THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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FEBRUARY, 1916

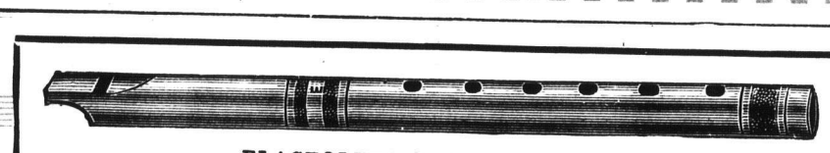
WINNIPEG, CANADA

THE TEST OF TIME

Your grandparents did not use **Blue Ribbon Tea.** Nothing half so excellent was known in their younger days—whatever the price. But your grandchildren will use it. It is impossible to imagine a better Tea—whatever developments occur. But be assured that if improvements are possible

BLUE RIBBON TEA

will have them. One recent improvement is in the wrapping. **It was impossible to better the tea, so the packet was improved.** From now on, ask for **Blue Ribbon Tea** in the new double wrapping—dust proof, airtight, moisture-proof. Same Tea—same label, but a fifty per cent better packet.



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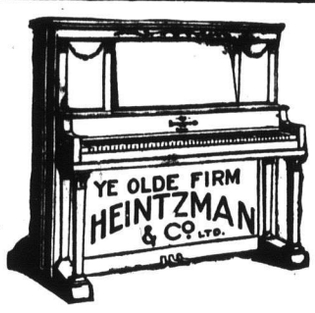

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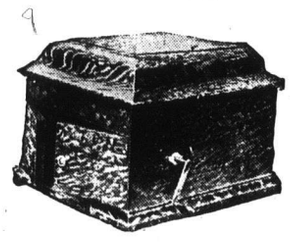

A Bonspiel Welcome at the Music Shop of Western Canada

Many will be taking advantage of the cheap rates on all railroads to Winnipeg during the coming Bonspiel, February 8th to 22nd. To all those who are interested in Music in any form a cordial invitation is extended to visit the HOUSE OF McLEAN. Western Canada's Oldest and Largest Musical Merchandise House. You will find there

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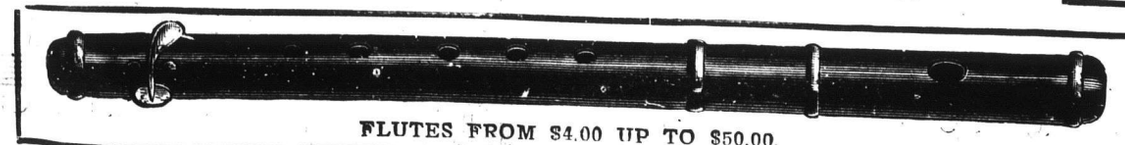

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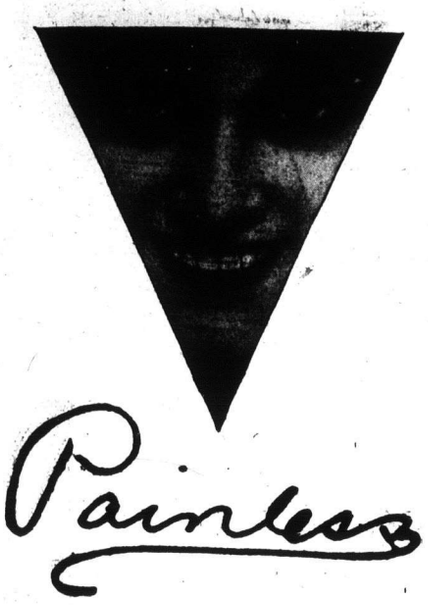

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New System Teeth, without plates; crowns, inlays, all kinds of fillings; extractions or any other form of work performed for you by the most up-to-date methods.

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The Food Drink Without a Fault

Made of high-grade cocoa beans, skilfully blended and manufactured by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals; it is absolutely pure and wholesome, and its flavor is delicious, the natural flavor of the cocoa bean.

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Walter Baker & Co. Limited
Established 1780

Montreal, Canada Dorchester, Mass.

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVII. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd,, Winnipeg, Canada. No. 1.

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

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

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

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

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

A Chat with Our Readers

HELPFUL DEPARTMENTS AND APPRECIATIVE READERS.

As a mother of four active, growing boys, I am especially interested in the Health" department, for my greatest ambition is to keep my children healthy and give them a normal childhood. I have met quite a number of mothers who would readily accept the advice of some very ignorant grandmother in preference to expert advice such as is given in your magazine. I could write pages upon the ill effects of raising children by "old granny rule." I do not mean disrespect for old age, but one page of scientific advice is worth tons of this "raising by instinct" advice, with the high death rate too often resulting from it. Your departments with their Hints and Recipes are exceptionally strong, and claim my interest next.

—Mrs. J. W. McMahan, Alberta.

It is difficult to say which department of The Western Home Monthly interests me the most, as every department contains some stimulus and is helpful in its own sphere. Held right down to an answer, I should say the Fashion Department has the biggest interest for me, because it is the most helpful. The following reasons will show why this department is of interest to one who makes her own clothes:

1. The styles are not over elaborate, and therefore easy to make.
2. The styles are conservative, and therefore safe to follow.
3. There are not so many styles shown that it is hard to make a decision.

But why discriminate, after all? Every department in The Western Home Monthly appeals to me, an enthusiastic reader.

Pate B. Pattyson, Brandon.

MY MOST PERFECT MAGAZINE.

You have asked your readers in a preceding issue to say frankly which department in The Western Home Monthly interests them most. I can arrive at a conclusion only by the process of elimination. Would I enjoy the magazine if the advertisements were eliminated? Yes, for there would still be the stories, Household Hints, Fashions, bits of verse and poems, and all the other delightful things.. But, oh! I am so glad the magazine contains, too, the advertisements, for where else can I get my garden seeds and hundreds of other things with that "taste of a profit" always possible when one buys through The Western Home Monthly?

And thus I eliminate one department at a time and still find it delightful, until it comes to the stories. Would I continue to care for the paper if the stories were not there? Now comes a wavering. There would still be articles worth much more than its price, but they are not the stories, and now I know the story department interests me most. Why? Because it is pleasant to pick up a paper and read a story that one knows will not be "trashy." Besides, one is almost sure to find some uplifting or helpful thought in The Western Home Monthly Fiction.

Taking it all in all, I am glad it is just "as it is"—my most perfect magazine. —Mrs. G. H. Dove, Elbow.

ARE YOU GETTING UP A CLUB FOR "THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY?"

Now of all times in the year is the proper season to get up a club for The Western Home Monthly. This is the time when people are interested in subscribing for periodicals, and as The Western Home Monthly is conceded to be the best magazine published at anywhere near the price, it is a very easy matter for any one in any neighborhood to get up a club for it. For such efforts in our behalf we give very liberal rewards in valuable and useful premiums. Some of these premiums are described in recent issues of The Western Home Monthly, but our complete premium list, which describes and illustrates different articles, and which all who contemplate getting up a club should have, is included in our complete outfit for getting up clubs for The Western Home Monthly, which will be sent free to any address on application. If you have not already sent for it, do so at once, for with this outfit to help you, you can secure a large club in your vicinity, and as a reward one or more of our splendid premiums, with scarcely any trouble or labor.

FROM A HOMESTEADER IN HIS SHACK.

Dear Sir:—The last issue of your magazine found its way through the mail to my shack and, being pleased with it, I unearthed a dollar which you will find enclosed as a first subscription. While smoking after dinner one day, I took up the copy I received to find what it contained, and it was the middle of the afternoon before I remembered to go out plowing again, so I'm not sure if it's a good magazine for a bachelor to take. A. McGladdery, Billimum, Sask.

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Write to Cudahy Packing Co., Toronto, Canada for our booklets "Hints to Housewives"

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ONE day last Autumn, eighty stock Maxwell automobiles left Buffalo, N.Y., for as many points along the Atlantic Coast, from Portland, Me., to Baltimore, Md.

Every item of expense of these eighty Maxwells—for gasoline, oil, tires, and repairs—was carefully checked and recorded.

Under Sworn Records

And the sworn affidavits of these eighty Maxwell drivers created a new record for automobile economy by showing a gasoline consumption as low as 36.85 miles per gallon—an oil consumption as low as 1134 miles per gallon—and *no expense* for tires or repairs.

Maxwell—"The Car Complete"

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The Maxwell has abundance of power and speed. It conquers hills and pulls through the worst of roads in any weather. It has strength and durability to withstand the hardest usage. Yet it is the most economical automobile in the world, to buy and to run.

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MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD.

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This gives you the right idea of Maxwell completeness at $850

ELECTRIC Starter and Electric Lights.

MOTOR—Four-cylinder, L-head type, cast en bloc. Bore 3⅝ in.; stroke 4½ in.

MAGNETO—Simms high tension.

CLUTCH—Cone, faced with multibestos lining, runs in oil.

TRANSMISSION—Selective sliding gear. Three speeds forward and one reverse.

CONTROL—Center left side drive; foot accelerator. 16 in. steering wheel.

WHEEL BASE—103 inches; tread 56 in.; 60 in. optional for the South.

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TIRES—30x3½ in., front and rear. Famous make of anti-skid tires in rear.

SPRINGS—Front, semi-elliptic. 32 in. long. Rear ¾-elliptic, lower half 40 in. long.

AXLES—Front, drop-forged, I-beam section, complete with spring seats. Rear, floating type.

BRAKES—Internal and external, actuated on 12½ in. drums on rear wheels.

EQUIPMENT—Two electric head lights with dimmer, electric tail light, generator, storage battery, electric horn, speedometer, "one-man" mohair top with envelope and quick adjustable storm curtains, double ventilating rain-vision windshield, improved instrument board with all instruments set flush, spare tire carrier with extra demountable rim, jack and tools.

All Maxwell Dealers Can Show You Copies of Original Affidavits as Reproduced in this Advertisement

Maxwell
$850
F. O. B. Windsor

The Referendum in Manitoba

By The Editor

THIS is surely Manitoba's year. According to the speech from the throne, there is to be a method of accounting that will prevent juggling with figures; there is to be a move towards the principle of Direct Legislation; the franchise and right to take seats in the legislature will be extended to women; bilingualism will be done away with, education will be made compulsory, and above all there will be prohibition of liquor, provided the people approve the principle of the bill that the government has agreed to introduce.

Already the temperance forces and the liquor interests are lining up for the great struggle. It is well that every good citizen should weigh carefully the arguments for and against the enactment of a prohibitory liquor law. He must take one side or the other. He cannot blow both hot and cold.

What are the arguments for the sale of liquor as a beverage? This, chiefly, that in a free country a man should be at liberty to take a drink when he likes. If there is any other argument of importance, it has not been advanced of late. It is not contended that the use of liquor adds to wealth, happiness, health, harmony, intelligence or morality, but it is claimed that no man should be robbed of his freedom. The wonder is that anyone should continue to uphold such an argument. On the same principle a man should be free to use firearms on the streets, he should be at liberty to throw garbage in his yard, he should, when infected with small-pox, be allowed to go where he likes. No man, unless he lives alone on a desert island, has a right to do as he pleases. He is limited in everything when he becomes a member of society. He gives up what he might call individual freedom for the larger freedom of the group. If he is a good citizen the welfare of the co nmunity is of more importance to him than his individual welfare. Each lives for all, and all are helped by each.

What are the arguments against the use of liquor as a beverage? Here are only a few: It impoverishes the people. It begets and fosters moral contagion It brings ruin and sorrow to countless thousands. It weakens the bodies of men and destroys their power of will. It curses homes. It separates fathers, mothers and children. It brings grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. It leads to vice and crime and all forms of evil. And so the list might be continued.

It is a mocking absurdity that a country should, on the one hand, support schools to educate the youth in morality and intelligence, and on the other hand, should license saloons to counteract the effects produced by good mothers and faithful teachers. It is more than absurd for people to encourage all that makes for virtue and then to set in operation those forces that make for vice and crime. It reminds us of the general's aide-de-camp who carried under one arm orders, and under the other arm counter-orders. We have surely reached that stage in our development when we can afford to do the right without feeling that we have somehow to atone for it by countenancing the wrong.

To appreciate the evil of the traffic in liquor it is necessary to do no more than to read the pages of the press for a single week. Here are three cuttings from the papers of January 8, and they are typical of what may be read any day:

A Costly Business

"Take for instance two veteran bartenders of Winnipeg. Both have worked behind the mahogany for more than 26 years and, at a low estimate, between them they have taken in more than $1,250,000 for intoxicants.

These figures are arrived at in this way: There are 313 days in the year when the bars are opened, or were until the recently changed liquor act went into effect. In 26 years this means 8,138 days. The average each is supposed to have taken in is $75, but on some occasions the amount would run far higher and seldom less, for both have worked in some of the best patronized hotels in Winnipeg.

Many things might have been bought with this money and these are some of them:

Loaves of bread	25,000,000
Bags of flour	400,000
Pounds of sugar	21,000,000
Bushels of potatoes	1,500,000

Or a host of other things which would have done people more good than the drink.'

The Youngstown Riots

"By this time the mob was in a frenzy. Men danced and sang and women joined them. Liquor was passed around freely and those who had no cups scooped it up in the hollows of their hands, for within half an hour other saloons had been looted and the fire was spreading rapidly. For fully an hour or more the mob was content with the small shops and saloons on the side streets, but then it turned its attention to the more pretentious stores on Wilson Avenue, the main street.

At a dozen or more places on Wilson Avenue barrels of whisky with the heads gone stood in the roadway and surrounding them were many men and women gulping down the raw liquor or passing to friends in the crowd who could not get close enough to help themselves. A number of clothing stores fell a prey to the rioters and almost immediately men began exchanging their old clothes for the loot they had seized. This change of apparel was made in the street lighted almost to noonday brightness by the flames from half a hundred burning buildings.

By two o'clock this morning more than a hundred had been rounded up and brought here, while the little police station in East Youngstown was filled to overflowing. The majority of the men taken were armed and many of them were under the influence of liquor.'

Treating the Soldiers

"The custom had become an evil which was creating all sorts of trouble, said the mayor. It was mistaken kindness to treat such men to drinks, as even a little affected them badly, seeing that they were still suffering from the effects of gas fumes or wounds, and some of them had been reduced to a pitiable condition.'

Prison and Court Reports

"Among these is a long report of a man who, when playing poker with others under the influence of liquor, was engage at the same time in plotting or listening to plotting to corrupt the electorate at the municipal elections."

A Word from Portage la Prairie

"The liquor traffic should be abolished in Manitoba because of the blessings men can enjoy when free from its temptation and its curse. In this city there are two undertakers, both of whom are connected with my congregation. During my residence here they have called upon me to go with them to bury the nameless dead, in every instance brought to their death directly through indulgence in liquor, and in every instance in the prime of life. We became a dry city last June and not once since have I been called upon to take that most melancholy journey. Some of those who were and are interested in the traffic have been very much annoyed at the verdict of the public, but as a community we have reaped benefits of the most valuable character from the step which was taken. We have a foreign population which celebrated the Christmas season in a saturnalia of a most degrading character; this year has witnessed a change which is welcome to every one who has a respect for humanity."

In the same issue there appear the views of leading citizens of Manitoba, who appraise the traffic as follows:

"If prohibition carries in Manitoba, it will mean the dawn of a new era. The liquor traffic is the great enemy of man, it makes the noblest of God's creatures lower than the brute beasts; it corrupts the heart, paralyzes the conscience and makes a cesspool of the body. It is the enemy of the home, it puts out the fire, robs the little children of the common necessaries of life. It is the stronghold of rotten politics, here is the place where votes are bought and sold.

Millions of money are invested in the liquor business, and consequently millions must be spent to counteract this gigantic evil; jails have to be built, hospitals, asylums, etc.

Prohibition is the right end of the stick, it is getting after the big thief.

The Lord Chief Justice Coleridge said that more than eighty per cent. of crime is due to the drink habit. This in itself is sufficient reason that the liquor traffic should be abolished in Manitoba."

"The liquor traffic blocks the path to prosperity. It is a menace to the welfare of the church and state The state should only protect those interests which exist for the good of the people. The liquor traffic is a curse."

"We should abolish it for the sake of our commercial interests. There is no commercial interest benefitted by 'the trade' except itself, and kindred unlawful vicious concerns.

We should abolish it in behalf of pure politics and good government, since it is associated with most of the bribery and corrupt practices which have been a menace to our liberties.

The cries of innocent children and their mothers who have no redress against its relentless ravages, call loudly for its speedy destruction.

It ought to be abolished in the interests of the real welfare of the men in 'the trade.' It will be the dawn of a better day for their families when prohibition comes in."

"If for no better than economic reasons, we should abolish the liquor traffic in Manitoba, and with the six million dollars now yearly wasted in drink, we could, in ten years, supply free houses to 20,000 poor families, or give quarter sections of improved land to 12,000 unemployed men, or clothe, feed and give a liberal education to every street waif in Canada. With six million dollars going for the necessaries of life, what a boost it would give the butcher, grocer, dry goods merchant and hardware dealer.

Again, as the saloon is producing about three-fourths of our loafers and tramps, criminals and idiots, when it is abolished, what a load will be lifted off the shoulders of industrious citizens in taxes and givings for the building and up-keep of rescue homes, asylums and jails. It stands condemned before the bar of public opinion and awaits the sentence of the law."

"Lloyd George says: 'We are fighting Germany, Austria and Drink, and so far as I can see, the greatest of these three deadly foes is drink.'

Again at Bangor, he said: 'Drink is doing us more harm than all the submarines of Germany put together.'

We must destroy this foe of the Empire."

"It is the enemy of the home; it puts out the fire and robs the little children of the common necessaries of life."

"There is no commercial interest benefited by the trade except itself."

"The sociability of the bar destroys the sociability of the home."

"The labor and capital devoted to this business simply will be transferred to other industries where there will be a blessing instead of a curse."

* * *

It is for the people of Manitoba, when the referendum is taken in March, to cast a vote for their wives and children, for happiness and health, for good morals and clear vision, for virtue and purity, for wealth and prosperity.

* * *

On my way to the office I found myself next to a man in khaki. Someone, in mistaken kindness, had been treating him. Everybody felt uncomfortable and ashamed. We have rightly placed these soldier boys on a pedestal. We think of them as heroes and we are impatient when our ideal is shattered. It is no wonder then that there was annoyance and disgust when the soldier in question persisted in making himself foolish. And this is but an illustration. Why should the state do its utmost to call forth the best in its men and at the same time support and encourage the forces which make for their downfall? Let any one reckon up the number of fine fellows who have gone to pieces through drink, let him measure the poverty, crime and unhappiness occasioned by the traffic, let him take stock of the moral, physical and industrial loss to the nation, let him think of the destitute homes, the weeping wives and the suffering children, then let him cast his vote. In this, as in the great war, it may be said:

"Your King and Country Need You."

A Life for a Life

By H. Mortimer Batten

BERWICK, the range boss, galloped down from the foothills like an avalanche from the heights. It was the third time that month that the thing had happened, and as yet the boys had failed to catch the perpetrators. Berwick drew rein opposite the veranda of the ranch house, white with fury and in a cloud of dust.

A youth of about sixteen strolled forward to meet him. He was a smart, good-looking youngster, dressed after the fashion of the well-to-do range owner's son. It was Hal Henley.

"Gee! but you seem in no end of a hurry, captain," drawled the boy, with a humorous, one-sided smile. "Why didn't you sit on the pony's neck and you'd have got here sooner?"

"Where's the boss, Mast' Hal?" blurted out the range boss. "Some blame coyote has gone and scooped through them wires again."

"No! Say, dad, this is a bright look-out," the boy added, as a big, square-shouldered, red haired man slouched from the bungalow. "Them Indians have cut the boundary wires again."

"Yes," added Berwick, "cut them in five places and let six hundred head of cattle loose onto the range. It will take the boys all day to get the bunch together."

The ranch owner colored up angrily. "Who did it?" he demanded.

"Indians, of course," answered the foreman, "and in my opinion, sir, you've only yourself to congratulate. Them Indians have to thank you for not being able to trap beaver along the creek this season. It was you who pointed out that beaver were getting scarce, and it was you who stopped the trapping. Some of these Indians ain't going to stand down on that without retaliation, since it comes pretty hard on most of them."

Mr. Hanley stamped across the veranda. "It would come a deal sight harder if they found no beaver left in two years' time," observed Hal, during the momentry lull. "They'll have to thank dad then for plenty beaver, instead of none at all."

"I'll tell you what to do, Berwick," said the ranch owner presently. "We got to show them Indians what they're up against. Tell the boys to send word round that anyone found along our boundary line after dusk will get shot at. Rig out some of the boys with those old shotguns of yours, lightly charged, and set them to patrol the line. Tell them it's my orders that they've to scare any Indians they see after dark. Now git!"

The foreman grinned and vanished in a cloud of dust.

"Say, dad, that's a bit risky, isn't it?" observed Hal. "Some of them boys of ours aren't to be trusted with firearms. They'll sure go and pepper some kid out with a rifle after gophers."

"Can't be helped," answered the ranch owner impatiently. "We don't want no Indians nor anyone else hitting along our line after dark."

II.

During the succeeding nights several cattle punchers watched the boundary fence, each man armed with a rusty muzzle loader charged with small shot, and a week later one of the boys caught the wire cutters red-handed. Hearing a faint sound coming down the wires he listened intently, then, slipping from his cayuse, proceeded to scout on foot. Again he heard that sharp "ping," followed by the vibrating recoil of the severed wire. Then just ahead of him he saw two Indians stooping over the wire, their ponies tethered near. He took steady aim and fired—not at the men, but at their unfortunate ponies.

A terrific report shook the hillside, then came a shrill scream. The range was shorter than the puncher had judged in the darkness, but quick as prairie foxes the Indians gained their mounts and fled into the gloom.

With triumphant "whoops" the cowboy gave chase, most of the ranch staff following from different points of the compass. They pursued to the edge of the range, then pulled up for a breather.

"That will teach the swipes what they're up against," observed Berwick. "Anyway, I guess they won't come mooching around this way for a week or two."

Had the foreman known what was happening at that moment, however, his gratification might have been less liberally mingled with mirth.

III.

The Indians who had cut the wires were two brothers—professional wolvers and trappers. They lived together at the margin of Lorn Lake, about twelve miles from Hanley's ranch, and though men of tough material, they were regarded as quiet characters.

These men, Joe and Peter Long, had a little grievance against white men in general, and Hanley in particular. At one time there was game in plenty but now there was little. They had to thank the white man for the departure of the buffalo and the deer. Then it was Hanley who set methodically to work to destroy the wolves, so that to-day there were no wolves left and no bounties for killing them. Indeed it was owing to the wealthy ranch owner that the country had become converted from a game wilderness into a more or less prosperous stock rearing district.

Alaskan Wolf

For all this changed state of affairs Joe and Peter Long blamed Hanley. And the closing of the beaver season was the last straw. It was Hanley who had driven away the game and divided their hunting ground by high wire fences. What more natural, then, than that they should show their enmity by cutting down the hated wire fence?

The news that any Indian found about the boundary after dark only increased the anger of these two men. To them this was a free land; no one had a right to make laws to suit his own convenience. That night the Indians set out intent on cutting the wires all up and down and driving the cattle pell-mell into the canyons.

But their plan of campaign was thwarted, as already described. Had they known that when the shot was fired there was but one man near, that man would have fared badly, but naturally they concluded that the whole ranch staff was hidden in ambush to give chase. So away they went, wild as the wind, the thunder of hoofs behind them, the empty echoes of the range ahead. They headed for a stretch of rugged mountain country, known as Midnight Canyon, through which, they knew, few horsemen would attempt to travel with the darkness overhead.

Peter's cayuse was hit, but there was no telling whether it was seriously harmed. Once it screamed and almost fell. Behind them they heard the pursuing cowboys, so it was not safe to slacken pace till the canyon was passed.

They crossed the river girth deep, and gained the narrow sheep track that wound giddily up the face of the precipice to a height of six hundred feet. Their ponies took the track at a trot till they were past midway, then something terrible happened.

Peter's cayuse suddenly gave a scream of pain and reared high up on the narrow shelf. The Indian threw himself forward, his body rigid, but for a second the animal seemed to hang there. Then slowly but surely it went over backwards, and without a sound both cayuse and man fell giddily into the blackness of the gulch.

For some moments Joe could not grasp the grim truth. He was alone on the shelf. Somewhere at the foot of that black void lay the man who had ridden with him.

Joe Long slowly dismounted and looked down into the gloom. Three hundred feet below he could see the white river moving, while the roar of it filled the canyon with ghostly sounds. Then slowly the Indian rose to his feet, his face towards the stars. No words left his lips, but his magnificent teeth shone white in the starlight. His hands were crossed before him, and his whole bony frame seemed drawn up tense as though with some great effort.

For fully a minute he stood there, a wonderful type of giant, savage manhood, swearing fidelity to his lost brother whose soul was now among the stars—swearing to avenge this bitter injustice that had fallen upon them. Then he strode to his cayuse and slowly rode away.

The Indian does not break such an oath. To him it is no crime to take a life for a life—it is a sacred duty—a law old as life itself, a law that has ruled the Northland since the world began. He does not forgive or forget. It may be years—twenty, thirty years ere his chance comes, but some day, ere he dies, the oath is carried out, or he could not die in happiness.

Thus Hanley would have slept less peacefully that night had he known what he had brought upon himself and his household.

IV.

Joe Long told no one of his brother's fate and no one was much interested. It was common knowledge that he had lost his life somehow while on the ranges. Thus, neither Hanley nor the range boss nor anyone else could guess what had happened. Things went on much the same at the ranch and amidst the bustle and prosperity the incident of the wire cutting was soon forgotten.

Joe soon began to feel the pinch of loneliness, however, and ere many weeks were passed he packed his few belongings and rode off to Buffalo City. He had heard that a good Indian could do well in the city in these days and, anyway, he wanted a change of air.

Shortly after this Hanley chanced to be in Buffalo on business and Joe saw him walk in at the hotel entrance. Silently the Indian followed. He found Hanley in the saloon, chatting with a neighboring range owner, and Joe took his place at the other end of the counter, watching in silence.

Presently Hanley turned to the bartender. "Say, I've got to go up country and want a messenger to take with me," he said. "Is there anyone around who might suit?"

"There's that Indian at the other end," suggested the bartender in a quiet voice. "He's a quiet fellow, quite dependable. You might look further and fare worse."

Hanley strode over to Joe and put forward his proposal. He wanted him to ride back to the ranch in the buggy, obtain two ponies, and ride back to meet him up the range to-morrow.

For a moment a savage gleam came into the Indian's eyes, then he quietly accepted the offer. He was told that the ranch owner's son would meet him in an hour and ride back with him, after which he was to take all orders from Hal.

An hour before sunset Hal Hanley and Joe Long set out from the city in a loose-wheeled buggy, and soon the dusty avenue was left behind and the still, sweet-scented prairie lay ahead.

Hal Hanley knew something about Indians and soon he was chatting about musquash, beaver and wolves as though he had been brought up in a menagerie. In reply, however, the good-looking Indian at his side gave an occasional grunt, till Hal almost lost heart. Then, feeling in his tunic pocket, the boy's fingers found a small imitation dagger, the handle of which was ornamented and highly polished. Here, at any rate, was a peace offering to gladden his taciturn companion and make him in a more talkative mood.

Then the Indian became aware that his companion was holding something out to him. What was it?—a little imitation dagger, with white handle, in which was set a bright red stone.

The Indian took it. Why he did so he did not know. He wondered often later. But the boy meant it for him—a peace offering, such as one Indian might give another to establish good faith between them. Hal was a clever, attractive youngster, with a fund of outdoor knowledge and a quiet way with him that usually enabled him to make friends with the Indians. Soon he drew Joe into conversation, and as they talked on, the twilight settling about them, the gophers scuttling from their path, the Indian began to wonder if, after all, he had any real grievance against this boy whose interests were so much akin to his own, whose quiet voice was so much like that of his brother Peter.

"I guess we'll be good friends, Joe," said Hal, when at length they gained the ranch. "But you take my tip and don't go butting around the city. It ain't no place for an Indian. The city Indians ain't worth a cuss and if you want a job you come along to me. I'll get you fixed up right away."

V.

When Mr. Hanley returned Hal asked: "Say, dad, what do you think of that Indian?"

"He's all right," replied the range owner absent-mindedly. "Ain't much to say for himself, which is, perhaps, a good fault."

"I was thinking, dad, that it's about time we had a messenger on this ranch," pursued the boy. "We're short handed and it takes one puncher all his time running round the ranch after you and delivering mail. I propose we take on the Ingun. He'll come in mighty useful as general factotum, especially when we go hunting in the fall."

"Take him on if you like," answered Hanley, "it's your show, anyway."

Joe Long accepted the post of messenger at the ranch, with the result that he and Hal saw a good deal of each other. In their spare time Hal taught the red man to shoot, and the Indian taught him to snare rabbits, trap musquash and catch wild fowl in the reeds.

Ere a month was passed, however, the boundary fence was cut one dark night in a dozen different places, and two hundred head of cattle stampeded into the canyons. Some were crowded over the ledges by the frantic mass coming along behind, others got down among the rocks and were crushed or maimed by falling boulders, while out of the entire bunch not more than fifty were finally herded back to the corral. Hanley was wild, Berwick was furious and the whole ranch staff was on tip-toes. There was no clue by which the malefactor

could be traced. Notices were posted everywhere, offering rewards, but it never occurred to anyone to suspect any member of the ranch staff—least of all the Indian messenger who had never a word to say except to Hal.

Winter came and Joe Long was given a dog team to drive to and from the city. Hal often went with him and the Indian taught him how to handle dogs, how to make harness, moccasins and snowshoes. They were good friends, the boy's quiet "I'll remember that, Joe," being all the encouragement the Indian required.

Hal was a good horseman, and each spring found him a new cayuse. Invariably he chose the most vicious, stubborn, unmanageable brute the ranch could produce, but at the end of the season it was a different animal, and the following season his father would ride it. In evidence of Hal's skill Hanley was recognized the best mounted man along the entire length of the range.

That spring, however, Hal hit upon a real tartar. It was strong as an elephant, swift as an antelope, but stubborn as a mule. It had a mouth no bit could touch, and in spite of its marvellous abilities, it was a brute unfit for any man to handle. More than once it almost broke Hal's heart, many times it almost broke his neck, but his reputation forbade him to give in and try another. Even Joe Long's warning took no effect. "You best shoot that cayuse, Mast' Hal," said the Indian, "or he finish you sure. That pony never improve. He one of the wild sort."

"Shoot him!" repeated Hal with a laugh. "Why, I'm just beginning to like him."

"He finish you sure," mumbled the Indian, for once giving voice to his feeling, and it may be taken as certain that the Indian knew something about ponies.

Hal's pony was not only a tough beast, but a fool, and though Hal was beginning to realize this, he still believed that kindness and gentle handling would triumph in the end. He loved the marvellous speed of the beast, and the tussle for mastership when it got away from him. That it fell and threw him heavily among the gopher warrens only added a touch of variety, and yet, in spite of many accidents, the beast never seemed to learn that it was madness to gallop at full speed through the very centre of a gopher city, where the ground was riddled with holes and irregular with mounds.

So busy was Hal with his new mount that he saw little of the Indian till July dawned, hot and sultry, with constant thunder storms. One day Joe was given a message to deliver to Hanley, who was somewhere out on the ranch, together with Mast' Hal.

As the Indian rode out from the corral a peal of thunder echoed among the hills, overhead it was dark as winter, and that mysterious stillness which precedes a great storm, now reigned everywhere. In the sky above the thunder birds were wheeling in gigantic circles, screaming like tormented souls—appearing in hundreds from nowhere, their shrill cries seeming to add to the stillness of the earth below.

