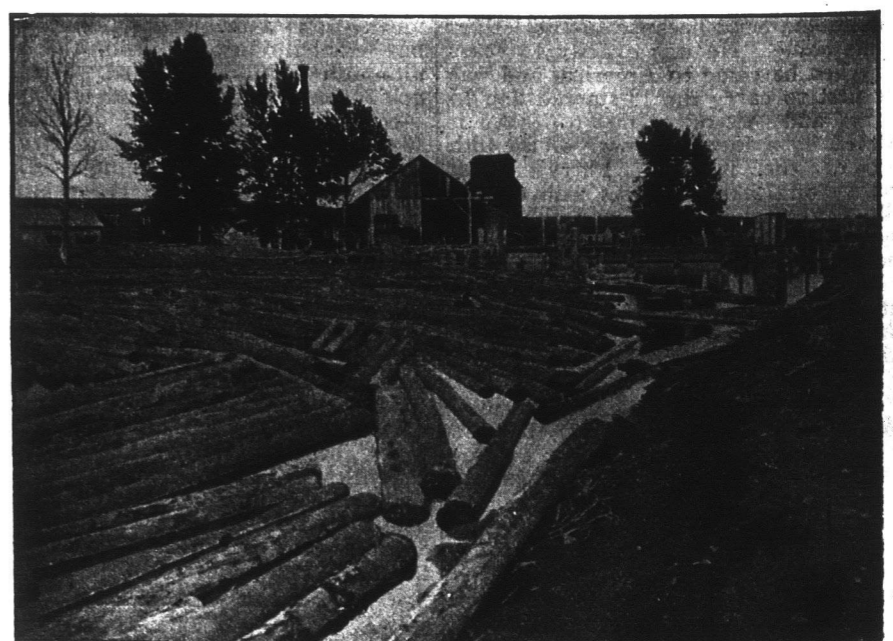
yourself to sit out in a drizzling rain and take cold; but yet you allow your mind to be constantly under a drizzling rain of fretting thoughts for days and months; thoughts that destroy the brain cells, impair digestion, decrease the circulation, sap the energy of the body, destroy your personality, and make you carry about on your shoulders a face that makes every one with whom you come in contact wish you would turn the other way.

Beecher has said, "It isn't work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy. You can hardly put more on a man than he can bear; but worry is rust upon the blade. It is not motion that destroys machinery, but friction." And again he says, "He that cannot laugh and be gay should look to himself. He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light." Dr. Jacoby, in "The Saturday Evening Post," said, "Worry kills as surely, though not so quickly, as ever gun or dagger did, and more people have died in the last century through sheer worry than have been killed in battle."

Startling facts these are. You can find shelter from the storm. Go in out of the rain—the rain of worry and discontent. Shut the door; "stand porter at the gate of your thoughts"; open wide the shutters; let in the sunshine, for it is all about you. Inhale the blessed ozone of life; breathe it all in and look up and be thankful that you live—live in such a beautiful, glorious world. The birds and the flowers are all singing and rejoicing; why not you? Use all your will power to cast off your care.

Make yourself think of something cheerful. Perhaps after all, you haven't much to worry about. Someone else has burdens heavier than yours. Lend him a helping hand and your own will be lighter. The past wrongs are over. Live to-day and to-morrow will dawn with the sun shining so brightly and the birds singing so joyously. Build yourself up physically—use all your will power to overcome your despondent thoughts, and the darkest storm will bring with it a blessing. There will be a rainbow of promise in every cloud. Keep step to the music of your soul and its melodies will be a chorus which even the angels may join. Difficulties like flakes of falling snow, will melt away under the sunshine of your cheerful nature, while they will pile up in great ice mountains before the freezing countenance of a gloomy face.

Light the lamps of courage and cheerfulness along the pathway of your comrades, but don't blow them out by your breath of sadness and discontent. With your pen dipped in the sparkling dew of life, write your name in loving deeds and cheerful words across the hearts of your fellowmen. Your life, like the stars in the heavens, will brighten earth's darkest night and its influence will be immortal.



Boom of logs in Sheep Creek, Okotoks, Alta.

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HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO.

The greatest Pianists of the world have gladly borne testimony to the superiority and excellence of this piano.—No Canadian piano compares with the Heintzman & Co.—“It excels any piano I have ever used.”—*Albani*.

We are also sole agents for the celebrated SHERLOCK-MANNING ORGAN, which won the gold medal at the Western Fair, London.

We will gladly send our illustrated catalogue and price list to out-of-town customers upon request. No matter where you live, we can supply you with a piano or organ on easy terms.

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N.B. Second hand Pianos and Organs at all times at all prices.

The Home Doctor.

Suggestions About Eating.

The principles upon which the health and beauty dinners are conducted are these:

The system demands a variety of food. There must be a little sweet, a little sour, a little fresh food, a little salt, and plenty of filling.

Six delicately cooked dishes are better than one heavy dish.

The human system requires sours for digestion.

It requires sweets for muscle building.

It needs green food for the appetite.

It needs warm food for nourishment.

It needs iced food for the palate.

And it requires a great deal of waste food to fill up the stomach, which would otherwise miss the feeling of fullness.

The principle upon which the health and beauty advocates work are something like these. The leading principle is that food must be taken often. It should be easily digested and one meal should follow another in quick succession.

Don't eat unless you are hungry, is one motto.

Don't continue to eat after you are filled up.

Don't eat just because you are afraid you will be hungry before the next meal.

Don't overload your stomach for fear you will feel the need of more food in an hour. Eat just what you actually need, feeling sure that the next meal will follow in due time.

Don't eat alone. But, if it should so happen that you are obliged to take your food alone, there are good thoughts which should go with every meal. The first of these food thoughts is one which is borrowed from the philosophy of India. Translated it means this: “I have before me the best dinner in the world.”

Do vegetables feed the brain sufficiently? is a question often asked.

To this many a brain worker will reply “No.” That is something for each individual to settle alone.

For the women who cannot exercise much, the quickly digested vegetable diet is ideal.

For a girl who is low-spirited, vegetables, nuts, olive oil and fruits lift the spirits.

For a woman who wants a peach-and-cream complexion, cooked grains are best. They clear the skin.

For a woman with a dull cuticle, the all-milk-and-vegetable diet will act like a scrubbing brush.

Health Suggestions.

The best tonic for the hair is sunlight and fresh air.

Rose water and elder flower are used for removing tan, and making the skin soft.

A sallow complexion indicates derangement of liver, and a lack of acids. Lemons, oranges, and all acid fruits are indicated with an occasional cathartic to clear the system.

Pimples and blotches on the face are often caused by excess in eating sweets and foods that are too greasy. Plain diet and large quantities of water, will prove better than cosmetics to cure this defect.

When a child swallows a tack or pin, give him the white of an egg to take immediately, as it forms a curd around the substance. A good meal of mashed potatoes, later, will be likely to carry it through the digestive tract without injury to the lining membrane. Do not give a laxative unless the child is constipated.

An infectious disease is more likely to fasten itself on the system when one is fasting than after eating. The early morning walk so highly recommended is more likely to be followed by an attack of malaria, if not guarded against by a little food before going out doors.

Gathered Ear. The cry of a child with a gathered ear is fretful, with an occasional shrill note. He generally tosses his head from side to side, often rubbing the affected ear with his hand. The feverishness lasts until the gathering breaks, when relief is experienced. Warm applications either moist or dry will give relief, and hasten the end. After the discharge, carefully wash out the ear with a little absorbent cotton dipped in a saturated solution of boracic acid, and wipe dry. Then blow a little dry boracic acid powder into the ear, it acts as a disinfectant and heals more rapidly than any moist dressing.

Dust and Cinders in the Eyes.

The wide open windows in the cars and trolleys are so many invitations for the unwelcome intrusion of all sorts of particles of dust and cinders into the eyes.

If it is a little dust, pulling out the upper lid, and pushing the lower one up beneath it will usually remove the offending intruder.

The eyelid should never be rubbed, as a cinder will become more firmly embedded in the eye ball.

Take the corner of a soft handkerchief, and with a steady hand, carefully dislodge the embedded cinder, when the rush of tears that always follows any manipulation will sweep it over the eye towards the nose and with vigorous blowing the nostrils the particle can usually be carried off.

A safer method is to slip a smooth flax seed between the eyelids and as it floats painlessly over the eyeball, it will frequently dislodge the source of irritation.

Teething and Care of the Baby's Teeth.

Twenty teeth complete baby's first set. From the fifth to the ninth month

the two lower central teeth appear, next are the four upper central teeth which come from the eighth to the twelfth month. The other two lower central teeth and the four front double teeth from the twelfth to the eighteenth month, then the four canine teeth, the two upper ones known as the eye teeth, and the two lower ones known as the stomach teeth. They usually appear from the eighteenth to the twenty-fourth month. The four back double teeth which complete the first set, come between the twenty-fourth and thirtieth month. At one year a child usually has six teeth, at eighteen months twelve teeth, and at two years sixteen teeth, at two and a half twenty teeth. There are of course variations. The appearance of teeth is very early in some families. In others they come much later, again teeth may come late as a result of prolonged illness or from the “Rickets.”

Teething symptoms in healthy children are often fretfulness, poor sleep for two or three nights. The appetite may be impaired, the baby not taking more than half the usual amount of food. There is salivation or drooling, and often slight fever. There may also be symptoms of indigestion, such as vomiting or the appearance of undigested food, in the stools. In delicate children all of these symptoms may be much more severe, but ordinarily these symptoms should not last more than three or four days. Many of the symptoms attributed to teething are really caused by indigestion due to bad feeding.

As the child's permanent set of teeth depends very much on the health and soundness of the first set for their strength, mothers should see to it that baby's teeth are properly taken care of. Cleanliness and proper food are the essentials, nature usually provides everything else. Baby's mouth and gums should be kept perfectly clean and healthy by washing out the mouth after each feeding with a soft cloth or a bit of absorbent cotton dipped in a solution of boracic water, made by dissolving one fourth of a teaspoon (even) of boracic acid to one pint of water. This should always be done very gently lest the lining membrane be injured. As baby grows older and has several teeth to his credit, a soft brush may be used, and his teeth carefully cleansed in this way.

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Democracy in the Home.

Is it possible to establish in the home a pure democracy? That is to say, each member of the household will have something to say about the conduct of the household, the manners that shall obtain, the rules to be observed, and all other affairs that touch the life of the home.

In the old-fashioned home, where the father was the master and the mother submitted to his rule and the children were all held in strict obedience to the will of the father, the matter was a simple one. The temperament of the father pervaded the whole household. If he was genial, good-natured, indulgent and progressive, the household profited by it. If he was narrow, stingy, bigoted and fanatical the household suffered. Whatever the father was all the rest must submit to or leave home. This made it very simple.

But the tendency of the modern home is toward equality. The mother has something to say. The feelings and preferences of the children are consulted. This makes a very complicated matter.

No man and woman, however honest and sincere they may be, can always look at things from the same standpoint. A woman looks at the world slightly different from a man. A man can not always see the same things in life that a woman sees. One will emphasize what the other depreciates. One will underestimate what the other thinks all important. This is done with the very best of intentions on the part of both. Neither is to blame. Both are anxious to do the right thing.

Then come the children, with their various temperaments, to complicate this problem still more. The oldest boy may be reserved, cautious, practical. The next boy may be fiery, impulsive and headstrong. One girl may have an unquenchable desire for finery, for flattery, and the esthetic. Her sister may be wholesome, practical, leaning toward the function of a staid, plodding housewife. When the whole family group is assembled there may be as many temperaments as there are members.

How, then, can a democracy be made of such conflicting desires, such irreconcilable tastes, such heterogeneous feelings? Shall we go back to the old rule of the master of the house, squelching every feeling and opinion and impulse on the part of the rest of the family? Or shall we attempt the solution of the problem in a way which gives every member of the house a voice in domestic affairs, and lays upon the shoulders of each a portion of the responsibility of keeping and protecting the home?

The problem is not so great in some families as in others. Where the family are most healthy, placid, careless of details, plethoric in temperament, affairs in the home are very easily adjusted. Nobody cares what the other does or says. Little things do not annoy. Small differences are passed over.

But with other families the case is entirely different. The husband leads a strenuous, highly developed life. The wife is sensitive, high-strung, and has fastidious tastes as to order and proprieties. The children partake more or less of both of these natures. An oversensitiveness pervades the whole household. It requires the greatest fortitude on their part to bear little things which other people, differently constituted, would pay no attention to.

Can such a family as this survive, except under the iron rule of a master with unlimited authority? This is the problem that confronts the modern household more than ever before in the history of the world.

We are well aware that no hard and fast rules can be made to govern the conduct of all homes. But it remains true that the home can have an ideal which may be the same in all cases.

What shall be the ideal of the home? Shall its ideal be democracy, autocracy or anarchy?

Some homes are ruled by an autocracy. Either the mother or the father in the home is an autocrat. Everything must go according to the will of one. No one else is consulted as to a single detail. No one's tastes are considered. No one's temperament consulted. Nothing has any weight except the will of the autocrat.

More often the autocrat is the father. Quite frequently, however, the autocrat is the mother. We have heard of cases where the autocrat was the baby, or the youngest child. We have known of instances where there was a family of girls. At last a boy is born into the home. From the instant of the boy's birth until his manhood he is the autocrat in the household. Everything bends to his will and fancy. Or it may happen that it is a family of boys and a girl is born later, who becomes the autocrat.

It makes little difference who is the autocrat in the home. The question we wish to raise is, is autocracy a good thing in the home? Is it good for the autocrat? Is it good for the rest of the family?

There are some things to be said in favor of it, especially if the autocrat happens to be the father or mother. Such a system of government avoids all discussion, sets aside all wrangling. No arguments are necessary. The commands are peremptorily issued. They must be obeyed without hesitation.

others. No one has his rights or feelings respected. The father is weak, the mother is vacillating, the children are rampant. Every one comes and goes as he pleases, and a general good-natured tumult continues day after day. Impulse and caprice are the only forces that govern in such a home, and it is only by the merest accident that anything ever comes out well.

The autocrat points to such a home with contempt and uses it as an illustration to bolster up his theory of one master in the home. To the superficial observer, at least, the home of autocracy is a better home than the home of anarchy.

But are either commendable? Can real manhood and womanhood be encouraged in either? Is it not possible to have a home where neither anarchy nor autocracy prevails? Can we not have a home where democracy prevails, where law and order prevail, and yet there be no autocratic master?

We believe there can be such a home. We believe there are many of them.

But in order to have such a home, every rule adopted by the home must be implicitly obeyed by each member. There should be no rule that does not include every member of the family, father, mother, boys and girls.

For instance, take the rule of punctuality in getting up in the morning, in coming to meals, in going to bed. This punctuality should be observed by all. It may be that the rules governing the younger children in hours of sleep



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To outward appearances, at least, such a home may go on in perfect order. The casual observer may discover nothing wrong with it. The clockwork decision which prevails seems quite commendable, when looked at from the outside.

It is only by becoming a part of such a home that any one can fully understand how little real life there is in it. Spontaneity is discouraged. Individuality squelched. Mental and moral growth stunted. Deceit encouraged. Dependence fostered. Personal responsibility weakened. Moral stamina paralyzed.

Children are taught to do certain things because it is the will of the master; are admonished to refrain from doing certain other things because it is the will of the master. Their own internal convictions of right and wrong are rarely, if ever, appealed to at all. In their moral growth they are parasites. They are developing no spiritual stamina at all. "To spare the rod is to spoil the child" is about the only scripture they ever hear quoted. The beatitudes have no place in such a home. They are ruled by the Mount of Sinai, rather than the mount of blessing. They are still under the Mosaic law. They have not yet reached the new dispensation.

To the other extreme is the home of anarchy. In this home there is no law. Every one does as he pleases. The father coaxes or cajoles. The mother complains or pets, but every one does his own will. There is no such thing as punctuality, order or courtesy. Utter confusion reigns supreme. No one respects the rights or feelings of

should be different from those governing the older members of the family. But rules there ought to be, to which each one is equally obedient.

In matters of courtesy there should be no rule established in the home to which the parents themselves are not equally subject. The father should be courteous to the mother, to the children, and the same courtesy should be required of all alike.

The parents should not allow themselves any privilege or liberty which is not allowed the children. In order to make democracy a success every one should be subject to the same rules.