The Indian rode at a gallop to the crest of the ridge, from which point a full view over many miles could be obtained. He surveyed the panorama for some signs of a horseman, and as he did so a deep, penetrating rumble seemed to come from the very ground under his pony's hoofs.

Was it thunder? No. The Indian's quick senses instantly recognized the sound. He glanced towards the north, and a sight met his eyes which he had seen but once before.

Across the narrow track of land between the hills swept a black mass of moving figures. They were cattle. Frightened by the coming storm they had gathered into one immense herd and were now racing across country packed in a solid mass, taking everything in their stride. In fact, a cattle stampede, so dreaded in the ranges, had taken place.

When the half wild steers of the prairies set off there is nothing but fire or water can turn them aside. Even then the forerunners are crowded to their doom by the frantic mass coming along behind. They will plunge headlong through the wire fences, piling themselves up against the massive posts that refuse to yield to the impact of the oncoming tide.

Woe betide the man who finds himself in their path. If he is on foot there will be nothing left of him when they are passed. If he is mounted his cayuse must be sure-footed and level-headed or they will both be crowded in among the line of lowered horns.

Joe Long saw that his own position was fairly safe, so he sat and watched. He saw that a single cowboy was making desperate efforts to break up the herd, but surely the man was mad. He was riding just ahead of the frantic cattle, cracking his whip in their faces, reining in his terrified and plunging cayuse directly in their path, and forcing it to stand till the forerunners of the herd were within lash reach. Then his long-lashed whip would dart out, and with the cattle actually upon him he would wheel and gain a fresh lead.

It was marvellous horsemanship, but it was mad; then looking ahead of the herd the Indian saw a second figure, a pibald cayuse rearing and plunging wildly while its rider strove to force it into a gallop. It was Mast' Hal and his mad cayuse, in the direct pathway of the oncoming herd!

Even as the Indian looked the cayuse plunged ahead and fell. The boy landed on his feet, light as a thistle seed, strove to drag up his cayuse, but the beast never moved. It had landed for the last time in a gopher warren.

The Indian knew now why the first cowboy was acting in that mad way, trying to break up the herd by sheer force of bravery. He was endeavoring to head them off from his son, for the cowboy was Hanley himself.

One fierce and frightened cry went from Joe Long's lips as Hal's cayuse fell. Then the Indian clapped his heels to the flanks of his own cayuse, and flattening himself in the saddle, rode off like the wind. Never did cayuse travel faster down that steep mountain side, never did Indian ride with more fixed a purpose.

There was not a moment to waste—only ninety yards separated the fallen cayuse from the floundering sea of cattle. Hal had taken out his revolver and shot his cayuse dead. Evidently he meant to crouch under its carcas, but now he was waving farewell to his father with reckless bravery, knowing that his chance was small. He stood with smoking revolver in his hand, his gay neck scarf loose and untied—a fearless, picturesque figure in the midst of the wild, free prairies to which he belonged, and which he loved so dearly. He would be sorry to die, but he would die like a man in a country for men, with the open sky above and the grass below, game to the last and with a smoking revolver in his hand. Then he turned and saw his friend, Joe Long.

Here was a chance—a desperate one, but a chance, none the less. The Indian bore on, under the very hoofs of the frantic cattle, his black hair flying wild in the wind. Lower and lower he crouched till one hand almost brushed the grass tops. There was no time to draw rein; to stop meant death. The boy ran out to meet him, and for a moment it seemed that he would be trampled down beneath the terrified pony's hoofs.

The thin, stray fingers of the Indian closed upon the boy's leather belt, and at the same moment Hal clutched the stirrup of the racing pony. They swept on together, but the Indian was hanging almost head downwards, the cayuse was staggering under the uneven load. Behind and around them was the thunder of hoofs, pounding the thin dust into the air, shaking the very earth on which they rode.

Hanley, the ranch owner, watched with eyes of horror. He saw the Indian struggling to regain his balance, saw the boy fighting desperately for a hand-hold.

"Let me go, Joe, and save yourself," shouted Hal, but it was too late. The boy let go and Joe hung on, and they fell together to the ground, the Indian's fingers still locked about the leather belt

Hanley closed his eyes and turned away with a groan. He had made his million, he had done his share in building up a great colony, he was a man of fame, but what was all this now? The sea of steers thundered by, pounding the coarse prairie grass into pulp, pounding the outstretched body of the Indian, as he lay, limb to limb, over the form of his unconscious chum.

Hanley uncovered his eyes, but the air was thick with dust. Away over there something that looked like a heap of crumpled clothing lay upon the ground, but beneath that heap lay a young white man, with the heart of a soldier and the gentle soul of a woman. He was alive almost unharmed, for a bony, muscular body had sheltered his from the shattering blows; two strong and sinuous hands had gripped the grass on either side, and in one of these hands was held a simple charm—a little polished dagger of Oriental design.

Timber Wolf

Today, if you visit the ranch among the foothills, you will find an old, lame, crippled and insane Indian hobbling about the property. It is Joe Long. Simple things amuse him, simple toys please him, and ere you have known him long he will show you with pride a little toy dagger given him long ago by his master.

A life for a life. Joe Long did not give his life, but he gave his body and his manhood that his master might live, and was not that a thousand times better than that he should have lived on, sound in body and in mind? For sooner or later he would have carried out his oath, and the white man's laws would have laid its hold upon him, while today there is no man in all the wide prairies happier and more free from care than Joe Long, the pensioned Indian.

He Wasn't Scared

Employer: "Well, what did he say when you called to collect that bill?"

Clerk: "That he would break every bone in my body and pitch me out of the window if I showed my face there again."

Employer: "Then go back at once tell him he can't frighten me by his violence."

Real Progress in the North

By Neil Mack

When a new country reaches the stage of weddings among its own citizens, it is a very good sign that it is getting on. Such highly developed social life does not fit into the scheme of things in the wilderness, or even in the first days of a pioneer settlement. There were no white people's weddings, and certainly no wedding suppers, in the new Western North for a long time after it was found to be a good country to live in; but now the North has its due share of even these. Grande Prairie, for instance, till a few years ago a blank on the map, has weddings and wedding suppers nowadays, which proves that Grande Prairie is making real progress.

There is absolutely no reason why the north country should not have its social events, its festivities, and good times. If any people in Canada deserve such tings, and need them, the people of the new north surely do; and their own social instincts have quite rightly found a way of expressing themselves. Neighbors are few and far apart; the country is built on a scale of magnificent distances; all the conditions of life are of the frontier kind, and not easily overcome; there is lack both of people to see and things to do—nevertheless the northern pioneers are having their good times, weddings and wedding suppers not excepted.

Down in the older parts of the west, life has become so generally standardized, and so very comfortable, that we have almost forgotten the first stages of our own social evolution. Rural telephones, moving picture shows, railway trains, and such like, have obscured the memory of the days when we had none of them. Time was when we even had no weddings, because it wasn't a wedding country. Then a little later came the stage when we began to enjoy ourselves a bit, socially speaking, and found that weddings and wedding suppers were feasible. What the southern prairie country was like then the northern prairie country is like now; it is passing through a period of social development that corresponds to that of Manitoba forty years ago, and, with some differences, is experiencing the same sensations.

A low, two-roomed, log shack, roofed with sod, banked up with earth, and surrounded everywhere by snow; a party of guests who have driven over the trail from perhaps twenty miles or more, and a minister whose offices in that connection have not yet been much in demand; a simple, unadorned marriage service in the combined living and eating room of the shack; and then a wedding feast at a board laden, as wedding-feast tables everywhere are laden, with the best that can be had, but without formality—that picture from the Grande Prairie of the present day is true to the letter of hundreds of wedding celebrations in the older west from a quarter to a half century ago. And after the wedding the happy couple drive a good many miles to what till then has been a bachelor's homestead, and that is their honeymoon trip.

The time will come, and quickly enough, when Grande Prairie, and Peace River, and Athabasca country will have their society functions and formal niceties, and frills of one sort or another. The north has an indisputable right to pass on, as we ourselves have passed on, from one stage to another, and its social progress should, to be sure, keep pace with all its other progress; yet the passing of the day of which these pioneer wedding pictures are typical cannot be without a considerable historic interest and sometimes a half regret. The social life of the last frontier has a certain romance about it, despite its limitations.

The Minister's Fault

"Why do you sign your name 'J. John B. B. B. Brownson'?" asked Hawkins.

"Because it is my name," said Brownson. "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."—Australasian.

A Little Learning

By Marvin Leslie Hayward.

(a) "Squire" Ira Branch in "A Country Lawyer."

"I BELIEVE that a good knowledge of the law can only be acquired and retained by a practising lawyer. That an amateur at law is as dangerous to himself and the community as a self-cocking revolver in the hands of children, or a red-eyed bulldog among sheep."

Albert Bradley was a living rebuttal of the above dictum of one of the most engaging legal characters in modern fiction. (a) He did all the legal work in connection with his extensive business; he always fought his own cases even on appeal to the Supreme Court, and his law library was the envy of all the younger members of the bar. All Clark, the local philosopher, summarized the general opinion when he declared that "Old Bradley knowed more'n aila the brightest lawyers in the Province of New Brunswick."

Nor was his legal knowledge confined to a single jurisdiction. Living near the international boundary between New Brunswick and the State of Maine and doing business in both, he had acquired a varied knowledge of the Maine law, and had a fine assortment of American text books and authorities in his library.

As a citizen, however, he was not highly regarded, and Clark again struck the popular keynote when he averred that "it was cussed lucky that he leaned to the law, for he was too almighty crooked for anything else;" and a local and courageous editor had once described him as "a model combination of Ananias, Shylock and Don Juan."

And popular opinion was partly justified, for he used his legal knowledge not merely to protect his own interests, but was continually devising schemes to overreach somebody, and then looking up some loophole in the law that would enable him to "get by with it."

For instance, there was the case of one Emery Newell, who resided in Maine and had lumbered for Bradley on the Aroostook River during the winter of 1915.

Bradley's system of dealing with the "jobbers" who cut logs for him was very simple and effective. He insisted that they sign a contract that the logs were to be scaled by a scaler appointed by Bradley and that his scale should "be final and binding upon the parties to all intents and purposes." Then he kept a careful account of the cash and supplies drawn by the "jobber" to run the operations, and the scaler adjusted his figures so as to bring things out about even.

Newell, however, had stolen a march and several lines of trenches during the winter, as he drew about $4,000 cash over and above what it took to do the work, and had deposited it in a Houlton bank. Then when he settled up in the spring and found, as usual, that his logs just about balanced what he had drawn he was still $4,000 to the good. He was unwise enough, however, to openly taunt Bradley with his lack of foresight, and the latter immediately began planning some way of recovering the cash, while Newell took it for granted that Bradley would be "a good sport" and allow things to go along as usual.

Accordingly when Bradley wrote him offering to sell a block of Maine timber land for the absurdly low price of $5,000, and suggesting that they meet at Jacob Weiss' "line store" to close up the deal, Newell assented without the slightest hesitation.

A few days later Bradley entered the store on the Canadian side and stood chatting with the genial Jacob. A few minutes later Newell strolled in on the American side, with only the long counter between them. This counter ran north and south directly on the international boundary. Then when a customer came in on the Canadian side, Weiss stood on the American side and sold him "spirituous or fermented liquors contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided," and when an American customer called he simply reversed the procedure. If the officers of the law from either country paid him an official visit, he simply moved himself and his stock of goods a few feet east or west and into a foreign jurisdiction, where he was safe from arrest.

Bradley and Newell soon concluded their deal. Bradley handed the deed across the counter and Newell, at Bradley's request, sent the cash to a Houlton bank to be deposited to Bradley's credit.

A few days later Newell went down to Houlton and presented his deed at the registry office.

"This document can't be recorded," declared the registrar.

"Why not?" asked the astonished Newell.

"Because it is not acknowledged as required by the laws of the State of Maine," replied the official, handing back the deed.

Newell then called at the bank and found that Bradley had checked out the cash the day before. Still, he was not alarmed; for he imagined that it was merely an oversight on Bradley's part, and he wrote him, calling his attention to the error and asking for a new deed.

By return mail he received a brief letter in Bradley's cramped handwriting, the broad general effect of which was that he, Newell, could go to the devil.

"Earn" MacKenzie was delighted when Newell retained him to start criminal proceedings against Bradley. He had been trying to catch the latter in some of his shady deals for years, and was probably a little nettled at Bradley's reputation as a master of the law.

"I am instructed by Mr. Newell to start criminal proceedings against you for obtaining his money under false pretences in connection with the sale of the Machias timber land," MacKenzie announced as he entered Bradley's office a few days later.

"Crack on," invited Bradley, "but you'd better look up the law first."

"I suppose you have some intricate point up your capacious sleeve?" suggested MacKenzie.

"I don't mind telling you," retorted Bradley looking over a neat brief, "that Newell was in Maine and I was in New Brunswick when the business was done, and that whatever I did or said took effect in Maine and not in New Brunswick. That is to say, if a crime was committed, it was committed in Maine and not here, so the courts of this country have no jurisdiction to try me for an alleged offense committed in Maine and against the laws of that state. It is an elementary principle of the law of criminal jurisdiction," he went on patronizingly, "that if a party in one country does an act which produces a result in another country, the crime is committed in the latter country and its courts alone have jurisdiction over the offense. I have the citations of the authorities right here." (b).

(b). See 12 Cyc 209, U.S. vs. Davis, 32 Sumner, 482, Reg. vs. Jones 4 Cox C.C. 198, and Rex vs. Coombes, 1 Leach C.C., 432.

"That's all right," retorted MacKenzie; "but Newell will take proceedings against you under the Extradition Act, and our courts will order that you be sent back to Maine to be tried for the crime which you admit was committed there."

"Really, the ignorance of the regular members of the bar is appalling," sneered Bradley, turning to his brief again. "Don't you know that the object of the Extradition Acts is to provide for the return of 'fugitive offenders,' and that the courts have held that if one is not actually in a country when he commits a crime therein, he cannot be a 'fugitive' therefrom and therefore liable to extradition. (c). Now, as I was never out of New Brunswick, commonsense let alone law, ought to teach you that I couldn't possibly 'flee' into the Province, so if you want to make a fool of yourself, just try to extradite me."

"You have fallen into the laymen's error of applying the principles of the law laid down by the United States courts to Canada, where the conditions are different," retorted MacKenzie.

"But those general principles are of universal application," argued Bradley.

"Not at all," denied MacKenzie. "The American cases, which are perfectly correct as far as the United States is concerned, are decided on the section of the United States Constitution which says that if a criminal in any state 'shall flee from justice and be found in another state,' (d) he shall be liable to be extradited from the latter state; but in Canada we would proceed under the Extradition Act, which is worded very differently from the U.S. constitution."

A Splendid specimen of the Canadian Mink

(c). See 19 Cyc 87, laying down this principle.

(d). U.S. Constitution Act. 4, No. 2.

"How is it different?" queried Bradley.

"Our act," replied MacKenzie, walking over to the bookcase and selecting "Crankshaw's Criminal Code," "defines a 'fugitive criminal' as 'a person being or suspected of being in Canada, who is accused or convicted of an extradition crime committed within the jurisdiction of any foreign state.' (e). You will readily note the difference. In the United States a 'fugitive' is one who has 'fled' from another state. In Canada it merely means one 'being or suspected of being' in the country."

Bradley seized the book and glanced down the page indicated.

"Then," MacKenzie went on, "that definition in our act is copied word for word from the English Act, and under the English Act the courts of that country decided in a case which you can find in your library, (f) that where a party in England wrote letters to a party in Germany and by false pretences induced the latter to deliver goods to a third party in Germany, the party in England was a 'fugitive criminal' within the meaning of the English act, from which, as I have said, our act is copied."

"Will you accept the $5,000 cash and your costs, and allow the matter to drop?" queried Bradley as he verified the citation of the English case.

"Yes," replied MacKenzie, "and I think it will show you that after all you are not capable of doing your own legal business."

"You're right," agreed Bradley. "What'll you take as a yearly retainer to act for me?"

(e). Revised Statutes of Canada, Chap. 155, Sec. 2.

(f). Reg. vs. Nillins, 53 L.J., M.C. 157.

Remembering

By Jane K. West

When little Alice built her fine sand house on mother's clean porch, mother opened her lips to administer a sharp rebuke. But the words remained unspoken. In that instant there had flashed before the mind's eye a picture from mother's childhood. She saw herself a little girl in the old village home. She was driving old Shep, the dog, with carpet-rag reins, and she wanted a whip to make the thing more realistic. So she picked the first switch that came to her hand, a little sprig growing up there in the yard, and she flourished it about gayly, but of course old Shep was not to be touched with it. At dinner time father came in, and inquired which child had picked the little sprig. She had confessed at once, thinking of no wrong. But father had been very angry. It appeared that the sprig was a choice and rare cutting for which he had paid a great price. She had been punished, and told that she was a bad, destructive child. In her heart she had known that she was not a bad child, and the feeling of the injustice of her elders had been so strong that the incident never faded from her mind. So now before she spoke to her own little daughter she remembered in the light of that other day, that the child had very likely meant no wrong. It was annoying to have the litter on the newly washed porch, but little Alice, happy in the creation of a wonderful structure, was not a bad child at all. In a word the mother was able to get the child's viewpoint. And when Alice cried, "Isn't my castle pretty, mamma?" she answered, "Very fine." And after admiring it, she ventured the diplomatic suggestion that the next time it would be better to build a sand house out under the maple tree, where it was not so likely to be trodden on.

The mother who can remember her own childhood is blessed. What a pity that all do not have the power of Robert Louis Stevenson, "the beloved," of actually entering again into the thoughts and feelings of childhood. How much happier the children would be if parents could understand. The little pilgrims are trying to adjust themselves to a world as unknown to them as mythical Mars would be to us. In ignorance they are constantly running against our laws and customs, and then we call them naughty. Their mistakes are annoying to us, and disturb our ordered ways; but how patient we should be in guiding these little feet in the right path.

A little girl on her first visit to a country aunt, found the farm a very fairyland of lovely new things. One day she went into the orchard, and noticed that the blackberries that grew along the fence were ripening. They were not yet fit to eat, but the city child did not know that. She gathered all that were turned, and with her little heart aglow with love and gratitude she sat and strung them on some stiff grass stems, and took the pretty clusters in as a gift to her aunt.

"Oh, you naughty child, to pick those berries before they are ripe!" cried the aunt sharply.

The child controlled herself until she got to her nook in the haymow, but how long and hard she cried there no one else ever knew. The aunt had forgotten her careless speech by supper time, but so deep was the hurt that the child lost all interest in the farm, and in a few days begged to be sent home.

Tales of the Blackfeet

(By Max McD.)

Perhaps the most interesting tribe of Indians in the Great West of Canada is the Blackfeet. This nation belongs to the great Algonkian linguistic stock and comprises four bands on four separate reserves—Bollds, Blackfeet and Peigans, all resident in Southern Alberta, and South Peigan, located in Montana immediately south of the International Boundary line. These four bands with their allies, the Gros Ventres and Sarcees, formed the Blackfoot Confederacy, a powerful combination which for a century held by force of arms against all comers an extensive territory reaching from the Missouri river north to the Red Deer, and from the Rockies east to the Cypress Hills. The protection of their vast territory against invasion imposed upon the Indians a life of almost constant warfare with the numerous enemies surrounding them on all sides, and developed in them a proud and imperious spirit which, after more than thirty years of reservation life, is still the prominent characteristic of the Blackfeet.

No tribe of the plains has excited more admiration among observers competent to judge. Physically, they were magnificent men, and at one time are said to have numbered from twenty to thirty thousand people.

man to settle in Calgary, having a mission church there, says that while the Crees regarded white men as brothers, the Blackfeet regarded them as demigods, superior in intelligence and capable of doing the Indian good or ill.

They were proud, haughty and numerous. It is said there were some 10,000 of them in Canada in the sixties. They had a regular politico-religious organization. But in ten years their numbers decreased by half and their organization fell into decay. The reason? The Americans about 1866 crossed the line, and established ten or more trading posts or forts where fire water flowed freely and hundreds of the poor Indians fell victims to the whiteman's craving for money. Some poisoned, some frozen to death while in a state of intoxication. many more were shot down by American bullets. In 1870 came small pox. In 1874 they are said to have been "clothed in rags," without furs and without guns.

It was this state of affairs that led to the mounted police being sent to Macleod to crush out this wanton debauching and robbing in the name of trade. In a few years they had gained again much of their former prosperity and became a peaceful tribe. Father Scollen is authority for the statement that in 1875

Just now the chief interest in the war is centered in the Balkans, where the unexpected has occurred. The photo shows a British Red Cross Convoy enroute to Serbia

L. V. Kelly, author of "The Ranch Men" has this paragraph regarding them:

"When the white men came to trade with the natives they found the Blackfeet a warlike race of magnificent horsemen, trappers of beaver, hunters of buffalo, living handsomely on the spoils of chase and war. They found them already engaged in almost incessant war with the Assinaboines and Crees; they found them treacherous, reckless, brave, underhanded as occasion required, and quite open to trade for whiteman's blankets, guns and whisky."

Their bitterest enemies were the Crees who held the country in the vicinity of Edmonton. Something of the fear of this northern nation for the Blackfeet may be seen in a letter which Sweet Grass, Chief of the Crees, dictated to W. J. Christie. chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Edmonton, for transmission to the representative of the "Great Mother" at Ottawa, in 1876. In part it read.

"We want you to stop the Americans from coming to trade in our lands and giving 'fire water' ammunition and arms to our enemies, the Blackfeet."

That such an overture was neglected for years without untoward results is our good fortune.

It was death to a Cree to cross the Blackfeet border. Fortunately these wars with the Crees often were mere frays for the glory of young bucks seeking a reputation, not a war to the bitter end.

The Blackfeet did not allow whitemen in their territory. Captain Palliser was admitted in 1857 because he represented her majesty and carried the British flag. Captain Butler also was allowed into their domains for the same reason. Rev. Father Scollen, who was the first white-

the Sioux Indians who were at war in the United States, wanted the Blackfeet to make an alliance with them to exterminate the white men in the land. This, he says. they flatly refused to do, because they saw that the white man of Canada was their friend and could be relied upon to do justly with them.

Thomas R. Clipsham, pioneer missionary of Protestant denominations to the Blackfeet has had some interesting experiences in his work with the red men. Over a score of years ago he came, when there was little else on the bald bleak prairie than coyotes, buffalo and Indians. He helped to run the fifth and third meridians in 1882, when it was a "sight for sore eyes" to see a white man. While thus engaged the party on a Sunday morning topped a rise near Fort Walsh to find an encampment of 2,000 Blackfeet with Big Bear as their leader. The valley, he tells was covered with teepees, and the fear of the surveyors was great. it looked as though the old fort was surrounded. But all fear was dispelled when it was learned that the Indians had merely gathered to remind the authorities that their grub stake had disappeared. Once the larder had been replenished all signs of hostility vanished.

In 1884, Mr. Clipsham parted with $54.00 for two day's travel over the dusty plains to get from Calgary to Macleod in a creaking and uncomfortable old stage. He had been directed by the Methodist Church to carry the gospel to the red man of Southern Canada West, and for long years he toiled amongst them. living their life and sharing their meagre comforts and many hardships.

This was during the time of the terrible Riel rebellion, when the mere mention of a white man stirred the fire of hatred in the red man's breast and when

In the Kitchen

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One of the most remarkable features of OXO CUBES is the economy they effect in cooking. They are an excellent substitute for meat in soups and savouries. They prevent waste and oddments can be served in many appetising ways by their use.

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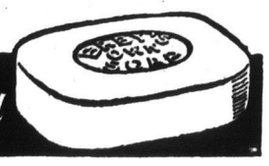

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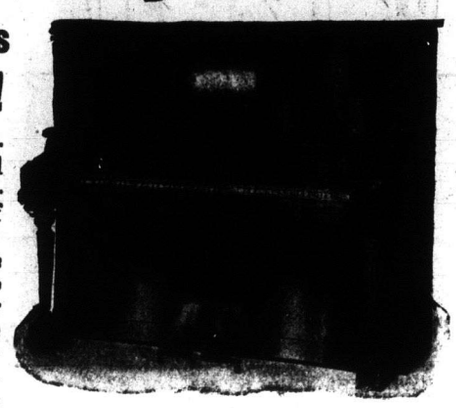

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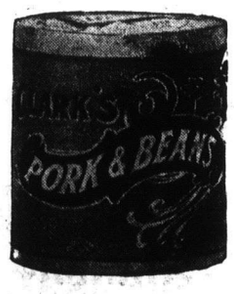
CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark Montreal

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the chief occupation of the warriors was fashioning bows and arrows. It was uphill work, especially as the Indians were none too ready to receive the ministrations of the pale face. They were busy plotting and scheming their deadly manoeuvres. But by faithful effort and diligent service the missionary worked his way into the confidence of the red men, and it was not long till he was thoroughly trusted and admired. He learned their tongue and their habits, attended their councils of war, and discouraged their plotting and scheming.

On one occasion he had an encounter which he will long remember as the most thrilling of his experiences. A daring and fearless brave became antagonized and threatened to put the missionary off the reserve. He journeyed to the mission house and entered, but had his breath taken away by being immediately precipitated through the door. The brave went for two of his followers and returned with a tomahawk and whip to carry out his original intention, but he was vanquished as before. Crestfallen he stood, while his companions smiled at him, and ever after he had great respect for the whiteman.

Many times during the rebellion, Mr. Clipsham councilled with the redman, advising them to keep out of the trouble. Toward the close of the siege he was asked by the chiefs on the Blood Reserve to offer his services to the government to help quell the disturbance. When the Crees held a council with the Bloods for the purpose of uniting against the white men, his advice was followed by the Bloods, and they refused to have anything to do with the Crees whom they called "assenah" or cut throats.

Captain C. E. Denny tells that, in 1872, a Mexican and two associates left Helena, Montana, to pan the streams of the country held by the "plain Indians," the Blackfeet. After working along the Old Man's River one night about the end of August, the two partners had turned in for the night while the Mexican had made his bed under one of the camp wagons. He was suddenly aroused in the night by a thundering discharge of firearms. Several of the shots found a place in his body and he knew at once that they were being attacked by a party of Indians, who were hidden under the bank of the river only a few yards away. He called to his companions in the tent, but receiving no answer, he thereby concluded they must both have been killed at the first discharge. On his calling again he was greeted by another volley from under the bank and felt himself again wounded.

The poor fellow managed to roll out from under the wagon and crawled into the brush close by, where he lay for a short time. He heard no sound from his companions, but knew that the Indians were rounding up their horses and driving them off. He made his way, wounded though he was, through the brush and down the river toward the bend below. Here he waded into the stream, and sometimes swimming, sometimes wading, put some distance between himself and the camp.

What this Mexican underwent would be difficult to conceive, but he wandered down the river and then across a wide strip of prairie till he came to the banks of the St. Mary's river, a distance of at least one hundred miles. When at last discovered by a Peigan Indian in an old log shanty, he was out of his mind and almost dead. He had gone for thirteen days with nine bullets in his body, living on roots and berries the while.

Many tales of daring and nerve are told, of attack and reprisal, yes, and of heroism too. In years somewhat later, Fred Kanouse, a prominent oldtimer of the West and still alive, ran counter of a band of hostile Indians. He made a stand in a bend of the Old Man River on the old Pioneer Ranch, a point still pointed out by the youngsters of Macleod. When the Mounted Police arrived, seven dead Indians marked the pioneer's skill with his gun. Not far from the scene of this fight there is a dugout or log cabin where early settlers resisted repeated attacks of the Blackfeet.

In the early days of their reservation life following 1877, deprived of the buffalo by the wholesale slaughter of these animals by the whites, they were in a perilous state, and took the ranchers' cattle as a gift from the Great Spirit. In 1879, the IV. ranch found that it had 59 out of a bunch of 133 steers, and other ranchers had suffered equally or worse.

Captive balloons have been used in warfare for over a century, but the Italians have found a novel method of employing them for making observations of the movements of the enemy. These balloons are sent up from Italian warships and, though out of reach of guns, the men in them are able to make all necessary observations

A terrible revenge is related in "The Ranch Men" in the story of the trader Evans, who mourning the loss of a partner while trading with Indians in the Cypress hills, swore to enact an awful payment. Some time in the late sixties, Evans and a partner were trading with the Blackfeet when the partner was killed by the Indians and their horses stolen. Evans swore revenge, and hastening to St. Louis he is said to have purchased bales of blankets that were infected with a most virulent form of small pox which had been raging there. Carefully wrapping these bales, he shipped them up the Missouri river, and when in the heart of the Indian country, left them on the banks for the first passerby. Of course the red men seized upon this treasure trove with natural avidity, and the small pox raged through the tribes sweeping thousands into the happy hunting grounds.

One of the most interesting stories connected with the Blackfeet is told by A. H. D. Ross, Professor of Forestry, Toronto University. With Dr. R. T. McKenzie, now professor of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Ross was a follower of the chain and lever, and encountered some very stirring experiences when surveying the trail from Macleod to Lethbridge across the Blood reserve of the Blackfeet tribe.

When the Indians were given their reserve the government did not make them understand that their old haunts were to be preserved to perpetuity. And so when the party of surveyors entered

their domain a certain faction of the red men under the leadership of "Three Bulls" were inclined to make things unpleasant for them. They could not be made to understand that the party were doing them good, and they delighted to torment and frighten the pale faces. One of their favorite schemes of torture to the minds of the surveyors was the riding of their cayuses at full tilt toward the chain men while they were at work.

"They would come up to within four or five feet of us." tells Mr. Ross, "and stop with a jerk. When they saw that we didn't care they would ride off and come back again at us harder than ever and closer than ever. They had us pretty well buffaloed, but we stood our ground, and they finally left us to concoct some new means of bothering us. I don't think they would have been long in really doing us some harm, had we not solicited the aid of old Chief Crowfoot, who was leader of the more peaceful faction of the same tribe.

"Piapot, the notorious Indian, who really started the Riel rebellion, was a member of the Blood band, and all of his followers were viciously inclined. When we appealed to Crowfoot the notorious ones were getting real bloodthirsty. Their favorite pastime was the pulling of all our stakes as soon as they were driven. But Crowfoot was a very wise and good Indian, and he had a great deal of influence with his own followers. After he had been apprised of the real meaning of our mission, he had no trouble in retaining peace. After that we were the best of friends with all the Indians, and often spent our Sundays teaching them acrobatic stunts which they appreciated very much.

"One of their favorite sports was racing around a stake on horseback against one of us on foot. They would place the amount of money they wished to bet on the ground, and if it were covered the winner, who was usually the rider, would collect the spoils. The most marvellous thing in connection with their riding was the ease with which they could reach the ground from the backs of their horses when picking up the stakes."

Crop-Eared Wolf. the last of the old chiefs of the Blackfeet, died last year. He was head of the Blood band, and had under him some 1,200 of the least civilized of the Indians of Canada. He was stern with his people, but kind with the white man so long as he did not infringe in any way on Indian rights.

Some six years ago an agitation was raised among the Indians to sell the southern half of their reserve, the largest in Canada. A price was offered that would have made every Indian on the reserve independently rich. But the old chief refused to agree to it. He would have nothing to do with the sale of Indian lands to the white man. He insisted that the treaty gave the land to the Indians while water ran and the sun shone, and from this position he could not be moved.

One of the last things that Crop-Eared Wolf did before his death was to call a council of his minor chiefs and people, and make them promise that they would never sell their land to the white man

The old chief was, of course, a brave. On more than one occasion he has bared his breast and shown the writer the scars of many a severe test. From his armpits to his very throat there were thong marks, but never in one of the ordeals did he flinch or show anything but the bravery that would one day make him a chief of his band.

It will surprise most people to know that Crop-Eared Wolf had a comfortably furnished home. Carpets covered the floors. A modern range did the cooking instead of the open fire of the teepee. Iron bedsteads replaced the blanket on the ground. Lamps lit the house, blinds covered the windows, cooking utensils were in their proper places. and a table was set such as any man might care to dine at.

Wolf became an adherent of the Roman Catholic faith. At his funeral a brass band composed of Indian boys from the boarding schools played "Nearer my God to Thee," and instead of the old chief passing out to the happy hunting ground of his forefathers he died in the faith of the Son of God and went to be with Him.

There are many interesting legends and traditions among the Blackfeet. The most interesting of these has to do with a famine in the land of the Blackfeet which is said to have prevailed from 1835 to 1837. The legend is told by a Blackfoot Indian of education and refinement living on the South Peigan Reserve in Montana. At that time the Blackfeet Indians owned everything from the Hudson's Bay to the Rockie Mountains, and in all that land there was no green spot except in the valley which is called Two Medicine. Even the buffalo left the country because there was no food for them.

The old men of the tribe built lodges in this valley at Two Medicine and worshipped their Great Spirit, and prayed that they might be saved from the famine. And the Great Spirit heard them and directed them to send seven of their patriarchs to the top of Chief Mountain, where the Wind God was then residing. They followed these directions but the old men were afraid to go near to the Wind God to make their prayer, and after their long journey they went back empty handed to their people.

The Medicine men then directed them to send fourteen of their bravest young warriors to intercede with the Wind God. These young men eventually reached him and made their prayer. He listened and his wings quivered and quivered, and gradually clouds began to gather over the plains, and the rain fell as in a deluge. He stretched one wing over the plains telling them in this way to go back out there and they would find the famine gone.

The young men returned to their people and they found that already the buffalo had returned and the famine was gone.

The Blackfeet is still the largest tribe of red men in Canada and their reserves cover more area than those of any tribe of Indians in the world. They have become quite peaceful, and where it once took several detachments of Royal N.W. Mounted Police to keep them in subjection, now one policeman on each of the three reserves is all that is necessary. Government agents are in charge and competent instructors in the various crafts and in agriculture direct the work of those who have a desire to become self supporting. Schools are established and the religious life of red men cared for by the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches. Notwithstanding diligent mission work, there are sixty per cent of the Blackfeet still in paganism.

NO "FRILLS"
Just a Statement About Food.

Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveller suffers from poorly selected food and is lucky if he learns that Grape-Nuts food will put him right.

A travelling man writes: "About a year ago my stomach got in a bad way. I had a headache most of the time and suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 70 pounds in weight and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to nauseate me.

"My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use, but finally to humor her I tried a little and they just struck my taste. It was the first food that I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering.

"Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 135 pounds in December to 194 pounds the following October.

"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocketbook. In fact, I am thoroughly made over and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand to-day a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do.

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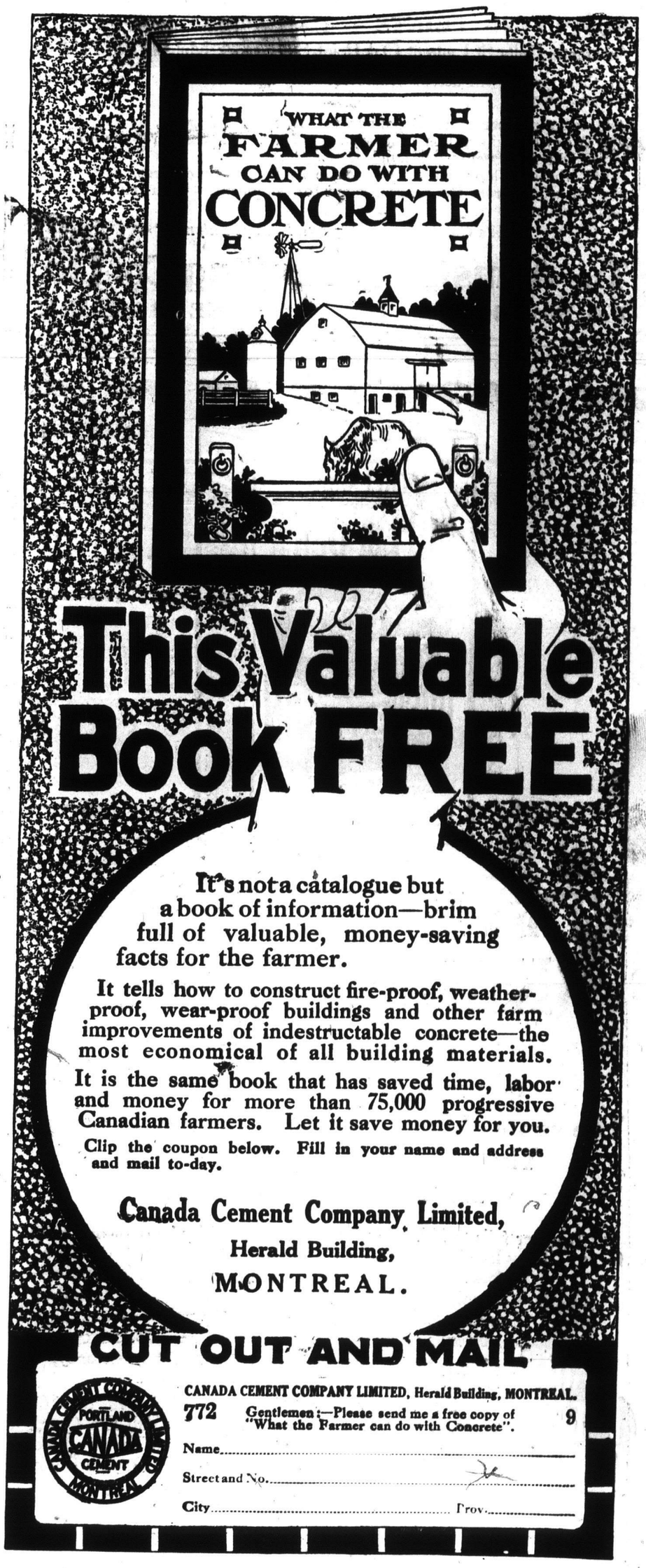

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State whether shipment is to be made by freight or express.
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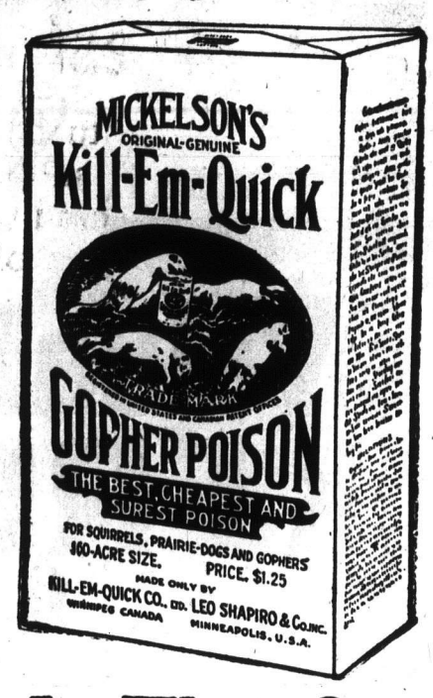

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When Enemies Meet

THE battle ebbed away to the East. Intermittent shots were heard—the occasional boom of a cannon—and presently silence. The sudden rush had been successful and the enemy driven back, beyond the captured trench.

Captain Wyndham lay in a little hollow, shot in his right leg—but with the grim philosophy of his race—made himself comfortable as possible, and though wincing with pain—smoked interminable cigarettes, and waited patiently for the rescuing party.

A faint voice behind catching his attention, he turned his head. A German mortally wounded, lay two or three yards away, his face ashy gray in the dim light of early dawn. "Have you any water?" he was saying in excellent English. Slowly and with infinite pain, the Englishman dragged himself, over the intervening space, and held his water bottle to the lips of the wounded man who drank deeply. "Thank you," —he said, "that—helps a lot—I shall—soon—go out"—there was silence for a space—then brusquely, to conceal unwonted emotion—"Anything I could do," said the Captain. The German fumbled feebly at his coat. "A picture," he muttered faintly. The Englishman unbuttoned the coat, thrust his hand into the breast-pocket and drawing out a photograph, placed it in the man's hand—the face of the dying soldier lit up, as he quite frankly placed the cardboard to his lips. His enemy smiled in sympathy—for he too in an inner pocket, carried a picture. It was of his young wife—his bride of six months. Thinking of her, he almost forgot the pain in his wounded leg.

The faint voice interrupted his meditations. "You also, you have one whom you love?" The Englishman suddenly flushed, and replied—"Yes—I am married"—and added, he hardly knew why—"she is an American." The blue eyes beamed on him—"An American so also is she whom I love, but" sadly—"I shall never marry her now." Moved to unusual speech the Captain said quickly, "But how she will mourn for you." The Teuton made a slight movement, "She may never find out"—and at a look of surprise, "I do not know where she is. Two summers ago we met in Paris. We rode, dined, danced, and talked together, but I was—called to—the sick-bed of my—father and she was gone—when eager to tell my love—I returned."

Overcome with pain, the German's voice trailed into silence. As though finding ease in the sympathy of his listener, he presently resumed, "Inquiries I made—and travelled to England in search—but she had sailed to America. I was recalled to my regiment—rumors were afloat—and later—this war." In utter exhaustion, the faint accents died away, and from the relaxed hand, the photograph fell, face up. As the Englishman swiftly raised the water bottle to the parched lips, a sickly gleam of light fell athwart the sweet face of the girl, whose eyes laughed up into his—and for an instant he started back—it was the face of his young wife.

The sun struggling through heavy clouds, far on the Eastern horizon, brought into view, search-parties, who came to gather in the wounded. Seeing them, the Englishman, turned re-assuringly to his companion, but the German smiling wanly, slowly shook his head—and his eyes travelled wistfully to the photograph, beneath his nerveless hand. The Englishman bent, and lifting the once capable hands laid them over the picture, on the dying man's breast. A sweet faint smile, rewarded him. Came a tired sigh—his enemy was dead.

A Soldier of the King—just seven years old. Bobby Squair, Gladstone, Man.

Awkward Mistake

Mr. Gusch (looking at family portrait): "Ah, what a strong face your grandpa had. Was he a soldier?"

Miss Thrush: "Sir! Soldier? That isn't grandpa! That's grandma!"—Chicago News.

"You say you are very hard up?" said the magistrate to a poor-looking man who was brought before him on a charge of begging.

Prisoner (piteously): "Oh, yes, yer worship; I have a wife and eight children, and you don't know how hard it is to keep them these dull times."

"But," said the magistrate, "I am informed that you keep two dogs."

"Oh, well, if you expect us to eat dogs I haven't any more to say. Come on wi' the sentence, and let's get it over."

PRESSED HARD
Heavy Weight on Old Age.

When people realize the injurious effects of tea and coffee and the better health that a change to Postum can bring, they are usually glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

"My mother, since her carly childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak-all-over' feeling and sick stomach." (The effects of tea on the system are very similar to those of coffee, because they each contain the drug caffeine.)

"Some time ago I was making a visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat unusual flavor of the 'coffee' and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum.

"I was so pleased with it that I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had been very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time she felt much better, had little trouble with her heart, and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was well and hearty.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, especially my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

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

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

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Wolfenden
Messiter
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McMurphy
Irvine
Vavenby
Birch Island
Clearwater
Mosquito
Boulder
Chu-Chua
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Louis Creek
McLure
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Sahtlam
Strait of Juan de Fuca
C. Flattery
Wichersham
Sedro-Woolley
Edmonton
Wainwright
Erith
Weald
Embarras
Minehead
Coalspur
Dias
Basing
Mudge
Lovett
Shaw
Leyland
Mountpark
Whitecourt
Lestock
Fraserwood
Sangudo
Kelwood
Chisholm
Carvel
Namao
Morinville
Villeneuve
Legal
Lamoureux
Ardrossan
Josephburg
Fort Saskatchewan
Clover Bar
Strathcona
Beaverhill
Dunvegan
Camrose
Obsdale
Bawlf
Roundhill
Daysland
Jct.
Hardisty
Viewpoint
Hilberg
Meeting
Dunn
Rosalind
Duhamel
New Norway
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Dorenlee
Bodo
Lamerton
Edberg
Lougheed
Metiskow
Consort
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Youngstown
Oyen
Acadia Valley
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The War Spy Who Wasn't

By Aubrey Fullerton

ON the Main street of Woodport, and in the early afternoon, Hiram Braddy, town councillor, met his fellow councillor, Fletcher Hinkley, and told him a surprising piece of news.

A more unlikely time and place for such news would have been hard to find. Woodport is an easy-going town on the Great Lakes, where one does not expect things to happen; at any rate, no one expected them on that particular day last summer, for it was a quiet, lazy day when human ambition seemed dormant. Councillor Braddy, however, was alert.

"There's one of them war spies right here in Woodport!" he announced excitedly.

"That so?" responded Hinkley, with interest, but not too eagerly. "What's he spyin' on?"

"Come and see. I caught him at it not half an hour ago. Come on!" And Mr. Braddy pulled the interested but unconvinced Hinkley down to the Shore Road, and led him off along the lake-front at a pace that gave no opportunity for words.

The Shore Road was bordered with trees, under cover of which the two councillors made their way past the wharves and boat-houses to the old shipyard, once the busiest spot in Woodport, but now the most forsaken. Braddy, still leading the way, and still in silence, beckoned his companion into the weather-beaten carpenter shop at the side of the road, and across its empty room to a back window, where they took a stand overlooking the yard.

With a satisfaction he did not attempt to conceal, Councillor Braddy then pointed to a pile of boards, not a hundred feet away, on which sat a man dressed in gray. Braddy's manner indicated that this was the spy, and Hinkley, following his leader's example, fixed his eyes upon him.

The man in gray was apparently doing nothing. He did not move, and sat with bowed head. If he was a spy, he was a very inactive and unobserving one. Braddy suggested, however, in a whisper, that he might have seen them coming down the road and might therefore now be on his guard: but wait.

To watchful eyes, came at length a partial reward. The spy arose, as if waking from a reverie, walked a little toward the shop, picked up a stick, broke it in two, and smelled it. There seemed to be a fragrance about it that he liked, for his inhalations were long and loud, and the sound of them reached even the watchers in the shop. Presently he moved still nearer, and with another stick scraped away the surface chips at his feet, now and then picking up the fresher chips he thus uncovered, and smelling them. Finally he took out a pocket knife and whittled a piece of spruce edging, pausing every few minutes to smell the new wood.

This strange procedure went on for a quarter-hour or more, and the watching councillors beheld as men astonished the unusual spectacle of a grown man playing with chips. When they had seen enough, they quietly withdrew, and went back up the Shore Road.

"Seems to me," said Hinkley, as they got into ambush of the trees again, "that that back there ain't a spy so much as just an overgrown chip-bug."

"That may be all you can make of it," retorted Braddy, "but I tell you he's a spy, and up to some devilment right here in our midst. He's been at that game all day. Up at Birch Lodge, y'know, I've got a clear view right down on the shipyard, and this morning I saw a light-suited fellow walkin' around in it, but I couldn't make out from a distance what he was doing, and I hadn't time to come and see till after dinner. When I come by the yard, there he was again, and I hid behind a tree and watched him. He was nosin' and smellin' as if his life depended on it. Then I came on and got hold of you, and now you've seen him too."

"Yes, Hi, I've seen him, and I'll admit he's kind of interesting," Hinkley replied, "but he don't act like a spy. Did you think he was another of them bridge-busters come up from Maine?"

"I don't know what he is in partic'lar, but he's suspicious in general. Looks to me as if he might be a German, and y' never know what they're up to."

"What'll you do about it, Hi?"

"Find out—that's what. I'm goin' to watch him, and see what this perfume-huntin' means. I'll report to Council to-morrow night, and if he ain't a spy we may be able to get a license fee out of him anyway."

Councillor Hinkley agreed to let the matter stand at that, leaving it to his fellow-official to continue investigations at his own will. If Hi's suspicions were correct, he said, it would be doing a public service for him to run the spy down.

At the Council meeting on Thursday night, Mr. Braddy stated the case officially and reported progress in the gathering of evidence. He had called at the hotel and examined the register, on which the stranger had signed as John Ormond, Winnipeg. But that was quite possibly a blind. The hotel people said he kept pretty much to himself, and they couldn't tell what he had come for. He had been at the shipyard again that day, turning over the chips, and searching for something that seemed hard to find.

Mr. Braddy claimed that this behavior on the part of an entire stranger in the town was extremely suspicious. The other members of the Council were not so seriously impressed, for Mr. Braddy was known among his fellow townsmen as over-curious and imaginative; but they advised him to keep up his detective work, which he already had so well in hand, and appointed Hinkley and one other councillor to act with him as a special vigilance committee.

The case developed nicely during the next two or three days, slackening somewhat on Sunday, when nothing noteworthy occurred beyond the attendance of the stranger at church, with a spruce lath for a walking-stick. But the climax came on Monday.

Early that morning, the gray-suited man was on the move, heading up to Mr. Braddy's end of the town, and sampling chips wherever he found them. He now carried a hatchet, with which he cut or split the larger pieces, and a wicker basket. Declining to talk with the townspeople whom he met, he avoided the more public places, and pursued his chip hunt in ways apart, and alone.

About the middle of the afternoon, Mr. Braddy, who also had been on the move all day, hurriedly summoned his two helpers, and led them to the mill-pond hill, where, behind a screen of bushes, they could look directly down upon the old Woodport sawmill.

There, in the mill-yard, was the man in gray, at a new game. He had built a fire of birch bark, stray pieces of which lay scattered about, and was now sitting before it on a box.

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed Hinkley. "He surely ain't cold."

"No, he's experimentin' for something," said Mr. Braddy. "See him now—there he goes—puttin' on more bark, then drinkin' in the smell."

"Setting fires is risky," declared the third councillor. "First thing we'll know, he'll be firing the town and sitting by to smell it."

"No, that ain't it," returned Mr. Braddy. "The way I work it out, he's either a spy just tryin' to throw us off his scent, or one of them science men findin' out new mixtures of somethin' or other. There's more'n smell behind it."

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"Well, Hi, it's your play next," said Hinkley. "I don't mind him smelling chips, but fires is dangerous, of course, and as Councillors of this here town it's our duty to warn him about it."

"You leave that to me," answered Mr. Braddy. "I'm goin' to put it to him, right to his face."

Late that night the bell-boy at the Lakeview Hotel took up a message to Mr. Ormond in Room 16—Councillor Braddy was waiting below, and wished to see him. Mr. Ormond, whom people thought unsociable, sent back a request for the Councillor to come to his room, and there, a few minutes later, politely received him.

"I'm here as a guardian of the people," began Hiram, plunging bravely in, "to ask ye some questions."

The stranger said nothing, but waited. The Councillor went on.

"Y'see, we—that is, the little trick you have with the chips, y' know—"

"Oh, the chips! And what next?"

"I'd like to warn ye about them chips," said Mr. Braddy, somewhat annoyed by the man's coolness. "Folks is beginnin' to talk about ye, and wonderin' if you're a German spy."

"You don't say so! Have I made so bad an impression as that?"

"Well, Mister, you've been goin' round for days smellin' chips like a house afire, and we want to know what it means."

The stranger sat for a moment looking abstractedly at nothing. Then he rose, and paced the room after the way of men who are deeply moved. Presently he turned to his visitor again.

"Mr. Braddy, I am grateful to you for calling my attention to this. I'm not a German spy. You will put me right with the good people of the town, won't you?"

Mr. Braddy replied that it was his duty as a town officer to protect the public interests, and outsiders could not be given the run of the town in times like these, and allowed to set fires, and such like, without paying license or taking the risk of arrest. At the same time, if he was there on business, he would use his influence to shield him from suspicion.

The stranger's reserve, which till now had covered him like a mask, gave way.

"For thirty years, Mr. Braddy," he said, "I have been wearing myself out in a city office. The doctor told me I must get away, and so I came to Woodport. I am enjoying it greatly. Some city men, when they get out to the country, try to renew their youth by fishing, or playing, or working in the fields: my way of doing it is to smell chips and the raw bark of Nature's trees."

"How in time d'ye work it?" asked Hiram, perplexedly.

"By the law of association, Mr. Braddy. To this day the fragrance of a pine knot, or of a piece of raw spruce next the bark, makes me think of my boyhood, when I lived among the trees. The smell of the wood acts on me like an elixir."

"We've noticed ye doin' it, but we didn't know it was actin' that way on ye," said his listener, almost sympathetically.

"One day last week," the city man went on, "I was down in your old shipyard, and found a piece of spruce with the raw edge on it, and it smelled just as if I had pulled it out of the scrap-heap at Uncle Henry's sawmill, on the Miramichi, forty years ago. That was where Ned Burton and I used to play. Ned was my chum. He is dead now.

"But I can't tell you of a hundred other associations that the smells of the wood bring up. Even a chip comforts me, and the scent of birch bark burning is better than costly perfume. I didn't realize, however, that in thus gratifying my hobby I was acting like a spy."

Mr. Braddy pondered the matter. Just what to make of this reminiscent chip-smeller he did not know. Plainly, he was there for his own enjoyment, and not for business; but at least there was room for a wholesome warning.

"I ain't ever heard before of ridin' back to home and mother on a passel of chips," he said presently, "but I s'pose this is as good a place as any to set out from. I'd go easy, though, if I was you. It looks bad in public, and them fires is likely to be risky."

"I see that. Do you know of any suitable place where I wouldn't be so conspicuous?"

"Perhaps now I could fit ye out myself," replied the Councillor, with becoming hesitation. "I've got a lot of wood on my grounds, and about as many chips lying around the woodpile as ye could git through smellin' in the next two or three months. It's off the road, too, so folks wouldn't disturb ye."

"That would suit me very nicely," declared Mr. Ormond.

"Of course," added Mr. Braddy, "I could hardly give ye the run of my place without a consideration. It's bound to be some bother to us."

"So it will. But I'll pay you for the privilege. Name a figure."

It was not an easy bargain to make, on Braddy's part, but at length he ventured to suggest sixty dollars, ran it up to eighty for season's rights, and finally, being asked for exclusive privileges as well, fixed upon a hundred. Ormond accepted the terms, and made a memorandum of them in a letter pad, remarking that he always put his agreements in writing. Then he tore out the sheet, and passed it to Hiram to sign. It was an unfamiliar handwriting, but one part of it stood out in large plain letters:

"One Hundred Dollars, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged."

Braddy said he would sign it. Ormond, who seemed over-particular about formalities, called up the hotel clerk to witness it, and completed the transaction by counting out ten convincing bills and paying them to his landlord-to-be. Then he thanked him for his kindness, and said good-night.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. Braddy waited for Ormond at Birch Lodge, supposing that he would begin there at once under the terms of contract. But he did not come, and when Hiram called at the hotel later in the day, he found that his expected guest had left town on the early train.

Nothing more was heard about the chipbug, Woodport went back to its accustomed ways, and Councillor Braddy, thinking it best not to report Monday night's interview to his fellow townsmen, kept his own counsels, and his hundred dollars.

Toward the end of the next week, however, another surprising development took place. Mr. Braddy one morning heard axes at work in a grove of birch trees that stood at the edge of his lot, and hurried over to find a gang of five men cutting his best trees, several of which were already down and trimmed into log-lengths. The thing was almost incredible and entirely intolerable.

The choppers stopped long enough to say that they were working under orders from John Ormond, to whom, they understood, a conveyance of lumbering rights had been made. Braddy denied that

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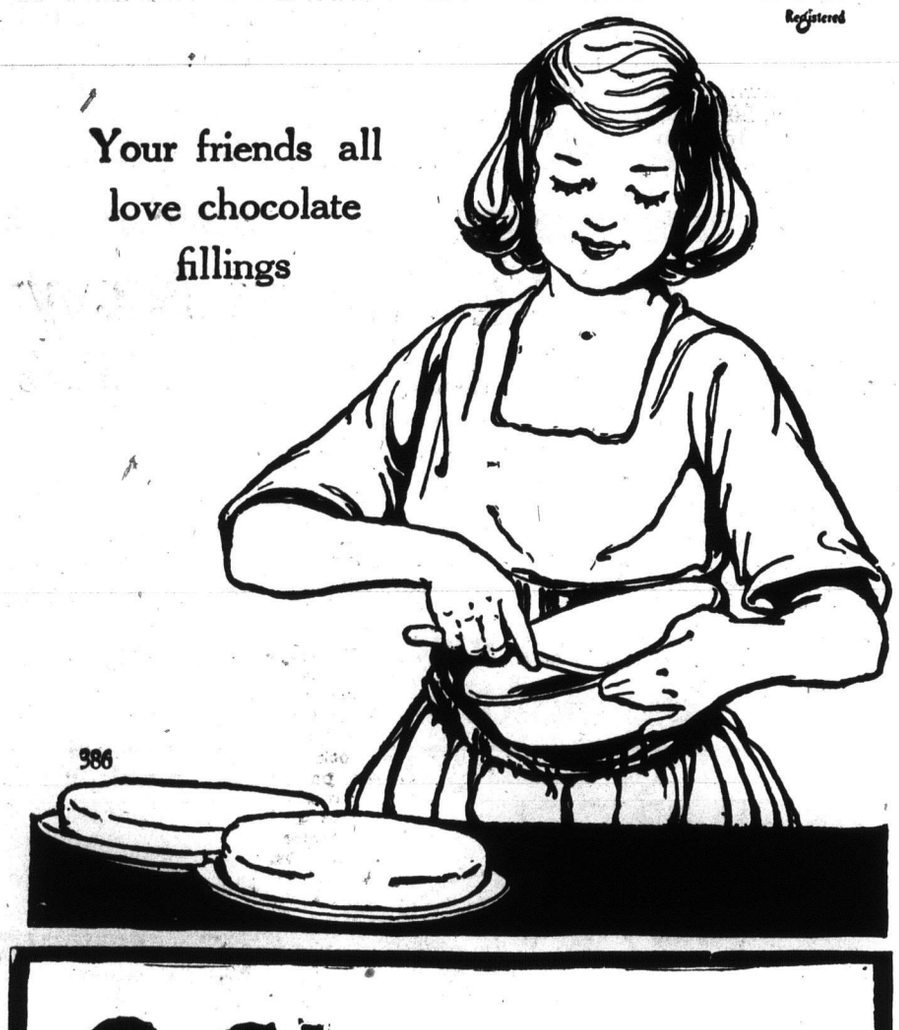

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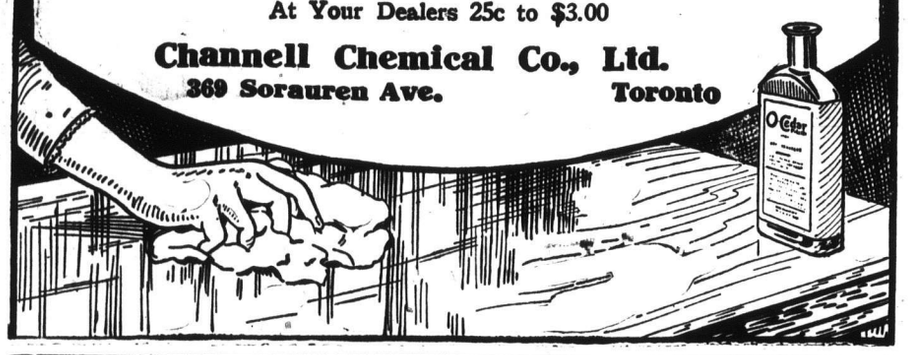

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anything of the kind had been done, and forbade the men to raise their axes again.

It was evident that the difficulty could not be settled without the services of a third party, and Hiram took the gang-boss down to Lawyer Spence, to whom he made complaint of wilful and malicious trespass.

"But, Hiram," said the man of law, "you signed an agreement with Mr. Ormond, did you not?"

"I signed a paper lettin' him play the fool with chips up to my place, but it wa'n't a lumberin' contract."

"It was a specific agreement, Hiram, between you, of the first part, and him, of the second part, his heirs, administrators, and assigns, to the effect that in consideration of one hundred dollars, duly paid, you transferred, granted, and assigned to him the exclusive rights and privileges of either cutting or smelling, or both cutting and smelling, wood chips on your property, to which you further agreed to allow him free access at any time in the exercise of the privileges thus conveyed. I have the document in my desk, Hiram."

"It don't say anything 'bout cuttin' trees. Chips ain't whole trees."

"As to that, I have no doubt Mr. Ormond will contend, and quite rightly, that his men have been cutting chips. In the cutting of those chips the trees have been felled, but the articles of agreement omit to specify just where or how the chips are to be cut. He therefore concludes, I take it, that he may cut them as he may desire."

"He sha'n't do it! You've got to take the law of him!"

Lawyer Spence here dismissed the woodchopper, and then, alone with his would-be client, opened to thim the real inwardness of the case.

"No, Hiram, instead of law for him it's medicine for you. It's been coming to you a long time back. I shall have to tell you, to begin with, that your own greed and inquisitiveness are to blame for this. You've been getting more tight-fisted every year, Hiram, and I'm sorry to say you have quite often made yourself a nuisance by your habit of prying into things. Your tight fists and your inquiring mind have at last got you into trouble.

"I suppose your election as Councillor led up to it, since you seem to have felt an official obligation to look into this man's doings; but the real beginning of the case is the way you acted last spring about those birch trees of yours. You will remember, of course, that soon after the election you had a call from the buyer of a wood-working concern in the city, who offered to buy the trees as they stood, for the lumber in them, and pay you five hundred dollars in the spring. You agreed to sell at that price, but afterward got it in your head that it wasn't enough, and when the buyer returned a few months later you wanted several hundred dollars more. He wouldn't pay it, and the deal fell through. But the factory people determined to have those trees, and in due course they began fresh negotiations for them."

"No," objected Braddy, "I ain't heard a word from them since."

"Of course not; they know you too well. But they sent this man Ormond to bring you to time, and it looks as if he has done it. Ormond is one of the firm, and very fond of a joke. He came to see me when he got here, and told me he was going to get square with you for going back on your agreement. He wasn't quite sure how he would do it, for he hadn't the lay of the land yet; but he seemed to know your reputation pretty well. Mark you, I had nothing to do with it. I told him he would have to work it out himself, for I was a lawyer, not a joker. And he got right at it.

"He came to me again last Monday-night, and told me how his scheme had succeeded. You see, he had guessed that your curiosity would let out sooner or later, and had been laying for you all the time—wouldn't talk to other people, but while drawing attention to himself by his little game he was really baiting for you; and you hooked the bait even better than he expected, for you made him out at first a German spy. I laughed at that chip story, Hiram, and how you swallowed it. Then he left me the paper you had signed. He said he was going back to Winnipeg, and would send a bunch of men to begin cutting."

"D'ye mean that all that fuss with the chips was just makin' himself out a fool—"

"Or you, Hiram. I would like to sympathise with you, but you really don't deserve it. This agreement, now, gives Ormond and his company the right to get in on your wood lot, and so long as he makes chips in doing it he will be quite safe in cutting anything he pleases. He has paid you a hundred dollars for the privilege, and he will probably keep on till he has cut down the whole grove."

"But I won't let him take them away," declared Braddy. "That paper don't say he can take anything off the premises."

"As to that, he is willing to pay you the other four hundred dollars and complete the purchase as originally intended. You would have hard work to find another market as good."

"I'll let the logs rot first That paper's a fake!"

"No, Hiram, it isn't a fake. The transaction is a little unusual, and might not hold very well if it went to court, but there is enough good law in it to get you badly twisted and keep things tied up for some time. Understand, I am not responsible for it; but just the same, my advice to you is to take the rest of the money—I can close the deal with you at once—and not try to fight it. For if you do that, the story of how you were stung by the chip-bug will make you a bigger joke than he was himself. Besides, you should be ashamed of having gone back on your word in the first place."