Rules there must be. But these rules should have, as far as possible, the consent of all, and all should be obedient to them. No father or mother has a right to punish a child for doing anything or saying anything which the parent is allowed to do or say. If we are really to have a democratic home the children should not be saucy to the parents, nor should the parents be saucy to the children. In a democratic home the child has the same right to use bad language as the father or mother has.

In establishing a rule in the home it should be done in the presence of all members. It should be talked over at length. The reason for the rule should be discussed, and then the parents should set the example of obeying the rule for the rest of the family. If the parents expect their children to be obedient, they themselves must be obedient. If one child in the household refuses to become obedient to any rule which the rest of the family obey, then will

punishment seem more rational, and the justice of it apparent.

Yes, a democracy is possible in the home, but let no parent attempt such a thing unless he is willing to become subject to the same conduct which he expects of his children. Order ought to prevail in the household.

Every one ought to know what to do, and when to do it. There ought to be no chance for conflict, no place for strife. Law ought to be supreme. No deviation should be tolerated, but there should be no one law-maker in the home, no king, no autocrat, no chieftain, no bully. The laws governing the home should be passed by a unanimous vote if possible, but at least by a majority vote.

Of course, the formality of passing a law need only be resorted to where a family has to adopt a democratic rule for the first time. Families brought up under a pure democracy would have no need for any such thing. Democratic rule would come into such a household quietly, without any formality whatever.

A man and woman governed by democratic principles between themselves from the day of their marriage will have no occasion to teach their children the principles of pure democracy. Children brought up under such a genial influence will very quickly discover that law has a deeper meaning than simple obedience to the will of some one else.

Yes, democracy is possible in the home.

But the first step to accomplish it is a willingness of the parents to become obedient to the same things which they require of their children. If there is to be a democracy it must begin by every one becoming equal.

The authority of reason and fairness should be the only authority appealed to.

Might should never take the place of right.

Let everyone understand, when a rule of the household has been disobeyed, that the whole household has been injured. Not simply the parents, but the whole household, and especially the one who has been guilty of the disobedience.

There is no better place in the world to teach the principles of pure democracy than in the home. If children cannot be reared in the home under the genial influence of democratic principles, there is little hope that they will believe in such principles when they get out of the home.

The chief reason why our nation is cursed with so many selfish, autocratic, undemocratic citizens, is because they have learned such things in the home. A child reared in an autocratic home finds it hard to understand a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

If a nation can be governed on such principles, surely the home ought to be. A democratic home is a home where the family is governed by the family. Such a home will not only be a blessing to itself, but each boy and girl going out from such a home will become a blessing to the country. They have learned the lesson of true government as it can never be learned anywhere else. The rule of the majority has become second nature with them. The reasonableness of law, of justice, of obedience, and the horror of law breaking has become instinctive, and they can not fail to become good citizens.

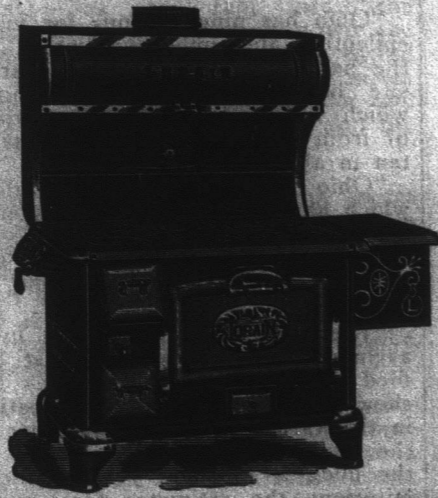
If we have anarchists in our country to-day it is because they have been raised in homes where anarchy prevails.

If we have autocrats in our country to-day it is because they have been made autocrats by the rule of a master in the home.

If we have real democrats in our country to-day, it is mainly because they have been reared in homes where democracy prevails.

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MAN.

Temperance Talk.

Insanity and the Saloon.

A recent article by Harold King Rockhill, in the "Cornerstone," says, in part:

"Ohio has nine asylums for insane, epileptics and imbeciles, which cost the people over \$2,000,000 a year. A site has been selected for another which will be erected at an expense of from one to two millions, making ten in all.

"Ohio has 12,934 legalized saloons which have been given permission for a price to convert the mentally sound into lunatics that these great state hospitals may keep running and new ones may be built.

"The annual reports of the insane asylums of the state have just been filed with Governor Herrick. They show there were 15,000 insane patients in the various hospitals last year and the number is increasing rapidly. In the budgets for next year of the institutions the estimates for expenditures run from \$225,000 to half a million apiece, and if each hospital gets what it says it will need it will cost Ohio in the year to come for the insane hospitals alone every dollar that will be received from the whole Dow tax in the entire state.

"The wonderful increase of insanity due to drink has been so pronounced that in the causes assigned by the superintendents in their reports, alcoholism heads the list at every one of the state institutions. One of the largest insane hospitals is that at Massillon, where they had 1,767 patients last year. Dr. Henry C. Epman, the superintendent, in his report to the governor, deals a solar plexus blow to the policy of the state in licensing saloons and then building asylums to care for their victims in the following statement under the head 'Inebriety':

"Each added year tends to confirm us in our frequently expressed opinion that inebriety is surely the forerunner of insanity. As alcohol is the product of dissolution, the wreck, the disorganization of human food, so its effect upon man inaugurates dissolution, wreck, disorganization and decay. It is the product of decomposition, and in turn is the herald of destruction. It has the same origin as the malignant and fatal exhalation of the pestilence—the death and putrefaction of organic substances. It is not a food and only stimulates by its poisonous action. Nature makes one stupendous effort to rid herself of this noxious substance not intended for her use; the heart, the lungs, the blood vessels are all goaded to supreme exertion to drive out the interloper; the brain is stimulated because of nature's effort to drive more blood through the brain, thus inducing superlative activity. Now, is it any wonder that so virile a poison should produce mental alienation?"

"Heredit and drink are the two overwhelming factors in the production of insanity, and frequently hereditary insanity is traceable directly to dissipations in the ancestors."

Mr. Rockhill refers, in the above statement, to the 15,000 insane patients in Ohio. Some years ago Superintendent Richardson, of the Ohio State Hospital certified, over his own signature, in the "Issue," that it was a conservative estimate to say that 55 per cent. of the insanity in our state institutions was caused directly or indirectly by strong drink. Dr. Richardson was regarded as one of the leading experts on insanity in the world. He was shortly afterwards made head of the National Insane Asylum at Washington, D. C. His statement, therefore, can be regarded as the opinion of as high expert testimony as America can afford.

The "Issue" has lately received a lengthy report from the recent convention of experts in epilepsy, convened in Germany. They elaborately set forth in this report, the proposition that epilepsy is becoming more and more recognized as caused by the

use of strong drink by some of the ancestors of the victim. The origin of this disease has been a matter of as much obscurity, perhaps, as there is in medicine, but these German specialists seem coming around to the idea that ultimately strong drink is found to be its cause.

We notice that none of the secular papers have given any prominence to Dr. Epman's indictment of alcohol as the cause of insanity. It has been cut down to two or three lines in every notice we have seen. We are glad to publish it more at length above.

The Respectable Saloon.

Said Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, fifty years ago: "Probably you would say, break up all these filthy and low haunts, all these places where the habitually intemperate, the degraded and the wretched poor, congregate, and let those beverages be sold only in respectable places to respectable people. But is this really the best plan? On the contrary, it seems quite reasonable to maintain, that it is better to sell to the intemperate, than to the sober, to the degraded than to the respectable, for the same reason that it is better to burn up an old hulk than to set fire to a new and splendid ship.

"I think it worse to put the first glass to a young man's lips than to crown with madness an old drunkard's life-long alienation; worse to wake the fierce appetite in the depths of a generous and promising nature than to take the carrion of a man, a mere shell of imbecility, and soak it in a fresh debauch. Therefore, if I were going to say where the license should be granted in order to show its efficacy, I would say: Take the worst sinks of intemperance in the city, give them the sanction of the law, and let them run to overflowing. But shut up the gilded apartment where youth takes its first draught and respectability just begins to falter from its level."

Though this utterance of Dr. Chapin is fifty years old, no amendment is needed today. It is not antiquated. Truth does not grow old.

"The eternal years of God are hers." The various experiments with the liquor traffic—license, high license, government control, bishop's tavern, and what not—all proceed upon an assumption that it is utterly baseless, viz., that the traffic in intoxicating beverages is in itself good, though its abuses are to be deprecated. The fact is this traffic is only evil, and that continually. It is essentially evil, not merely casually so. A real honest, thorough correction of the evils of this business would leave nothing of it, for it is evil through and through.

The only good grog-shop is a dead grog-shop. It is an executioner and not a doctor that this case demands. Multitudes, still befooled, are yet waiting for that which can never come—the transformed saloon. They have been taught that the saloon is not the ravening wolf which fanatical traducers have called it; that it is rather a house-dog, albeit somewhat rough in his ways, but having valuable possibilities which some correction and some training will develop.

Were all ministers of Christ as faithful to sound the alarm as was this shepherd of a former day, we might hope for the speedy passing of this strange delusion and the banishment of this insatiate devourer.

It Has Many Offices.—Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would be of much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

Garden and Flowers

To Get Rid of Insects.

The following include only the commoner of the insect pests that infest our gardens and house plants, and the manner of dealing with them is the simplest and most effective and is exactly what I myself practice. The insecticides given may need a little explanation.

Pyrethrum Powder—Get it fresh. Dust it over the plants with a common powder-puff or powder-bellows. Much or little has no evil effect on plants. Or mix it in water and spray it or sprinkle it on the plants.

White Hellebore Powder—Use as above, but more carefully, as it is poisonous; pyrethrum is not. As a decoction a tablespoonful to a gallon of water is about right. It does not hurt the plants.

Tobacco Stems or Dust may be used freely on outdoor plants without harm, but very strong tobacco water will "scorch" young leaves.

Hot Water at 130 degrees Fahrenheit will not hurt any plant, and 140 degrees is safe with most plants; 150 degrees for root libations is harmless to the roots.

Whale-Oil Soap—Dissolve half a pound in a gallon of hot water for use on foliage; double this strength on hard wood, as for scale on outdoor plants in winter.

Hydrant Water—A strong force from a hose nozzle frequently applied is the safest of all insecticides and the best preventive of the insect evil.

Kerosene Emulsion—Kerosene, two parts; sour milk, one part; churn together into butter. Or kerosene, one gallon; whale-oil soap, a quarter of a pound; hot water, half a gallon; churn together into a cream. To one gallon of either of these add ten gallons of water for work on vigorous plants, or fifteen gallons of water for more tender ones. You can buy the emulsion at the seed stores already prepared.

Paris Green—Paris green, one pound; quicklime, one pound and a half, and water enough to make a paste. Use at the rate of one pound of Paris green to 150 or 200 gallons of water. Over-strong Paris green water is exceedingly harmful to plants, so it is better to have it a little under than over strength. In using it always keep the poison well stirred up in the water.

Caterpillars on Porch Vines—If they are large, and not numerous pick them off by hand and kill them. Use the hose vigorously and caterpillars cannot get a lodgment. If they are numerous wet the vines, and in the evening dust them freely with white hellebore powder.

Mealy Bugs infest all manner of window and greenhouse plants. Lay the plants on their sides and rub the bugs off with a small, stiff paint-brush. Then wash the plants, particularly the axils of leaves and branches, with a good lather of kerosene emulsion or whale-oil soap.

Green Flies or Plant Lice infest many kinds of garden plants, including some shrubs, as the snowball and vines, as the trumpet honeysuckle. Hot tobacco water and pungent dust will kill them.

Red Spider on House Plants—Pick off the worst leaves. Lay the plants on their sides and hose or syringe them thoroughly; then take soapy water and a sponge and hand-wash every leaf, and while they are yet wet dust the under sides of the foliage with powdered sulphur.

Ants—The ants that infest the plants, running up and down the stems and branches, are not eating the plants; they are simply insect farmers. Get rid of the aphides and scale insects on your plants, and the ants will leave you.

Currant Worms eating the leaves of currant and gooseberry bushes—When the leaves expand and the bushes are coming into bloom, get fresh white hellebore powder and puff it on to the bushes when they are wet. Repeat this once or twice, a week or ten days apart.

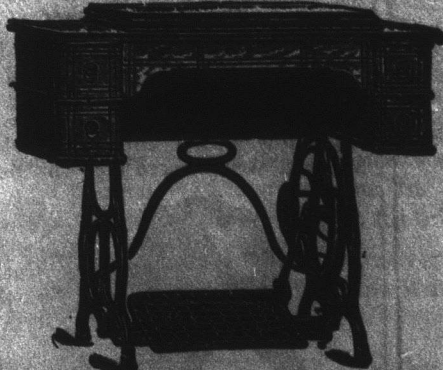
White Scale on Hardy Rosebushes are often so bad as to give the stems the appearance of being whitewashed. Cut out the most infested stems. Dissolve two pounds of whale-oil soap in a gallon of hot water, and in winter paint or spray the infested stems with this. In summer use the same solution, diluted with four times its bulk of water, as a spray.

Slugs on Rosebushes—Quite early in summer many of the leaves of the rosebushes become skeletonized by a little, sticky slug, or worm, that eats the fleshy or green part of the leaves. A solution of whale-oil soap sprayed, syringed or sprinkled over the bushes to wet the leaves under and over will destroy the slugs, and if a little white hellebore powder or pyrethrum powder is added to the solution the destruction of the insects is surer. Dry powder of hellebore or pyrethrum puffed on to the wetted leaves will also destroy the pest. I have killed it by fresh air-slaked lime dusted over and under the bushes by hand.

Rose Bugs come when the June roses begin to open, and stay for five weeks, eating the rose blossoms and foliage, and flowers and leaves of many other plants. They appear in great numbers and fly everywhere, but they are stupid creatures, and when disturbed think more of spluttering with their feet than taking to their wings for safety. Catch them and kill them is the only effective method of destroying them. But if you catch and kill every bug in your garden to-night, to-morrow it will be full again, so it is necessary to persist in the work. Spread a cloth or sheet under the bushes and then jar the latter, and the bugs will fall on to the sheet. Now shake them together into a heap on the ground and trample them to death, or dump them into a pail partly filled with kerosene. Or take a wide-mouthed pail or tin milk pan one-third filled with kerosene, and go into the garden and shake the bugs into the pail. That will be their finish. Spraying the bushes with a weak solution of whale-oil soap and a little tobacco juice added will render the rose less to the bugs' liking than plants not so treated, and they will leave you and go elsewhere for a meal.

Ant Hills on the Lawn—Take an iron rod or pointed wooden stake and pierce a few holes in the ant mounds down to the level of the lowest gallery. Into these holes, according to size or depth, pour an ounce, more or less, of bisulphide of carbon, and immediately tamp a little clay or dirt over the surface of the holes to keep in the fumes. If necessary repeat this within a week or two. Or, instead of tamping clay over the mouths of the holes, take a piece of old carpet or a blanket and have it well wetted, and immediately after applying the bisulphide spread the wet carpet over the holes and let it stay there ten or fifteen minutes; then remove it, and with a lighted paper at the end of a bean-pole set fire to the gas, which will explode and penetrate to the innermost depths of the ant hill, killing almost every ant in the colony.

\$18 Buys this **MAGNIFICENT DROP HEAD SEWING MACHINE.**



Guaranteed for 10 years.

automatic bobbin winder, large double positive four motion feed and spring shuttle carrier are combined in the head, making a light running almost noiseless machine that produces a beautiful stitch.

Each machine is supplied free, with a complete set of the latest Improved Steel Attachments as follows: 1 Tuck Marker, 1 Quilter, 1 Ruffler, 1 Braider Foot, 1 Braider Plate, 1 Shirring Plate, 1 Binder, 4 Hemmers, 1 Hemmer Foot and Feller and 1 Plain Presser Foot. A full set of accessories and a comprehensive instruction book make the machine complete in every detail.

The Cabinet is of selected oak with high gloss finish exactly as illustrated.

Send us \$1.00 and we will ship you the Economy C.O.D. subject to examination and if satisfactory pay the agent \$17 and freight charges and you will be the owner of the Best Machine in the world for the money. Then use the machine for three months and if you are not perfectly satisfied, you can return it to us within that time and we will return your money together with freight you have paid.

Don't buy a sewing machine from anyone on any kind of terms until after you receive our catalogue. Write for it now.