Councillor Braddy, no longer bold and defiant, sat with bent head and pondered the lawyer's advice. It was not to his liking, but he saw its force.

"I'll do it," he said at length. "But—the people will find out about it anyway."

"I expect they will, Hiram," replied Lawyer Spence, not at all comfortingly. "But that is a part of the cure, and you'll have to take your medicine. The day the chip-bug made a more desirable citizen of you will be remembered as a good day for Woodport. You owe it to the public."

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The enormous outlay for the building site, the splendid new and commodious building and modern equipment, the very complete organization and catalogue, represent an investment of very large proportions, all of which were undertaken during a very precarious time in the financial world, will earn for this new company a confidence and reputation for bigness that fits in truly with their service.

Their catalogue will be ready for mailing shortly after the first of the year, and as it is easily worth while having, a request mailed now to The F. S. Newman Company, Limited, Winnipeg, will assure a copy being sent.

Midnight Spearing with the Kwakiutls

By Bonnycastle Dale

"CHAH-KOIS-KUM pish," called O'poots (come let's go and take fish).

"After kilpsun" (after sunset), said Fritz—he was learning Chinook, but clumsily.

"Ah-ha" (yes), grunted the guide.

"It's a pity sir, you can't learn the native tongue," said Fritz, leering over at me.

"Ya-ka wau-wau pish," laughed the Kwakiutl to me—(he talks like a fish).

"What's that he said?" inquired the boy. "Oh something about the fish," I answered laughing, "anyhow we'll go—they are spearing to-night in the low tide by canoe fires and it will be well worth seeing." So we returned to examining the block house. Who would think that within sixty years our forefathers on this Northern Pacific Coast had to build block houses to protect their families against the marauding Indians—see the hand cut shingles—"shakes" they call them, note the long portholes for firing through. See the date, 1857.

"Here comes chief Ku-on of the Skagits, he'll tell us all about it," said Fritz.

"Would you take a 'devil fish?'" I asked the old chief.

"Ah-ha," he answered.

"We took a big one at the creek mouth this morning, you may have it."

"Mah-sie" (thanks)—notice this corrupted French word in this Chinook jargon. "Tell us why they built this log fort Ku-on," I asked.

"The Hiadas come," he simply answered—true, the warlike tribe from the Queen Charlotte Islands harried this coast some sixty odd years ago, scalping and beheading natives and whites alike. "Yes, chief," I told him, "we were at Masset (the Hiada village) this summer—they don't scalp any more, all good men now, white man's missionaries and white man's rifles tame them."

"Come," said the old chief in English, "I show you something." Over the rude trail formed by myriad animals in many centuries—just like Broadway—first a wild animal trail, then a cow path, now a human trail. "All roads look alike to me," sang Fritz and we followed the old man—he was not far from the century mark this ancient withered Coast Indian—his palms were worn quite pink, his bare feet were knotted and calloused into great ridges, four wives this old chief had buried—all blind at death—a very odd fact—he lived with the fifth one now, an ancient hag withered as a last year's butternut.

"Hyas canim (big canoe) he pointed to a forty foot cedar log canoe, a thing of beauty. "Chope son" (grandson), pointing to the boy standing beside the long shapely craft.

"That's the boy who was in the canoe when the chief's son and his slootchman were killed," whispered Fritz—true, I remembered it all now, they were crossing the mouth of the Skagit, three men, a woman and a boy, two men and a boy only returned and the little lad told of the death of his father and mother, the judge gave the two villians fifteen years each.

Fritz, a born newsgatherer, tried to pump the little lad, but I bade him cease, the subject was too painful—as I noticed the great brown animal eyes fill with tears as soon as my boy spoke of the fatal day.

These old folks just seem to live for ever—I know of several that must be well over the century mark—look at this old Cowichan and his child—I have been in this cold, Oh! so cold Pacific, with the "old folks" bathing, when the water was so icy it made a chap all over goose pimples, but did they mind it? not a bit! and it's only the old folks that are pure minded enough to bathe together—I tell you the innocence of some of the native tribes, when first the white man met them, is a sharp contrast to some of the bathing scenes of the highly civilized whites in the Atlantic—where I also have paddled about.

All the day long Fritz and I wandered about this United States Indian reserve. The tribe possessed but few carvings and a little basketry, some axe heads of flint, a few jade arrowheads, some obsidian chipped into spearhead forms, all else had been bartered off to the whites for vile whisky. It is really most dreadful the way these poor natives are exploited—while they are the wards of both the U. S. and Canada, the emigrant Danes and Swedes and Icelanders, not even citizens of either country yet, bitterly declaim against them being allowed to hold even the little bit of land left to the descendants of the tribes, who once possessed the whole coast.

We wandered over to the "Island of the Dead," across the now dry tidal sands. Oh! what a world of meaning there was in some of the rude structures that held the mortuary boxes. One poor chap, building better than he knew, had installed a clock over the top of the tiny cedar board shack that held all that was left of his little brown-faced babe—truly time had ceased for her, another was decorated, shall we say, with all the old clothes of the deceased, a truly extraordinary sight as they flapped in the wind on an ordinary clothesline, another was all blanket-wrapped and set in the crotch of a tree far up from the ground, others in the frenzy after the death of the loved one had torn out all the doors and windows of the home and piled them over the mortuary box, finally we came to a great crevice or cave piled with tokens so weird and terrifying, that Fritz and I returned swiftly to the mainland—just in time too, as the sun was sinking and the chief had our evening meal all ready.

On a platform in the Potlatch House, on a clean grass mat, was laid the cups and plates—the old Klootchman (squaw) passed along the first dish—if there is one thing more than another we both despise it is native clams with lots of the native sand in, these were most plentifully sanded. I gobbled mine somehow with the aid of an ashcake, but I had to smile and say, "No! thanks," most emphatically, when the chief passed me a dish of our own devil fish nicely boiled—not a bad looking mess either, a sort of gristle boiled soft, but we had taken the repulsive but harmless thing. No! I simply tucked into ashcake and more ashcake and again was forced smilingly to decline smoked salmon of a most fearful odor, all soaked in rancid whale oil—"more ashcake, please!" Fritz was gobbling down Pilot bread as if his very life depended on it—we did not wish to hurt our hosts' feelings but our noses and eyes rebelled at the unusual food. Well we were forced to pass up raw sea urchins—"more ashcake, please," and finally, after copious drinks of water, the most uncomfortable meal I have ever sat down to came to an end—we both felt awfully that we could not tuck in, but as Fritz said later "My! that was smelly."

The moon set at eleven as we left the beach, leaving the scene dark and fearsome. The sea lions howled in the estuary, wailing like dogs baying at the moon, striking the water loud "thwacks" with their flippers, that sounded on the dark calm air like small cannon blasts.

"Look at that beast!" cried Fritz, as we struggled along in our canoe in the wake of the Indians. "Look! Look!" he cried out again—there was no danger but certainly a great skull-like sea-lion with drops of blue phosphorescent flame dripping off nose and ears—like some weird animal fire-eater—was ont, to say the least, cheering. Then we ran aground in the estuary tideflats, and we both had to step out into the dark crab infested waters and lift our craft over the sandbank. "Ouch! Ouch!" screamed Fritz when something grabbed a tender pink toe. "Look! Look!" he called again as a host of spawning salmon tumbled over one another in a very riot of blue fire—all about us—the ripples on the kelp, the salmon, the dogfish—really small sharks, the wake of the canoe all, all was clearly outlined in the strange weird phosphores-

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cence—suddenly, as we passed over the bar into the tide current, we left these natural ocean lights and passed through a space of intense blackness. We had lost all sight and sound of our guide and his fellow tribesmen now, in fact I did not know just where the Pass was, and I had no mind to be swept down its dark rapid waters at midnight.

"See the torches!" called Fritz from the bow. Ahead, like some ancient rite, rose and fell on the smooth roll of the Sound, the fires of the fleet of fishermen, each a gleaming pile of pine knots on the sanded decks of the bows. Soon we swept with the tide into this strange scene—imagine the awful blackness of oceanside midnight. I could just dimly see Fritz in the bow, so you can tell something of the murk about us, people; this vast pall of gloom with strange glaring fires that leaped and fell convulsively, above each fire stand the copper figure of a naked Indian. Watch that sinewy figure in the nearest craft as we sweep along—up leaps the long yellow arm, out flashes the bright steel spear, down plunges arm and weapon both—"splash" flies the ruddy water, up—up sweeps the arm—out into the red circle in the intense black quivers and struggles an impaled fish, the water, running down the spear and along the arm, falls in drops of gleaming blood into the hidden sea beside—then the flames lower and the scene passes—to be renewed in a dozen places at once.

We had neglected to sand our bow so Fritz took off—well a part of his raiment, and leaped over into the shallow water and paddle splashed some onto the bow, then he legged out a bag of fir roots and piled some on it, scratched a match—on my coat—and soon we had our own torch. Fritz replaced part of his well—attire—removed other parts and stood up in the bow spear in hand. "Splash" and a flat-fish fell into the canoe—splash and he sent his small spear clean through a fine eating grey crab—ignoring the myriad salmon—poor spawning things—that leaped and spattered on every side, turning not aside even when an inquisitive harbour seal poked its human looking face up right beside us, not even raising his head when wild fowl, even our favorite widgeon, rose calling loudly from some tide runnel. No! he was watching for a sturgeon or a halibut, he might as well have looked for a sea elephant as the latter, but ignorance is bliss. We were still running along rapidly with the tide, and flatfish and crabs and one small eel had flapped to their end on the canoe's bottom, when the lad spied, or yet thinks and swears he did, a small mud shark on the bottom. Up! leaped the hand, down shot the spear! —he struck it as true as the arrow to the bulls-eye, struck it so hard that the spear lodged and remained fast—on—on swept the canoe—out—out leaned the fat boy's dark figure—out—out until spear and handle and boy were one straight line nearly level with the water, then there came a "splash" and the fish and I were all alone in the canoe.

I could hardly check the canoe for laughing. I could hear Fritz say, "Oh—laugh! you wouldn't laugh if you were walking on barnacles and Ouch! sharp ones, too." I got the canoe about finally and poled up to the dark figure, he had not yet pulled the spearhead out of the rotten, sand-incrusted log, but he swears the shark was "hovering just over the log, see!"

The early morning stars were twinkling as the flotilla swept into the Indian village bay and, lest we might have to eat some more raw dainties of the Pacific, Fritz and O'poots and I continued on our travels.

The Boys Like Them

"We like Buster Brown Stockings because we are not afraid to play hard and then have to go home and show mother the holes we have rubbed or torn in our stockings. And the stockings are mighty comfortable too."

The Mothers Like Them

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B

The Good Time Coming

Come hither, lads, and hearken
For a tale there is to tell,
Of the wonderful days a-coming
When all shall be better than well.

For that which the worker winneth
Shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing
By him that sowed no seed.

Then all mine and all thine shall be ours
And no more shall any man crave
For riches that serve for nothing
But to fetter a friend for a slave.

And what wealth then shall be left us
When none shall gather gold
To buy his friend in the market
And pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city
And the little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty
And the happy fields we till.

And the painter's hand of wonder,
And the marvelous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music,
All those that do and know.

For these shall be ours and all men's,
Nor shall any lack a share
Of the toil and the gain of living
In the days when the world grows fair.

—William Morris.

Low Fares and Tourist Cars to Pacific Coast

In connection with the low fare excursion tickets on sale to Vancouver and Victoria on January 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, and February 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, it is officially announced in passenger circles of the Canadian Northern Railway that they will operate through Tourist Cars from Winnipeg to Vancouver on January 12th and 14th and again on February 9th and 11th. Connecting trains for these cars will leave Regina and Saskatoon January 13th and 15th, February 10th and 17th; and cars will leave Edmonton January 14th and 16th, February 11th and 13th.

This announcement should occasion no small amount of interest among those many who show a preference for this economically comfortable mode of traveling.

That the ever popular Tourist Car has lost none of its favor with the traveling public, was afforded ample proof by the great rush for reservations during the past week or so on the cars of this type now operating between Winnipeg and Toronto.

It is a source of great satisfaction to the passenger officials that the Tourist Cars—which, to have properly equipped and added to the now famous Eastern Canada Express, they have gone to considerable pains—are finding such great favor with a judge so critical—the Western Canadian public.

These Tourist Cars provide all the luxury of the Standard Sleeping Car at almost half the cost.

Canada's Financial Situation

As disclosed by the Addresses of the President and General Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at the Annual Meeting of that Bank.

Sir Edmund Walker, President of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, speaking at the annual meeting of his bank, thus reviews the changes brought about by the war in Canada's trade position.

President's Address.

When in 1913 we came to the end of a period of expansion we found ourselves like a healthy but overgrown youth, still dependent upon the mother. We had to sell over 400 millions of securities in order to settle our foreign debit balance for the Dominion fiscal year ending March 31st, 1913. During the year ending March, 1914, the difference between our exports and imports decreased by 130 millions, but still left over 300 millions to be provided by the sale of securities in a market very much more difficult than that of the year before. More than one-half of the year ending March, 1915, was affected by the war, and the situation was still further improved to the extent of over 144 millions. For the six months ending September, 1915, there is a further improvement of 80 millions as compared with the previous year, but this same half year, when compared with the corresponding period in 1914, shows an improvement of 109 millions. For reasons explained a year ago, coin and bullion are left out of our totals.

International Position.

The following figures will illustrate the astonishing change in our international position:—

	Imports	Exports	Excess Imports	Excess Exports
1913	$686,515,536	$377,068,355	$309,447,181	.....
1914	635,383,222	455,437,224	179,945,998	.....
1915	497,376,961	461,442,509	35,934,452	.....
6 months	228,335,678	273,377,082	.....	$45,041,404

In order to estimate our true position, we must add to the excess of imports the interest due upon Canadian securities held abroad, now estimated at about 140 to 150 millions, and we may count upon any excess of exports as available to pay this interest. During the last half of the present Dominion fiscal year the effect of the export of our great crops, of our manufactured munitions, prepared foodstuffs, cattle, horses, etc., will be felt, and the excess of exports by 31st March, 1916, should be about equal to our interest charges payable abroad.

In 1913 we knew that we had used our credit to the available limit, but we hoped gradually to move into safer conditions. If anyone had suggested that we could so adjust matters within three years as to have a credit balance in our foreign trade, instead of a debit, and that this credit balance would be large enough to offset our interest payable abroad, our answer would have been that it was folly to indulge such hopes.

This demonstration of what we can accomplish under pressure has, of course, greatly strengthened the credit of Canada, so that, while, for obvious reasons, we cannot at the moment sell securities in Great Britain or in Europe, we are building up a market for them in the United States which, when we consider the enormous increase in wealth taking place in that country at the moment, we may well hope is not of a temporary character.

In Canada the building of almost all private or public works, causing a lock-up of capital, has stopped for the moment; individuals are buying less extravagantly, even if there is not sufficient effort to economize; everybody who has not enlisted can find work to do; and for a very large part of our national production, from the farm to the machine-shop, there is a persistent demand by the Allies. All this tends to produce a condition of prosperity, with ease in the money market, and if, like the United States, we were a neutral country instead of one engaged in the war, our national wealth would be increasing at a pace undreamed of in our past history.

We are proud, however, that we are not among the neutrals, but among those who are fighting for the liberty of the world, and for this, in addition to the loss of life which our honor roll represents, we ourselves must bear now and must ask our children to bear, a great cost in money.

A year ago everybody in Canada was urged to put into his particular effort in life an energy and seriousness of purpose adequate to the needs of the great war. If we cannot fight we should help in the countless other ways that are open to us. Nature smiled on our efforts, and we have been blessed with the greatest crops ever known in any new country. This has silenced the pessimists, and our great West is more sure of its future than ever. Indeed, for loftier reasons all Canada feels much more sure of its future than it has ever done before. That overgrown youth, leaning upon his mother, has suddenly found himself, and to the call to play the man has responded so well that his place among the younger nations and his influence in the greatest empire in the world are assured. The war, however, is still at its height, and there is little sign of such an end as we must attain if we are to follow our natural course in peace. We cannot afford to relax our energies for a moment; such efforts as we made in 1915 should be increased in 1916, and the need for personal and public economy is not lessened a particle by the prosperity incidental to the war. I notice that when some citizen takes the trouble to indicate particular forms of economy he is met with criticism. Of course, economy for one man would be a great indulgence for another, and each must settle for himself the scale on which he can lessen his expenditure. We are exceedingly fortunate that such an income tax as that in Great Britain does not settle the question most drastically for each of us. It must be clear that every time we buy something outside of Canada we weaken our national finances, unless our purchases consist of material which will in some form or other be exported again. This does not mean that we can avoid making large purchases abroad, but that we can avoid unnecessary purchases. It must also be clear that when any man avoids expenditure which it would be quite natural to make in times of peace, he can invest the amount saved in war loans, and every dollar saved and thus invested is a blow struck on behalf of the Allies. So well is this need for personal economy understood in England that some of the great banks who have not heretofore had savings departments like those in Canadian banks have now established them.

Clearing House Returns.

The contraction in ordinary business, which began in 1913 and was greatly increased by the war, is most forcibly illustrated by the figures of the building permits in our four principal cities. For the last four years they are as follows:

	1912	1913	1914	1915
Montreal	$19,642,000	$27,032,000	$17,619,000	$7,495,000
Toronto	27,401,000	27,038,000	20,672,000	6,651,000
Vancouver	19,388,000	10,423,000	4,484,000	1,593,000
Winnipeg	20,475,000	18,621,000	12,160,000	1,826,000

A drop from $87,000,000 to $17,500,000 in three years is so great as to affect severely almost every branch of trade, particularly those directly connected with building, but it is a matter for congratulation that we have been able to withstand this sharp re-adjustment and still maintain our prosperity, the very thing we feared we might not be able to do with credit to ourselves.

General Manager's Address.

The shareholders of the bank were also addressed by the new general manager, Mr. John Aird. His remarks dealt principally with the business of the bank during the year.

The statement presented to you to-day is a striking illustration of our policy during the year. The net profits amounted to $2,352,035, or 8.25 per cent., upon the moneys which belong to the shareholders of the Bank, that is, upon the total of the paid-up Capital and Rest. We have, as usual, appropriated $80,000 for the Officers' Pension Fund, and after paying the war tax of 1 per cent upon our note circulation, amounting to $122,906, subscribing $5,000 to the British Red Cross Fund and reserving as a special appropriation the sum of $1,000,000 against possible further depreciation in the values of the stocks, bonds and similar securities owned by the Bank, we have been able to carry forward $461,892 at the credit of Profit and Loss Account.

An Additional Precaution.

It is the time-honored custom and wise precaution of every general manager of a Canadian bank upon first assuming the responsibilities of his position to assure himself that each individual asset of his bank represents the value assigned to it in its books and published statements. Upon undertaking this important duty, I found that the conditions brought into being by the war, and particularly the restrictions placed upon the leading security markets of the world, had made the task one of unusual difficulty. The hazards of war have not only seriously lowered the prices of all securities, but they have introduced an element of doubt into existing values which it is difficult to allow for in dollars and cents. As a matter of additional precaution, therefore, we have taken the step of reserving out of Profit and Loss Account, as a special provision against these contingencies, the sum of $1,000,000. After the war has been successfully prosecuted to a close, it is probable that some, if not all, of this amount will come back sooner or later into profits.

No Unnecessary Expenditures.

The note circulation stands in the balance sheet at $16,397,907, an increase of $1,455,350 as compared with the figures of a year ago, and only a few thousand dollars short of the record figures of 1912. This is due to the demands made upon us for moving the large grain crops of the country.

The deposits of the bank show a satisfactory increase, distributed under every heading, the total increase being slightly over $13,000,000. Bills payable again show a considerable decrease, the figures being $1,501,442 as against $3,924,151 a year ago, or a decrease of $2,422,708, due largely to the effect of the war upon our foreign exchange business and to the unsatisfactory conditions which have prevailed in the exchange markets during the year.

In view of the general situation we have thought it prudent to keep strong in cash reserves, particularly in gold, the medium for the settlement of international obligations, and that it might be the more readily available for such purposes we have carried an unusually large proportion of our holdings at points outside of Canada. Our total holdings of coin and legals are $39,901,993. If to this amount we add the balances due us by other banks and correspondents, our holdings of government and municipal bonds and stocks, and call and short loans, our liquid assets amount to $101,173,357, or 47.62 per cent of our liabilities to the public.

Current Loans Increase.

Total Current Loans show an increase of $2,037,254, more than accounted for by an increase of $3,704,464 in Call and Short Loans due to the policy of keeping our assets in the most liquid shape possible during the unstable conditions which are the outcome of the war. The fact that our loans show an increase despite the shrinkage which has taken place in general business, bears witness to our earnest efforts to assist the business community to the utmost of our ability consistent with prudence, and should be sufficient answer to those persons who assert in the press and on the public platform that the banks have failed to provide the necessary financial assistance for the commerce of the country. There are some who go further, and by quoting the figures of Canadian bank deposits without setting alongside these figures those of the loans, mislead the public and cause them to look upon the banks as enemies to the public welfare. To all such, I say, the figures of our balance sheet are sufficient answer. There has been a reduction of $7,935,233, or over 37 per cent, in the total of securities held, occurring principally in those classed as railway and other bonds, debentures and stocks. In view of the extent to which we have been, and are still likely to be, called upon to assist in the various measures taken to finance the war, it seemed wise to take every reasonable opportunity of realizing upon our holdings of securities. Total assets show an increase of $5,057,441, which may be considered very satisfactory growth under the conditions which have prevailed.

Turnovers of $15,000,000,000

Our records show that on the average we handle every dollar of our assets over 60 times a year, so that the figures at which they stand indicate a turnover of 15 billions of dollars during the year. In return for the immense labor and heavy responsibility involved in handling this huge sum, we have earned slightly more than one-and-a-half cents on every hundred dollars.

As indicated in our remarks on the figures of the balance sheet, we have joined with the other banks in subscribing for our proportion of the $25,000,000 of the Canadian 5 per cent War Loan, taken by the banks in order to ensure the success of the issue. The exact amount of our subscription was $3,426,000, and in this connection I am sure that the success of our able Finance Minister, Sir Thomas White, in obtaining through this domestic loan the sum of $100,000,000, or twice the sum asked for, must be a source of pride to every Canadian. The loan marks a notable turning-point in the economic history of Canada.

In addition, this Bank has participated in the various British war loans and other measures adopted to finance the war, and has subscribed $250,000 to the French 5 per cent War Loan just floated. We also placed at the disposal of our Italian Allies the facilities of this Bank and its branches for the purpose of accepting any subscriptions which Italian residents in Canada might desire to make to the 5 per cent War Loan of their native country. Nor do these various contributions constitute the whole of our share of the financial burden of the war. Of the special taxation imposed by the Dominion Government as a result of the war, our share has so far amounted to over $160,000, apart altogether from additional real estate and other taxes imposed for the same purpose, the amount of which is not readily arrived at.

The Bank's Taxation.

There is an impression abroad which appears to exist even among many who should be better informed, that the banks do not bear their just share of taxation. During the year we paid in taxes, Dominion, Provincial and Municipal, over 27 per cent of our net profits, or, to make the statement in more concrete form, inclusive of the special war taxes, we paid no less than six hundred and fifty thousand dollars in taxes. These figures surely show that this Bank bears at least its fair share of taxation; probably there are not many other businesses in which the proportion of taxes to net income is so high.

Officers on Military Duty.

The members of the staff number 2828, made up as follows:—

Officers	2,187
Stenographers	407
Messengers	234

in addition to which we have 369 janitors, making a total of 3,197 persons permanently employed by the Bank. The number of officers who had taken up military duty at December 31st was 748, representing 27 per cent of our staff, 30 per cent of our male staff, and over 34 per cent of those of military age, that is, from 18 to 45 years of age. We have seen the actual figures in connection with only a few of the other banks and corporations, but we have yet to learn of anything which approaches the sacrifice which we have been called upon to make either in extent or in the proportion of the figures. We have made many sacrifices in order to allow officers to take up military duty without delay, and have placed no restrictions in the way of their doing so, although this policy has resulted in our losing the services of those officers whose special training made it difficult for us to replace them.

Twenty-five of our officers have already laid down their lives on the battlefield and a further 50 to 60 have appeared in the casualty lists. When the war is over it is our intention to erect a suitable tablet or some other form of permanent memorial to these brave and loyal young men. We have already communicated with the families of those who have laid down their lives, and it only remains to express in a general way our regret at their loss and our appreciation of the fact that the members of the staff of this Bank are made of such stuff that they can be counted upon to do their duty no matter in what form that duty may be presented to them.

We have recently taken the forward step of issuing a Monthly Commercial Letter dealing with conditions of trade and commerce at home and abroad, and pointing out when possible the bearing of current events on the business outlook. The first number was issued last month, and as it is prepared by competent authorities we commend it to the careful perusal of those into whose hands it may come. We shall be glad to send it on application to any one whose name is not now on our mailing list.

We also desire to draw attention to the very copious and authentic portrayal of the conditions which have prevailed in the various parts of Canada, Great Britain and in the foreign countries where this Bank does business, which is given in the Review of Business Conditions for 1915, of which copies have been distributed to you. The various parts of this Review will be found worthy of careful study.

Optimistic on Future.

With regard to the future, our view on the whole cannot but be optimistic. Thanks to the ability of our public men to cope with an unprecedented situation, and the determination of our people to effect personal and public economies, we have been able to bring about a most amazing adjustment from the prosperous enjoyment of an abounding flow of borrowed capital to a condition of severe trade contraction. Our harvests have been bountiful, our cultivated acreage has been increased and our factories have been entrusted with large contracts for army equipment, munitions and foodstuffs. While this terrible war must bring us much anguish and sorrow, it is clear that in proportion to her population no country will benefit economically to a greater degree than Canada.

The Late General Manager.

I cannot close these remarks without referring to my predecessor, Mr. Laird. Since his untimely death we have received numberless testimonies, not only to the high esteem in which his business talents were held, but also to that strong note of personal affection which his human qualities evoked in all those who knew him. Fully charged though his mind was with other matters appertaining to the interests of the Bank, the subject of the staff was always uppermost in his thoughts and he was ever the first to evidence gratification in their success, sympathy in their misfortunes and leniency towards their shortcomings. In him the Bank has lost a staunch and fearless leader and the staff, particularly, a great and good friend.

It is well not to encourage unduly musical talent that is only mediocre, but there is seldom need of going so far as the teacher of whom the Birmingham Post relates the following:

The musical lady sat in the salon of the great professor. Not only was she full of ambition, but she bubbled over with conceit.

"Professor," said she, in self-satisfied tones that ruffled the old man's nerves, "do you think I shall ever do anything with my voice?"

"Madam," he replied, "if there were a conflagration in your road, your voice would be useful to scream 'Fire!'"

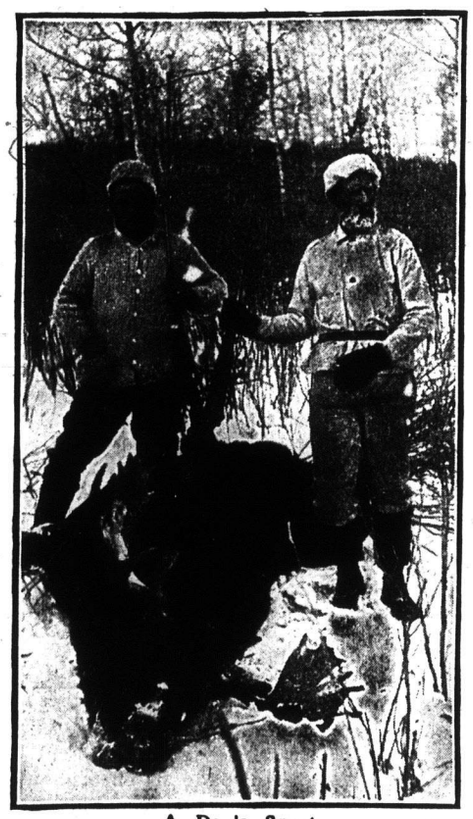
You Never Can Tell

By Francis J. Dickie

DEAR SIR:-

We beg to inform you that His Lordship, The Rt. Honorable Duke of Kentville, one of our English stockholders, is making a tour of the north country. He will arrive at your post on the steamer "Northland Sun," on its trip in July. As the hunting and fishing facilities in your district are superior to any of our other Northern posts, he will spend the remainder of the summer in your district, making your post headquarters. You will kindly extend every possible courtesy to His Lordship in the way of men and boats should he require them, and as much as possible devote yourself to his entertainment.

Yours very truly,
C. H. BOREHAM,
First Commissioner.



A Day's Sport

in the Riding Mountains, Manitoba, the fall of 1915, the "prey" weighing about 1200. The elderly sportsman is Jno. B. Elliott, and the younger, David Lamont, both of Melita section

"Well, what do you think of that!"

Macdonald, factor for twenty-five years at Fort Rice Hudson's Bay Post, tossed over a letter which the monthly steamboat on its regular trip had sent ashore a few minutes before. It bore the heading of the Winnipeg office. Irwin, the clerk, picked it up eagerly. He was only a couple of years out from civilization and news was a very precious thing at this outpost in the Mackenzieland wilderness. Finishing it without comment Irwin passed the letter back to his superior, at the same time watching with interest the factor's face. Macdonald had dropped into his big chair in the storeroom and was staring with angry frown at the sloping stretch of ground that led down to the boat landing.

Sparse of speech, the explosive words of the moment before, coupled with the handing over of a confidential letter from headquarters, were eloquent tokens of how deeply moved the old man was.

"A real lord!" Macdonald went on disgustedly. "Just think of it, saddled here all summer with one of them. No doubt the first question he'll pester me with after he's got settled will be as to the relative value of snowshoes as compared to those of moccasins for warm winter wear."

Born in the Northland and for fifty years a part of it, the veteran factor's knowledge and opinion of the English peerage was based upon scattered readings of their movements and doings gleaned from the occasional American magazines and Eastern papers that from time to time found their way in by passing steamers.

"D'you remember, Johnny, a bit of a book back there about a month ago wi' a story and picture of the Duke of Something-or-other in it? A fine lookin' specimen he was, with his silk hat and fixin's. I guess they'll be all alike and can you ken me escortin' him about the country here and kept busy most of the time keepin' him from shootin' my Indians and the like?" Macdonald shook his head mournfully and lapsed into silence.

Irwin ventured no remark. He was too astonished. Never, in all the two years of his service at the Fort, had the factor discoursed at such length.

It was the tenth of July. Supper was over. Macdonald and his clerk sat in front of the Fort smoking their evening pipe and gazing down the river that, winding in sinuous stretches, was lost to sight in the banks that, half a mile beyond, rose a hundred feet in the air. Suddenly the silence was broken by a long raucous shriek, the whistle of the "Northland Sun."

Startled, both men rose hurriedly. "Man, man, that's the 'Northland Sun.' She's ten days early. Ten more days of

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my lord, the Duke's company, than we expected!" Shaken out of his wonted calm, the factor hurried within, followed by Irwin. Together, with rapid hands, they began straightening up the extra bedroom in the living part of the Fort.

The long twilight of the Northern summer region's night had blurred the distant stretches of the river into indistinctness when the steamer whistled for a landing, and the two men hurried down to take in the lines.

One end of the rough board gangway was thrown over the boat's side, Macdonald and Irwin making fast its clamps in the logs of the pier. Finishing, they stood at respectful attention awaiting the landing of their distinguished guest.