We cordially invite you to visit our exhibit at the Winnipeg and Brandon Fairs and receive a handsome free souvenir.

THE WINGOLD STOVE COMPANY,

311 Notre Dame Ave.

Dept. W.

WINNIPEG

What To see at Dingwall's



We cordially invite those in attendance at the Exhibition to

VISIT OUR STORES

Where the largest stock of Diamonds, Watches and fine Jewelry in the West may be seen.

OUR WORKSHOPS

Where Dingwall Diamonds are mounted and high class jewelry is manufactured.

OUR LENS GRINDING DEPARTMENT

Where lenses of all descriptions are ground for eyeglasses and spectacles.

Mr. D. R. Dingwall has just returned from a six months business trip through Europe and many new and unique pieces of art goods may be viewed as a result of his purchases.

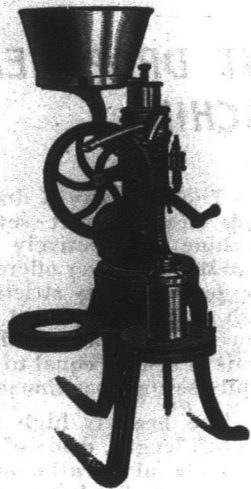
D. R. DINGWALL, Ltd.

Jewelers and Silversmiths,

424, 586 & 588 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number, stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



The
NATIONAL
CREAM SEPARATORS

The simplicity and ease of operation of the NATIONAL has made it a general favorite all over Canada.

The NATIONAL is made in Canada by Canadian Workmen in the largest and most up-to-date factories in Canada.

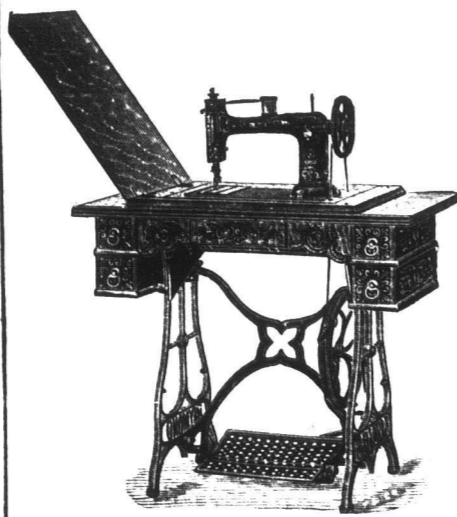
Look Us Up at
The Industrial Exhibition
WINNIPEG
July 23rd—28th, 1906
MANUFACTURERS' BUILDING

For 45 years the RAYMOND has been a leader in the sewing-machine trade.

The 1906 Improved Ball-Bearing Machines are ten years ahead of competitors. The quietest, easiest and smoothest-running family sewing machine made. Once used you will have no other.

RAYMOND MFG. CO. Ltd.
344, Portage Avenue
WINNIPEG.

The
RAYMOND
SEWING MACHINES



6494—A Dainty Lingerie Blouse for the Home Sewer.

Though the shops are literally snowed under this year with pretty waists, the majority are very simple in design, and dependent upon their trimming for their individuality. Many a woman realizes the poor



of material used in most of these blouses, and undertakes to fashion a few for herself. For such an one a very pretty yet simple design is sketched which will be found attractive indeed when finished. The square yoke appears only in front from which groups of three tiny tucks extend to afford extra fulness. The narrow Valenciennes insertion is effectively used, and in a manner different from the ordinary waist. All sleeves are short this year, and the sketch shows them in pleasing guise, but the pattern provides for the long sleeve if preferred. Any of the thin materials, as well as silk or veiling, may serve for the waist. 2½ yards of 36-inch material are needed for the medium size.

6494—sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.
Special Offer—This pattern, with any other one pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.



4788—A Creeping Apron.

There is no more attractive stage in the development of a child than when he is learning to migrate for himself, and strengthen little by little the small limbs which are given him for that purpose. Every child must have its days of rolling about on the floor, pushing to and fro by means of hands and knees, and consequently wearing out every sort of garment put upon him. For this purpose the creeping apron here shown is the best thing, and every beginner in life should have one. It may be made of gingham or outing flannel, and buttons closely down the back so that no dress or underwear need become soiled during the progress over the floor. Mothers have found it a most convenient and necessary article, and no difficulties will be found in its construction. Three yards of 36-inch material are needed for the making.

4788—one size. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4037—A One-Piece Dress With a Guimpe.

In this day of simplicity in frocks for the little folks, the one-piece dress is a great favorite. A dress



of this kind is shown, belted in below the waist and completed by a guimpe. It may be opened in back or slipped on over the head. The only seams are those under the arms, the shoulder being cut on a fold so that the front and back are in one piece. This means little labor and a very practical little frock. The guimpe may be made of any thin washing fabric, and match the slip or not. The edges of the latter may be finished with a narrow embroidery or washable braid. For the medium size the dress requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

4037—sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with The Western Home Monthly for one year—all three for 50 cents.

6406—A Novel Fancywork Apron.

The chief requisites of the fancy-work apron are that it be dainty and attractive. As everyone enjoys having things that are different from the general designs, the apron

sketched will find many admirers. It is in two pieces, the lower edge being faced up with a shirred portion which forms the pockets. This is gathered at the top by a ribbon-run beading, which also serves as division for the pockets. This combines work-bag and apron, and is altogether charming in its results. Broad, short ties give a touch of sauciness and are a pretty fastening. Lawn and batiste are excellent for fine aprons, and either might be used here. A washable taffetas is sometimes utilized for very pleasing little aprons, as also the sheer muslin. The



pattern for this model comes in one size and demands 1½ yards of 36-inch material for its development.

6406—Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with The Western Home Monthly for one year—all three for 50 cents.

6286—Ladies' House Gown.

In spite of its decorative and rather elaborate appearance, the house gown shown here is quite simple in its making, and may easily be put together by a beginner at dressmaking. It is a model which may be used satisfactorily by a young woman, or by a middle-aged or elderly woman. The fulness in the body is confined by tucks, which give a slenderness to the figure. The sleeve is also tucked, and the dainty little collar which adds so



Have you a copy of our latest Catalogue?

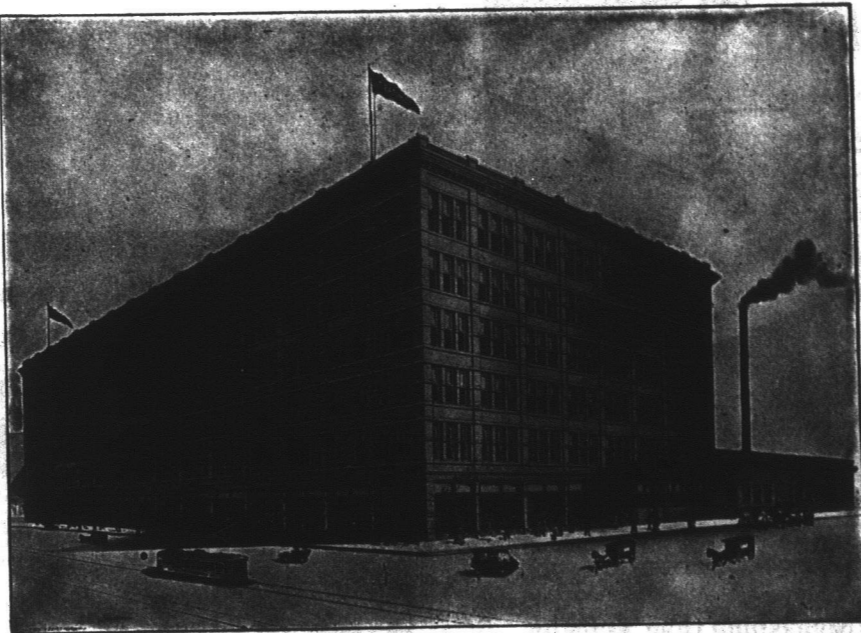
WE have just issued our special Midsummer Sale Catalogue. We have mailed a copy to every one of our customers, but it is quite possible that some have gone astray in the mail, or for some other reason have not reached their destination. If so kindly let us hear from you and we will send another at once. A postal card bearing your name and address is all that is necessary.

In the catalogue you will find many money saving opportunities. Being our first midsummer sale in Winnipeg we have put forth special efforts to make it a popular event, we have been making preparations for it for some time, profiting by past experience we have made liberal provisions, but it is advisable just the same to lose no time in ordering. Circumstances are such that when the goods we have bought for this special event are sold out we cannot fill orders at sale prices.

Since we did our buying almost every line of merchandise has advanced in price. We, however, bought so far in advance that we are able to sell goods at our regular well established prices. But remember we cannot repeat our orders at the same money.

Some of you may think that it is advisable to leave off buying till you come to the Winnipeg Exhibition. Don't do it. The sale will then be three weeks old and you can rest assured that some at least, of the choicest lines will be gone. So send your orders as soon as you get your catalogue and we promise you that we will fill them with the greatest possible care and the least possible delay.

But talking about the Exhibition, we want everyone who comes to Winnipeg



for the Fair to come and see our store. Those who have never seen it before will see the largest and most thoroughly equipped mercantile establishment in the West, and those who visited us last year will notice that we have made several improvements.

So great has been our business that we have been compelled to add another storey. We have also increased our staff of employees and added largely to our delivery system.

The many conveniences that the store contained a year ago it contains to-day and all of them are at the disposal of all who wish to use them. Here in Winnipeg our resting room has become the popular meeting place of the city and it should be doubly useful to visitors. When you make an appointment at our store, mention the resting room for it is just possible that if you do not you will miss your friends in the big store and the big crowd.

Then there are the lavatories and wash rooms, the free checking office, where parcels and wraps may be left without any charge, the information bureau where you can get information regarding trains and street cars, the lunch room where luncheons of all descriptions and substantial meals are served at reasonable cost; all of these will be found of service to the visitor, and you are welcome to use them whether you come merely as a sightseer or a customer.

Just a word regarding our Mail Order Department. Any of your out-of-town friends who call upon us will be taken care of on application at the Mail Order Office on the third floor, buyers will be provided who will accompany you through the store and give you all assistance in their power. In a big establishment like ours it is often difficult for the stranger to find what is wanted. By having someone who knows the store thoroughly, as guide and counsellor, much time is saved and annoyance avoided.

Prices and Quality
are Right.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG. CANADA.

Our Business is
to Please.

much to the design is made with tucks which open to form a frill. As one may observe by glancing at the design, the entire dress may be self trimmed, and there is no further expense in the way of decoration. The model is not only suitable for wash materials, but is a good one to follow in making the silk, albatross, or challis gown. In the medium size the pattern calls for 6 yards of 44-inch material.

6286—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4708—A Combination of Tucks and Shirrs.

One of the prettiest of the new dresses for a small maid is illustrated. It is developed in a natural color pongee with bertha of all-over Italian lace. The waist is finely tucked from the neck to provide fullness for the blouse. The sleeves may be in short puff and becomingly



finished with a frill of lace or of full length terminated with a narrow cuff. The skirt is shirred in several

rows over the hips, and has a triple box pleat in front. The combination is quite unusual, and as used here very attractive. The fancifully shaped bertha may be finished at the edge with a narrow band of lace. If this design is to be developed for ordinary wear, it may be made of any washing fabric, pongee or challis, while the bertha is finished with a pretty braid. The gown is one easily adaptable to home construction, 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch goods are needed for the medium size.

4708—sizes, 6 to 12 years. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

Worcestershire Sauce.

(The Grocer.)

On Tuesday, April 24, the action of Lea & Perrins vs. Holbrooks, Ltd., again came before Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady. Mr. Sebastian said the action was brought to restrain defendants from advertising their

Worcestershire sauce as the only "genuine" and "original," and when the matter was last before the court an undertaking was given by the defendants until over that day not to repeat the acts complained of. Defendants had now agreed to make an end of the matter, and to treat the motion as the trial of the action. Defendants admitted that plaintiffs, Lea & Perrins, were the original makers of Worcestershire sauce, and consented to an injunction restraining them from representing that they were the original and only genuine makers of Worcestershire sauce. They also agreed to pay £10 by way of damages, to deliver up within a specified time all offending documents, and also to pay the taxed costs of plaintiffs. Mr. Kerby, for the defendants, agreed to these terms but desired to explain that the acts complained of had taken place in Canada, the advertisements being inserted in a newspaper by an agent entirely without defendants' knowledge. Directly the directors of defendant company heard of what had been done, they at once gave orders that it should be discontinued, and this had been done.

MEN WANTED. If you are employed as an office clerk, a farmer, a business man, and are not satisfied, and \$156 a month salary and expenses of commission will be an object to you, introducing and advertising our goods, taking up show-cards and circulating advertising matter, local or travelling, write us for particulars.
SALUS MEDICINAL CO., London, Ontario, Canada.

YOU ARE INVITED
 to visit
 the New Home of the
New Scale Williams Piano,
 Opposite Eaton's,
 323 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg.



There is nothing more Healthful and Nourishing than a cup of

COWAN'S
 PERFECTION
COCOA
 (Maple Leaf Label)

Give to your children, and make them Stalwart and Strong

The COWAN CO., Ltd., TORONTO.

Falling Hair



FROM Typhoid Fever or any other cause, skilfully and thoroughly treated by Electricity, Massages, etc. Facial blemishes—Moles, Superfluous Hair, Small Birthmarks, etc. permanently removed by Electrolysis.

Electric treatment and massage given for Wrinkles, Pimples, Blackheads, etc. My treating rooms are well equipped with the best electrical appliances, comprising powerful Static machines, Galvanic and Faradic batteries.

Nine years practice in Winnipeg.
 Consultation Free.

Mrs. Coates Coleman

4 Avenue Block
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\$80 TO \$175 PER MONTH

For Firemen and Brakemen, Experience unnecessary. Instructions by mail to your home. High wages guaranteed; rapid promotion. We assist you in securing a position as soon as competent. Send to day. Full particulars at once. Inclose stamp.

Room 8000 **NATIONAL RAILWAY TRAINING SCHOOL, Inc.,** Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A.

Work for Busy Fingers.

Crocheted Strawberry Lace.

Linen thread No. 50 makes a very good width, about 3 inches. Finer thread may be used if desired. Chain 50, turn.

1.—1 tr. in 5th, 6th and 7th sts. of ch., ch. 4, 1 tr. in 5th st. from tr. * 2 ch., 1 tr. in same st. repeat from * twice; ch. 4, miss 5 sts. of ch., 1 tr. in next 4 sts. of ch., * 5 ch., miss 3 sts., 1 double in next st., repeat from * 4 times; ch. 5, miss 4 sts., 4 tr. in next st., ch. 3, 4 tr. in same st. (All shells are made by 4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr., so hereafter it will be called shell in shell.)

2.—5 ch., sh. in sh., 5 ch., 1 tr. under 2 double, 5 ch., 5 ch., 1 tr. in same ch., 5 ch., miss 1 ch. of 5 of first row and make a shell in the next, 1 double under next 5 ch., 5 ch., 1 double under next ch. 5 ch., 1 tr. on last 2 trs., 3 ch., 1 double on first tr. of clover in insertion; * 5 tr. under 2 ch., 1 double on tr., repeat from * twice; 2 ch., 1 tr. on next 3 tr., 1 tr. on ch., ch. 3 turn.

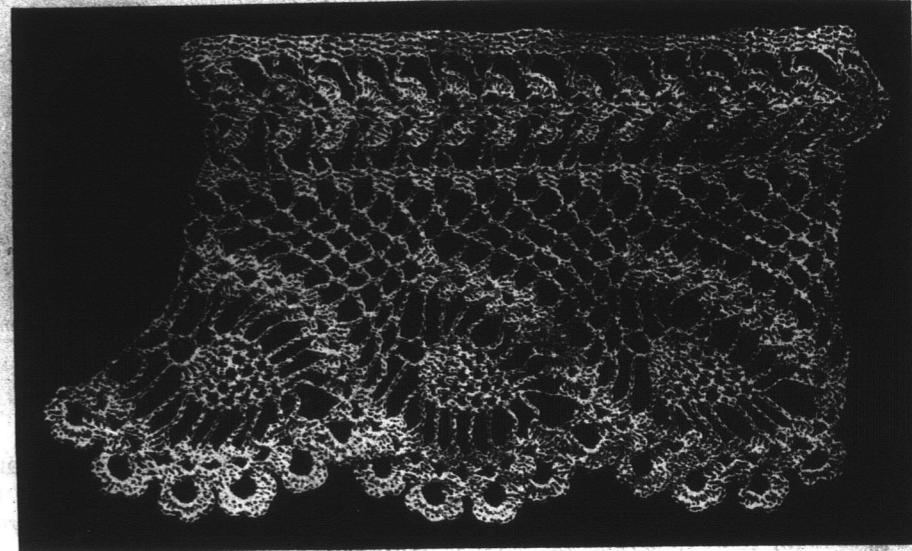
3.—3 tr. on 3 tr., * 4 ch., 1 tr. on center of clover leaf, 2 ch., 1 tr. in same st., 2 ch., 1 tr. in same st., ch. 4.