From among the little crowd gathered about the gangway, a tall individual, roughly clad and with a battered hat of felt set jauntily upon the back of his head, came down the gangplank. In one hand he held a much battered grip, while over his shoulder was slung a well filled regulation pack sack. As he landed Macdonald and Irwin nodded cordially but paid him no further attention and remained awaiting the coming of their noble visitor.

For several moments the captain and the factor remained exchanging river gossip. "Well, I guess that's all," finally called Captain Barker, "I gave the passenger all your mail, so you can cast off, Mac. We're trying to make this one a record trip."

"But his Lordship! where is he?" Macdonald asked in bewilderment.

"His Lordship! What Lordship?" There was equal mystification in the captain's voice.

"That's funny. I had word there was one coming in on this boat," the factor returned as he laid to the bow line. A minute later the stern wheeler, with loud churning, backed into the open water and went threshing down river, the disturbed waters forming little wavelets, which, rolling inshore, broke with low splashing.

For the minute both men had forgotten their passenger, but as they turned to return to the post they came face to face with him sitting placidly upon his pack-sack, languidly rolling a cigarette.

"I beg your pardon, sir," Macdonald said contritely, all the hospitality of his Scotch nature and fifty years of wilderness dwelling in his voice, "but I'm a bit upset through expectin' an important member of the company. Come on up to the house and make yourself at home."

After the manner of the Northland the factor asked no questions, and the newly arrived, making no comment, the three trudged in silence up to the Fort.

A few moments later, under the lamplight within the store room, the stranger dug into his pocket bringing out a letter whose soiled and dirty envelope gave signal of long carrying.

"Mr. Macdonald, I presume," he remarked, addressing the factor.

"Why, yes," slightly surprised.

The stranger handed over the much-carried letter and began lazily rolling another cigarette as Macdonald tore open the envelope. There was a moment's silence, then a long drawn gasp from the factor. His hands dropped to his side. He stared in amazement at the man before him.

"Why, your Lordship, I really beg your pardon. You see, you see....." Macdonald floundered hopelessly, "well .....I.....we.....that is.....I was expectin'.....expectin' something different. I mean," the old factor labored on more embarrassed every moment, "that is, your Lordship, we expected you'd be slightly.....er.....er..... more dressed-up like." The factor stopped breathless, red of face and, for the first time in thirty years, hopelessly discomfitted.

Rising, the Duke held out his hand. "Why, that's all right," he said good naturedly. "I suppose it was hardly fair, me coming this way, but the fact is at Montreal and everywhere else I stopped on the road out I was wined and dined and made speeches to. So when I got to the edge of the wilderness at the landing I thought I'd just try and be an ordinary human being, that's all I am anyway you know," his Lordship went on humorously, "but people would nsist on putting me on a pedestal just because I happened to be one of the nobility. So instead of using my pass which the company gave me for the boat, I bought a ticket at the landing, threw on an old suit of clothes, bought a pack-sack and an old grip and packed what I needed in them and here I am. As for apologies you owe me none. In fact, if anything there is one coming to you for my little deception."

There was a moment's strained silence, then Irwin broke it with a laugh. "Say, that's a hell of a good idea," he said enthusiastically and then caught himself as he noted Macdonald's little frown of disapproval. So Irwin shut up rather more suddenly than he had intended, remembrance coming that after all their guest was a real lord no matter what his clothes were like and, being such, could not be treated as an ordinary human being or praised or blamed for his actions or bearing.

Once more the conversation lapsed. The factor, his composure regained, sat quietly observing his visitor. Tall, spare, youthful, the Duke of Kentville did not look over twenty-five. His face, smooth, regular featured, was boyishly frank. As he sat there, browned by weeks of river travelling and ragged of clothes, he more resembled a deck-hand than a peer of the realm. And because this real life type of the nobility did not compare with his mind image, the factor's innate Scotch sense of fitness was upset. So in spite of the Duke's air of camaraderie his evident good fellowship which, in spite of himself, appealed to the factor's Northern bred nature, Macdonald was not satisfied. The Duke still failed to shake those set beliefs as to the uselessness and imbecility of titled persons which had been created in the factor's mind by years of out of the world living and information gathered only by word of mouth and from printed page. This scion of the nobility, though a husky young man who packed his own donnage and seemed in every way like an ordinary wholesome human being could not really be a man, must be lacking somewhere.

Though he came not in silk hat and broadcloth, mouthing foolish questions, still the factor was not to be reconciled. A duke was a duke, there was no getting away from the realization.

Concluding his reflections, Macdonald suggested retiring and after seeing his guest to his room retired illy pleased with the happenings of the day.

The Duke of Kentville had been at Fort Rice a week. An interesting week it had been. The surrounding country, alive with small game, afforded him ample opportunity to satisfy his fondnes for shooting.

It was upon Saturday morning that Macdonald, having to go down river to adjust some trouble that had arisen among the Indians of a nearby camp, suggested to the Duke that he and Irwin row down river with him.

As the big row boat moved lazily down stream the factor laid out the plan of the day.

The Indian camp he was bound for lay several miles inland and some distance down river. By leaving him at a point on the river a little above this camp, the factor explained, they could spend the day fishing, moving slowly down the stream picking out the spots at which the fishing was best. Finishing his business, instead of returning to the disembarkation point, he would head down stream from the Indian camp and come out at Point of Rock Canyon, some ten miles further on the river. This triangular route, while not a great deal longer than if he returned to the spot where first landed, would afford them a full day's fishing over plenty of river. Also upon the whole of the return trip there would be three pair of hands to man the oars against the current, whereas by his returning to the original starting point, Irwin and the Duke would have

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a long two-handed pull against the stream before they reached him.

Reaching the desired point, the factor went ashore and cut inland to the Indian camp. Adjusting the differences here in much shorter time than he had expected he turned his steps toward the river and struck out for Point of Rock Canyon, which loomed plainly ahead of him some five miles to the left.

Reaching here Macdonald climbed up the easily sloping side of the rock at the canyon's mouth and perched upon the top scanned the river for the approach of the fishermen.

A scant quarter mile above Point of Rock Canyon the river divided into two courses. The main portion turned abruptly to the left continuing broad, shallow and slow flowing. The lesser stream, a scant fifty feet in width, turned to the right and flowed swiftly on between narrow, fairly high banks of sand till it reached Point of Rock Canyon. The canyon, a narrow cleft, extended some three hundred feet through a stretch of low rock, cast up at some far distant time by volcanic upheaval. The minature mountain did not rise above a height of fifty feet; its highest points marking the beginning of the canyon. From here it sloped gradually down and at the canyon's end ran into sloping banks of sand almost level with the water.

Finding the fishing particularly good the Duke and Irwin had made slow progress, at several places tying the boat up to the overhanging trees and fishing from overside of the boat.

Macdonald had been seated perhaps an hour when he saw the boat come around the bend of the river and reach the point where the main stream turned off. Here hurrying it onward over the scant quarter mile of water to the rapids, which, high and foaming, lashed through the boulder strewn canyon. However, a moment after the factor had raised his voice in warning, the men in the boat realized their danger. Macdonald saw with satisfaction both leap to the centre of the boat and man an oar. Their work, however, upon the oars was uneven. Instead of pulling against the current, in three strokes they had the boat broadside to it. Before they could point its nose once more down stream the choppy water poured over the side, overturning it and carrying it under.

For a moment only whirling water and spray met the factor's frightened gaze. Then the overturned boat bobbed up and clinging to it was the Duke. Boat and man passed opposite the factor, who lying on his stomach, had crawled to the ledge edge and was leaning far over. A little farther back and closer to shore Macdonald now caught sight of the clerk. For a moment Irwin appeared upon the surface. His arms waved up and down the waters that flowed to the canyon became swifter, the current formerly hardly felt grew strong and swift.

As Macdonald saw the boat approach this point he arose to clamber down and join them, expecting them to pull ashore here and wait for his appearance.

Intent on their trolling the boatmen had not noted the increasing speed of the boat now moving down the lesser stream. Then Macdonald remembered that Irwin, though familiar with the stream, had never been in a row boat at this point and would consequently not think of the danger of being caught in the current and carried through Point of Rock Canyon. The factor uttered a warning yell, but, with the wind against him, the distance was too far for his voice to be heard. Macdonald saw with quickening horror the boat begin to bob in the beginning of the troubled water. The swift current now had the boat in its grip and was faster and faster in a splashing endeavor to keep above water. It was then that the factor remembered that his assistant could not swim. Macdonald was helpless. He had never acquired the art; few dwellers of the Northland do. Its waters, with their eternal cold offering scant inducement. Besides, even had he been an expert, a fifty-foot dive to the rock strewn river was before him. Once more Macdonald turned his eyes towards the Duke and what he saw made him clutch the rocks tighter. The Duke was leaving the boat, had cast himself free and was striking out at right angles to the current.

The act brought a gasp of surprise from the factor. Instead of striking for the nearest shore where the water was less swift and rough, the swimmer was headed across the stream. Then Macdonald realized that the Duke was striking out toward the spot where a moment before Irwin's body had shown.

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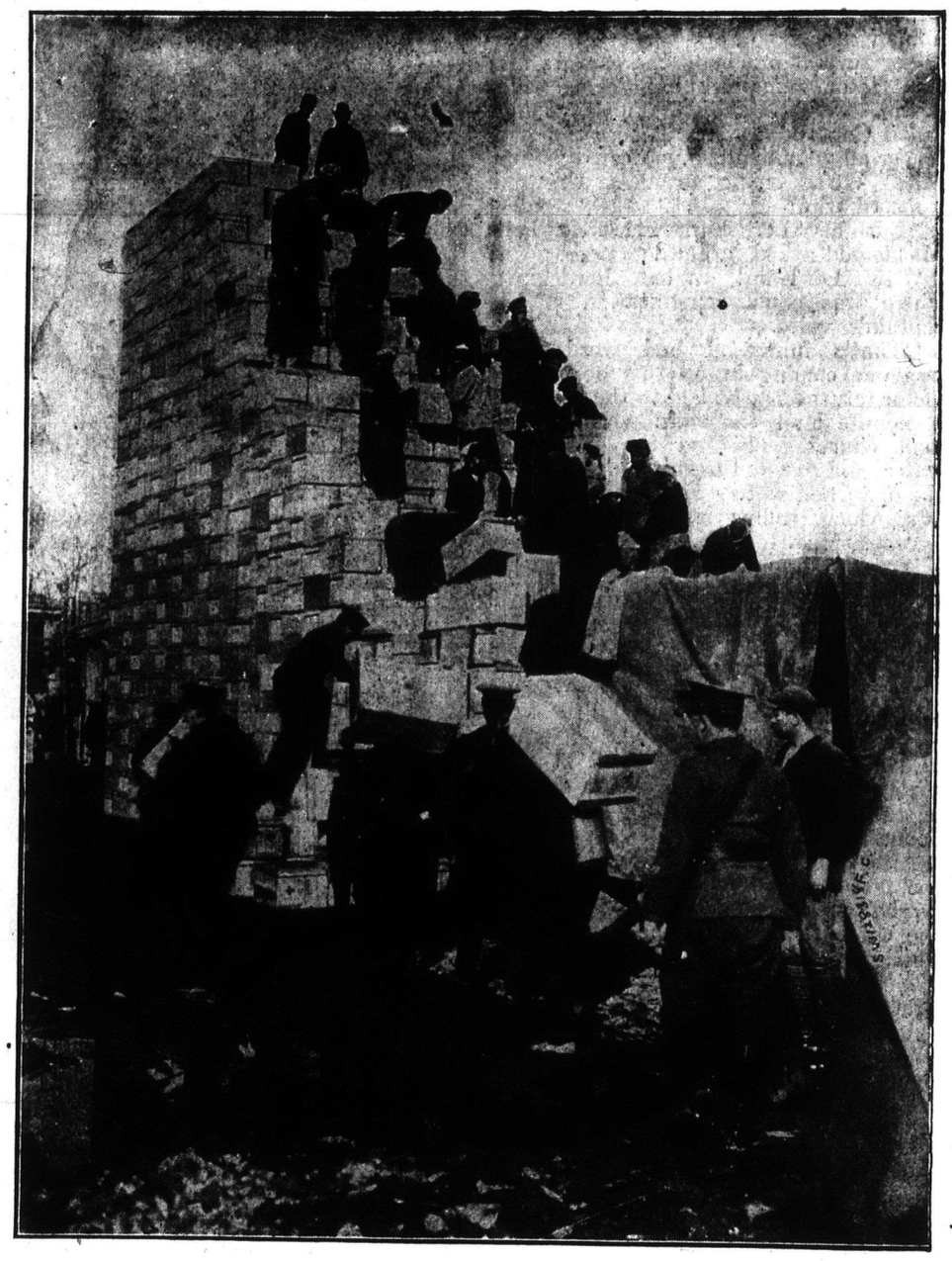

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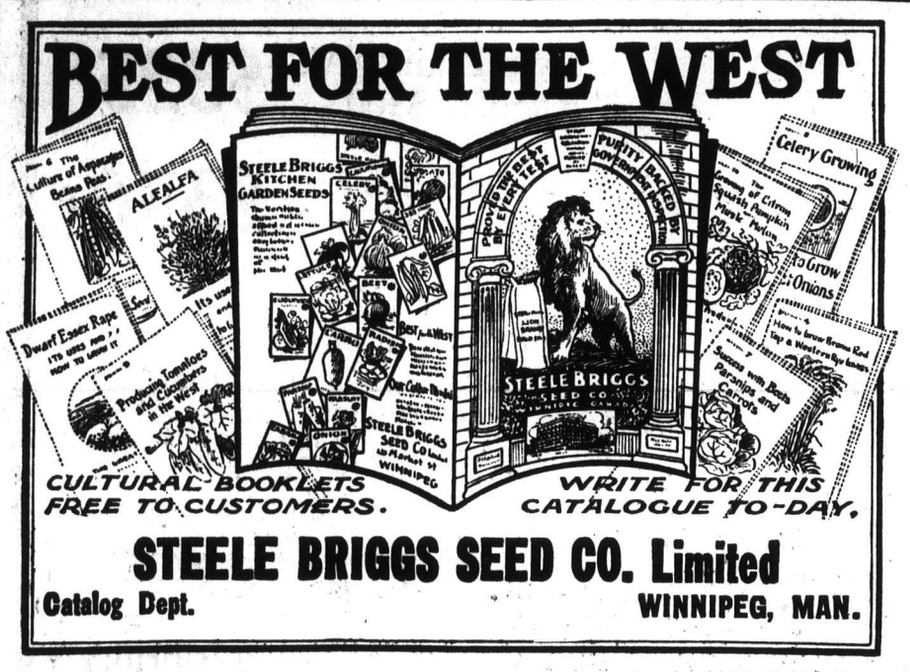

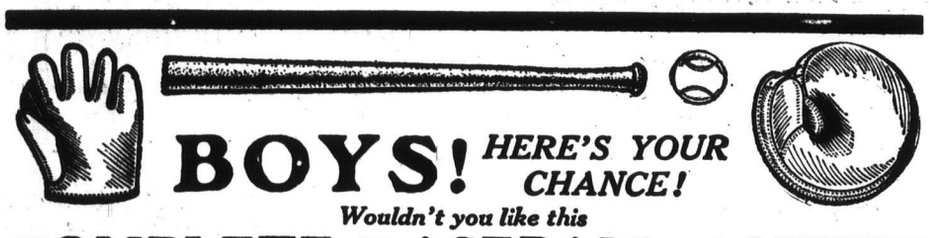

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R. G. TOBIN, Manager, 113 Mail Bldg, Toronto, Ont.

"Man, are you mad!" the factor shrieked wildly; but the roar of the water drowned his voice.

But the Duke was not mad. He had also seen Irwin come up and go down again. It was the first glimpse he had caught of his fellow boatman. Realizing the other's helplessness and sure of his own powers in the water, he at once struck out. In all, perhaps three minutes had elapsed between the overturning of the boat and the time when the Duke cast himself free from it and with long, powerful overhand strokes swam in Irwin's direction. The stream carried him rapidly downward, but his headway across was slow till he reached where the canyon ended. Here the banks became once more low and sloping and the water less swift and free of rocks.

From his observation point the factor saw in quick succession the swimmer reach the body of Irwin as it came up again. Saw him reach and with one sure hand grasp the drowning man. Irwin, after going down the second time, had been dashed against a boulder and now lay inert and unconscious. This in itself was a help to the rescuer, as he had no frenzied struggles to overcome. Slowly but surely he began making his way shoreward.

In frantic haste Macdonald came down the side of the butte. Reaching the shore level he ran along the bank to where the shelving of the shore allowed for a landing, and as the swimmer touched bottom and rose to a walking position with his charge in tow, Macdonald waded out and seized hold and together they dragged Irwin on shore.

Fortunately, coatless at the time of the accident and dressed only in trousers shirt and moccasins, the Duke was far from exhausted. The factor had only succeeded in drawing off Irwin's coat when the Duke was ready to aid with the resuscitation. With quick, trained hands the Duke went to work and Macdonald desisted, watching the other work in amazement.

In half an hour, very white and shaky but alright again, save for the blackened swelling upon his forehead, Irwin lay back conscious upon the shore.

As the Duke rose from making the clerk comfortable, Macdonald, moved by an overpowering impulse, reached over and grasped his guest's hand.

"Man, man, you ai'nt a Lord!" he roared, shaking the hand enthusiastically, "you're a real man!" Suddenly conscious of what he had said, the grizzled factor let fall the hand and with dropped eyes stood awkwardly kicking the sand of the beach. He was about to go on and try and cover up this horrible break when the Duke reached out and imprisoned his hand.

"Damn it, Macdonald!" he laughed boyishly, "I'm the happiest man in the world. It's worth coming a good many miles to hear just what you've said——— I'm a man am I! Well, thank the Lord for that, and now, perhaps for the rest of my stay here, you'll remember that and we will have no more of this stiffness and restraint and 'your Lordship' stuff has been the bane of my life."

For a long moment the two men's eyes met. Met as Northmen's eyes do, on a basis of friendship and equality. And from his prostrate position on the sand Irwin half raised himself up, emitting a faint cheer.

Mr Greeley at Table

Several of the anecdotes that our late ambassador to England, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, used to relate of Horace Greeley, his old chief on the Tribune, have recently been going the rounds of the press. Most of them refer to his peculiarities in the office; a few to those he displayed in company, especially at table, where his absent-mindedness and his queer theories combined to produce unexpected results.

Once, when he was to take supper with a daughter of Nathaniel Willis, founder of The Companion, she arranged the meal especially to suit his ideas. It was simple, and there were plenty of the Graham things that he advocated so ardently. But lest her own family should rebel, there were also hot rolls upon the table. Mr. Greeley's eye fastened upon them at once, and ignoring the Graham gems conveniently at hand, he reached for a hot roll—and then for another. As he began on a third, his hostess remarked that she was delighted to see that he liked her rolls, but that she had thought he did not eat such things.

"Fanny, do you always practise what you preach?" was the unperturbed rejoinder; and he made his entire meal off the delicious but indigestible rolls that his own decree had banished from the Greeley home—leaving a scant few for his table companions, who had to eke out their supper with the undesired gems.

But if he was funny when he knew what he ate, he was funnier when he did not—as in the famous episode of the crullers, which occurred at the table of his boarding-house. When the crullers were passed to him, instead of taking a single cruller, he accepted the entire basket, and absently placed it in his lap, as he continued his discourse. Presently, vaguely aware of something there, his hand wandered downward, and encountered a cruller. This he mechanically grasped, and raised to his mouth. Quite unaware of what he was doing, he ate and talked, talked and ate; cruller after cruller disappeared until the basket was empty. The company were convulsed with suppressed merriment; one or two had to leave the table, to have their laugh out in the hall.

But the kindly landlady, distressed on account of possible results, remembered having heard that the best antidote to indigestion was cheese. Quietly removing the empty cake-basket from Mr. Greeley's lap, she put in its place a plate of cheese, trusting to Providence that his habituated hand would continue its action. It did. His talk flowed on, but his fingers found the cheese, and it, too, disappeared to the last crumb.

Those who saw the sight, it is declared, were firm in the belief that Mr. Greeley did not know he had eaten anything that evening.

Sympathy

One of the charming characteristics of childhood is a certain delicacy and tenderness of sympathy. An instance is furnished by a little story that Mr. A. J. Swinburne tells in his "Memories of a School Inspector."

A young curate in Lancashire who, although too well-bred to boast, was conscious of the world of difference he was effecting in a parish that had suffered from the slackness of a rector of the old school, once asked his catechism class:

"Tell me one of the people who wrote the Bible?"

"Master Heyes," answered the class.

Even the curate's iron self-control could not prevent a shadow of disappointment from passing over his face.

But although the little girl just in front of him was not more than five, her eye, keen as a robin's, had read his thoughts, and her tiny voice whispered:

"Please, sir, you 'elped 'im."

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A Case for Diplomacy

By W. R. Gilbert

It was right on the main street, on a warm Saturday afternoon, that a climax suddenly developed itself in the love affairs of Mr. Horace Payne, clerk, and Miss Cissie Gregson, typist.

Mr. Payne came to a full stop in the middle of the sidewalk and gazed in sour reproach at Miss Gregson.

"Go on, say that again, that's all!"

"Oh, don't be silly!" she urged sharply. "Everyone's looking at you. Come along do!"

"Calls me 'silly' now," said Mr. Payne in shrill notes, addressing the world in general, "me—silly!"

"So you are," she retorted, "carrying on like that."

"Very well," he said stiffly. "Perhaps you would rather walk on alone."

"Much rather!" she snapped and, suiting action to the words, stepped briskly away.

Aghast at this unexpected independence Mr. Payne stared after her. When a dozen yards away she looked back at him. Mr. Payne, to demonstrate his complete ease of mind, swung his cane jauntily and was speedily engaged in an altercation with a gentleman whose flow of language severely criticized Mr. Payne's probable character. Mr. Payne made a few ineffective responses, shouldered his way through a grinning crowd, and hastened after Miss Gregson.

"There's got to be an end of this," muttered the ruffled Mr. Payne, as he hurried along. "I'm jolly well going to prove to Cissie that I'm boss before it's too late. Treating me as if I was a lump of dirt!"

He caught up with Miss Gregson at the window of the first milliner's shop.

"Got over yourself?" she queried pleasantly.

"Come down this side street," he said, "I've got something important to say to you."

With no visible sign of concern she accompanied him.

"Now then," he said impressively, "there's got to be an end of this!"

"Just what I was thinking," she retorted.

"If we are to be married in less than six weeks' time, we ought to know how we stand. I won't be treated like this."

"Well, I like that!" said Miss Gregson. "You come out in a bad temper and just because I won't agree with you in all you say, you make a silly of yourself."

"Oh, do I?" he queried, laboring under strong emotion.

"Yes, you do," she replied firmly.

"Silly, eh? Strikes me," he declared heatedly, "I made a silly of myself when I asked you to marry me."

Miss Gregson sniffed haughtily.

"That's soon remedied," she said icily, and began to take off a glove.

"Still, if you like to apologise—" he suggested, weakening a little.

Miss Gregson smiled amusedly at the idea of apologizing.

"That's right, laugh at me!" he bitterly exclaimed.

"I can't help it, you are so—so funny!"

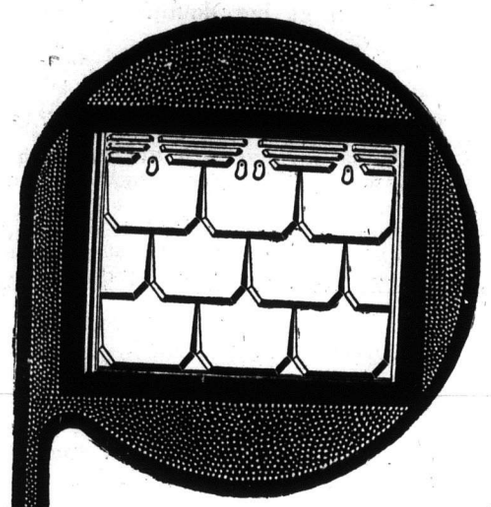
"That's enough!" snapped Mr. Payne. "The sooner we part, the better—only don't say I didn't give you a chance to apologize."

For answer the girl slipped a ring from off the third finger of her left hand and held it out.

"You don't seem much upset," he growled.

Lieut.-General Sir Percy Henry Noel Lake, New Commander of the British Forces at Mesopotamia.

Lieut.-General Sir Percy Henry Noel Lake, who has just succeeded General Sir John Nixon as commander of the British forces at Mesopotamia, has had a brilliant career in India and Egypt. He received a medal in the Afghan war of 1878-79, and also one in the Wolseley Nile Expedition of 1885. Later he went to reorganize the Canadian militia. He left Canada in 1911 to assume command of a division in India, but since 1912 he has been Chief of the General Staff in India.



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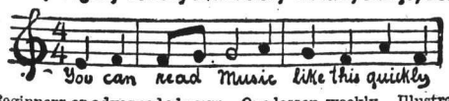

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"Why should I be?" she inquired simply.

Mr. Payne snatched the ring and put it in his pocket.

"That's all over then," he said.

"And just as well, too," she replied.

For a moment Mr. Payne stared blankly at her. She merely smiled.

"Well, I musn't stand chatting here all day," she said brightly.

"Then goodbye," said Mr. Payne in hollow tones. "Goodbye for ever," he added.

"Toodle-oo!" was Miss Gregson's frivolous response.

"If you like to apologize—" he said again.

"It's you who ought to apologize," she retorted.

"I do like that," said Mr. Payne. "When you——"

"Oh, don't let's begin it all over again!" she begged. "Goodbye Mr. Payne."

"Goodbye, Miss Gregson," he responded, bowing ceremoniously.

Miss Gregson, holding her head up, went on her way.

"If she turns at the corner and waves to me," determined Mr. Payne, "I shall go after her."

But Miss Gregson did not turn.

"Dash!" observed Mr. Payne forcibly, as he strolled back in rueful meditation.

Very soon he had calmed down sufficiently to look upon a future shorn of his sweetheart as presenting a vista of unrelieved gloom, and besides this there were complexities in that he and she had come upon a fascinating flat which had not been snapped up, so now Mr. Payne's signature adorned a document, which ensured for him the tenancy of the flat for one year. Again, sundry articles of furniture had been bought and others been taken on the instalment plan, and lastly friends and relations were already sounding them as to wedding presents, and the firm for which they both worked had already arranged to present them with the usual marble clock, with the usual inscription on it.

Here, then, was Mr. Payne and no wonder he found plenty of material for rueful thought.

"Shall I go after her and apologize?" he mused. "Say I was in a bad temper and it was all my fault? No!" he determined, "it may be my fault, but I'm not going to say so. No, I've got to be boss."

For a while he thought of living in the flat in lonely state, but the prospect was not alluring.

"No, I've got to get her back somehow. I'm not going to give her up. Strikes me this is a case for diplomacy. If I keep quiet she will come round. I must begin as I mean to go on."

He lit a fresh cigarette and went on—"Dignified reserve—that's the idea," he told himself. Lucky we work in the same office. It'll give her plenty of chance to say how sorry she is."

Having decided on this plan of action, Mr. Payne arrived at the office on Monday morning in a becoming mood of gravity. Miss Gregson was already seated at her machine, and gave him a stiff little bow, much to the astonishment of the office.

It was Miss Lampetter, the other typist, who first noticed the disappearance of Miss Gregson's ring, and the tidings soon spread.

Several times during the morning Mr. Payne cast furtive glances at Miss Gregson, to see signs of regret—but there were no signs.

It was during the luncheon hour the next day that there occurred a passage which caused Mr. Horace Payne many secret misgivings. The conversation had turned on the subject of Christian names for men.

"Well," said Miss Lampetter, "my favorite name is Ronald. What's yours?" turning to Miss Gregson.

Mr. Payne waited anxiously for the reply.

"Oh, I think Leonard is a perfectly lovely name," she said.

"Not Horace?" asked her companion cruelly.

"Oh, no, I like Leonard heaps better."

"Really?" queried the other.

"Yes, Leonard," replied Miss Gregson, with an ecstatic sigh. "They always seem to have such lovely curly hair."

With half a mind to speak to Miss Gregson that evening he lingered in the office, but she sailed serenely past him sniffing at a beautiful little bouquet of flowers.

The next morning he noticed that this bouquet had been replaced by another lovely bunch of flowers.

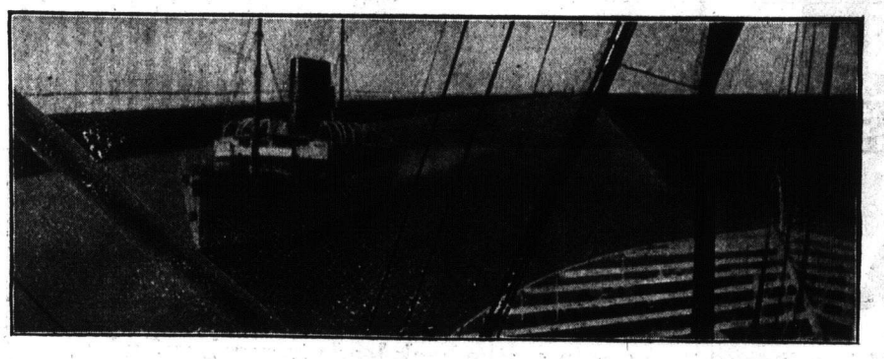
"She can't—can't have forgotten me," thought Mr. Payne, aghast. "And yet ——"

He felt a strong inclination to speak to her ere it was too late—and yet.

"If I do give in," he murmured, "it puts me in a false position. Once let a woman think she's got the whip hand and you're done for."

Another disturbing incident came with the afternoon, for Miss Gregson produced a letter from her bag and it was held in such a way that Mr. Payne could see that it was signed "Leonard," and that the lower half of the sheet had a regular dado of significant crosses.

"A nice thing," groaned Mr. Payne to himself. "Practically she is jilting me. I shall have to speak to her. And yet—well, I'll give her till to-morrow to apologize, and if she doesn't, well, I shall have to—climb down."



Passing through the Suez Canal, the waterway which has brought India so much nearer the Continent of Europe.

Immediately on his arrival at the office next morning something happened which sent his hopes skyward.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Payne," observed Miss Gregson. "Could you spare me a few minutes after the others have left to-day?"

"With great pleasure!" and with lofty civility: "I'm quite prepared to listen to anything you may have to say."

* * *

He spent the morning in imagining appeals for forgiveness and how he would finally overlook her offence.

"Only this time, though," he fancied himself saying, "never again, mind you!"

At last the other employees had gone.

"I'm at your service now, Miss Gregson," he said.

"Well, I—I wanted to speak to you about something, only I don't quite know how to start. I—I feel rather awkward about it."

Mr. Payne nodded encouragingly—this was the right spirit of humility.

"You'll find me quite reasonable," he assured her.

"I thought perhaps you would be under the circumstances," she admitted.

"I'll be as reasonable as I possibly can," he magnanimously replied.

"That's good, because if you wanted a fancy price for them, there's nothing more to be said."

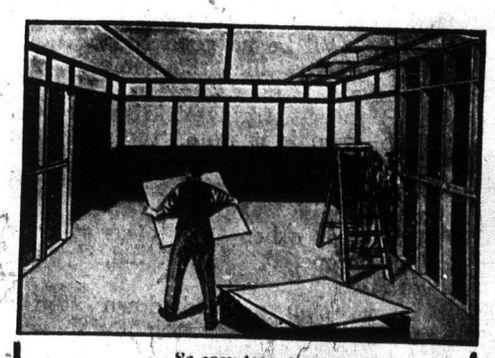
"Eh?" demanded Mr. Payne, startled.

"How stupid of me," she smiled. "Of course you don't know what I mean yet. Well, you know those two armchairs you bought?"

"What on earth have they got to do with it?"

"Why, if you care to sell them at a reasonable price, I know someone who would like to take them over. Them, and the fish knives and forks, too, if you like."

"You—know—someone—who—?" he breathed with difficulty.



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"Oh, and before I forget it, there's that flat. It'll be no good to you now, will it? If you like the same person would take that over."

Mr. Payne sat staring at Miss Gregson.

"Who—who is it wants the flat?" he asked.

"Well—I do for one," she answered brightly.

"And the other—the other's your precious 'Leonard'," he faltered, "you're going to marry him?"

Miss Gregson glanced down at the tip of her shoe.

"I don't see what concern that is of yours," she said coldly.

"Scarcely a week since you broke off with me, too—I wonder at you, indeed, I do."

"Well, perhaps you'll think those prices over and let me know," said Miss Gregson, rising.

"Good-day, Mr. Payne."

She walked towards the door and was just going out when Mr. Payne awoke from his coma.

"Hi! wait a bit," he begged anxiously, "got something I want to say!"

Miss Gregson returned a few paces.

"Look here, Cissie!" he burst out wildly, "I apologize! I apologize humbly. I own I was in the wrong on Saturday. Don't say its too late. Overlook it this time—give me one more chance! It shan't occur again. I swear. Let's go back to the old footing and tell the other chap to go and hang himself."

"Oh, I can't do that," said Miss Gregson demurely.

"But you must! I'm so miserable without you, Cissie; I'm more in love than ever and I can't do without you. Give me another chance," he pleaded.

Miss Gregson appeared to be considering the matter. Mr. Payne, emboldened by her hesitation, placed his arm around her waist.

"Please, Cissie!" he whispered.

"Very well, then," she conceded, smiling, "but you won't be silly again, will you?"

"Not if I know myself," he declared vehemently.

"By the way," he said presently, "who is this Leonard chap?"

Miss Gregson shook her head.

"There isn't any Leonard," she confessed softly.

"But the letters—the flowers—the taking over the flat?"

"I can't help it if you jump to conclusions, can I?" she asked a little anxiously.

For a moment the enlightened Mr. Payne gazed at her doubtfully. Then he laughed.

"It's all right," he assured her in boisterous good temper, "I'm not going to make a silly of myself twice. Why," he declared stoutly, "I knew you were only having a game with me all along. I knew it would all come right in the end."

"So did I," murmured Miss Gregson. "Now let's go and have another look at the flat and see about wedding invitations."

Backache

The artist sketched this picture from life in a Toronto blacksmith shop, in order to get the correct pose of the smith at the anvil and shoeing a horse. Is it any wonder that the blacksmith's greatest troubles are backache and derangements of the kidneys? The constant strain on the muscles of the back and kidneys interferes with the filtering action of these organs. The uric acid poisons left in the blood cause pains and aches, backache and rheumatism, and such serious diseases as Bright's disease and hardening of the arteries result.

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One-sided Generosity

Constance coming downstairs met Katharine coming up with an English flower-basket heaped with pink and violet sweet peas.

"I was just bringing you these," she said. "Juliet Reynolds sent them over for you."

Constance, with a little cry of ecstacy, dropped down upon the stairs, and abandoned herself to the delight of the flowers.

"They are the loveliest things I ever saw!" she exclaimed. "How in the world did Miss Reynolds come to send them to me?"

"She knew that I had a friend coming. Juliet is very generous — with her flowers."

Although Katharine hated herself for it, she could not help making the little pause. She hurried on quickly to cover it. "She is always so lovely about sending flowers and doing things for people! She will give you glorious rides in her car."

If Constance noticed the pause she did not speak of it; she pulled Katharine down beside her, and tucked a spray of sweet peas into her dark hair. "I didn't need a thing in the world except the thought of three whole weeks with you to make me happy," she declared. "But, O Katharine, isn't it lovely to find such dear, generous people everywhere?"

"Lovely," Katharine replied, and this time she said it promptly; she made no more pauses.

As the days passed, Katharine's prediction came true. Juliet Reynolds was constantly sending flowers and fruit, and inviting the girls to motor rides and luncheons and musicales. Once or twice when she swept aside Katharine's modest plans for picnic or tea, and substituted her own lavish ones, Constance looked curiously at Katharine; but her friend said nothing.

During the last week of her visit, Constance began working upon an exquisite handkerchief with fairylike initials surrounded by a tiny garland of rosebuds.

"It isn't anything really," she said to Katharine, "but I want to give Juliet some little trifle just to show her how much I have appreciated her kindness, and this is the only thing I can do."

The handkerchief was finished the day before Constance left, and she carried it when she went to say good-by to Juliet. "It is only a trifle," she explained, "but I wanted to do something for you myself."

Juliet looked at it carelessly. "What beautiful work!" she said. "But you really shouldn't have done it. You know I don't want any return for the few things I could do for you."

Constance, hurt and embarrassed, met the warm sympathy in Katharine's eyes. And then she understood.

"I never before realized that one could be as generous in receiving as in giving!" she cried, on the way home. "I'm just going to watch myself after this, Katharine Day!"

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor, says the Bristol Times and Mirror.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got up-stairs!" she cried.

"What is it?"

"It's a new baby brother!" And expectantly she watched the effect of her announcement.

"You don't say so! Is he going to stay?"

"I think so"—very thoughtfully. "He's got his things off!"

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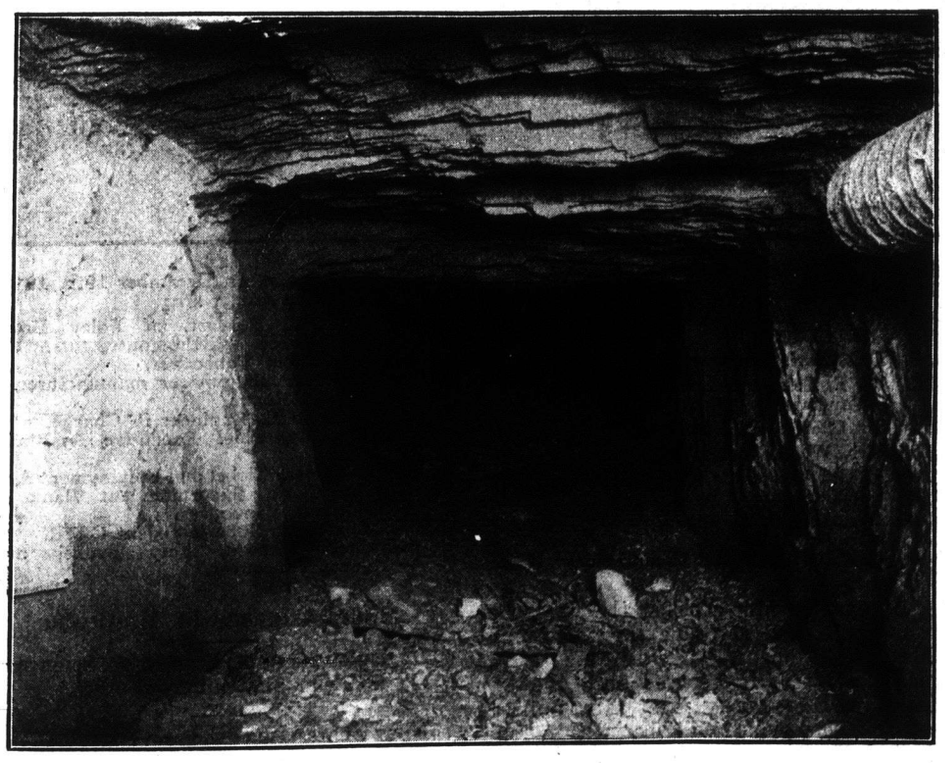
The present age is one of great achievements or accomplishments. It is within the memory of not a few of the residents of the West, when the proposed driving of the "last spike"—marking the linking together by railroad of the far East with the far West—was announced with considerable satisfaction, and its accomplishment was heralded with great acclaim the world over. This was on the C.P.R. Since then great things have come to pass. That line now has the greatest hotel system of any railway company in the world; it has one of the most complete and luxurious steamboat systems; controls more health, or pleasure resorts than any other line; has more double track in Western Canada than any other company in the whole of the Dominion; owns, at Winnipeg, the greatest individual railroad yards in the world; is the largest and most complete transcontinental railway line on the continent of America, and was the first to introduce, operate and control, its own system of sleepers. What is more, the company handles more grain, having a larger elevator system than any other railroad in America.

A few years back it was a great thing to spend a few thousand dollars upon improvement of the roadway; it was generally expected that any sum expended at any one particular place would be supplemented by some concession from that place; next tens of thousands were spent more readily and less concessions asked; now millions are spent without the people knowing hardly a thing about it—without places being even told about it. The latest along this line was that of the lengthy tunnel in the Selkirk range of mountains in B. C. This latest undertaking will be another of the greatest things in America.

On the 19th of December, 1915, with no ceremony whatever, except touching off the fuse that fired the last blast, the centre heading of the big five mile tunnel of the Canadian Pacific railway company under Mount Macdonald, at the highest point in the Selkirk range of the Rocky Mountains, in British Columbia, was blown through.

Steam shovel at work in eastern enlargement of tunnel under Mt. Macdonald, Selkirk range, B.C., Dec. 19th, 1915.



Looking west from eastern end at final connection in Mt. Macdonald, Selkirk range, B.C., Dec. 19th, 1915, at 11.30 a.m.

It was what was known as a typical Rocky Mountain morning, the total snowfall at this point for the month of December being about fourteen feet actual measurement, but only three and a half feet as settled down. This is the most rugged point of the whole Canadian Rockies, and at this part the railway company has always had the problem of the snow to baffle its best endeavors of successful operations. In

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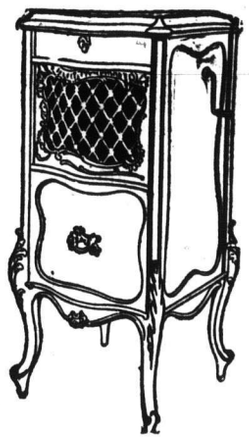

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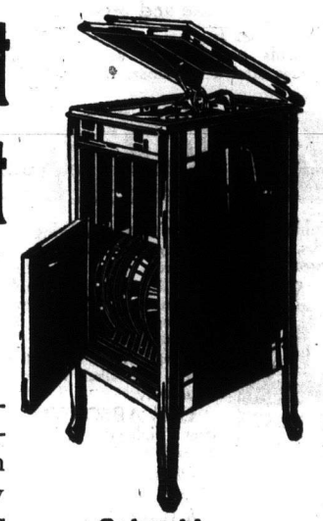

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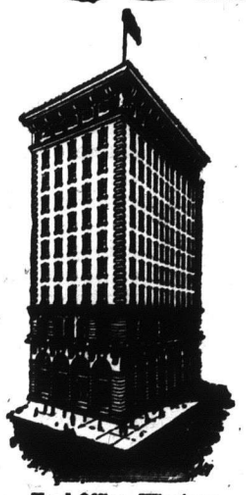

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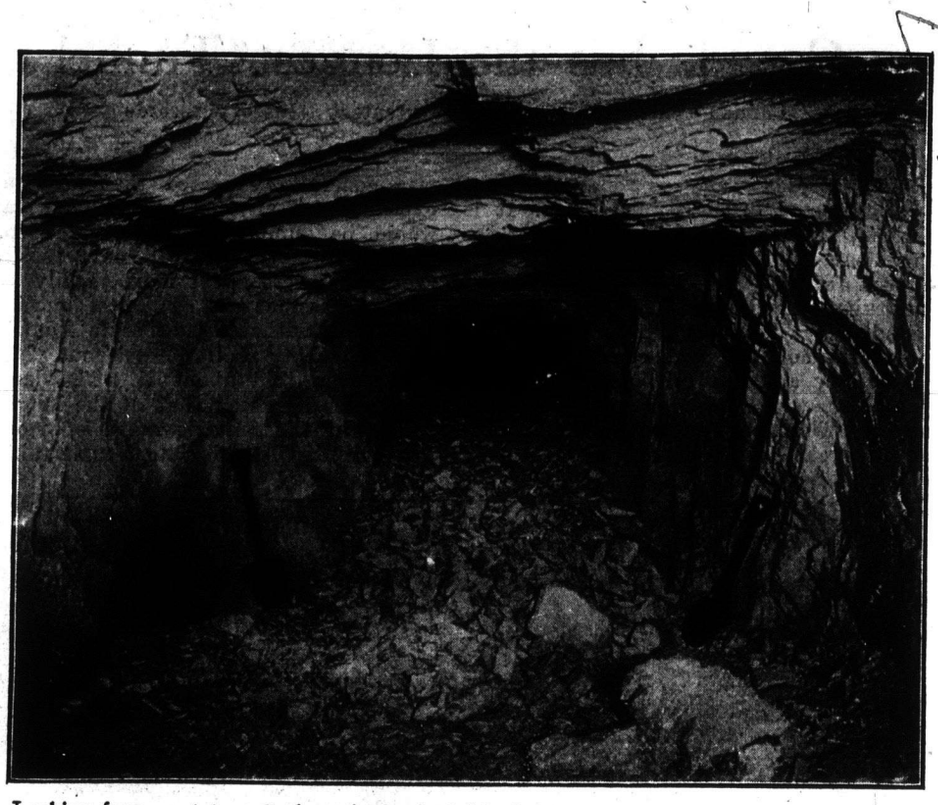
1912 the company began making estimates on a tunnel to eliminate miles of snow sheds and to lower the summit that had to be raised to get over Rogers Pass. In July of the following year, the contract was let to Foley Bros., Welch and Stewart, at a cost of about $6,000,000, which expenditure it is calculated will be met in a few years through the saving in yearly damage occasioned and overcoming very annoying experiences.

The ceremony on the 19th did not mark the completion of the tunnel. It was the blowing through of the initial bore, 10 ft. by 12 ft. which let daylight through. When completed, the tunnel will be 23 ft. high by 29 ft. in width, carrying a double track railway. If work progresses in the future as it has up to the present, it will mark the fastest tunnel-driving ever accomplished on any continent, as during 1915 there has been three and a half miles of the heading forced through. It is expected that the tunnel will be finished in July, 1916.

The building of the tunnel shortens the distance by four and one-third miles, and it lowers the grade nearly 600 feet, and cuts out five miles of snow sheds in a distance of thirteen miles. There is actually being built twelve miles of new line, of which the five-mile tunnel is a part. It will be the longest tunnel in North America. The tunnel also eliminates the loops just below Glacier station, which have been a source of worry to operating officials.



Looking from west to east through the final join in the tunnel through Mt. Macdonald, in B.C., on Dec. 19th, 1915, at 11.30 a.m.

Party starting into the Western Entrance of the Tunnel in Mt. Macdonald, in the Selkirk Range, B.C., at 8 a.m. on December 19th, 1915. Bear Creek is the first station west of Roger's Pass at the mountain. Reading from left to right, those in the party are:

1 F. E. Trautman, Publicity Department, C.P.R., Winnipeg.
2 Mr. Poff, Manager Sun Life, Vancouver.
3 John G. Sullivan, Chief Engineer, C.P.R.
4 E. H. Macklin, Manager Winnipeg Free Press.
5 T. R. Deacon, C.E., Ex-Mayor, Winnipeg.
6 Dr. Kerr, Medical Officer in charge of works.
7 A. C. Dennis, Supt. for Contractor.
8 F. W. Peters, General Supt. C.P.R., B.C. Division.
9 W. A. James, Construction Engineer, C.P.R.
10 Dr. Morris, Vernon, B.C.
11 W. F. Salsbury, Local Treasurer, C.P.R., Vancouver.
12 Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper.
13 Mrs. W. A. James.
14 R. G. Macpherson, Postmaster, Vancouver.
15 Judge Gallagher, Vancouver.
16 Mrs. John G. Sullivan.
17 Mrs. A. C. Dennis.
18 F. T. Griffin, Land Commissioner.
19 Col. J. W. Stewart, of Foley Bros., Welch & Stewart, the contractors.
20 M. P. Cotton, Vancouver.
21 George Tunstall, powder manufacturer.
22 Mrs. S. R. Bogue.
23 F. F. Busteed, Engineer in Charge.
24 R. Marpole, Chief Executive Assistant, C.P.R.
25 Alex. Calder, Ticket and Employment Agt.
26 D. R. Clark, Superintendent Bank of Montreal, Vancouver.
27 J. M. McKay, Superintendent C.P.R.
28 Gardner Johnson, Ship Broker and Agent, Vancouver.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 19th, 1915, the history-making procession began. It was headed by John C. Sullivan, chief engineer of the railway; and Col. J. W. Stewart, of the contracting firm. There were a number of other officials in the party, including F. W. Peters, General Superintendent; A. C. Dennis, engineer in charge of construction; F. F. Busteed, engineer in charge of double tracking in the mountains and guests from east to west. An illustration showing the history-making company is given elsewhere in this issue.

At exactly nine o'clock, the final shot was made, and the hole through Mount Macdonald opened. Asked, before the party started, if he was sure the two holes would exactly meet, Mr. Sullivan said, "The sides will be within one-half inch of each other." They were, so that emergency blasts, holes for which can be seen in the engravings, were not necessary.

The first person actually through the hole made by the final blast was Mrs. A. C. Dennis, wife of the engineer in charge of construction. Others of the party followed.

"Mamma," queried small Edna the first time she saw a multicolored parrot, "was that chicken hatched from an Easter Egg?"

Short Courses in Manitoba

Agriculture and Domestic Science Schools at Country Points.

Notwithstanding the severity of the snow-storm that swept Manitoba during the opening days of the four short courses, now being given at Morden, Boissevain, Virden and Neepawa, all of these schools were opened on the day appointed, and the work went forward without a hitch.

One fact that came very much into evidence at every point was the growing pressure that the heavy enlistment is imposing upon those who work on our farms. As the district representatives proceeded with the enrolment, prior to the opening of the course, they met constantly with remarks like these: "I

Mt. Macdonald, in

nber 19th, 1915.

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Woman Takes Her Part

This is woman's age; she is taking her part in all progress. Above is a picture of Mesdames J. C. Sullivan, S. R. Bogue, and A. C. Dennis—who were at the linking up of the "joins" in the Mt. Macdonald tunnel, on Dec. 19th, 1915. The latter was actually the first person through the hole.

History Makers of the West

Above is a group of workmen who were engaged in the construction of the longest tunnel in America, through Mount Macdonald, and under Rogers Pass, in British Columbia. Great quantities of snow are encountered here and, to overcome the difficulty, the five-mile tunnel is being built. This picture was taken at one of the nearest stopping places, with one of the engines engaged at the work, and a number of the workmen who took part in the work, in December, 1915, the surroundings being covered with snow.

would like to attend, but my older brother is drilling, my father cannot do the chores alone, and I must stay at home"; "I would attend, but I am expecting to enlist next month," etc.

That the war had affected the courses even more than the weather is suggested by the fact that in some of the places where courses for both men and and women were provided, the number of women enrolled had been almost twice as great as the number of men.

MORDEN

At the Morden course, special attention has been given to gas engineering, and two instructors, Messrs. A. C. Campbell and J. H. Wade, both experienced men in gas engine instruction, have been constantly on the ground. One dozen or more engines of various sizes and makes have been secured, and, from an engineering point of view, the course is very complete. About one-half of the time is given to this phase of the work and the other half to agriculture. The enrolment of students at Morden is somewhat over 80 with an average attendance of 76 during the first week.

BOISSEVAIN

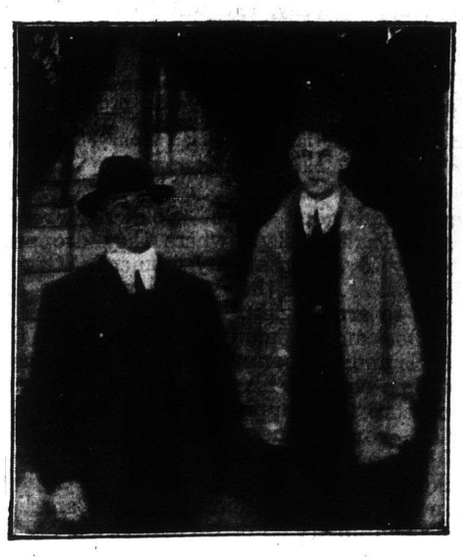
The course at Boissevain, though not registering the largest attendance, is very well organized, and the students are of an unusually good type. The work done by N. S. Smith, B.S.A., District Representative, in organizing the course has been well carried out, and every student is making especially good use of his notebook. The attendance here during the early part of the course was possibly more affected by the storm than at any other point, as some of the railroad lines to the north, from points where students were registered, were blocked for some days. There are 37 students registered in the men's course and 43 in the women's course.

VIRDEN

At Virden the course was organized by J. H. Evans, B.S.A., who has shown a wonderful versatility in meeting the many demands that fall upon him. The women's end of the work here is the heavier. During the first week there was an enrolment of about 45 women, more than half of them from the farming community surrounding and from outlying towns within 20 or 30 miles. The success of the women's course here is perhaps partially explained by the excellent help afforded by the Virden Home Economics Society, which having a paid-up membership of 153, is able to create an atmosphere in which such work can easily succeed. During the first week Mrs. Graham and Miss Campbell gave instruction in hat making and there were students present from the age of 16 to over 70 years.

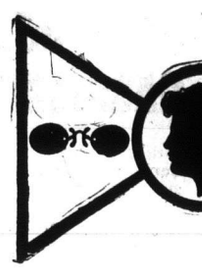
NEEPAWA

District Representative Lohr, who is in charge of the course here, hopes to have a total enrolment of more than 100 in the three classes—perhaps 30 in the general course in agriculture for men, over 20 in the special poultry class, and at least 50 in the domestic science class. At the special public meeting on Thursday evening of the first week President Reynolds, of the Agricultural College, was one of the speakers, and considering the weather, a very large crowd turned out to hear him.



Engineers of a Great Work

These men had much to do with carrying through the great tunnel project at Mt. Macdonald, in B.C. The first is W. A. James, construction engineer of the C.P.R., and the other is A. C. Dennis, the engineer who had charge of construction.



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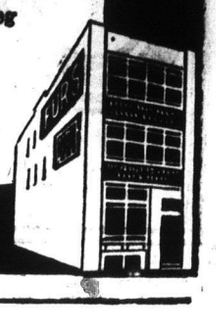

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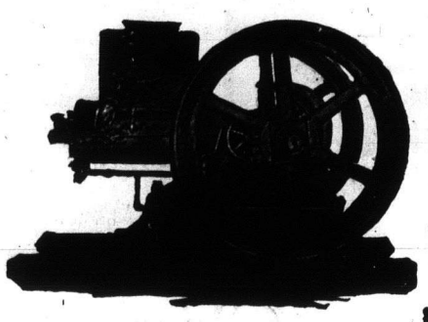

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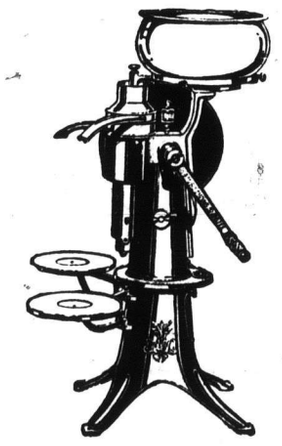

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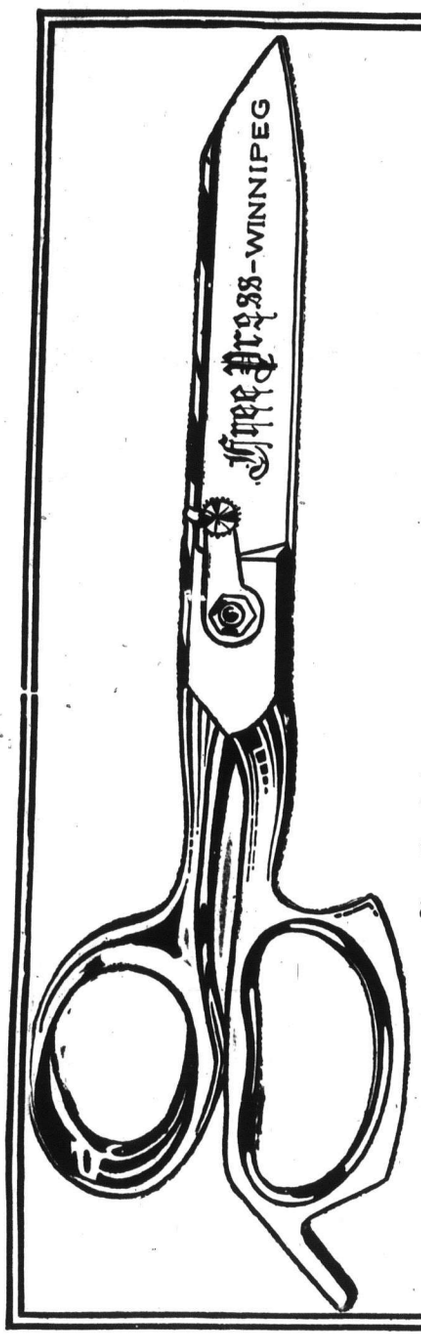

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Who, being Dead, yet Speaketh

By Hugh S. Eayrs

The lad lay there, tired out. One arm was thrown carelessly above his head and his curls spread curiously over the dirty khaki sleeve. He slept. An hour before—less than that—the great battle had softened and died away till naught but a rumbling aftermath of sound and symbol remained. It was the end of an eight-day conflict. Stretching for five hundred miles the battle-line of the Allies, far-flung with a vengeance, took in its radius Quatre, Bras and Waterloo. Indeed, hard by the first named place the armies of the gallant French and the hardy British joined. So had they joined one hundred years before, but not in alliance. Neighbors were French and English then, as now. But enemy-neighbors, not friends.

The quickly vanishing sunlight lay in ashes over the hills and ridges. In a blare of blood, but also of glory, the sun had gone down. Soldiers, French and English, slept where they dropped, ready to waken at any moment. Others slept.....but they would not hear the call to arms again.

One among many, the lad with the curls and the bonny face, was fast asleep. Grime covered his face, but it could not obscure the happiness which came from the consciousness of work, terrible haphazard, awful.....yet well done. Nor he nor the rest of his companions in the "—th Battalion" of the Canadian Expeditionary Force had thought of the enemy-dead that lay in thousands not so far away. The voices of this lad and his companions had grown gruff and suspiciously husky over the passing of friends who had stood beside them at Valcartier and Salisbury. But of the grim work, which had meant thousands more who had passed—but not of this camp—which this lad amongst others had helped along, nor he nor they thought anything. It did not trouble them. Their faces, as their hearts, were happy. Canada had indeed done her bit. Langemarck, Ypres—these sinister memories were resurrected as inspiration for the action which had just closed. Canadians, happy testimony to the junction of French and English into one nation for peace as they were now one for war, had helped to win the day. This lad had cried with the rest, "Remember Ypres, fellows, remember Ypres!" And remembering, the artillery had swept the infantry into the German trenches, and the infantry had swept the Germans out with a terrible broom. The dust lay all around.....Dust to dust.....in a new sense, in an awful sense, my masters! And the dead Teutons, as the dead Allies, were made in the image of the living God!

The lad with the curls and the happy face slept. And as he slept he dreamed .....

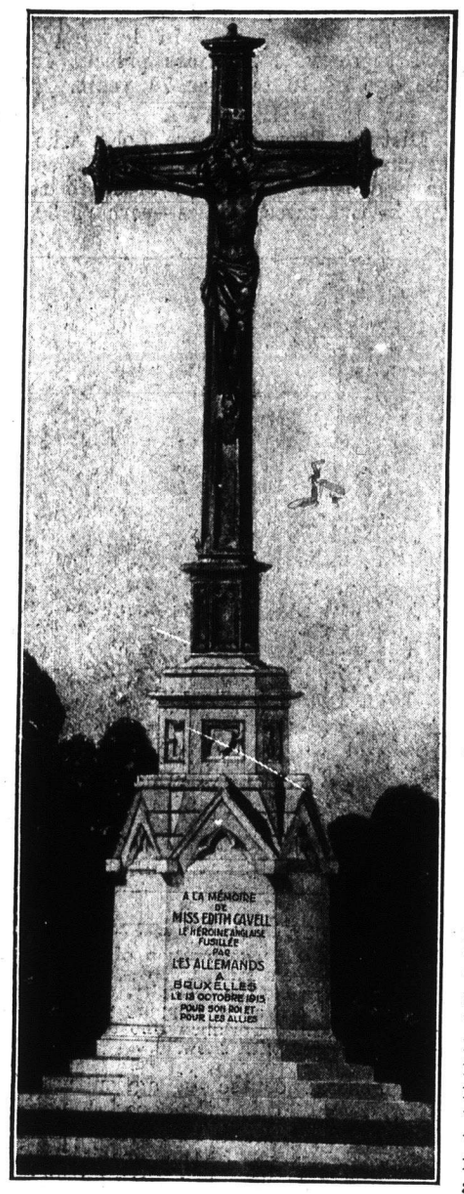
* * *

He saw dimly, so that he could only just make them out, the forms of the great motor ambulances as they sped on and on, from station to station. He heard their rumble mixed with the jingling of harness; horses, who had grown tired in a glorious day's work, were being watered, groomed, looked after. Then the ground suddenly appeared to clear. A midsummer moon—for this was the night of the seventeenth of June—shone luminous, clear and clean. Fields stretched themselves out in its white light and the sleeper made out the forms of riders, yet only specks in the distance, so that the dreaming watcher could not make out how many there were. But gradually, as they came nearer, they became limned sharply and ever more sharply against the blank whiteness of the unclouded sky and he made them out as two. Nearer and nearer they came and the dreamer raised himself, shook back his curls from his eyes and lay upon his elbow. The riders were not very far away now and they were riding straight in the direction of the watcher. He stared, astonished as their detailed appearance broke upon him. He rubbed his eyes. They were queerly garbed. One, the tall one, who sat his splendid horse straight as a young poplar stretches, was wearing a cloak. It was open at the front and displayed gold lacing upon a blue uniform, ornate to a degree when compared with the officer's dress of to-day. But it was not the uniform so much as the face which impressed the watcher. Strong, firm, hard, the jaw was that of a man whose creed was summed up in one word—action. The eyes, kindly, frank, fine, fearless, and such as looked anyone and everyone in the face, were lit up now with the light of enthusiasm as their owner talked away to the man at his left. It came to the watcher that that face had something in it which he knew. He was puzzled.....where had he seen those features before?

"Egad, sir," said the Duke, for this indeed was Wellington, "one hundred years ago since we whipped an enemy and on this very field. And to-day that enemy is our friend, staunch and true."

His companion nodded assent. The Duke mused as he rode. Nearer he and his companion came to the watcher, nearer and then passed him, halting his horse a few yards away. The two of them were silent, gazing over the landscape. Far, far away the light of the moon showed on the one side fields of waving corn, spotted and patched with black dots that were corpses. On the other a ridge seemed to stretch interminably. Dots of red glowed ever and anon; they signified the waiting and resting troops, the rest was woods, thick and continuous. The Duke glanced above clear into the sky and beheld, faintly yet indubitably, some quick moving object. "They had not such things in my time," he muttered as the aeroplane fluttered swiftly this way and that and then out of sight.

The watcher turned, for he heard



The Memorial to Miss Edith Cavell to be Erected in Paris by American Subscription.

This monument which is to be placed in the Trocadero Gardens, Paris, to the martyred nurse, Edith Cavell, who was shot to death by the Germans in Belgium, is the design of the Gorham Company, and will be of American granite and bronze. It is said to be paid for by American subscriptions. The Edith Cavell Memorial Fund headquarters are at the National Park Bank, 214 Broadway, New York. On January 23rd at the Hippodrome, an entertainment was given to provide funds for the memorial. M. Lucian Henry heads the fund in the U.S.A.