Maltese Cross Lace.

Make a chain of 65 stitches, turn.
 1. Miss 3, 6 trebles in next 6 stitches, * chain 3, miss 2, a double in next, chain 3, miss 2, 1 treble in next, * repeat * to * 6 trebles in next 6 stitches, (chain 1, miss 1, 1 treble in next) 3 times, 6 trebles in next 6 stitches, repeat, * to * twice, 6 trebles in next 6 stitches, repeat * to *, 2 trebles in next 2 stitches, turn.

2. Chain 3, 2 trebles on 2 trebles, chain 5, 7 trebles on 7 trebles, chain 5, treble on treble, chain 5, 7 trebles on 7 trebles, (chain 1, treble on next treble) 3 times, 6 trebles in 6 trebles following, chain 5, 1 treble on next treble, chain 5, 7 trebles on 7 trebles, turn. It will be noticed that the even rows are exact duplicates of the odd rows, except that 5 chain stitches are made over each space (formed by repeating * to * in 1st row). There is therefore no need to give the even rows in detail.

3. Chain 8, miss 3 of chain, 5 trebles in next 5 stitches and 1 in treble following, * make 4 spaces (that is, repeat



CROCHETED STRAWBERRY LACE.

* This from * to * makes the base of clover leaf, and as all are alike, hereafter it will be, make base of clover leaf 1 tr on 2 tr. on ch. 5, 5 ch., 1 double under ch., 5 ch., sh. in sh., 5 ch., 7 tr. under center ch., 5 ch., sh. in sh., 5 ch., turn.

4.—Sh. in sh., 5 ch., 1 double on first tr., * 3 ch., 1 double on next tr., repeat from * 5 times; ch. 5, sh. in sh., 5 ch., 1 double under sh., 5 ch., 1 double under next ch., 5 ch., 2 tr. on last 2 tr., 3 ch. Finish clover leaf as directed in second row from * to *; 3 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., turn.

5.—3 tr. on 3 tr., make base of clover leaf, 2 tr. on 2 tr. on ch., 5 ch., 1 double under ch., 5 ch., 1 double under ch., 5 ch., sh. in sh., 5 ch., 1 double under 3 d., * 3 ch., 1 double under 3 ch., repeat from * 4 times; 5 ch., sh. in sh., 5 ch., turn.

6.—Sh. in sh., 5 ch., 1 double under 3 ch., * 3 ch., 1 double under 3 ch., repeat from * 3 times; 5 ch., sh. in sh., * 5 ch., 1 double under ch., repeat from * twice; 5 ch., 2 tr. on last 2 tr.; finish clover leaf; 4 tr. on 4 tr., 3 ch., turn.

7.—3 tr., make base of clover leaf, 2 tr. on 2 tr., 2 tr. on ch., * 5 ch., 1 double under ch., repeat from * twice; 5 ch., sh. in sh., 5 ch., 1 double in 3 ch., 1 double under 3 ch., repeat twice from *; 5 ch., sh. in sh., 5 ch., turn.

8.—Sh. in sh., 5 ch., 1 double in 3 ch., * 3 ch., 1 double under next 3 ch., repeat from * once; 5 ch., sh. in sh., * 5 ch., 2 tr. on last 2 tr.; finish clover leaf; 4 tr. on 4 tr., 3 ch., turn.

9.—3 tr., make base of clover leaf, 3 tr. on 2 tr., 2 tr. on ch., * 5 ch., 1 double under ch., repeat 3 times, 5 ch., sh. in sh., 5 ch., 1 double in 3 ch., 3 ch., 1 double under 3 ch., 5 ch., sh. in sh., 5 ch., turn.

10.—Sh. in sh., 5 ch., 1 double in 3 ch., 5 ch., sh. in sh., * 5 ch., 1 double under ch., repeat from * 4 times; 5 ch., 2 tr., finish clover leaf; 4 tr., 3 ch., turn.

11.—3 tr., make base of clover, 2 tr. 2 tr. on ch., * 5 ch., 1 double under ch., rep at from * 4 times; 5 ch., sh. in sh., 1 double in center of next sh., 5 ch., turn; repeat directions from second row.

When the desired length is made, join the thread as the beginning and put * 1 tr., 1 double under each 5 ch. of edge, 2 ch., 1 slip stitch between shell, 2 ch., repeat from * whole length.

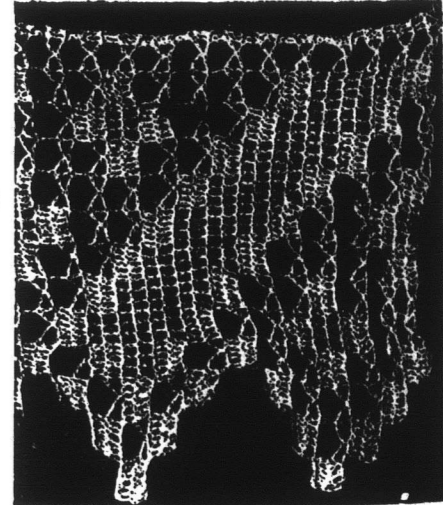
* to * in 1st row 4 times), 6 trebles in next 6 stitches, 2 spaces, 6 trebles in next 6 stitches, (chain 1, miss 1, a treble in next) 3 times, 1 space, 2 trebles, turn.

4. Chain 3 for 1st treble, 2 trebles in 2 trebles, chain 5, treble in next treble, and continue to work back as directed, putting trebles in trebles, 1 chain over each 1 chain and 5 chain over spaces. All even rows the same, so they will not be hereafter alluded to.

5. Like 3d row to *; 2 spaces, 6 trebles in next 6 trebles, 4 spaces, 6 trebles in next 6 trebles, (chain 1, miss 1, 1 treble in next) 6 times, 1 space, 2 trebles at end of row, turn.

7. Like 3d row to *; 2 spaces, 6 trebles in next 6 stitches, (chain 1, miss 1, 1 treble in next) 3 times, 6 trebles in next 6 trebles, 2 spaces, 6 trebles in next 6, (chain 1, miss 1, 1 treble in next) 9 times, 2 trebles at end of row, turn.

9.—Work along over 7 trebles with a single in each stitch, as the point decreases, after last single chain 3, for a treble, make 6 trebles in next 6 stitches, * (2 spaces, 6 trebles in next 6 stitches) twice, (chain 1, miss 1, a



MALTESE CROSS LACE.

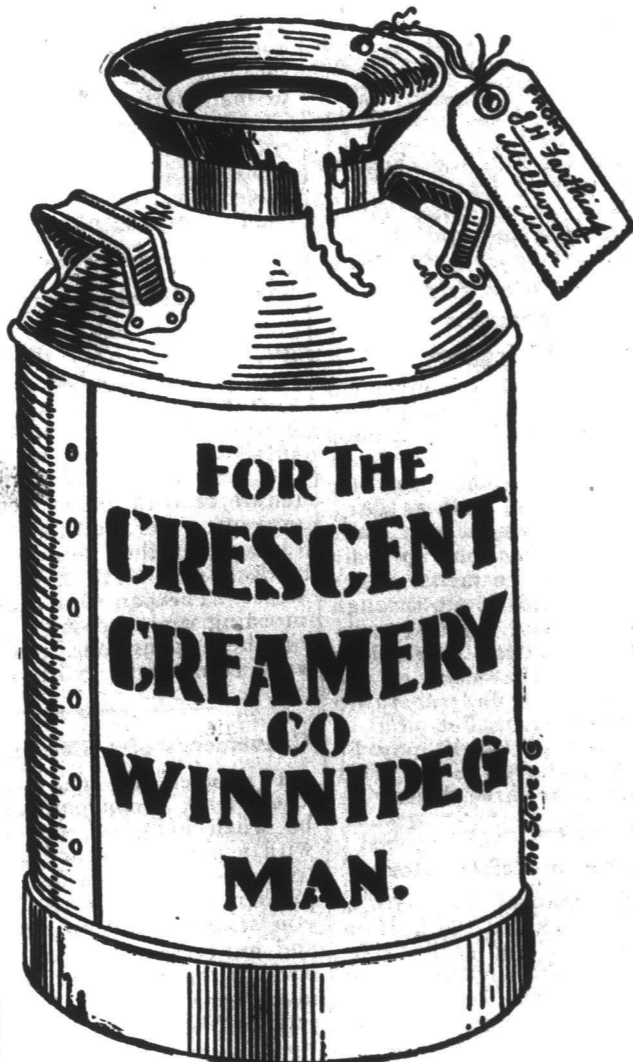
The Song of the Farmer

Who ships his Cream to the CRESCENT.

BEFORE

I work and dig and scrub each minute,
And then I find there's NOTHING in it.
I must look round and try to find
Some way to dodge this daily grind.

HE GAVE US A TRIAL COSTING NOTHING.



AFTER

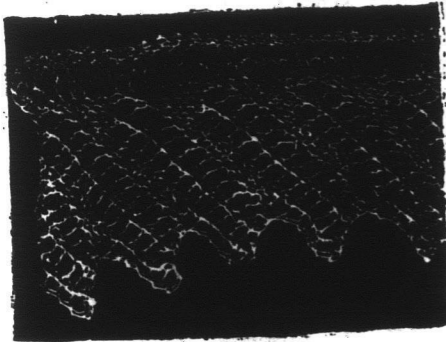
I'm glad I've hit the proper scheme,
I skim my milk and ship my cream.
I hear the chugging churn no more,
Yet make MORE money than BEFORE.

MORAL —
EACH DAIRY CAN BE MADE TO PAY IF YOU ONLY FIND THE PROPER WAY

When in Winnipeg inspect our New Creamery

CRESCENT CREAMERY COMPANY, Limited, Winnipeg, Department E.

treble in next) 9 times, 1 space, 2
trebles at end of row, turn.
11. Like 9th to *; 3 spaces, 6 trebles
in next 6 stitches, (chain 1, miss 1, 1
treble) 9 times, 6 trebles in next 6
stitches, 2 spaces, 2 trebles in next 2,
turn.
13. Like 9th to *; 1 space, 6 trebles
in next 6, (chain 1, miss 1, treble in
next) 9 times, 6 trebles in next 6, 3
spaces, 2 trebles at end, turn.
15. Like 3d row to *; 1 space, 6
trebles in next 6 stitches, (chain 1, miss
1, 1 treble in next) 9 times, 6 trebles



WHEAT-HEAD LACE.

in next 6, 4 spaces, 2 trebles at end
of row, turn.
17. Like 3d to *; 1 space, 6 trebles
in next 6, (chain 1, miss 1, 1 treble) 9
times, 6 trebles in next 6, 2 spaces, 6
trebles in next 6, 2 spaces, 2 trebles at
end, turn.
19. Like 3d to *. 1 space, 6 trebles
in next 6, (chain 1, miss 1, 1 treble) 9
times, 6 trebles in next 6, 2 spaces,
trebles in next 6, (chain 1, miss 1, 1
treble) 3 times, 6 trebles in next 6, 1
space, 2 trebles in next 2, turn.
21. Like 9th row to *; 1 space, 6
trebles in next 6 stitches, (chain 1, miss
1, a treble in next) 3 times, 6 trebles
in next 6 - 'tches, 4 spaces, 6 trebles
in next 6 stitches, 2 spaces, 2 trebles
at end of row, turn.

22. Like 9th to *; 1 space, 6 trebles
in next 6 stitches, 2 spaces, 6 trebles
in next 6, 5 spaces, 2 trebles at end of
row, turn.
23. Like 9th row to *; 2 spaces, 6
trebles in next 6 stitches, chain 1, miss
1, 1 treble in next) 3 times, 6 trebles
in next 6, 2 spaces, 6 trebles in next 6
stitches, 1 space, 2 trebles at end of
row, turn.
Work back as in 2d row, and repeat
from 3d row.

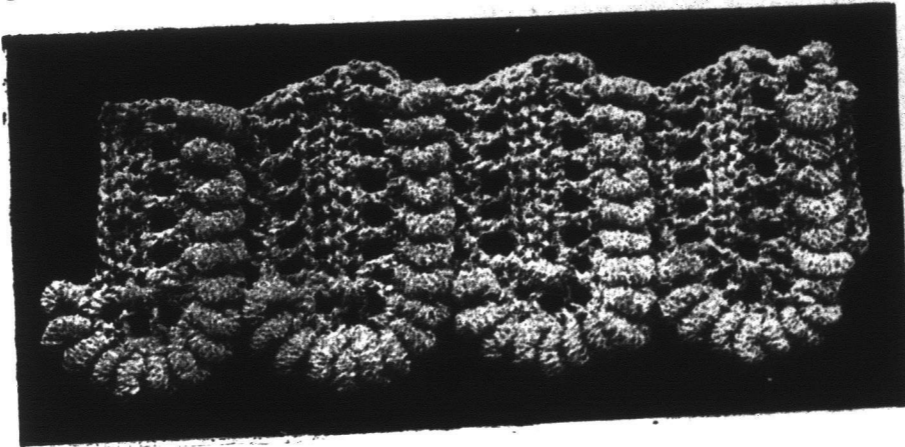
Wheat-Head Lace.

Cast on 16 stitches, knit across plain.
1. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2
together, knit 1, (over, narrow) twice,
knit 2, (over, narrow) twice, over,
knit 1.
2. Knit 13, over twice, purl 2 together,
knit 2.
3. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2
together, knit 2, (over, narrow) twice
repeat from *, over, knit 1.
4. Knit 14, over twice, purl 2 to-
gether, knit 2.
5. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2
together, knit 3, (over, narrow) twice

knit 2, (over, narrow) twice, over,
knit 1.
6. Knit 15, over twice, purl 2 to-
gether, knit 2.
7. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2
together, knit 4, (over, narrow) twice,
knit 2, (over, narrow) twice, over,
knit 1.
8. Knit 16, over twice, purl 2 to-
gether, knit 2.
9. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2
together, knit 5, (over, narrow) twice,
knit 2, (over, narrow) twice, over,
knit 1.
10. Knit 17, over twice, purl 2 to-
gether, knit 2.
11. Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2
together, knit 6, (over, narrow) twice,
knit 2, (over, narrow) twice, over, knit
1.
12. Bind off 6, knit 11, over twice,
purl 2 together, knit 2.

Flannel Skirt Lace.

Saxony yarn is used for this lace. Chain 12 in Afghan stitch. Take up a loop on the needle through each



FLANNEL SKIRT LACE.

chain. This gives 15 loops in all.
Yarn over, and draw through two loops
at a time.
2d Row.—Again take up 12 loops on
the needle through the vertical loops,
and work off two by two.
3d Row.—Chain 4, a double between
2d and 3d vertical loop (1 chain and
double between next two loops); repeat
until 6 spaces; and for scollop work 4
spaces in with last double. In the
first scollop you would now turn, but
in coming ones you would fasten down
on first Afghan row.
4th Row.—Three Rose Stitches in
each of 3 spaces, then 1 in each space,
or 16 in the row.
Detail of Rose Stitch: Wind 15 times
over needle bring up loop through the
space, yarn over and draw through the
coil and draw up so tight that it bends
the coil double; 1 chain to fasten coil.
Repeat this for each stitch.
5th Row.—Chain 4, and double in eye
of Rose Stitch (1 chain, and double in
next). Repeat until 6 in all.
6th Row.—Chain 4, double in double
(1 chain, double in double), until 6 in
the row.
Now repeat from first row, taking up
12 loops.

Insertion.

Start the block with 10 chain; turn
with 8 short stitches. Repeat 5 times
to form the block. 22 chain into the
18th chain, 5 short stitch, 6 chain, 8
short stitch, 6 chain, 1 short stitch.
(Repeat twice.) 3 short stitch, 6 chain,
5 short stitch, 18 chain, into the bottom
of same hole, and repeat the same as
first hole. Make as long as required.
Join on the corner of block. 6 chain
into first picot of the hole. Repeat 6
chain into all picots. Repeat all along
the work. Turn. 15 chain into next
picot; then 12 chain into corner of
block. 6 chain into corner of block.
Repeat all along the line. Turn, with
3 chain, 1 treble, into third stitch all
along the work. Repeat on bottom of
work.

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Hints for the Housewife.

Spring Cleaning.

As soon as summer draws near take down all draperies, remove all carpets from the floors, and have the floors nicely painted. If properly done they will not need doing again for several years. Keep your rooms free from dust, exclude the strong sunlight, and you will have a delightfully cool house.

Do not forget that, for health's sake, for an hour at least each day, every room in your house should have a thorough airing and the sun be allowed to shine in, no matter how hot or how cold the day.

Home-Made Ice-Box.

Take a store box, any convenient size, and place in this a smaller box, having the bottom and space around the sides packed with sawdust. Have a galvanized iron pan made, the size of the inside box and half as deep, to hold the ice. Have the pan made with a spout six inches long to drain off the water as the ice melts. Bore a hole the size of the spout through the double bottom and sawjust packing to admit the spout. Short legs may be nailed on the sides of the box and a vessel set underneath to catch the drippings. Put on a tight board cover. A shelf may be placed in the box above the ice. This box will keep ice for three days.

Substitute for a Refrigerator.

Select a large cracker box with a hinged cover. Knock out the bottom and cut "windows" in each side, leaving a three-inch frame, over which tack wire gauze. In the coolest part of the cellar dig away the earth to a level depth of three inches and fit the box into the space.

Mix plaster of Paris to a consistency of thick cream and pour into the box for a half-inch-thick bottom. Twenty-four hours will harden it sufficiently. Put a hook and catch on the lid. A box of this sort can be cleaned easily, and insects cannot penetrate it.

Secret of Keeping Flies Out of a House.

Never allow a speck of food to remain uncovered in dining room or pantry any length of time after meals. Never leave remnants of food exposed that you intend for cat or hens. Feed at once or cover their food up a distance from the house. Let nothing decay near the house. Keep your dining room and pantry windows open a few inches most of the time. Darken your room and pantry when not in use. If there should be any flies they will go to the window when the room is darkened, where they are easily caught, killed, or brushed out.

Another Device for Draining a Refrigerator.

This simple device saves the inconvenience of having a drip-pan under the refrigerator: If the refrigerator is placed near the outer wall get a piece of rubber hose long enough to reach from the waste pipe to the outside of the wall. Bore a hole through the wall under the refrigerator, where baseboard and floor meet. Attach the hose to the waste pipe and pass through the hole in the wall. A small trough outside should carry the water away from the house.

How to Trap Moths and Other Millers.

As soon as the lamp is lighted in the evening set it in a shallow milk-pan in about four inches of water. Have no other lights unless arranged in this manner. The millers will fly around the light and drop into the water.

An Easy Way to Wash a Heavy Comfortable.

Examine the comfortable, and if you find soiled spots soap them and scrub with a small brush. Hang the comfortable on a strong line and turn the hose on. When one side is washed turn and wash the other. The water forces its way through cotton and covering, making the comfortable as light and fluffy as when new. Squeeze the corners and ends as dry as possible.

Summer Housekeeping Without Ice.

Partly fill with water a shallow granite-ware pan. Place it in an open, shady window where there is a good draught of air. In this put bottles of water, milk and cream (sealed), wrapped with wet cloths reaching into the water. Put butter in an earthen dish deep enough to prevent water getting in. Over this turn an earthen flower pot wrapped with a wet cloth reaching into the water. The pan should be fixed every morning and evening. With several of these pans one can keep house very comfortably without ice.

Convenience of a Slate in the Kitchen

I wonder if many housekeepers know what a convenience a slate can be when hung on the kitchen wall with a pencil attached. It is a place to write down needed articles and kitchen supplies as they run low. If you send the washing out each week and must make a list, scratch on the back of the slate, with a pointed nail, in an even column, the names of all articles likely to be sent. Then, each week, you have only to write the number before each name and erase it when the clothes are all returned.

A Simple Refrigerator.

Procure a wire meat safe—that is, a box covered by wire netting on three sides, with a fly-proof door. On top place a deep pan filled with water. Take a piece of burlap the height of the pan and safe, and of sufficient length to reach around the entire safe. Tack it fast where the door opens and closes. Tuck the upper edge in the water, and you will have a well-ventilated refrigerator that costs nothing but water to maintain.

Place it where there is a draught and where the dripping will do no damage.

A Refrigerator Screen.

Buy an ordinary bedroom screen, preferably of the largest size. Place upon each pair of horizontal bars instead of the shirred goods ordinarily used, a plain, ungathered linen crash or cotton sheeting, the heavier the better, with a simple outline design in wash silk or linen.

Sponge the sheeting with warm water, leaving a foot at the bottom dry to prevent dripping. Then place the screen in an open window or doorway, and it will be found to bring down the temperature of the room to a refreshing degree.

Masonry Pit in the Cellar for Food.

"A few years ago," writes one correspondent, "ice being expensive, my husband thought of a way to keep things cold without ice. In the cellar floor he dug a hole three feet wide, four feet long, and two feet and a half deep. He masoned it with brick at the sides and cemented the bottom. This made it dry and easy to wash and keep clean. He then fitted on a snug cover with an air-pipe running through it. In this box we have kept things cold and sweet all summer without any expense whatever."

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Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Belching of gas after eating, mean weakness.

By means of its muscles, the stomach should churn the food—changing solids into liquids—mixing in the gastric juice to start digestion.

If the stomach is weak—then food is not properly churned and mixed with enough gastric juice. Then you have indigestion and then dyspepsia.

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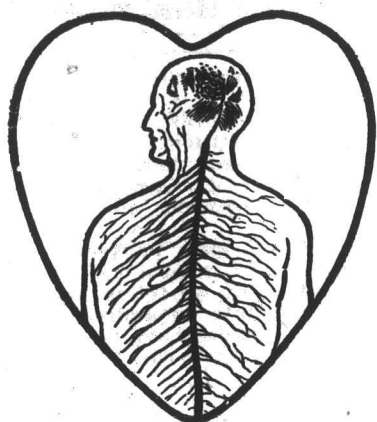
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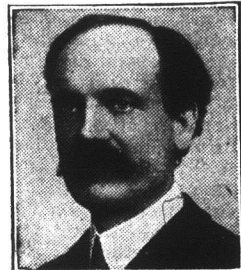
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BOYS AND GIRLS.

Margaret.

Her parents named her "Marguerite," And friends and kinsfolk said: "How sweet!"

But here I will relate to you What happened as she upward grew: Her older sister called her "Meg," Her teasing brother called her "Peg," Her girlish chums to "Daisy" took; Plain "Maggie" satisfied the cook, And "Madge" she was to her papa; And "Margie" to her fond mamma; And "Peggie" to her grandma's choice, And "Maggie" to her grandpa's voice, With "Margery" to her teacher's word, While "Margaret" she herself preferred—

Now, in this list of names replete, Pray what becomes of "Marguerite?"

The Children's Garden.

The best means of interesting the children in flowers is to give them a garden for their very own, one that they can plant and tend themselves, after it has been dug and raked by some older person, and in which they have been prompted to plant such flowers that appeal to children for some inherent reason. Children do not love all flowers alike, but prefer those which for some reason, aside from themselves, appeal to the instinct for knowledge which is implanted deep in every rational child.

No matter who prepares the garden for them, the children should be at hand, and the various processes explained to them as they are performed. They should be told that we dig up the soil for a purpose, or they may inquire, as one did of me, "Who digs the ground for the wild flowers?" Explain that the various plants and weeds or grass growing in the soil rob it of the natural or artificial ingredients of which it is composed, and we dig it up every spring in order to replace them, and to aerate it in order that it may absorb nitrogen, one of the things it must have.

Also explain that we rake it in order to make it fine, that the young seedlings may be enabled to make their way to the surface with ease.

Prattle of the Youngsters.

Teacher—Here's a little sum in addition for you. If your father gave you 10 cents and your mother gave you 5, what would you then have?

Jimmy—I'd have a fit.

A school teacher one day during the hour for drawing suggested to her pupils that each draw what he or she would like to be when grown up.

At the end of the lesson one little girl showed an empty slate.

"Why," said the teacher, "isn't there anything you would like to be when you grow up?"

"Yes," said the little girl, "I would like to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

Grace—Teacher says we must always do our duty. What is duty?

Bobbie—It's the thing we ought to do when we want to do something else.

"What is a heroine, Elsie?" asked the teacher of a small pupil.

"Any woman who is married, mamma says," answered Elsie.

The Fault Finder.

Don't find fault unless it is absolutely necessary.

On every occasion where there is no reasonable hopes of doing good by fault finding seal your lips as with a bar of iron.

Always postpone fault finding until there has been time for consideration. Do not speak at the moment the fault has been committed.

Never go into the kitchen to find fault with the maid. Send for her to come to you, being careful not to choose a time when her work will be interrupted.

Good natured, kindly fault finding administered when the mind is free to receive it, may do some good. Irritable expressions of displeasure, never; and moderate and just reproof, if tactless and ill applied, is almost as useless.

Three times out of four, fault finding is merely an expression of impatience, and the only good it does is to relieve the irritable feeling caused by the stupidity of those with whom we are thrown.

Be patient. Perfection is not a trait of the human race, and words spoken in anger and impatience are invariably words of injustice.

When Not to Write.

Words spoken in excitement are dangerous; words written at such a time are far more so. No letter ever written under pressure of antagonized feeling is just what it ought to be. No man can afford to run the heavy risk that is involved in writing a letter at such a time. Things are distorted, nothing is seen in its true perspective, when feeling runs high because of another's mistake, or opposition, or seeming unfairness or wrong.

The danger that accompanies righteous indignation is nothing to be ashamed of; but to fail to recognize this danger is downright folly. The sharp word of evident hotness of feeling that is put down "in black and white" in a letter rankles and remains and estranges to an extent that is so well known as to need no demonstration. Think twice before you speak, and wait over night before you write.

Evolution of the Horse.

All children love that noble animal, the horse. But I wonder how many of them know what sort of little animal—yes, little, and emphasize the adjective, too—he evolved from.

As we trace, step by step, the horse's descent, by the marked peculiarities of teeth and feet, we find that he came from a line of ancestors so unlike the present development that they would suggest nothing of the horse that we know. His first ancestor was strangely similar to the contemporary ancestors of the tapirs and rhinoceroses, which proves still further the theory that all modern quadrupeds have diverged from one type.

Now, there is a fact which quite astonishes us—the earliest known ancestor of our horse was no larger than the domestic cat, and it had four toes on each front foot and three on each hind foot.

The horse's ancestors changed gradually as conditions changed about them. As the continents rose higher and higher above the sea level, and other influences brought about change in climate—which became colder and dryer—the forests gave place to broadening, grassy plains, which had effect upon the forest animals. At a former period of the world's history, about the end of the age of mammals, the continents marked a higher elevation than they do now, and Asia and North America were one, being held together by a broad land, which was swallowed up by the seas ages and ages ago. Thus, it is a question whether the first ancestor of the horse was a product of western North America or eastern Asia. Certain species of wild horse, which abounded in North and South America during the early part of the age of man have become extinct, but those of Asia (the wild ass) and those of Africa (the wild ass and zebra) still exist.

What is the difference between a falling star and a fog? One is missed in heaven and the other is mist on earth.

A HOT WEATHER IDYL



THE STEAMING ONE.

Gee! But it's hot, old man, to-day! I've fanned till my hair's 'most blown away.

My house seems as hot as an oven fire, And I thought I'd come over and sit with you.

Somehow or other you always seem As cool and calm as an Eskimo's dream. I don't see signs of an iceberg here; How do you fix it? New brand of beer? I drank two bottles an hour ago, And I never had anything stew me so. How do you do it? Put me on Before I frizzle and, f-s-s-t! am gone!

THE COOL ONE.

Beer! No wonder you're seething now, With a cascade rioting down your brow, Cut it out, old chap, and try This draught for the gods if they were dry.

A brimming pot of the glorious brew Of CHASE & SANBORN'S coffee, true, And brown and rich as Roman gold, Ice till the pot sweats dewy cold, A bit of sugar and dash of cream, A sip, and then you'll lie and dream Of Polar bears and the chill North Pole, And peace will descend on your simmering soul.

Away with beer! It's a steaming brew! CHASE & SANBORN'S 's the stuff for you.

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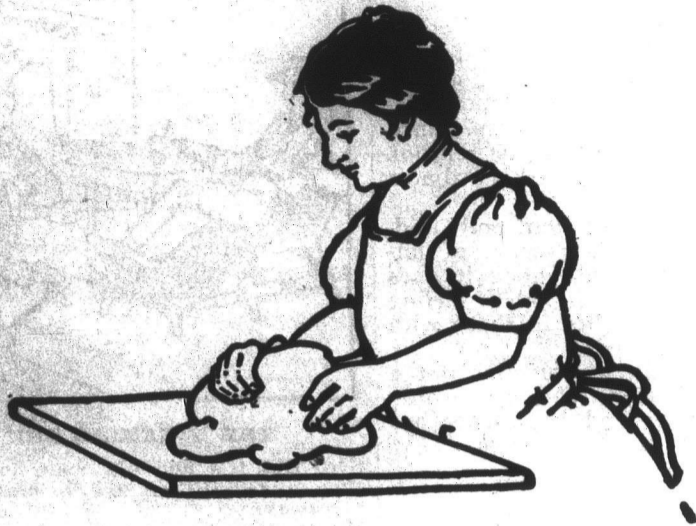
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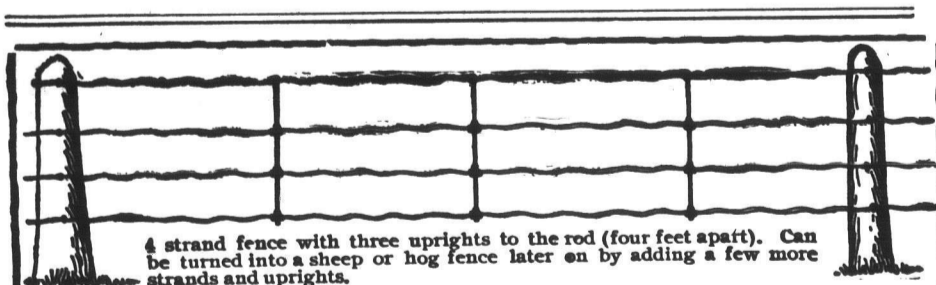
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Woman and the Home.

"Amaritas."

Amid the throng we are alone,
O, heart, we are alone.
We cannot live in other lives;
They cannot grasp our own.
They touch our hands and smile, and
we
Are tangled in the mystery.
Sometimes we brush a life or heart
We fancy like our own.
But when we thrust the bars apart
The flickering light is gone.
For that which loves, and hopes and
dies,
Is curtained from unhallowed eyes.
I ask not wisdom nor a throne.
But this, that I may know,
When I shall take the trail at last,
Where'er He bids me go,
That I may push the veil apart,
And learn the secret of the heart.

Summer Suggestions.

Live out of doors as much as possible. Time spent pottering among plants and flowers is not wasted, but most wisely used.

The majority of women need a change of occupation, and this should be sought out-of-doors in summer.

Cultivate an out-door fad—flowers, vegetables, chickens, bees, berries, beans—anything that will furnish a pleasant change of work, accompanied also if possible with the prospect of gain, which will make it the more enjoyable.

Or simply go out to rest, and enjoy the sights and sounds of nature with the children, rambling through the fields and woods, and when tired spreading a lunch upon the grass.

The days are long on farms in summer—the day's work. Plan for a rest some time during the day of at least a half hour or an hour and take it lying down, on the most comfortable bed or couch in the house, in the coolest most quiet spot, sleeping if possible. The utter relaxation of the body and brain that occurs when sleeping is in the highest degree restful, even if the condition lasts but a few minutes. Acquire the habit, if possible, of thus relaxing daily. A business woman who had formed the habit of lying down and dropping asleep for only ten or fifteen minutes at the noon hour declared that she felt as much rested and invigorated by it as by a night's sleep. This is a most health giving, strength sustaining habit.

Ride across the country whenever opportunity offers—every time the team goes to town—to call on friends along the way, or to attend personally to the family shopping and marketing. This simple contact with others at times "doeth good like a medicine."