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hoofs in another direction. Two riders were coming this way. The Duke and his companion turned too, and Wellington plucked the sleeve of his aide. "Tell me," he said, "who is that approaching?"

The other looked for a moment, then gasped. "Shades of a hundred years ago, it is the Emperor, Sir," he said.

Wellington started. "Bonaparte?" He did not say "the Emperor," as his aide had done. As he exclaimed the two approaching riders came up and the watcher beheld the stocky figure on the white horse. It leaned forward jerkily in the saddle and Napoleon spoke.

"M. le Duc?" he said.

"It is I, General Bonaparte," Wellington returned. "What do you here? The same as I?"

"If that be to watch over the destinies of the brave descendants of the soldiers of **my** day, M. le Duc, then we share the same purpose."

The little humped-up man that had played for an Empire and had lost—but gamely—paused a moment. "Then, your hand, M. le Duc," he said.

"Gladly." The tall man leaned over his horse and he and Bonaparte grasped hands. "So perish for ever our fued, M. le General. A hundred years ago, egad, sir, it seems but a day. Know you that we stand but the distance of a modern gun shot from that famous field of ours?"

Napoleon smiled grimly. "Aye. And to-morrow is the 18th, M. le Duc!"

"And the same three nations engage in battle where you and I and old Blucher fought."

"But Blucher was a different German," replied Napoleon.

The two aides, Napoleon's and Wellington's, stood behind conversing.

"I never thought to see them take each other's hand," said one.

"Nor I." The other pulled at his side whiskers. "But it bodes good to the Allies—"

"And ill to the other side of the triangle," finished the other.

The four voices ceased and the watcher beheld with the watched black lines here and there across the rolling plain as troops moved out and guns with them. Artillery and infantry were in motion for to-morrow's great battle. The watcher saw with all his eyes and heard with all his ears.

"They still fight as I told 'em," said Wellington, "in line." And he grasped the arm of his one-time antagonist and pointed to the moving black spots that lengthened into dashes and into long lines.

"Aye, M. le Duc," replied Bonaparte, "and I taught 'em to mass their guns. See!" he cried excitedly, "they are doing so now!"

Again there was silence. The watcher held his breath. Then spake Napoleon—the Emperor—for so half the world acclaimed him. "M. le Duc, I must be off."

"Where do you go?"

"To see Joffre and help him make his plans. We fight together, he and I, for la belle France. Vive la France!" And the little General's face enthused with a light that never was on sea or land. 'Adieu," he went on, "adieu, M. le Duc. Convey my regards to your brave English. Doubtless you go to hearten General French?"

Wellington nodded.

"Ah, you have to come to us for a name," said Napoleon, and his eyes twinkled.

"How so?"

"The name of your Commander-in-Chief is French." And Napoleon's laugh rang out. "Adieu again. I salute our brave English through you. You were a great leader M. le Duc. You came of a great family. Two of your family were among the three great Englishmen of action—yourself and Wesley*. No wonder I cried 'Ah, those English, those English'."†

Wellington and Bonaparte raised their hands to the salute.

"Tell Joffre, as I shall tell French," cried Wellington, "that we are with them to-morrow. We fight for freedom for ourselves, for our peoples everywhere and for the world. We could not be joined in any cause half so worthy. Goodbye, sire."

It spoke volumes that Wellington added the last word.

The four horsemen dispersed, two going this way and two that.

"And now to headquarters," said Wellington to his aide. He paused a moment, reined in his horse. He turned about him and seemed to look full upon the watching, dreaming Canadian. "If only our brave boys, our boys of England, Scotland and Ireland, of Canada and Australia, and of India could know just how proud I am of them." His voice grew husky. He faced his aide. "God bless 'em, I say, sir!"

"Amen to that."

* * * * *

The morning came again. That same sun, whose light had lain in ashes, rose to a new, clean, unspotted day. The grass grew brighter and still brighter. The still morning suddenly seemed to awake as the sounds of the men moving broke in upon it in multitudinous concert. The Allies' forces foregathered, ready for whatever should happen.

The curly-headed lad stood talking. There was a look of profound determination in his eye.

"Do you know," he said, "I feel as if to-day will be a big day. I had such a curious dream."

"Was your salute part of it?" teased a friend.

"Why, did I salute?"

The other nodded. "You saluted and shouted: 'Up guards and at 'em'," he said.

The order came sharply and the line fell in. Shoulder to shoulder they stood there, British of Britain and Greater Britain, and French of France, and France Oversea, to fight and to conquer because they fought for the right, the unconquerable, eternal right.

And the blessing of their God and Wellington's was upon them

* * * * *

* Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, came of another branch of the same family as that to which John Wesley belonged.

† For so it has been recently proven.

A Persistent Pest

The buffalo-bean, a humble creeper with a russet-colored, woolly little pod, is a dangerous growth of Central Africa. The woolly appearance is due to a coating of almost invisible hairs. At a touch they become detached, and if any alight on your person they cause the most exquisite torture. Messrs. Melland and Cholmeley, who journeyed on bicycles and on foot from Northern Rhodesia to Egypt, tell in their book, "Through the Heart of Africa," how one of them got well-sprinkled with this impalpable fuzz. He thus describes the experience:

I had walked several steps before I had any notion of what had happened, and then the fun began. First a slight tickle on an arm, then another at the back of the neck, then all over. The spreading torture left me quite bewildered. I did not know where I should scratch!

From seven o'clock till evening the intense irritation continued, and although I tried everything I could think of to alleviate it, nothing had more than the slightest temporary effect.

In despair, I asked one of my natives what they used, and he recommended hot ashes. Even blisters seemed preferable to my present suffering, and I ordered him to rob the nearest fire without delay. Fortunately, consideration for his own fingers prevented the boy from applying the ashes too hot, but by the time he had finished I was about as much like a dustman as I ever shall be.

The counter-irritant had a slightly distracting effect, but even that was not permanent, and I realized that the only thing to do was to sit as still as possible and let the irritation wear off, which it finally did between four and five o'clock, leaving me an exhausted and considerably wiser man.

Even then I had not heard the last of it. Why or how the tiny hairs that cause the trouble to disappear at all, or whether they merely lose their poisonous powers, I do not know; but I had an unpleasant reminder of them a few days later, when I put on the same garments again, after a thorough washing and beating. I found that the fine hairs were still present, and the clothes were not fit to wear.

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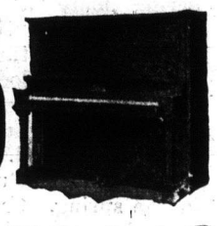

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The Young Man and His Problem

By James L. Gordon, D.D.

MOODS

There are spells, moods and inspirations which belong to each one of us. A business man will "subscribe" more "after dinner," as a rule, than before. Preachers are "tired" on Monday, shopkeepers are irritable on Saturday. Ladies are not to be "seen" before three o'clock. Musicians are apt to be nervous just before the curtain rings up. You should study the mood of your neighbor, and, you should know your own mood. Lord Byron could write best at night. Robert Burns' best inspirations came to him in the spring. Carlyle built for himself "a soundless room." Lyman Abbott used to write in the morning before breakfast and nap after the first day's meal was over. Study your own mood, if you would get the most out of yourself. The Earl of Beaconsfield thus describes the way in which he wrote one of his most famous novels: "My thoughts, my passion, the rush of my invention, were too quick for my pen. Page followed page; as a sheet was finished, I threw it on the floor. I was amazed at the rapid and prolific production, yet I could not stop to wonder. In half a dozen hours I sank back utterly exhausted, with an aching frame. I rang the bell, ordered some refreshment, and walked about the room. . . . . I set to again, and it was midnight before I retired to my bed."

A WORKING THEOLOGY

Every man must have "a working theology." Every man must have a master motive and that motive should find its source in the Eternal. The man who believes in no God, no heaven, no hell, no immortality for the soul and no soul-qualities residing in his body, will be, at best, a pagan, a gentile, an Esau. Most men believe something, and the thoughtful man gives to that "something" mental shape and verbal expression. There are three great mental distinctions marking the difference between right and wrong, good and evil, truth and error. The great thought of a personal God, just, loving and eternal is enough to steer by if a man had no other definite conviction. In the life of Henry Ward Beecher there is a very striking passage. A young man wrote to the great preacher and said to him: "I am sinking down into the depths of shame: preach the terrors of hell to me—anything to me—I shall be at the church next Sabbath—anything that will save me." The preacher said: "That night I preached about the Fatherhood of God: I felt, if that would not save him, nothing would."

YOUR MOTHER

It is not every man who has been blessed with the memory of a loving mother. There are women whose qualifications for motherhood never existed aside from the physical possibilities of sex. There are parents whose personal ambition and sordid greed has exterminated every atom of sympathy and every suggestion of love. There are mothers who have never prayed over their offspring or wept over the mistakes or blunders of their children. Young man, if Providence has blessed you with a tender hearted mother, thoughtful solicitous and true, then, in the name of that kind providence, recognize the gift and be grateful for the divine favor bestowed upon you. The historian has said concerning Byron's mother: "Though Byron's mother had occasional fits of a tumultuous kind of affection for her son, she more usually abused and raged at him, and it is little wonder that he never felt any love for her. To add to the effect of her treatment of him, his feeling of resentment was increased by a deformity with which he was born; a lameness, which, increased by ignorant surgical treatment, was made harder to bear by his mother's heartless mockery. Like all abnormally sensitive children he was immediately amenable to kindness, but of that he had little from his mother. Her hysterical, passionate attitude to him, alternating between senseless petting and violently abusing him as a "lame brat," made him sullen and defiant towards her, while to his nurses (in whom he was fortunate) he clung with an affection that was pathetic."

PLAIN MEN

In these days of sudden success and rapid money making it's a mighty hard thing to tell "Who's who." What a difference a suit of clothes makes! A man may be as ignorant as a poor specimen of uninformed "white trash" from the cotton fields of the south, but how dignified he appears when tailored, barbered, shod and bejewelled. A silk hat, a white shirt, a well pressed suit, shoes which shine like ebony, a cane and a cigarette—and the trick is done. We fools, take off our hat to anything which is well dressed, without ever asking how the thing is done —on cash or credit. What a consolation it is to know that great men have usually been plain men. We quote the following from the pages of a popular magazine. "Grant cared little for dress. As, in the army, he preferred to forget his gold lace and epaulets, and to go about in a careless uniform and dilapidated slouch hat, so, even as president, he wore the plainest clothing. I have known him frequently to jam the omnipresent big black cigar between his teeth, slip out of the White House by a back exit, and pace alone for miles up and down sequestered Washington streets, endeavoring to solve the great problems of state that confronted him. Though I always found Grant approachable and courteous, he talked little except in monosyllables, listened intently, carefully analyzed every suggestion, and, having once made up his mind, all the king's horses and all the king's men could not swerve him."

BELATED HONORS

Train yourself to think clearly. Let there be no room in your mind for cant. Give every known superstition a wide berth. Study the motives of men. See to it that conceit or vain glory does not lead you astray. Take things for what they are worth. Remember that titles and positions are costly nothings which are thrown at you when you have money enough to pay for them. Keep an eye on the men who have a "Mr." for you when you are poor and an "Esq." for you when you are rich. Remember that the difference between poverty and wealth is not character but cash. An interesting incident is recorded concerning William Cullen Bryant, the author and poet. "In 1842, when Charles Dickens was here, Mr. Bryant was invited by a prominent citizen to meet him at dinner, but declined. 'That man,' he said to me, 'has known me for years without asking me to his house, and I am not now going to be made a stool-pigeon to attract birds of passage hat may be flying about'." He met Dickens, however, on another occasion.

HAPPINESS AT SIXTY

The youth of twenty is not worrying about the time when he will be "sixty." But he will probably "get there" before he has time to worry about it. Some morning he will find a gray hair hanging over his face, a slight stoop in his back, a little extra flesh behind his chin, a pair of glasses on the ridge of his nose and a cane in his hand—and an inner voice will exclaim, "Sixty!" You are getting there, my boy, as fast as the wheels of time can carry you. And, when that period comes, your real satisfactions will be moral and spiritual. It will be a great thing then to be able to say to yourself concerning your whole life: "I have been on the right side! I have done my best!" Self respect is better than public praise. Public praise and popular applause may never come. If you look to the world for appreciation, recognition and commendation you will probably be disappointed. Lord Randolph Churchill, one of the most distinguished of Englishmen of the last century, in the year 1891 wrote a letter to his wife telling her that he had quit politics once and forever. He said: "More than two-thirds, in all probability, of my life is over, and I will not spend the remainder of my years in beating my head against a stone wall. There has been no consideration, no indulgence, no memory or gratitude—nothing but spite, malice, and abuse. I am quite tired and dead sick of it all, and will not continue political life any longer."

PROVIDE AN OBJECT

Slaves as a rule are dishonest. Rob a man of his personality and he will rob you of your property. The corporation which defrauds its men will be defrauded by its men. The best man needs a motive to inspire him. Self-sacrifice is only the sacrifice of the lower-self to the higher-self. Never ask a man to do anything for you without the thought of a proportionate compensation. Let the compensation be proportionate—always. Poor pay means poor service. Low wages means no ambition. In every relationship of life we should make the reward match the benefit. The other day a woman left in a toilet room of a hotel in New York two diamond rings which she valued at $1,000. As soon as she discovered her loss she hurried back to the hotel and informed the proprietor. The attendant of the toilet room at once produced the rings. The owner, greatly relieved, after a few moments' reflection drew a fifty cent piece from her pocket-book and offered it as a reward for the faithful service. Then the proprietor of the hotel handed the maid ten dollars, and no doubt the owner of the rings wishes she had shown a decent appreciation of that maid's honesty.

ORIGINALITY

Be original. Go at things in your own way. Trust your own inspirations. Experiment with your own ideas. When a new thought dawns on you think it out, write it out, plan it out, and then ask yourself the question: "Why not?" Do not be afraid to venture. If you are not willing to fail you are not worthy to succeed. Do not doubt yourself because others fail to exercise confidence in you. Remember that originality lives in an atmosphere of loneliness. If you are satisfied to go with the crowd, you will not go very far. The crowd is made up of folks who have not the character or the courage to stand alone. Be original! Harvey, though his life was prolonged to his eightieth year, hardly lived to see his great discovery of the circulation of the blood established: no physician adopted it; and when at length it was received, one party attempted to rob Harvey of the honor of the discovery, while another asserted that it was so obvious, that they could only express their astonishment that it had ever escaped observation.

THE OTHER FELLOW

Treat every person as a human being. Recognize the rights of each individual. Try and "put yourself in his place." The scrub woman will appreciate the lifted hat. The maid behind your chair will not be indifferent to your glance of recognition as you enter the banquet hall. The family servant who has received you at the door of the mansion for a decade will be pleased when you inquire concerning his health. The office boy will be inspired to hope for better things and brighter days when he discovers that you are interested in his personal welfare. Whatever, in your experience, has brought joy to you will bring a measure of satisfaction to others. And you can never know the future possibilities of any one of your associates. John Trebonius, the instructor of Martin Luther, always appeared before his boys with uncovered head. "There may be among them," said he, "those who shall be learned doctors, sage legislators, nay, princes of the Empire."

SCRIBBLE

Scribble. Take notes. Write down your own thoughts. Forge short sentences. Get in the way of building a paragraph. There is a style of architecture to be followed in the construction of a literary article—learn that style. There is a peculiar inspiration which belongs to literature. You can "write" things which will never come to you in public speech or private conversation. Thoughts will leap from the tip of your pen which will never come to you in any other way. Frances Ridley Havergal, writing in February, 1868, says: "I have not had a single poem come to me for some time, till last night, when one shot into my mind. All my best have come in that way, Minerva fashion, full grown. It is so curious, one minute I have not an idea of writing anything, the next I have a poem; it is mine, I see it all, except laying out rhymes and metre, which is then easy work! I rarely write anything which has not come thus."

GOOD NATURE

Be good natured. A good disposition is religion, morality, chivalry, tact, and character, all in one. Study to be kind. Watch the sensitive points of your neighbors. See to it that in your program of life no one is neglected. Be generous to the poor, kind to the aged, attentive to the homely, considerate toward the eccentric and loving in your dealings with all. Marshall P. Wilder speaking of his visits to the home of Robert G. Ingersoll, the great agnostic said: "Whenever I am there, and somebody persuades me to get up and recite or say something, Mr. Ingersoll is so anxious that whatever is done shall be thoroughly enjoyed by as many as possible that he calls up all his servants and lets them stand in the hall to listen."

GET YOUR HAND IN

Young men should enter the open door. There is nothing like experience. Get your hand in. If you are nominated for office, accept the nomination. If you are elected secretary of your society, ask for the "records." If you are appointed as a delegate to the provincial convention, ask for instructions. If you are elected the superintendent of the Sunday school, ascend the platform and ring the bell. If they ask you to preach, look for a text. Get your hand in. Get into the way of doing things. Get up a reputation for "every good word and work." Roosevelt said: "I put myself in the way of things—and they happened."

Lieut. Cameron D. Brant

By Max McD

One hundred years ago, on the banks of the Thames River, near the little town of Moraviantown, Ontario, one of the bravest warriors that ever fought for the Union Jack was killed. Tecumseh, the "Crouching Panther," the "Shooting Star," fighting with the nation of his adoption, Canada, with his teeth clenched and dressed in his native garb, with a green ostrich feather in his hair, was felled to the ground by the axe of Colonel Johnson, the commander of the American riflemen.

It is a long call from Moraviantown in 1815 to Langemarck in 1915, but in the hundred years the loyalty of the descendents of Tecumseh has been marked by many acts of heroism in defence of the British Empire, and when the news of battle resounded through Canada, the Six Nation Indians arose en masse and again offered their services. In the Council House at Ohsweken last September, they voted $1,500 to their brother, Ka-rah-kon-tye, the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, to be used by the Imperial authorities "as a token of the alliance existing between the Six Nations and the British Crown." Major Gordon J. Smith, superintendent of the Six Nation Indians, and Major of the 25th Brantford Dragoons, referring to this gift of money, said to the writer: "When the subscription was being discussed, many of the chiefs were anxious to contribute as much as $5,000."

In addition to the gift to the Governor-General, the Six Nations offered their warriors, all and sundry, for the firing line. They have actually given 50 young redskins, many of whom have already shed their blood for their country. Prominent among them was Lieut. Cameron D. Brant, known to his comrades in arms as "Chief" Brant. The young officer is a great-great-grandson of the loyal and celebrated Captain Joseph Brant (They-an-den-egea), the leader of the Mohawks in the Revolutionary war and chief of the Six Nations when they left the United States and came to Canada, and was a direct descendent of Tecumseh. Cameron Brant was himself a chief of the Six Nations, of which the Mohawks are the principal tribe, and lived in Hamilton, Ontario. He was formerly a lieutenant in the 37th Haldimand Rifles, joining the active service contingent of the 4th battalion at Cayuga, together with a number of his Indian friends.

At the front Lieut. Brant maintained the family reputation for bravery, combined with natural Indian cunning and recklessness. Praise from commanding officers, and admiration from his men, have been called forth by the manly characteristics exemplified by this red man from Canada while under fire in the trenches. William Marchington, the war correspondent, writing from London, says of Brant:

"A letter from the senior officer of his battalion refers to the gallantry of Lieut. C. D. Brant, a descent of the Indian Chief Brant. Young Chief Brant has figured in several exploits which won the admiration of the chief officers; 'the boys will follow him anywhere,' says the letter."

It is said that at Moraviantown Tecumseh, with a presentiment of death, had, before the battle, discarded his gold-laced general's uniform, and dressed himself in his Indian garb, which well set off his light sinewy figure. In a handkerchief rolled as a turban over his brow was a handsome ostrich feather which had been given him. He pressed the hand of each officer as he passed along the line, made some remark in Shawnee appropriate to the occasion, which the officers understood by the expressive signs accompanying it, and then passed away from view to his Indians. Not so with Brant. He went into the battle of Langemarck in the khaki of a Canadian soldier, and with his men following close behind, he fell with his face to the foe.

On the way to Salisbury, the "Chief" was asked by some of his brother officers to instruct them in the mysteries of an Indian war dance. After many rehearsals the dance was perfected to the highest degree possible to white men, and then to the accompaniment of drums, many war hoops, and weird, dreamy singing. The officers, led by Lieut. Brant, nightly performed their celebrated dance on the deck of the transport.

The Six Nation Reservation has given the world some prominent men and women. Pauline Johnson (Tek-ah-ion-wake), the silver-tongued reader and literary woman of ability, was nursed in a wigwam on the Grande River; Dr. Or-on-e-teka, of Canadian forester fame, was a Mohawk; Old Moses Martin, a Mohawk of the Grande River, gave the Oneidas, Mohawks, Onendagas, and Tuscaroras the Bible in their own tongue; Tom Longboat, the famous athlete, and Lewis Deer (Oskenonton) a basso of rare power, both hail from the Six Nations Reserve; and as great as these, and who knows, but greater, was the soldier, Lieut. Cameron D. Brant, who, on the firing line in Belgium, upheld the noble traditions of his tribe and gave his life for King and country.

At the time of the Revolutionary war, Six Nation Indians were living in New York State, but took sides with Britain on the understanding that if Britain lost the campaign they would be given land in Canada to recompense them for land surrendered in the United States. Thus they became refugees in the wilds of Canada, driven from their homes in the Mohawk Valley as the Belgians are in England to-day. The fidelity of Joseph Brant, the Mohawk Chief, and his followers won for the tribe a reserve in Western Ontario, where to-day the city of Brantford (Brant's Ford) recalls the memory of an Indian loyalist.

It is not so many years since the village of Ohsweken, on this same reservation on the banks of the Grande River, echoed with war hoops and glared with the light of yellow fires of the Mohawks as they made a chief of the lad, Prince Arthur. This is the first case on record of Royalty sitting in the councils of the red men, and has done much to seal the loyalty of the Six Nations.

The enlistment of Lieut. Brant and his fellow Mohawks has aroused great patriotic interest among the women of the reserve. A woman's patriotic league of Six Nation Indian women from each of the churches has been formed to work for the red men of their nation who have gone to the front.

A Type of Some Controversialists

An Irishman, entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well-defined form of a large round head bulging out of the canvas of a tent. The temptation was irresistible; up went his shillelagh—down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction. "Och, Mike," said they; "and did ye not know it was Brady O'Brien ye hit?" "Troth, I did not," says he; "bad luck to me for that same; but sure if my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convenient, I could not have helped myself." Poor Paddy! True type of some controversial spirits; it is not in them to let the chance of a blow go by. They are of the brood of the vulture, not of the dove. "They scent the battle from afar." And many of the moot points for which they have done fierce fight are so infinitesimally small, that we would not give the turn of a button-shank to get them infallibly decided.

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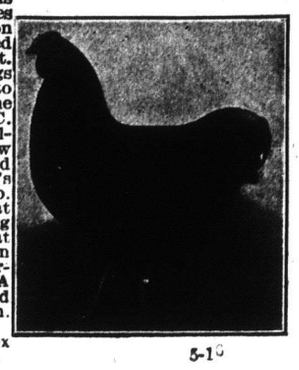

5-16

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

by Pearl Richmond Hamilton

THE BONSPIEL BROTHERHOOD

Since women figure in our Bonspiel sport of curling, a bit of history of the game may be of interest. Following the footsteps of the early fur traders of the Northwest, curling was first played in Canada in 1807, on the St. Lawrence. To the uninitiated, curling is simply a jumble of words and meaningless phrases, but to the Scot and to the real lover of curling, the game is the synonym of good fellowship and sociability. For wherever found, no matter how heated the contest when the "roarin' game is over we're brithers a'."

No other game so well illustrates the patriotism of the Scotch people, or tends so much to its healthy development. Curlers are the truest exponents of their national character for the Scotch humor, keenness, love of independence and sociability are all reflected in curling. The history of the game has an intimate connection with the history of the people. It has taken firm hold on their nationality and has drawn round it a literature of its own, well worthy of attention. It can be traced back about four hundred years. In the beginning of the middle of the eighteenth century it became a truly national game.

Curling has a clean record; archery was a game of war—football has a record of bloodshed and crime—but curling—the game of honor and good fellowship—comes down to us with no stain or blot on its good name. Golf is a game of the rich, but curling is a game of the poor. Though many of the gentry were keen curlers, they followed their cottars rather than their kings. We hope that it will not get beyond the reach of the poorer classes, by expensive ponds or exclusive clubs—if this shall ever be the case the glory will have departed from the game. It will then have lost the grand power it now possesses of uniting in the closest brotherhood the different classes of the community.

"It boots not whence the curler hails,
If curler keen and stanch he be,
Fra Scotland, England, Ireland, Wales,
Or colonies ayont the sea;
A social britherhood are we
An' after we are deid an' gane,
We'll live in literature an' lair,
In annals o' the channel stane."

When the game first began, curlers must have been giants of strength for they used as stones rough boulders from the mountain side. It was the giant age of curling for the stones were of enormous bulk and weight and required great strength to handle them.

They must have been stronger in physical force than modern curlers. Herein lies the difference between the ancient and the modern game. The curler of to-day has something else to do than make a display of athletic strength—because the circular stone requires scientific skill. Though the ancient game lacked polish, it formed the foundation of solid rock for curling meetings—the bonspiel of to-day. The introduction of the circular stone was a complete revolution in curling. By it the game was raised into a position of national importance, because it required all the elements necessary for a national game—chance, force, fellowship and skill.

The game of curling was a greater factor in uniting the Scotch people than most people realize. At first it was played in one parish—then a neighboring parish came to play for contest. In an old statistical account of Scotland we have the following:

"We have but one general amusement, that of curling on the ice. After the day of rivalry, we all meet around one big table where old ties of brotherhood are strengthened and new friendships are formed;" thus the pillars of the bonspiel were established. Their attendant festivities marked the dawn of Scotland's betterday. The honor of the evolution of curling belongs to Scotland. It is a game that both old and young, rich and poor may play with equal skill—clean, wholesome and fascinating—a game that young women may well learn, for it encourages the feeling that "when the roarin' game is over we're sisters a'."

* * *

THE BLESSINGS OF A CANADIAN WINTER

There is a charm in pictures of nature in wintry garb. Look where you may, beauty in some form can be seen. The mantle of pure white that covers Western Canada's great outdoors promises a rich harvest from our productive land. It keeps the air pure and wholesome from a winter's dust and provides our young boys and girls a winter of honest sport, for what pleasures can compare with snowshoeing, toboganning, skiing and skating? Surely Canadian environment cannot be equalled anywhere! Perhaps it may be cold at times but such is the climate that creates energy and stimulates brain power.

It is the obstructed current in the river that produces power. Effort makes progress. The climate that makes us move is the climate that develops character. Activity means growth and development. Inactivity means decay and death. When one is in an environment requiring the constant exercise of intelligence, he is naturally creative, resourceful, inventive, original. These qualities fit in perfectly with those which are the result of the health that outdoor Canadian sports create. The girl who has a good digestion, a good circulation, who breathes deeply, and whose health is robust and positive will be optimistic, hopeful, eager and courageous. When a girl who is in the office or store or the house all week comes to me and asks if it is wrong to skate or snowshoe on Sunday, I say: "Skate and snowshoe until your body is on fire with fresh blood and your lungs are full of life-giving oxygen. Your morals will be greatly improved if you get out in the open and breathe God's pure air."

The psychological effect of feeling that you are not strong is a great handicap. Two English women were in the party which explored the tundras of Siberia along the Yenisei River and found the Tungus who are a branch of the Mongolian race. The temperature varied from 60 to 90 degrees below zero. Facing weather that dips below the zero level is one of nature's best tonics. And so I say: "Long live the Bonspiel and all the winter sports that it encourages."

* * *

THE PROBLEM OF HER FUTURE

Some employers tell me that girls are laying their hard earned dollars in the hand of the professional fortune teller. Girls are anxious to know just how their problems are going to be worked out, so they go to the fortune teller.

Now is it true that our method of living leaves lines on our face, our countenance and our hands. It is easy for anyone to pick out the face that reflects immoral poison or on the other hand a face that reflects a beautiful soul. Think of the face of the professional fortune teller and in contrast the picture of the nation's heroine—Edith Cavell. Do you see the contrast?

All the cosmetics in Winnipeg's drug stores cannot erase the marks of selfish, lazy habits of the fortune teller. But the cream of spirituality that made beautiful the face of Edith Cavell comes straight from the Divine storehouse.

I mention this to impress the possibility of understanding human nature. It is necessary for every girl to be able to detect the sincere from the false but she must get her information from honest sources.

It is when we value the prophecy of a professional fortune teller above the interpretation of Divine will that I declare fortune forcasting by professionals—the profession that profanes God. Yes, I believe when a girl goes to a fortune teller she is taking the promises of God's protective power in vain.

Branches: Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver. Executive Offices and Factories: Oshawa, Ont.

Now I know every girl wants to know her future so last Sunday I took seventy-five little copies of the Book of Psalms to my club of girls, gave each one a copy to mark and keep, and told them that every girl could find her future in the little volume.

These were the problems asked and found answered in Psalms:

What am I going to be?

Shall I be successful in my ambition?

(Find out how many times in Psalms failure is promised to the ungodly and success to the right living person.)

How may I know I am safe?

How may I be protected?

I am uncertain—helpless and discouraged. What shall I do?

Am I going to be always in poverty?

I have enemies—I am trying to live right—they are trying to injure me. I am under the power of a certain man or woman. Will these enemies crush me?

The Book of Psalms is full of splendid answers to these questions.

I am the victim of gossip, of dishonest slander. What effect will this have on my life?

Shall I be educated?

Shall I have good friends?

Others are jealous of me and are trying to crowd me out. What shall I do?

Shall I have a happy future?

These are vital questions in the minds of most girls. They are all wonderfully answered in the Book of Psalms. Our girls were astonished when they found the answers. By the way, the Psalms are full of promises of happiness to those who live right.

Now I want to relate an experience of this winter.

A woman advertised for a position as housekeeper to bachelors or widowers. She was rooming in a private rooming house. Men answered in person her advertisement. This woman also made the acquaintance of lonely young girls on the streets and in places of amusement and invited them to her room. The girls were so pleased to find a woman who would befriend them. She then advised them to have their fortunes told at a certain place. Then evenings she took them to places where they could meet men friends. It was so strange that the fortunes told them came true.

* * *

A LITTLE TALE OF A BIG LOVE

In the middle of the eighteenth century the English began to make delftware in Staffordshire. At that time John Wesley visited the place and this was an item in his journal: "I met a young man by the name of J. Wedgwood who had planted a flower garden adjacent to his pottery. He had his men wash their hands and faces and change their clothes after working in the clay. He is small and lame, but his soul is near God."

I am getting this story from Little Journeys and will quote a few of the ideas that Hubbard relates in the tale. "Josiah Wedgwood was in love, madly, insanely, tragically in love! And he was liberating that love in his work. Hence he planted a flower garden and of course the flower garden was for the lady he loved. Love must do something—it is a form of vital energy—and the best things it does, it does for the beloved."

Thomas Wedgwood, the father of Josiah, was a potter and Josiah worked hard throwing clay on the potter's wheel when he was only nine years old. He learned to read at his mother's knee. At nineteen he wrote this in his diary: "My apprenticeship to my brother is expired. I have my trade, a lame leg, and the marks of smallpox—and I never was goodlooking anyway."

He was sick, lame and penniless. He felt that he was a burden to his brothers and sisters.

About this time a splendid squire and his daughter Sarah rode over to the Wedgwood potters.

In the kitchen, propped on a bench, sat Josiah, worn yellow and wan, all pitted with purple smallpox marks. The girl looked at the young man and asked him how he got hurt.

She went to her father's saddle and got a copy of Thomson's Seasons and gave it him and stroked the sick boy's head and said she hoped he would soon be well.