If the good man feels that he is a better Christian to stay at home and rest on Sunday after the week's work afield, give him that privilege free from criticism, but it may be unwise for you to do the same. It may be for the highest good of the family for you to drive alone with the children to church and Sunday School. You need the spiritual uplift you should receive from the sermon and the singing, and the lesson and discussion in the Bible class, and the children will form the habit of starting the week aright in obedience to Divine command.

Try to attend the mid-week evening meetings too. The quiet gathering at the close of a busy day is most restful, and the recital of the experiences of others and the "drawing near to Divine aid" will bring a renewed sense of power and peace.

Don't miss the woman's gatherings. However humble the attempt, the pervading spirit of helpfulness towards humanity makes the work worth while and every little helps along any cause. And there is satisfaction in the thought that, however limited the opportunity may be, "she hath done what she could."

Natural Remedies.

Red clover tea has been successfully used in a number of cases of hemorrhage of the lungs. Reference can be furnished to those interested.

For side pleurisy juice of raw beets. Scrape beet and press through cloth, drink saucer full. This remedy is reliable, over fifty years known and used by my parents and friends.

For worms and convulsions caused by worms I have never needed anything in my family or friend's children but sage and molasses given in the morning on empty stomach. For pin worms just common soda and water which changes worms to a jelly substance.

Heart and Home Talks.

"I told you so!"
Who has not felt the hurt of that phrase?

How much unpleasant feeling is caused by its repetition. It seems strange that anyone can wish to add such a sting to another's load of discouragement and self-condemnation.

We cannot all view matters in the same light, and if, guided by the light we have and which we follow conscientiously, we sink into quagmires of difficulty, how can anyone have the heart to push us in still deeper with "I told you so?"

But it seems to be a weakness of human nature—and a much greater weakness than any it would condemn for the exercise of a little self control will hold back the fruitless phrase.

And a moment's thought should inspire the desire instead to cheer and comfort those who have stumbled into the slough of despond, and help them to forget or to see the brighter side of the experience.

A very good woman who loves her husband and is otherwise considerate and kind says she, cannot forbear even now, long after a financial venture or two and some changes in business that did not turn out well—still telling him occasionally, "I told you so," even though he admits it "was all his fault and he should have known better."

I would almost rather be stricken dumb than to use the wonderful gift of speech in that manner.

There is much mistaken effort in this world. And though we may at times see more clearly than another what the end of a certain line of effort may be, and though our advice be disregarded, it is most ungenerous and unkind to add "I told you so" to the burden of disaster.

It is necessary sometimes that parents speak in somewhat severe terms to a headstrong child, but our words may be so chosen that the child cannot fail to feel the motive, the over-powering, parental desire for his good, that moves us to such admonishment. And at such a time the parent's influence is only weakened by recalling some past experience with an "I told you so," which is likely to excite bitterness and resentment, if not a positive antagonism, toward the parents.

As time goes on we live more largely in retrospect, in memories of the past, how hard to bear the memory of having added the smart of an "I told you so" to the hurt of one who has since gone beyond the reach of our words. And it is often only a thoughtless expression, or the misuse of the power of expression, or a curious habit of repression of the best heart's thought that allows an "I told you so," to escape when "I love you so," would best voice the heart's thought.

Life is too short to waste its precious opportunities, or to cause a moment's unhappiness that we can prevent. Let us go our way so cheerfully and hopefully and helpfully as to brighten the journey all along for others.

Helpful Hints.

Put a little cooked starch into the rinsing water for lace curtains which will give them the new effect. Do not iron them, pin them instead through each scallop to the carpet or floor over a sheet.

It is unnecessary to rub any of the "flat" pieces when washing. Soak out stains if any, then put them into the boiler of cold water with half a bar of soap cut into it, heat to boiling point, boil ten minutes and they will be beautifully clean and only need sudsing and rinsing through the hands.

Washing Bedclothes.—I wash quite heavy comforters in my washing machine. I make a strong hot suds, put in a quilt and turn the machine for ten minutes or so then fold the quilt carefully, put through the wringer and rinse at once, folding again to wring out, then hang on the line. One of the men-folks always helps me with this work, as the wet quilts are so heavy to handle and we wash about four at a time, having a clean suds and clean rinsing water for each. When making comforters it is well to tie them very closely as they wash then without matting the cotton batting, which will roll up into lumps when washed if the tying is not done closely.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Bread Pudding—One and one-half slices of bread, one pint of milk, two eggs, piece of butter as large as English walnut. Sugar to taste. Salt and a little nutmeg.

Rhubarb Pie—One cupful of stewed rhubarb, one cupful of maple sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Beat thoroughly and bake with one crust. Frost with two whites.

Hot Chocolate Sauce for Pudding—Boil one cupful water and one-half cupful sugar three minutes. Mix three teaspoonfuls grated chocolate and one teaspoonful corn starch with two-thirds cupful of milk. Stir in with sugar and water. Boil until it thickens a little.

Strawberry Sauce for Rice—Cream one-half cupful of butter with two cupfuls of powdered sugar and add the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Then pour in a cupful of very ripe strawberries which have been mashed to a pulp. Chill and serve with boiled rice or any pudding requiring a sweet sauce.

Rice Stew—Chopped cold meat well seasoned, wet with gravy if convenient, put on a platter, then take cold rice, made moist with milk, and one egg, season with pepper and salt. If not sufficient rice, add powdered bread crumbs. Place this around the platter quite thick; set in oven to heat and brown.

Citron Cake—Cream a cupful of butter with three cupfuls of sugar. Add a cupful of milk and four cupfuls of flour which has been sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder and the well-beaten whites of ten eggs. Flavor with rose water, and stir in two cupfuls of shredded citron, plentifully dredged with flour. Bake in an oven, not too hot, for two hours.

Feather Pudding—Cream together one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and one beaten egg, then add one cupful of sweet milk alternately with two cupfuls of flour mixed and sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one saltspoonful of salt. Put two tablespoonfuls of any kind of canned fruit in buttered cups, cover with the batter and steam one hour. Serve with foamy or cream sauce.

Miroton of Beef—A few slices of cold roast meat, three ounces of butter, salt and pepper to taste, three onions and half a pint of gravy. Slice the onions and put them into a fryingpan with the cold meat and butter. Place over the fire and keep turning and stirring to prevent burning. When pale brown add the gravy and seasoning, let it simmer for a few minutes and serve very hot. This dish is excellent and economical.

Cream Crisps—Into two and one-half cupfuls of cold cream or rich milk sprinkle slowly with the hands, beating meanwhile to incorporate air, four cupfuls of best graham flour, sifted with one-half cupful of granulated sugar. Add flour to knead; about two and one-fourth cupfuls will be required. When well kneaded, divide into several portions, roll each as thin as a knife blade, cut into squares, prick well with a fork and bake.

Strawberry Souffle—Take equal portions of pulverized strawberries and bananas and sugar to taste, erring on the side of oversweetening to make allowance for the juice of the

one large orange that goes with each quart of berries. Line the inside of a fruit dish with lady fingers moistened with Maraschino, and beat up the fruit with an egg whip till it foams. Then pour over the cake and set in refrigerator to thoroughly cool.

Cream Hash—Chop mutton, veal or beef fine, fry for a few moments in salt pork drippings. Take from the fire and in the same pan make a rich gravy of cream, if possible, if not thicken milk with corn starch and a piece of butter. Pour half of the gravy into a pan over the fire, thin it with hot water, dip in it slices of well-browned toast, lay the toast upon a flat dish. Set it in a warm place. Into the thick cream gravy put the minced meat. Cook it five minutes, then spread on the toast.

Persian Cakes—Make a jumble paste by beating together one cupful of butter, one of sugar, four eggs, two cupfuls of flour, and one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, roll into any desired shape, then cut some thick narrow strips of the paste and lay around the cake to make a cup-like edge; spread on a buttered tin and bake. Dip slices of canned fruit which has been well drained, in the white of an egg slightly beaten, roll in powdered sugar and fill the centers of the cakes. The tops may be covered with a meringue if desired.

Strawberry Bavarian Cream—Mash one quart of berries, and add one cupful of sugar. Let them stand until the sugar is dissolved. If a very nice looking dessert is wanted, the seeds may be strained out through a fine sieve. In the meantime soak out one-half box of gelatine in one-half cupful of cold water for half an hour. Then dissolve it in one-half cupful of boiling water. When it is cool add it to the fruit. As soon as the mixture begins to thicken, fold in two cupfuls of cream whipped to a stiff froth. Turn into a mould and stand in a cold place to set.

New England Shortcake—Sift three teaspoonfuls of baking powder into one quart of sifted pastry flour; rub in a half cupful of butter and mix with a little sweet milk about as tea biscuit dough; bake in round cake tins, placing the first layer in the pan and spreading with butter before covering it with the other. Bark off the top in squares and bake. When done separate the layers and spread again with butter. Sweeten to taste and mash one quart of strawberries and add one-half cupful of cream, mixing all well together; spread between the layers and put a thick layer of the mixture on the top. Serve with a sauce made by stirring in a cupful of the berries cut in pieces in a cupful of thick cream sweetened.


Cheese Olives—Put one-half pint of milk into a saucepan, add three ounces of butter and seasoning. When it boils stir in five ounces of flour thoroughly and remove at once from the fire. Add three beaten eggs and four ounces of grated cheese. Sprinkle a little flour on the pastry board and roll the paste into pieces about the size of a walnut. Dip them into beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs, and fry to a golden brown in hot fat. Just before sending them to the table fill them with a custard made as follows: cook together one-half pint of milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful of flour, and a pinch of salt and pepper; as soon as it comes to a boil add one ounce of breadcrumbs and three ounces of grated cheese. Mix lightly together and fill into the olives. Dish on a napkin.

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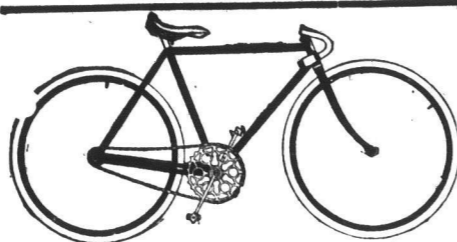
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ABOUT THE FARM.

A Contrast.

Proud of field-lore and harvest craft,
and feeling
All their possibilities—how rich
And restful even poverty and toil
Become when beauty, harmony and love
Sit at the humble hearth as angels sat
At evening in the patriarch's tent; when
man
Makes labor noble, and his farmer's
frock
The symbol of a Christian's chivalry;
Tender and just and generous to her
Who clothes with grace all duty. Still,
I know

Too well the picture has another side—
How wearily the grind of toil goes on
Where love is wanting; how the eye and
ear
And heart are starved amidst the plen-
tude
Of nature, and how hard and colorless
is life without an atmosphere.

And in sad keeping with all things
about them,
Shrill, querulous women, sour and sul-
len men,
Untidy, loveless, old before their time,
With scarce a human interest save
their own
Monotonous round of small economies.
Or the poor scandal of the neighbor-
hood;
Blind to the beauty everywhere re-
vealed,
Treading the May-flowers with regard-
less feet;
For them the song-sparrow and the
bobolink
Sing not, nor make music in the leaves.

Grumbling over pulpit tax and pew
rent,
Saving, as shrewd economists, their
souls
And winter pork with the least possible
outlay
Of salt and sanctity; in daily life
Showing as little actual comprehension
Of Christian charity and love and duty.
As if the Sermon on the Mount had
been

Out-dated like a last year's almanac.
Not such should be the homesteads of
a land
Where whose wisely wills and acts may
dwell
As king and law-giver, in broad-acred
state,
With beauty, art, taste, culture, books,
to make

His hour of leisure richer than a life
Of fourscore to the barons of old time.
Our yeoman should be equal to his
home
Set in the fair green valley, purple
walled.
A man to match his mountain not to
creep
Dwarfed and abased below them.
I would fain in this light way
Invite the eye to see and heart to feel
The beauty and the joy within their
reach.—
Home and home loves and the be-
attitudes
Of nature free to all,
—From Whittier's "Among the Hills."

Horses.

Keep the horses in the barn on cold rainy days and bad nights.

Don't allow scythes, sickles, or other sharp tools to lie around for the horse to get cut on.

Most of the accidents to colts happen at night. A colt suddenly frightened naturally runs and frequently gets badly cut on the wire. Unless the fences are good and the horses are very familiar with the pasture we believe in keeping them in the barn at nights at the first of the grazing season.

Whole wheat fed occasionally is said to be an excellent thing for mares in foal. It is a good plan to throw in a handful of it occasionally. There is good experience behind many of these feeding suggestions, things which other people have found out in a life-time of farming. And it is a good plan to try them even if we can't explain why.

For wire cuts, the essential thing is cleanliness. Keep a cut clean and Nature will soon do the healing. Have some of the coal tar products on hand to use as an antiseptic wash. Don't allow pus or proud flesh to form or the wound will be slow in healing. A good antiseptic wash will prevent this. If carbolic acid is used, be sure not to use it too strong.

To allow a team to stand alone in the field attached to a plow or harrow is a sure way to court trouble. Loosen the clevis if you leave the team.

In the Dairy.

Don't take anybody's word for it that the separator need be cleaned but once a day. It is always better to clean it thoroughly after every time it is used. This custom of cleaning but once a day is the cause of many a poor batch of butter.

There is such a thing as skimming milk both too thin and too thick. That is, there are extremes in the content of butter fat, beyond which we should not go. The most satisfactory fat content for cream will probably be found in that testing between 23 and 33 per cent. It will give better satisfaction both for butter and for milk.

A large share of profit in the dairy business is found in the proper utilization of the by-product of skim milk. And the best way to feed this skim milk is to have it in good condition. It is a question which animals on the farm will make the most profitable use of the skim milk. The young hogs will make wonderful growth on it in conjunction with clover pasture. Fed as curd or cheese, made by boiling, it is a fine thing for young turkeys. It will also save an immense amount of grain usually fed to the chickens. Whatever it is fed to, be sure it is bringing in good returns for it is capable of doing so.

Experiment has shown that there is no great difference in cost of growing silage and growing roots. It has also been shown that roots are fully as good if not better than silage for milk production. If you think you cannot afford to put up a silo or if the herd is too small to justify the expense, by all means grow a patch of roots for cow feed next winter. Grow them in the garden if there is room on no other place on the farm. A few carrots for the horses and mangels, turnips, or carrots for the cows, should be grown on every farm. They are just as necessary for the barn bill of fare as potatoes are for the house menu.

The Kind of Cow to Keep.

Sometimes it is the scrub cow, and sometimes a scrub owner, that causes lack of profit to the dairy farmer. There is no danger of feeding a cow too much; if she is a good cow she returns value received in milk. If she is a poor one from a dairy point of view, she gets fat and should be sold. The best cow in the herd is usually the one that eats everything you feed her. A cow with a dainty appetite rarely is a good milker.

Sam Slow says there is no money in keeping cows. Sam says that by the time he gets his milk to the creamery and chats awhile with his neighbors he gets home too late to go to the fields before noon. In the afternoon it isn't worth while to go to the field because he doesn't get fairly started to work before milking time. "Dairyin'," says Sam, "is mighty slavish work for poor pay."

Sheep.

The only objection to the bird dog is that he often fails to discriminate between birds and sheep.

Where the soil will not grow good grass, what is the use in trying to raise sheep?

As wool is not made into cloth at home it is not necessary for the farmer to wash the sheep.

Take a look at the ewe's teeth. A sheep with a "broken mouth" should be marked and marketed as soon as in salable condition.

A flock of sheep which bear a close resemblance to one another is not only attractive but it is indicative of careful breeding.

All inferior lambs and aged ewes, or poor breeders should be separated to another pasture and given a grain ration in order to fit them for the block as early as possible.

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FOR THE MAN WHO WILL HAVE NOTHING LESS THAN THE BEST



THE EXCELLENCE OF DE LAVAL SEPARATORS has built up for them a reputation not excelled by any manufactured article, nor equalled by any machine built to serve a similar purpose.

They represent the perfection of strength, combined with simplicity, rapidity, and effectiveness of separation, with lowest speed gear, minimum power in operation, beauty of outline and mechanical finish. In addition they embody many other features of lesser importance, but which make for convenience and every-day utility, and have combined to win for De Laval Separators every exclusive Highest Award in competitions open to the world, and to place De Laval machines in practically every Creamery on the Continent.

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Poultry Pickings.

Bugs.
Worms.
Sunshine.
Tender grass.
Growing chicks.
A month of promise.
Beware of overfeeding the chicks.
Give the youngest chicks special attention.
Provide rat proof brood coops and save the chickens.
A coop with a movable bottom is the easiest to clean and will be most apt to be kept clean.

Have you made that start in pure bred poultry you have been planning on? If not, order a sitting of eggs as soon as possible and get in line. Scrub stock is a back number.
Improve your stock of poultry, if you know where you can get better ones. Buy the birds or eggs to place your flock where you will have no reason to be ashamed of them in looks or their ability to fill the egg basket.

Don't give the little chicks anything to eat except grit and pure water until they are about three days old and they will not die or have bowel trouble, but will be the healthiest chicks you have ever raised.

Don't sell the eggs from those stolen nests, but boil them hard and use the clear ones for the little chicks. They should be chopped fine with shells on, and fed once a day in connection with other feeds.

It is practically useless to try to raise little chicks in an enclosure unless they are given very close attention. To do well they must have a good grass run and free range and there is no good reason why they cannot have these on almost any farm.

Brood coops should not be placed too close together or the chicks will be apt to mix up and all go to the hen that calls her chicks best and after the chicks are weaned there is a great deal of danger of the chicks all crowding into one coop if the coops are too close together, and many of them being smothered to death. Spread them out and give them plenty of room and it will benefit them in many ways.

Swine.

Keep the pigs growing.
Give the little pigs a chance. Young stock should always be thrifty.

The swill barrel is often a menace to health.

Feed the sows well. Get them in condition for the fall litters.

Hogs are very fond of quack grass roots and will thrive on them.

Don't let the price control your judgment when purchasing a boar.

If the trough is too high for the little fellows—build them a platform.

"Hogging down" a crop is sometimes looked upon as wasteful, but it isn't.

No swine grower should be without good pasture during the entire growing season. An abundance of suitable pasture will cheapen the cost of producing pork.

If well fed, the early maturing breeds will mature in from eight to ten months and are often bred at this age. Young sows are seldom profitable if bred before they are one year old, for even the earliest maturing breeds have neither the length nor depth to produce large litters at this age.

The question of ringing hogs is now a live one. Some pastures would be utterly ruined by rooting so that it would be well to lay in a supply of hog rings. On the other hand, a heavy sod of either blue grass or quack grass will not be injured by such treatment, making ringing unnecessary.

A little milk in the trough will be turned to good account by the pigs at this time, and some shorts later on will help still more.

The Dry Sow.

When the pigs are weaned the dry sows should be turned out on pasture by themselves and given a little grain. Good prolific mothers should be kept for breeders and the unsatisfactory sows fattened and sold as soon as possible. Unless a sow is pure-bred or an exceptional individual, it will not pay to keep her if she cannot produce large litters. A second litter is generally wanted during the year and the sows should be put with the boar during the first heat after weaning. It is generally believed that if many periods of heat are passed the sows will become "shy." Whether bred directly after the pigs are weaned or not, the sows should be fed a comparatively light diet until it is certain that they are again with pig.



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2 in 1 Shoe Polish

Black, Tan and White

"2 in 1" instantly cleans and polishes. Preserves, alike the daintiest kid and the roughest leather. Particular people give nothing but praise.

"2 in 1" has no substitute. Millions use it. Refuse all imitations.

Black and tan in 10c. and 25c. tins. White 15c. glass

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No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties.

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Rest for Mother— Pleasure for the Children

It is not always that pleasure and profit can be combined.

The New Century Washer affords the children an opportunity of rendering effective help—and at the same time delight themselves. Ball-bearings and strong spiral springs reduce to a minimum all the work usually necessary. Five to six minutes does a tub-ful.

If your hardware dealer does not carry them, write us for booklet. Sold by most dealers at \$2.50.

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Story Pictures For the Children

Send 50 CENTS for a set of seven Story Pictures, beautifully printed and mounted. The little ones will spend happy hours weaving their childish fancies into stories of their own.

For 10 cents we will send one sample picture.

JUDGE COMPANY,
225 Fourth Ave. New York City

In Lighter vein.

The Average Man.

The average man is the man of the mill, the man of the valley, or man of the hill.

The man at the throttle, the man at the plow—

The man with the sweat of his toil on his brow,

Who brings into being the dreams of the few,

Who works for himself, and for me, and for you.

There is not a purpose, a project or plan

But rests on the strength of the average man.

The growth of a city, the might of a land,

Depend on the fruit of the toll of his hand;

The road, or the wall, or the mill, or the mart.

Call daily to him that he furnish his part;

The pride of the great and the hope of the low,

The toll of the tide as it ebbs to and fro,

The reach of the rails and the country they span

Tell what is the trust in the average man.

The man who, perchance, thinks he labors alone,

The man who stands out between hovel and throne,

The man who gives freely his brain and his brawn

Is the man that the world has been builded upon;

The clang of the hammer, the sweep of the saw,

The flash of the forge—they have strengthened the law,

They have rebuilt the realms that the wars overran.

They have shown us the worth of the average man.

So here's to the average man—to the one

Who has labored unknown on the tasks he has done,

Who has met as they came all the problems of life,

Who has helped us to win in the stress and the strife.

He has bent to his toil, thinking neither of fame

Nor of tribute, nor honor, nor prize, nor acclaim—

In the forefront of progress, since progress began—

Here's a health and a hail to the average man!

National Reputation.

A certain pompous individual from this state was strutting about the Capitol at Washington. A Western senator asked Senator Hoar:

"Who is that person?"

"That," responded Hoar, "is Gen. B. of my state."

"Does he cut as wide a swath in Massachusetts as he does in Washington?"

"No," said Senator Hoar, with a merry twinkle; "no, Gen. B.'s reputation is purely national."

Not Exactly Ill.

Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales, came one day upon a tiny mite of a boy crying piteously. He was in charge of a fat and comfortable old lady, who seemed quite unmoved by his grief. "What is the matter?" inquired the princess, who is very fond of children. "Is he ill?" "Well, ma'am," said the comfortable old lady, "he isn't hexactly ill; but no stomach can't stand nine buns!"

Modest Preacher.

A friend of the late Bishop Huntington was spending a Sunday in Edinburgh, and followed the crowd to the church of a celebrated preacher.

At the close of the service he said to the clergyman:

"That was a remarkably fine sermon."

The minister, puffed up with pride, said, "Thank you, thank you."

"But," said the Boston man, "I have heard it before; it is one of Bishop Huntington's sermons."

"Ah, yes, I dare say, to be sure; but Huntington could never have gotten it off as I did."

For consistent and unblushing plagiarism this beats the record.

A Bargain.

Thomas W. Lawson, in "Everybody's Magazine," illustrates the gullibility of the public in accepting worthless stocks.

"It reminds me of Washington White and his watch," he says.

"Washington is a Boston colored man. A friend met him in an elevated train, where Washington was rocking back and forth like a man who has trouble in his midst.

"How do, Washington?" said the friend.

"How do, Calhoun?" returned Washington, continuing his rocking.

"You ain't sick, be you?"

"No, indeed, Calhoun, I ain't enjoyin' no bad health."

"Then why in the name o' common sense is you cavortin' back and forth dat way?"

"Not for a single beat did Washington check his regular oscillation as he answered:

"Calhoun, you know Jerome McWade? Well, he done so'd me a silver watch for three dollars, an' if I stops movin' like dis yere, de watch won't go no more."

Sprung From Nobody.

Have ye anny ancisters, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.

"An' what's ancisters?"

"Why people you shprung from."

"Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly, impressively, "I come from the rale stock of Donahues, thot shprung from nobody. They shpring at thim!"

A Child's Good Reason.

A child of the tenements was delightfully telling a friend in the College Settlement about her new teacher.

"She's a perfect lady, that's what she is," said the child.

"Huh! How do you know she's a perfect lady?" questioned her friend.

"You've known her only two days."

"It's easy enough telling," was the indignant answer. "I know she's a perfect lady because she makes me feel polite all the time."

Simple Larceny.

The colored physician not having been able to locate the malady and check it, a white physician was called.

After looking at the patient a short while, the white physician inquired—

"Did Dr. Jones take your temperature?"

And the old colored auntie answered, "Ah don't know, sah; Ah ain't missed nothin' 'cept mah watch"

A Man To Be Trusted.

He had called, says "Tit-Bits," at a house in the suburbs on business, and as he arose to go he said:

"I believe you were in the lake district last summer?"

"Yes."

"Go fishing?"

"Yes."

"Catch anything?"

"One little perch."

"Ha, ha, ha! That's what I expected. Well, good night."

When the caller had gone the wife said, indignantly:

"Richard, how can you sit there and tell stories in that bold way? You know we caught over twenty fish weighing five pounds apiece; and that big jack weighed eleven pounds."

"My dear wife," returned the husband, soothingly, "you don't know human nature. That man is now willing to take my word for \$2,000.

If I had told him of those fish he would have gone away believing me to be the biggest fibber in the country."

More Than His Share.

"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's fondest feelings had been offered up.

"Why Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"

"Aye, Martha; but does thee regard me with that feeling that the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth; I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one. I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share."

A Brave Man.

Mrs. Emma E. Porter, of Marysville, sister of Congressman Calderhead, tells this story:

Evelyn is the little daughter of a Marshall County family. She is very cowardly. Her father, finding that sympathy only increased this unfortunate tendency, decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter on the subject of her foolish fears.

"Papa," she said, at the close of his lecture, "when you see a cow ain't you 'fraid'?"

"No, certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a horse ain't you 'fraid'?"

"No, of course not, Evelyn."

"When you see a dog ain't you 'fraid'?"

"No!" with emphasis.

"When you see a bumblebee ain't you 'fraid'?"

"No!" with scorn.

"Ain't you 'fraid when it thunders?"

"No!" with loud laughter. "Oh, you silly, silly, child!"

"Papa," said Evelyn, solemnly "ain't you 'fraid of nothin' in the world but mamma?"

Chew
PAY ROLL
Plug Tobacco

10c. PER CUT

Caring for the Preacher.

It was at a big meeting that all this was said, more of a citizens' gathering than a church gathering, and Mr. Duke asked:

"Now, what can you do for the preacher? I don't intend to put the burden of my living upon any one family, but upon all of you, turn and turn about. I will not, however, go where the latchstring is not hanging out of the door. What can you do for the preacher?"

One old lady, who had a dim recollection of a small church in the pine woods of Ontario when she was a girl, said:

"I kin eat him, but I can't sleep him."

"That's good; now who next?" asked the missionary.

"Well, if Sister Jenkins is gwine to eat him I'll agree to sleep him, but I can't wash him."

"That's good; who next?"

Then another sister spoke up and said: "Well, I'll wash him, but I ain't much on biled shirts."

Ministers Are Late Risers.

A cook who has seen many years of domestic service recently declared to her latest mistress that, so far as her experience went, she had found ministers to be the latest risers. Next to them came physicians.

"Some ministers don't rise till 10 o'clock," she said. "There's hardly one of them that you'll find up by 8. Nine or 9.30 is their average hour. They don't have an office to go to at a certain time. They have no early appointments that must be kept. They have no clerks that they must look after. Consequently they become the latest rising class of men on earth."

"I've worked in forty-seven places, of which eleven were with ministers. They are the best to live with. They are so considerate and generous and have such perfect dispositions. If they would only get rid of this habit of loafing away the morning in bed they'd be a class without a fault."

More Than She Could See.

Treasurer Noyes, of the Newburyport Water Works, sent out his annual bills this year by mail. In the corner of the envelope was the customary request.

"After five days return to Newburyport Water Works, Newburyport, Mass."

What was his surprise to have a woman come into his office five days afterward and pass him an empty envelope, with the remark:

"Here is your envelope, but what you want of it is more than I can see."

A Serious Threat: Stutts (who stammers)—"Miss d-d-Dimple—d-d-Dollie!—I lul-lul-lul—I lul-luve you! Wu-wu-will you b-b—Wu-wul you b-be mum-mum-mum—wu-will you b-be mum-mum-my wu-wu-wu—mum-mum-my wife?"

Dollie Dimple (cooly)—"Oh, Mr. Stutts! I—I hardly know how to answer you!"

Stutts (desperately)—"Ac-ac-ac-sus-sus—accept my pup-pup-proposal or I'll sus-sus-sus—or I'll sus-sus-say it all over a-gug-gug-again."

A Pleasant Medicine.—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beget painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.



Field Erected—with No. 9 Galvanized Coiled Steel Wire.

The GREAT WEST WIRE FENCE

Our WIRE LOCK is the Latest and Best Fence Lock yet devised. Just the type of fence that can be adjusted to your various needs, and requires fewer posts, which means a great saving in the cost.

You can start this fence with three or four horizontal wires for turning large stock, and later on, if necessary, make it hog tight or sheep tight by adding a few extra wires without altering the posts or increasing their number.

Prices and Catalogues sent on application.

Reliable Agents Wanted.

The Great West Wire Fence Co.

76 LOMBARD STREET LIMITED WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN

NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 20 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

V. W. HORWOOD

ARCHITECT

TAYLOR BLOCK

177 McDERMOT AVE., E. WINNIPEG

WEAK MEN This Belt Is FREE Until You Are Cured



Take my Electric Belt for what it will do for you. Wear it while you sleep at night or while you are resting after your work. You will find it a vitalizer, a tonic to your nerves, a rejuvenator of waning vitality. Use it for any ailment which drugs have failed to cure, and you will never cease praising it.

I claim that I can cure weak men; that I can pump new life into worn-out bodies; that I can cure your pains and aches, limber up your joints, and make you feel as frisky and vigorous as you ever did in your life. That's claiming a good deal, but I have got a good remedy, and know it well enough to take all the risk if you will pay me when you are cured.

No man can lose on this. If the cure is worth the price, you don't have to pay for it until you get it. When you are ready to say you are a big, husky and frisky specimen of vigorous manhood; that you haven't got an ache or pain in your whole body, and that you feel better than you ever did in your life, I get paid. If you can't say it after using my Belt for three months, then give me back my old Belt and I won't ask a cent. All I ask is security while you use it.

A short time ago I took a case that I couldn't cure, and I didn't see why, as I had cured hundreds like it. Anyway, my patient returned the Belt and said I hadn't done him any good. He said he thought I had treated him honestly, and wanted to pay me the cost of the Belt, because it couldn't be used again. I refused and told him that I had made a contract to cure him or get nothing, and I wouldn't take a dollar I hadn't earned.

"I am glad to say that 40 days use of your Belt has completely cured me of back trouble. I highly recommend it to anyone."

HORMIDOS LAMOREAUX, Lamoreaux, Alta.

"The pains in my stomach have discontinued, and my food now digests well. The improvement is beyond my expectation for the short time I have worn your Belt."

J. W. BAILEY, Wetaskiwin, Alta.

"I have found your belt to be all that is claimed for it, and it is not my intention to ever be without one, as I consider it a boon to humanity."

H. ELLIOTT, 795 Main St., Winnipeg, Man.

I have cured thousands of men who have squandered the savings of years in useless doctoring. My Belt is easy to use; put it on when you go to bed; you feel the glowing heat from it (no sting or burn) as in old style belts, and you feel the nerves tingle with the new life flowing into them. You get up in the morning feeling like a two-year-old.

Wherever you are, I think I can give you the name of a man in your town that I have cured. Just send me your address and let me try. This is my twenty-fourth year in the business of pumping new vim into worn-out humanity, and I've got cures in nearly every town on the map.

If you will come and see me I'll explain it to you. If you can't call let me send you my book full of the things a man finds inspiring to strength and courage. Free if you send this ad.

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday till 9 p.m. Consultation Free.

Dr. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 112 Yonge St. Toronto, Can.

Please send me your book, free.

NAME

ADDRESS

THE IMPROVED ACME WASHER

will wash thoroughly and perfectly clean anything, from the finest piece of lace to the heaviest blanket, without tearing a thread or breaking a button. In fact, there is nothing in the way of washing which can be done by hand or with any other machine which cannot be done better, more easily, and more rapidly with the Improved Acme Washer. Besides being made of the very best materials, handsomely finished in natural wood, it has a number of

SPECIAL FEATURES

not found on any other machine. These consist of: 1. A Movable Wringer Stand, which brings the wringer directly over the tub, so that all the water falls back into the tub, instead of on the floor. (The wringer need never be taken off.) 2. The Winged Lid, which is practically steam-tight, prevents the water from splashing over. This is merely raised up and leaned back against the handle, so that all the suds must drain into the tub. 3. The Extension Stand holds the basket, or rinsing tub, close to and on a level with the machine, so that the clothes cannot fall on the floor, and no stooping is necessary. 4. No Iron Post runs through the machine to rust and stain or tear the clothes.



There are many other good points about the Acme, all described in detail in our little booklet, entitled "Wash-day Comfort." This is free for the asking. May we send you a copy?

Is this a Fair Offer? If you will write us that you are interested, we will give you the name of the dealer in your town who handles the Improved Acme Washer. You can see the machine at his store and learn all about it before you buy it. If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct, sending us his name and address. You risk nothing but a two-cent postage stamp to mail us your letter.

Write To-day—even if you are not just ready to buy or even try a machine; in that case let us send the little booklet—remember, it's FREE—Write to-day! Address:

E. H. BRIGGS CO. Winnipeg, Canada

FOR SALE BY ALL HARDWARE DEALERS.

After Dessert

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas



The best part of the dinner, to many minds. A delicious accompaniment for cheese and cafe noir.

Baked as the Mooney bakers bake them, they come to you with a crispness, a daintiness, all their own.

Insist that your grocer sends you Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas.

In one and three lb. moisture-proof packages.

At all grocers.

Miss SMITH of Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, Jan. 1, 06.

Sir:— I had been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for a long time—until I tried "7 MONKS' DYSPEPSIA CURE" and after taking 3 boxes I can say that I am cured. I recommend this remedy to anyone suffering from Dyspepsia.

Yours respectfully

E. SMITH,
Bannatyne Ave.

That letter tells you facts. If you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Stomach Trouble, why not cure it.

7 MONKS' DYSPEPSIA CURE

Price 50 cents.

Sold everywhere—or mailed "Post paid."

7 Monks' Company Box 742 Winnipeg, Man.

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

Cold Feet.

He pauses stiffly and sedate,
A lump within his throat is growing;
Matilda's at the garden gate
Her ev'ry pulse within her glowing;
When Jeremiah sauntered down
The shady lane he fashioned duly
Each word he meant to say—they've
flown!

There's witchery about her, truly.
What is the charm that dwells within
That pair of roguish eyes, I wonder?
His ears are buzzing with the din
Of words that sound like distant
thunder.

But where's the speech this loving
swain
Declaimed awhile ago so easy,
When he came walking down the lane
With mien and heart so light and
breezy?

Ah! where's the speech of yesterday,
And others of the sort he'd utter—
Or meant to? All have flown away;
His lips are dumb, his heart a-flutter.
Tonight he meant to tell his love—
He was so brave before he met her.
But now, alas! in treasure trove
His tongue is tied and in a fetter.

Ah! finally his words they come,
The words of this devoted lover.
No longer stands he dazed and dumb,
The spell of speechlessness is over.
The words impassioned great her ear—
With thrill and thrall Matilda's sway-
ing—
For Jeremiah says: "This year
The folk'll start in early haying."

Mixed Pickles.

Opportunities come and go. They flit from man to man, as the honey bee flits from flower to flower. Good is only extracted at the right time—be ripe to grasp the next chance.

Memory is a part of success. To be cheerful, never overlook sources of hope and health. There is a limitation to rest as well as to work. Just enough of each makes health and wealth. Sickness sometimes teaches many to earn less and wear longer.

To guess is not to know. To be right we require knowledge, and to remain right, we must have self-control. To continue right is more valuable than to be right once.

If you are skeptical, study the generosity of the poor. If you are too generous and soft-hearted, study the actions of the rich.

Nothing is so essential as congeniality in work as in marriage. Choose the vocation for which nature has fitted you. When you do this success is more than half won.

Some kinds of fish cannot exist in shallow water, while others could not live in the cool and deep. So too with man, some would do well with a one-horse farm that would starve with a larger one.

How Newly Married People Should Live.

When a man responds to the necessary number of "I wills" before a duly authorized clergyman, he plights his troth to one individual only, and not to her entire family—no matter what their opinion may be on the subject.

The same rule applies also to the woman—but the "families of the high contracting parties" are so slow to understand.

For this reason it is a great saving of family friction for the young couple to set up their own vine and fig tree at some distance from both parental establishments.

Little differences of opinion between husband and wife can thus be settled without the interference of a third party. And the step of leaving the home nest, which must always be taken sooner or later, is better accomplished while every one is still showering good wishes under the inspiring strains of the wedding march than later.

It is better for the young wife to accommodate herself to the make-shifts of a small flat while she is in the first flush of her wifely enthusiasm than to wait until time has developed the critical faculty.

The daily battle with the iceman, the arguments with the butcher and the small economies of every-day life are just so much fun to a bride of a month. The wife of a year or two is apt to remember the paternal flesh-pots more regretfully.

Facts and Figures.

Mohammed's Tomb is covered with jewels worth \$21,500,000.

Great Britain spends on tobacco and pipes about \$70,000,000 every year.

At Fullbourn, England, the poor are paid sixpence a piece for regular church attendance.

Between 12 and 15 churches a day, or between 4,000 and 5,000 a year, are built in this country.

Of every man and woman living to-day at the age of 25, one out of two will live, according to the tables, to be 65 years of age.

A Liverpool man of wealth supplies envelopes free to all business houses willing to permit him to print upon the backs texts from the Scripture. He spends \$2,000 or \$3,000 a year in this curious way.

The world's diamond production summed up shows that India has produced 10,000,000 karats; Brazil 12,000,000; Africa 57,000,000. All the diamonds in the world uncut would have a value of \$540,000,000.

The Austrian Emperor is a man of the simplest tastes, but still he is said to spend \$250,000 a year on the palace tables.

Mexico has produced more silver in the last 500 years than any other country, the output for that period amounting to \$3,050,000,000. The United States at present has the largest output in the world.

Strange Things.

Why is it that your impoverished friends have no scruples in borrowing from you, when they claim that they are too proud to let their rich relatives know they are in want?

Why is a kiss something which, once given, cannot be taken back, but is often returned?

Why is it that the fellow who thinks he knows it all is usually the one who knows nothing?

Why should the prohibitionist kick when he finds water in the milk?

Why is it when we expect trouble and it comes not, we are angry?

Why is it that the man who asks for your candid opinion, does not want it—if it is not already his own?

Why is it that some strong men only receive a weekly salary? Because some pretty girls are only plain cooks?

Conundrums.

When can donkey be spelled with one letter? When it is "U" (you).

What fastens two people, yet touches only one? A wedding ring.

Why is "I" the luckiest of all vowels? Because it is the center of bliss.

Why is a small-brained person like a small-necked bottle? Because the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

What is the longest word in the English language? Smiles—because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

Why are potatoes and corn like sinners of olden times? Because having eyes they see not, and ears and hear not.

THE SOMERVILLE STEAM MARBLE WORKS

BRANDON, MANITOBA.



GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS.

Write us for prices, and be sure you get them before buying.
We can save you money and give you first class work.

Seeing is believing. Call up and see us and the largest stock of monuments in Canada.

The Simple Life of the Icelanders.

There are no manufactories in Iceland. Each home is a factory and every member of the family a hand. Shoes are made from goatskins. The long stockings worn over these in wading through the snow are knitted by the women and children, and even the beautiful broadcloth comes smooth and perfect from the hand loom found in every house.

The sweet simplicity of the national costume does away with the necessity of fashion books. Young girls who are about to be married need take no thought as to "wherewithal shall they be clothed." When they array themselves in the wedding garments of their ancestors, two or even three generations remote, they are perfectly up-to-date in the matter of their attire.

This simple life is conducive to a state of high morals, higher probably than in any other part of the world. There is not a drop of liquor manufactured on the island, and for the 87,000 population there is but one policeman. There is neither a jail nor any place of incarceration in which a high crime could be tried.

The percentage of crime is so small that it does not warrant the expense of keeping up a court. When a criminal trial becomes necessary, the offender is taken to Denmark to answer to the law for his misdeeds.

The women are among the most advanced in the world. Their Women's Political League has a membership of 7,000, and they enjoy more civil rights than the women of almost any other country, having a voice in all elections save that for members in their legislative body.

Novelties in Laundry Tags.

The number of letters used by American laundries to distinguish their patrons' garments are disfiguring enough, but we are fortunate in

that the collars and cuffs do not come back from the wash tagged with the business card of the laundry.

In certain parts of France the name and address of the laundry are stamped on each piece sent home, and should several laundries be patronized one after another a fine collection will soon be found in addition to geometrical marks indicative of the owner of the garment.

In Russian towns laundry marks are under police supervision, and in this manner a refugee who makes his way to another town upon a forged passport is liable to detection unless he can borrow linen with the mark of one of the town's laundries upon it.

Bulgarian laundries employ rubber stamps with ornamental designs, while in Germany the laundry comes home tagged with a small cloth label attached with a heat and waterproof cement.

Activities of Westinghouse.

George Westinghouse of Pittsburg, who has been chosen to act as trustee in the Equitable society affairs, controls fifteen great manufacturing companies, nine in the United States, one in Canada and five in Europe. Business is his recreation, taking the place of automobiles and yachts and race horses and picture galleries, which other hard-worked millionaires find necessary to rest their tired faculties. As an inventor he takes high rank. On one occasion, while engineering a large financial movement in New York City, an idea for a mechanical device suggested itself. As soon as possible he took the train for Pittsburg, busying himself while en route by drawing a sketch of the proposed invention. On reaching his destination he drove to one of his factories and, placing the drawing in the hands of a master workman, said: "Make that." The machine proved to be a great success.

A Progressive Firm.

Drysdale & Co., Brandon, manufacturers of fine monuments, tombstones, headstones, railing posts, etc., have just received four car loads of stone direct from the quarries.

One car load of Scotch granite came direct to them from the world famous granite quarries of Scotland. Three other car-load lots were received from the leading quarries in America.

Drysdale & Co. report an ever increasing demand for their goods, and are constantly adding new and improved machinery to their plant in order to turn out their work with dispatch.

They employ none but skilled workmen, believing that the completion of high class work is the very best advertisement they can put out.

Buy Your Binder Twine Now.

A timely advice to the grain growers of the West is, not to leave off buying your binder twine until the harvest is ripe. By taking time by the forelock and getting prices from a number of dealers you can very often save considerable money on your purchases of twine.

The Farmers' Trading Co., Ltd., of Portage la Prairie, Man., are very heavy importers and dealers in high class twine. This year they have made ample provision to provide the farmers of the West with a superior article at a moderate price. The brand they handle is none other than the famous Plymouth Binder Twine, "Challenge Brand," made specially for themselves, therefore they are in a position to guarantee every bit of it.

They invite grain growers' associations, farmers' clubs, as well as individual farmers, to write them at once for quotations, etc., on their needed supply of binder twine. Write

them direct to Portage la Prairie, Man., and mention the Western Home Monthly in your correspondence.

What is Melcher's "Red Cross" Canadian Gin.

Melcher's "Red Cross" Canadian Gin is the purest, the best, and the oldest Geneva on the Canadian market.

It is distilled, bottled, and thoroughly matured with the greatest care by the Melcher's Gin & Spirits Distillery Co., Ltd., of Berthierville, P.Q., under government supervision, as certified by the official stamp over the capsule on every bottle.

Melcher's "Red Cross" Canadian Gin is the only Gin which has been matured for years in bonded warehouses before being offered to the trade.

Far superior to the best brands imported from Holland, Melcher's "Red Cross" is a scrupulously pure Gin, soft and mellow to the taste, beneficial to health, and agreeable to drink.—Boivin, Wilson & Co., Montreal, distributing agents.

Great Things From Little Causes Grow.

It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

And another objection to the Wall Street lambs is that he so frequently develops into a black sheep.

The discovery of graft in the Japanese navy will convince even the most skeptical that the Yellow Peril is a myth exploded.

"What was the longest engagement you ever took part in, colonel?"
"It lasted two years, and then the girl married another fellow."

"How long a term does the vice-president serve, pa?"
"Four years, my son."
"Doesn't he get anything off for good behaviour?"

Mrs. Newlywed—The night you proposed you acted like a fish out of water.

Mr. Newlywed—I was, and very cleverly landed, too!

Jones—I tell you what you ought to do if you suffer from sea-sickness; drink half a bottle of champagne at starting.

Brown—Oh, I don't know. Champagne's such expensive stuff—to risk.

"What can we do to improve the present method of dancing?" thundered the parson. "Dancing is merely hugging set to music?"

"We might cut out the music," softly suggested the thoughtful young man.

"I tell you, golf is going to be the salvation of the nation and lengthen our days by decades."

"But our ancestors didn't go in for golf."

"And where are they now? Dead! All dead!"

Her Mother—You will assume a grave responsibility when you marry my daughter. Remember, she was brought up in the lap of luxury.

Her Adorer—Oh, she's pretty well used to my lap now.

"Do you ever have your own way?" asked the cynical near relative.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "Sometimes I have my own way; but not without consulting Henrietta very carefully before I make up my mind."

"Ah! If I could only share the tremendous sorrows of magazine editors!" exclaimed the disappointed author.

"Sorrows? Do they have sorrows?"

"Do they? Every letter I get from any one of them breathes regret!"

"You cannot keep me down," shouted the great orator at a Nantucket meeting; "though I may be pressed below the waves I rise again; you will find that I come to the surface, gentlemen."

"Yes," said an old whaler in the audience, scornfully, "you come to the surface to blow."

"Have you seen Prof. Gableton, the scientist, lately?"

"Yes. I listened to him for more than an hour at the club last night."

"Indeed! What was he talking about?"

"He didn't say."

"If women ran the government," asserted the lady with a mission, "they would speedily abolish all red tape."

"No doubt they would," growled the mean man. "And install baby blue and Nile green and old gold and lavender tape in its stead."

Mrs. McOugh—"Finnegan says his baby wuz born wid a silver shpoon in its mouth."

Mrs. O'Mask—"Whose shpoon wuz it?"

Citizen—What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer?

Juryman—Insanity.
Citizen—Geel! The whole twelve of you?

Rodney—Why do you automobile men wear goggles?

Sidney—If I tell you, you'll tell Rodney—Never; honor bright!

Sidney—Well, it's to hide that scared look in our eyes.

Dashaway (at the ball)—I saw her in the conservatory with you. How is it old chap? Did she accept you?
Stuffer—I don't know. Just as I asked her supper was announced.

Mrs. Dearborn—She says her husband never spoke hastily to her in his life.

Mrs. Wabash—Indeed! Does he stutter as badly as that?

Mrs. Vixon—That horrid woman next door told Mrs. Neighbors that I was a regular old cat.

Vixon—Huh! She evidently never saw you in the same room with a mouse.

One day the pupils had learned that in a certain region it rains continually for six months. The teacher then put the question, "What do they raise here?" and from a little boy came the answer promptly, "Umbrellas."

Johnny—Paw, did Moses have the dyspepsia like what you have got?

Father—How on earth do I know? What makes you ask such a question?

"Why, our Sunday-school teacher says the Lord gave Moses two tablets."

The discussion over Johnny's failings had reached the stage of personalities.

"It's easy to see, madam," vociferated Mr. Chugwater, "which side of the house the boy gets his temper from."

"It is, Joshua," replied Mrs. Chugwater sweetly, "and it's likewise easy to see where he gets his inability to control it!"

Prosecutor (examining witness)—Did you—I know you did not, but I am bound to put it to you—on the twenty-fifth—it was not the twenty-fifth really, it was the twenty-fourth; it is a mistake in my brief—see the defendant—he is not the defendant really, he is the plaintiff—there is a counter-claim, but you would not understand that—yes or no?
Witness—What?

The following appeared as a coster-tailor's advertisement:

"A slap-up togs and kicksies builder, with upper Benpamins snippel on a downy plan, with moleskins of hanky-panky design, with a double fakement down the sides and artful buttons at bottom, with kicksies cut peg-top, half-tight, or to drop loose over the trotters, with fancy vests made to flash the dickey, or to fit tight round the scrag!"

Piling It On.—Our minister does have the hardest luck. Just think, the baby's down with the croup; Albert broke his collar bone last week; their horse died yesterday; and now Mrs. Rector has pneumonia.

"I suppose that by and by, on top of all that, some fool will get them up a donation party."

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