And Josiah—he was speechless, dumb—his tongue paralysed.

The room swam and then teetered up and down, and everything seemed touched with a strange, wondrous light. And in both hands Josiah Wedgwood tenderly held the copy of Thomson's Seasons.

Gladstone said it was smallpox that drove Josiah Wedgwood to books and art. The dregs of the disease settled in his leg and made it necessary to be amputated. It was a calamity that prevented him from growing up to be an active, vigorous workman; but it sent his mind inward and drove him to meditate upon the laws and secrets of the art of pottery. It gave him new perception and grasp. Josiah kept Thomson's Seasons three months, then returned it for two reasons he said. First, he had committed it to memory and second possibly another one might be sent him instead.

He returned to his work in the pottery but instead of making stone jugs, he experimented on glazes. He covered a wooden box with tiny pieces of ornamental "porcelain" and sent it to Sarah. Sarah wrote a note of appreciation. Later her father ordered two more boxes and sent ten shillings. Josiah now spent all of his spare time experimenting with new clays and colors and sent ladies and knife blades and spoons to the squire. Josiah's brother criticized his new experiments. The squire sent some of the pieces to a Sheffield cutler and the cutler wanted to engage the services of a young man so talented that he could make a snuff box with beautiful leaves modelled on it. But Josiah's brother would not let him go.

When he was twenty-one he went to see the Squire and his daughter. When he returned he determined to get away from his brother and branch out for himself.

Sarah's life to him was a great living presence, and all of his plans for the future were made with her in mind. Brown butter crocks were out of the question now. It was blue plates covered with vines and roses and he even had visions of a teaset covered with cupids and flying angels.

He soon went into partnership with a man named Whieldon who furnished the money. Wedgwood invented a mill for grinding stone, and experimented with every kind of rock he could find and became a great modeller. In a year he had saved up a hundred pounds and Sarah had written: "I am so proud of your success—we all predict for you a great future." He soon went to see the Squire on "important" business and the Squire turned him down. He told him he was a fool to expect to marry his only daughter—no contract of marriage with a lame potter from Burslem for her. She would some day be heiress to ten thousand pounds and must marry a man who could match her dowry.

On such matters daughters sometimes do not agree with paternal opinions. She told Josiah in secret that he could some day match her dowry. "Match my dowry, Josiah—you can do it."

He saved a thousand pounds and started a business of his own at Burslem. He wrote Sarah that "Burslem shall yet be a symbol of all that is beautiful, honest and true—we shall see! I am only a potter, yes, but I'll be the best one that England has ever seen." And he began by planting a flower garden and it was at this time that Wesley wrote: "His soul is near God."

Wedgwood worked—nothing was quite good enough—it must be better. Orders came in from nobility for dinner sets and the English middle class began to adopt

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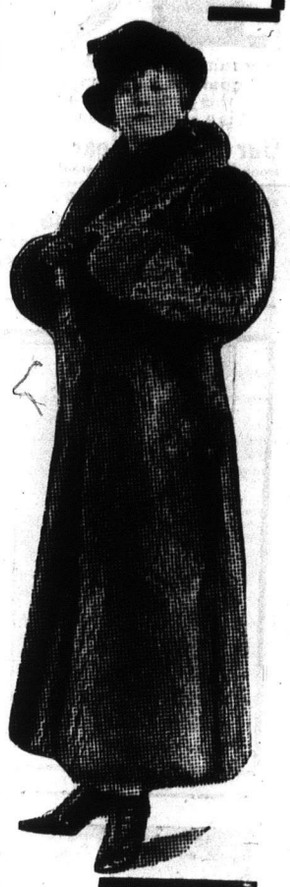

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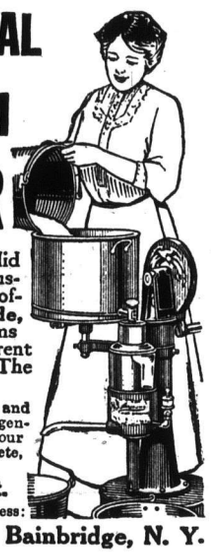

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individual plates, for until the time of Wedgwood a plate and a cup for each person at the table was a privilege only of the nobility.

At the age of thirty he owned a prosperous business and could match Sarah's dowry but the Squire said people would soon get tired of pottery—that common people would never have much use for dishes. Besides, his daughter's dowry had increased through his wise investments.

Josiah and Sarah had planned an Art Colony where classic literature would be duplicated on vases.

"Great people have great friends." In Liverpool was a man named Bentley who became Wedgwood's partner. He opened up a showroom in London and showed the classic creations of Wedgwood till carriages blocked the streets and London went "vase mad." One day Sarah and Josiah were married quietly at the rector's house and from that day Wedgwood's business moved forward with never a reverse. When Wedgwood and Bentley were designated "Potters to the Queen" and began making "queensware," they laid the foundation for one of the greatest business fortunes ever accumulated in England. And the dreams of the lovers came true. At the close of Wedgwood's life he was regarded as the richest man in England who had made his own fortune. A little grandson blessed the home. He became the great scientist Charles Darwin.

Why did I review this little love story from Elbert Hubbard's Little Journeys? Simply to impress upon our girls that a man's success is often due to the inspiration of the right girl.

Twenty-two years after his marriage Wedgwood wrote this to his friend, Lord Gower:

"I never had a great plan that I did not submit to my wife. She knew all the details of the business, and it was her love for the beautiful that first prompted and inspired me to take up Grecian and Roman Art and reproduce the classic on pottery. I worked for her approval, and without her high faith in me I realize that my physical misfortunes would have overcome my will, and failure would have been written large where now England has carved the word success."

* * *

STRENGTH VS. ENERGY

Have you ever noticed girls who work very hard, exert a great deal of energy in their work, yet accomplish little? On the other hand, other girls put strength into their work with apparently little energy and accomplish a great deal. I have watched girls wash dishes. One girl will rub lightly a plate over and over again to get it dry, tiring the muscles of her arms and shoulders, before she is through, while another will, with three or four heavy strokes, have a dish clear and clean and be through with her dishes in one-third of the time that it takes the first girl and she has expended little energy. The same is true in cleaning. One girl will sweep lightly over and over again until she is tired out, while the other girl will sweep with a heavy stroke and in one-third of the time will have a cleaner floor. The same girls try a big ironing. One touches the garment lightly and irons over it many times and when she is through the garment is a wrinkled, limpy rag. The other girl puts a little strength into a few strokes and turns out a smooth firm garment. The first girl is never through with her work, it is not done well, and she has tired herself out. The second girl gets through with her work quickly, it is thoroughly done, and she has not exhausted her energy.

The one touches the surface of things—the other is thorough. Convert your energy and strength.

* * *

ONE GIRL'S PROBLEM

Some time ago a letter came to this page from a lonely young woman in the West. I wish he writer had signed her name as I should like to write to her personally. It is difficult to answer some of her questions in this department. A young woman who has lived at home all through her girlhood must be very lonely, indeed, when she loses her mother. My heart aches for her. She feels she is in the way—that her brother would marry if she were not in the home. She is timid with others and for this reason has no companion.

Since the young woman asked me to express my advice on this page, this is my opinion.

If you feel that you are preventing your brother from making a home, I would go to a new environment. A change is what you need. Even though you and your brother are kind to each other—in the end you will both feel that you are martyrs.

If you have had sufficient experience in housework, there are good places for young women in domestic service. This year experienced domestic help is scarce. I could get you a place with no difficulty. I know several ambitious domestic girls who are taking advantage of the evening courses in the schools. The Winnipeg School Board has provided courses free. Lessons in dressmaking, millinery and cooking as well as the branches in all lines of school work are given by the city teachers to the evening classes of young women. I know of no institution in the city that is doing so much for the wage-earning girl as this system of educational work made possible by the school management of Winnipeg. Instead of the lonely girl roaming the street for a change, she can now spend her evenings pleasantly improving herself. It is the greatest factor in the city in the work of increasing the efficiency of the wage-earning girl. You say you have had little opportunity for education. These evening classes are providing a long needed want for scores of ambitious girls. Your association with other girls would make you happier.

You are very self conscious. You say you are tired of doing the same thing over and over. A change in your environment and opportunity to meet other girls might brighten your whole future.

In regard to your question concerning the young man whom you know well—I think it is perfectly proper for you to correspond with him if he has asked you to write to him. In spite of the fact that a Manitoba nurse writes to me periodically that there are no good men, I still think that the majority of our Western men are splendid and noble—yes, brave, courageous and tender—and it is perfectly natural for a girl to like them, besides I think every normal girl wants a home of her own, else why did the Creator put love in the heart of a girl?

Shrinking Cotton Materials

Cotton naturally shrinks when wet. This property is greatly increased in the weaving as the warp threads are stretched to their full length and held in place by the sizing and starch used in finishing.

If the garment is to be laundered it is better to shrink the material before making it up as it is not easy to make the proper allowance for shrinkage.

Fold the material smoothly and place flat in a tub or large receptacle, the bath tub is excellent. Pour in enough cold water to cover. When the material is thoroughly saturated, pour in hot water, gradually increasing the temperature until the water is as warm as the hand can stand. The hot water is needed to loosen the sizing.

The material should stand in the water over night when possible, but at least two or three hours. Pour off the water and press as much out of the material as possible, but do not wring. Hang on a line in the open air, stretching out smooth and pinning along one selvedge.

Before the material is thoroughly dry take it down and press.

One must be sure that the colors in the material are fast before attempting to shrink it.—Charlotte E. Carpenter, Colorado Agricultural College.

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(See Back Cover)

When the Grave Yawned for Him

Sandy Goulette Took Dodd's Kidney Pills for Bright's Disease.

Now He Can Do His Day's Work As Well As He Could Ten Years Ago—Offers Proof Of His Statement.

Old Fort Bay, Labradore, Que., Feb. 1st (Special.)—Cured of Bright's Disease when the grave yawned before him, Sandy Goulette, an old settler here, wants all the world to know that he owes his life to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was swollen out of shape from head to foot. I was so short of breath I could hardly speak," Mr. Goulette states. "The doctor could do nothing for me. The minister gave me the holy sacrament and a good old priest came and told me that I could not live much longer.

"I was sick all winter and in the spring I telegraphed two hundred miles for two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took three pills the night they came and I got relief before morning. I took Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me.

"If anyone doubts this statement they can write me and I will give them names of people who know me and who will vouch for me. I am able to do my day's work as well now as I could ten years ago."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are no cure-all. They simply cure the kidneys.

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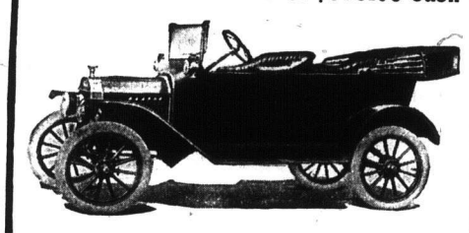

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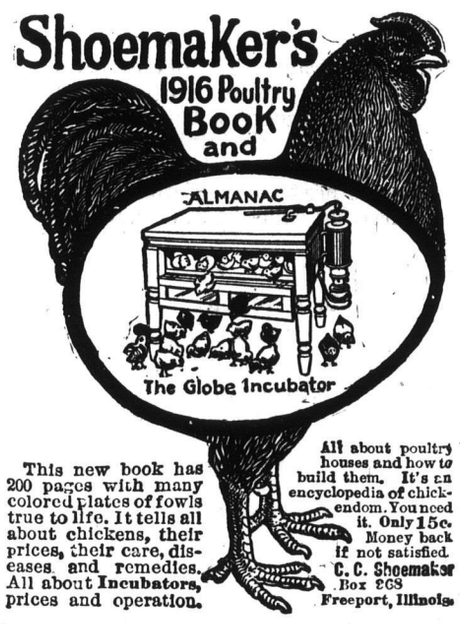

This new book has 200 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about **Incubators**, prices and operation.

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Moulding Baby's Body

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg,

Every baby, unless there be some physical deformity, is naturally beautiful. The little limbs are gently rounded, the skin is clear and pink, the hair soft and curling, and the features, although lacking in character and decision, are well-shaped and pretty. But as the baby grows older, and childhood passes into youth and youth into "grown-upness" that erstwhile beauty grows less and less, until we find it an unusual thing to find the man or woman whose claims to good looks are not marred by one or more bad features. The hair, perhaps, lacks lustre, or the eyes are heavy and ringed, the feet have been distorted by improper shoes, that figure maltreated with incorrect corsets—and in many cases the actual mouth or nose made unlovely by habits contracted in childhood.

A young baby is as plastic as clay in the hands of a sculptor. The tissues are soft and warm, the bones flexible, the features unformed and ready to respond to the slightest treatment. Yet how many mothers know this and are ready to mould the face and figures of their baby girls?

Take, for example, the mouth. How many women are disfigured by a wide ugly mouth with thick lips! Indeed, it is not going too far to say that nine women out of every ten have bad mouths, and the secret of it lies directly with the parents, and the pernicious habit thumb sucking. It is with this idea that the Children's Bureau issued their proclamation against allowing the baby girl to suck her thumb. Such a practice is not only liable to distort the thumb to some extend, but it deforms the mouth as well.

There is an old saying "that a good baby sucks its thumb." Like most old wives' notions, it is a mistake, and the practice is extremely bad for the baby. The shape of the mouth is twisted, widened, and the lips are thickened. Only too often the upper jaw is put out of place, and the thick upper lip and protruding teeth hanging over the lower part of the face would spoil the most perfect Venus in the world.

A popular substitute for the thumb is the so-called "pacifier," which is quite as bad, for it has exactly the same effect of deforming the mouth and ruining its shape. Many is the young woman of to-day who would have had a pretty mouth had it not been deformed in babyhood with a pacifier.

Whether it be thumb or pacifier that does the mischief, a most uncommon effect of the constant sucking is to bend the little teeth outward, causing them to protrude. Such a deformation once acquired, is permanent, unless afterward remedies by long and wearisome adjusted teeth plates. Is there anything better calculated to impair a girl's beauty than this?

On the other hand, it is such a simple thing to mould the infant's mouth. If it is taught to enunciate clearly instead of slurring over the words, the lips are sure to take a certain form. Crying, unhappiness, fretfulness, temper, irritability—all of these as well in childhood as in later days—mar the sweet curves and contours of the mouth.

Another deformity commonly seen and easily traced to inefficient nursing, is outstanding ears. Girls are able to conceal these enlarged ugly appendages behind a wealth of curls, but for a man there is no escape. Few mothers nowadays are so thoughtless as to tie their babies' caps behind their ears. Outstanding bat wings of ears will spoil anyone's good looks, for the ears have more to do with beauty than one supposes. Ears offer convenient hooks for nursemaids to tie the baby strings of bonnets to, but the judicious mother will see that they are not used for this purpose. An incidental bit of caution well worth while is to avoid carrying the child on the arm so that the ears are bent outward, and also to make certain that the ears are firmly and completely folded back when the little one is placed in its crib. Many mothers make it a practice to tie the ears back before slumber, and the dry goods stores now sell caps of a special pattern made in skeleton form for coolness, to flatten back babies' ears.

A baby girl has no nose worth mentioning. The firm features that will be her nose with its cartilage and strong tissues is yet to be made. Even the way in which the little one's nose is wiped may permanently disfigure it. If you will take the trouble to observe the noses of the people you meet, you will make the startling discovery that they all turn markedly to the right. This is not preference on the part of nature as might be supposed, but is due to the fact that their owners have invariably wiped them with the right hand, thus giving them a decided tweak to the right each time. This is correctable, if the little child is taught to use both hands, in proof whereof find out if the noses of left-handed persons do not look to the left.

Too out-spreading nostrils may be corrected by a gentle massage while the feature is yet soft and malleable. Half a dozen times a day is sufficient, and it will soon be seen that the nose shows a decided betterment. This same is true of a nose which seems to have a natural inclination to be lopsided.

One often sees a civilized man or woman with a distinct line across the forehead—the mark of a cap worn in infancy. The line is a mark in the bone of the forehead. How plastic must that bony structure have been if so slight a pressure as that of a baby-cap could have permanently altered it!

It is as if the baby's face were of so much papier mache. The structures of which it is composed, even the bones, are soft and they are in process of growth. To a great extent the shape they will assume can be modified for better as well as for worse, while the growing is in progress—most easily, of course, in the very early stages.

Nearly everyone has one or more "birthmarks," though it be only a mole on some part of the body that is ordinarily covered. But even a mole on the face, if of considerable size, may be a disfigurement. For a baby girl a conspicuous birthmark on the face, neck or arm may bear the promise of disfigurement and unhappiness later in life.

Such serious blemishes should be removed—by cautery, by the electric needle, or by "multiple scarification" with a knife of many parallel blades—and the time to do it is in childhood, when rapid growth of tissue tends to obliterate the scars of surgical wounds.

It is all a matter of beginning early enough. Even the hair may be taught to curl if from early childhood the little girl's tresses are constantly educated to the tendency by means of the curling stick.

Nor is this all. Gentle massaging of the little body may mould it into any form you choose, and insure to your daughter a beautiful figure when she becomes a woman. Creeping is by far the best exercise you could teach her; it develops her chest, throws back her shoulders, strengthens the muscles in the back, develops the arms, shoulders and hips—in short, encourages and stimulates a robust physique.

Beyond a doubt, the moulding of little girls' faces will some day become an important matter in the beauty-making business, engaging the exclusive attention of skilled specialists who will be employed for the purpose by the well-to-do, going from house to house, improving the nose of one child, the ears of another, and so on.

Until such time, however, you are not doing your full duty by your child unless you do all in your power to secure beauty and physical well-being for it. A little care will show you the features that need correction, and you should set to work at once to correct them. This is easier than it may sound, and it will save your baby—particularly if it be a girl—much suffering and unhappiness when she becomes grown.

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No matter what your age or the cause of your greyness I want to prove to you that it can be quickly restored to the natural colour of youth. I want you and every grey-haired reader to experience the delight of seeing years taken off your apparent age by the simple rejuvenation of your hair—and so I have decided to undertake a great "Back-to-Youth" Campaign against Grey, White or Faded Hair, by giving Free to every grey-haired person who writes me, full instructions to enable them to get rid of their grey hair just as I did.

I myself was prematurely grey at 27 and a failure because I looked old. I restored it to girlhood's colour through the advice of a scientific friend. I look younger than I did 10 years ago and am a living example that greyness need no longer exist for anyone. One old gentleman of 76 who had been grey for 33 years followed my simple advice less than one short month and now not a single grey hair can be seen—his hair is the hair of youth.

Whether your hair is completely white or grey, or grey only in patches, or simply losing colour—whether you are 20 or 70—whatever your sex—I will send you free of charge full information how to restore the natural shade of youth to any grey, bleached, or faded hair without the use of any greasy, sticky or injurious dyes or stains and without detection.

So write me to-day. Give your name and address plainly, state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, enclose a two cent stamp for return postage, and I will send you full instructions to restore your whole head of hair to the natural beauty and colour of youth, so that you need never have a grey hair again. Address: Mrs. Mary K. Chapman, Suite 382, R.N., Banigan Bldg., Providence, R.I.

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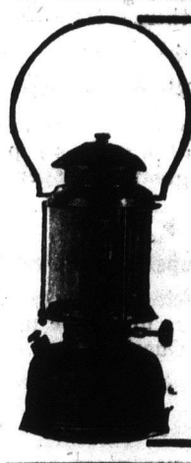

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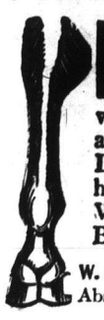

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What the World is Saying

Austria's Vanishing Sea Ambitions

Austria's naval ambitions are sinking beneath the Adriatic.—Paris Matin.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Polite German Name for the Canadians

The "Canadian swine" will do their best to put the German Empire on the hog.—Toronto Telegram.

◈ ◈ ◈

A War to Secure Peace

"Peace on earth" is a good motto, but like some good laws it is hard to enforce.—Duluth Herald.

◈ ◈ ◈

What They Are Mainly Anxious to Abolish

It's not the headaches, we take it, the prohibitionist brethren want to abolish so much as the heartaches.—Columbia State.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Right Kind of Peace Talk

No German flag will fly on the high seas until indemnity is paid in full. This is the right kind of peace talk.—Halifax Herald.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Warfare on Women and Children

The Vossiche Zeitung salutes the vehicle of the baby-killers as "King Zeppelin." A Lucifer among the damned.—Toronto Globe.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Handwriting Is On the Wall

The Austrian Parliament has not been called together since war began. The Dual Monarchy believes in putting off the evil hour.—Milan Corriere della Sera.

◈ ◈ ◈

A Real "Devil Fish"

Prince Rupert reports the capture of an octopus big enough to swallow a man. This is not a Standard Oil joke but a reliable story.—Vancouver Sun.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Hyphenates

There are far too many in our country to whom the hyphen has strangely become dearer than the love of liberty which they profess led them hitherward.—New York Tribune.

◈ ◈ ◈

No Such Invaders Would Ever Return

Of course, there is always a possibility of an invasion of England; but a greater probability of those doing so remaining there.—Hamilton Spectator.

◈ ◈ ◈

The "Divine Right" Insanity

"I and the German people," says the Kaiser in his latest message. He is the world's supreme egoist, and therefore the world's greatest danger.—New York Nation.

◈ ◈ ◈

France's Recuperative Power

France is rapidly effacing all traces of war in the rear of her armies. Her recuperative powers are undiminished.—Manchester Guardian.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Best Way

Herr Ballin wants guarantees against economic war when peace is arranged. Before the war German armed peace meant economic war. Disarmament of Germany is the best guarantee.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

◈ ◈ ◈

A New Source of Potash

The world's resources are scarcely even suspected. The closing of the German supply of potash has led to the development of mines in Utah, where ores exist which can be made to yield potash by a newly-discovered process.—Scientific American.

◈ ◈ ◈

Britannia's Safety Is In Her Sea Power

The Empire is securely anchored in the sea; from the inexhaustible resources of the sea we are drawing our strength.—Fortnightly Review.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Heroes of the War

The high command, of course, is more scientific than ever before in the history of warfare. The intermediate officers, between the ranks and the general staff, are brave and skillful, but the real heroes of the war are the private soldiers, the men who really turn the scale by mere weight of human effort and risk.—Dundee Advertiser.

The Money Cost of the War to Canada

The war will cost Canada this year about $20,000,000 a month. That is about $3.00 a head for every man, woman and child in it, or $15 a month for the average family. The manufacturing statistics show that the average wage of factory employes is about $500 a year, or $42 a month. We need to save to stand the direct and incidental war expenses.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Plain, Old-fashioned Postcard

The British Government having forbidden the sending of picture postcards to neutral countries, there may be a greater demand now for the regulation Government postcard, which has been sadly neglected by the general public for quite a few years past. Indeed, many persons have almost forgotten what one looks like.—Brockville Times.

◈ ◈ ◈

Disrespectful to U.S. Senators

Not many years ago we were laughing at Australia because she had named her new Capitol Canberra, not knowing until afterward that Canberra means laughing jackass. But if, as seems fairly clear from our own political experience, jackasses are prone to gather at the nation's Capitol, Australia is to be congratulated if she can find the laughing variety.—New York Sun.

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Canada's Indians and the War

According to the report of the Indian Department, the red men of Canada have risen superior to the drawbacks of a war-restricted fur trade and are holding their own in every way. A number of the young men have offered themselves for service in the war and a total of $16,016 has been subscribed to patriotic funds. The Dominion's hundred thousand Indians are evidently good Canadians taken altogether.—Quebec Chronicle.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Virtue of Patience

Pericles was attacked as both dilatory and pusillanimous; Pitt as lacking in foresight, courage and imagination; Lincoln was blamed for everything, for interfering with his generals, for undue leniency, for failure in vigor and promptness. The war in which we are engaged requires just the virtues of patience and fortitude which are so justly acclaimed by the historian in the case of these men, and so liable to foolish misrepresentation by contemporaries.—Westminster Gazette.

◈ ◈ ◈

Lynchings of Last Year

Tuskegee Institute reports that there were sixty-nine lynchings in the United States last year, seventeen more than in 1914. Fifty-five of the victims were negroes, three women being included in the number. It is also stated that four innocent persons were murdered by the mobs of citizens. Evidently lynching as a pastime is still quite popular in the warmer parts of America.—Ottawa Free Press.

◈ ◈ ◈

History and Progress

After more than forty centuries of civilization and nineteen centuries of Christianity, mankind—in this case more than half mankind—is settling its disputes in the same way mankind did in the Stone Age. In some of the belligerent countries the final and vital decisions were taken by four or five persons only, in others by six or seven persons only.—Viscount Bryce, in the Hibbert Journal.

◈ ◈ ◈

A Wealthy Widow's Adopted Children

Mrs. O. H. Bosworth, a wealthy widow, of Dickerson, S.D., has adopted thirteen children, whose ages range from three to sixteen years. As the kindly lady has successfully managed a ranch for many years, she may be quite successful in bringing up her new charges. The number thirteen evidently has no terrors for her.—Minneapolis Journal.

◈ ◈ ◈

All Preceding Records Eclipsed

For sixty years the charge of the Light Brigade has been proclaimed in song and story as one of the supreme illustrations of military courage. And yet—what was it in comparison with many episodes of the present war? In the fight at Langemarck a company of the Winnipeg Regiment charged 216 strong. After the battle 21 were left. In the charge of the Light Brigade 607 men went forward; 198 came back. But in the fighting of the past year there have been many occasions when regiments came out of a fight with less than one-third of the men that went in; and a charge against barbed wire in front of trenches is a more appalling thing than a gallop against the oldtime opposing artillery in the open.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

General Botha's Testimony

General Botha has seen with his own eyes how the Germans treat the African natives. "I have been filled with disgust and horror," he said recently, "to find how little value is placed on the life of a native by a German." Well, if white men are imprisoned, massacred and tortured on mere suspicion, as in Belgium, what can one expect in German Southwest Africa? It does not surprise us to learn that the Huns killed 21,000 Hereros at one time or another in the colony.—Melbourne Argus.

◈ ◈ ◈

Human Lives and Bales of Cotton

The body of an innocent child floating on the water, the victim of destruction of an unarmed vessel, is a more poignant and tragic spectacle to Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, than an unsold bale of cotton. Mr. Lodge, in so declaring himself, shows that he takes the big and commonsense view of a serious situation. If injustice is done with respect to a cargo, the loser can easily be recompensed. The innocent dead can not be brought back to life.—Philadelphia Ledger.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Duty of the British Sea Power

It is part of the task which rests on our shoulders to make Germany feel that our navy holds her by the throat. In this general resolve we certainly shall not waver. We shall do everything in our power to lessen the grave disadvantages which such a course of action brings upon innocent neutrals and inoffensive freights. But the great end of our activity must be secured at whatever cost, and Great Britain has to recognize that in an energetic prosecution of the war by land and sea she is doing her duty both to herself and to her allies.—London Daily Telegraph.

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A Candid Utterance

A dread of the unknown and a shrinking from horrible contingencies worked to still our voices and hold our hands while our very brothers in spirit have been engaged in a life and death struggle with forces opposed to all that Americans should—and do—hold most dear and precious. Let us all give devout and humble thanks that this supreme test of national character has not as yet been applied to us. But we can no longer have any possible excuse for not examining our own hearts and trying out our own souls by pitiless self-searching.—Louisville (Ky.) Courier Journal.

◈ ◈ ◈

A Doctrine of Kultur

Here is a remarkable opinion about war put forth by an eminent German scholar, Professor Seeborg, of the university of Berlin: "War is a work of love. It is this that makes war so clearly a work of brotherly love—that it brings an arrogant and envious nation to its senses, reduces the sum total of greed, envy and malice in millions of men who have been vanquished." When he wrote the last word the professor had in mind Germany's enemies. But of course his opinion will apply with equal force to a vanquished Germany.—Victoria Colonist.

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Americans in Uniform at the Front

William Thaw, an American, who is a lieutenant in the French aviation corps, says he is in the war because of his love for France, his dislike for Germany, and his fondness for flying. No doubt many of his fellow-citizens will understand and appreciate his motives as expressed. Certainly, so far as France is concerned, numerous Americans admire that Republic and its people next to their own. And not a few of them are bearing arms to-day in its behalf.—Toronto Star.

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Patriotic Devotion

For this war little Britain, with a national wealth much less than that of the United States, has already taxed herself eight times the entire national debt of this country, and stands ready, if such a thing be possible, to tax herself as much more. Rich men pay half their incomes to the maintenance of the war. Poor men do more, for they sacrifice every chance they have in civil life and flock to give their lives to the nation. It is a tremendous spectacle of patriotic devotion, when all is said and done.—Boston Transcript.

◈ ◈ ◈

Homicides in the States

According to one of the published calculations made at the end of the year there were in the United States in 1915 over eight thousand homicides, and only 94 legal executions. Perhaps capital punishment would be more effective as a needed deterrent of the manslayer if it was more generally applied. If potential murderers were convinced by cumulative evidence that it is really a serious thing to take human life, they might when tempted hold their hand oftener than they do.—Montreal Gazette.

A Short Cut to Europe

John A. Cormie

The war has obscured a piece of work the accomplishment of which has been a dream of Western farmers for a generation, the construction of a railroad to the Hudson Bay, by which they can reduce the distance between their granaries and the docks of Liverpool by at least one thousand miles, and that one thousand miles of expensive railway haul. That dream is not far from realization.

It is a little over three hundred years since Henry Hudson, in company with eleven others, of whom one was his son John, set sail from England in a little ship fitted out by a company of traders, for China, via Greenland and what was called for many years the Northwest Passage. China was a rich field for the adventurous trader of the day, but the old route was so long that much of the profit of the expeditioners was lost in the amount of time necessary to make the journey. Hudson was right in thinking that if he kept sufficiently far north he could sail round the great continent that had effectually stayed Christopher Columbus in his journey one hundred and fifty years before. He did not know that ice and snow storms and extreme cold could defeat his purpose as easily as the solid continent overcame Columbus.

Nevertheless, we owe to Henry Hudson's indomitable spirit, the discovery of what Earl Grey called the Mediterranean of Canada, and the short cut from the grain fields of Western Canada and the North-western States to Liverpool, and what may ultimately be the short cut from Europe to China.

It was the short cut to China that he was really searching for and his faith in the project as well as his iron heart are shown in the facts that he made four attempts and perished in the fourth. On May 1, 1607, he set sail with his first little expedition. Six weeks later he was battling with the ice drifts and fog off the coast of Greenland. There was soon added to these two relentless foes the mutinous refusal of the crew to risk being frozen to death on the ice or ground to pieces by it, and three months and a half later they were all back in England.

One failure did not break the spirit of the adventurer. If there was a short road to China, he was determined to find it and the next summer found him in the same unequal contest, one man and a well grown boy in an uneven struggle with ice drifts, chilling fog and a mutinous crew. Again he returned to England.

Hudson's faith in the ultimate success of the venture and the rich market at the other end of the road, impelled a group of Dutch traders to employ him to make a third attempt. In the hope of avoiding the river of ice by sailing farther south and then going north on the west side of the ice drifts, he found himself in the rich country drained by the river which now bears his name. For the third time he was beaten by his crew, who would not allow him to return to Holland, and compelled him to disembark at an English port.

On his fourth attempt Hudson thought he had made the great discovery. The miscalculation he made was in planning the conquest of the straits in the early summer, the only season of the year when they are dangerously filled with ice which forms in the winter and floats to the Atlantic in May, June and the early days of July. Nevertheless, after incredible hardships, he made his way against a very river of ice and by August first was in clear water and sailing south in search of the warm winds which would waft him to China. For eight hundred miles he followed the coast line of the east shore of the great bay and found, instead of the short road to China, the marshy shores of James Bay.

The darkness then falls upon the adventurer. The fourth crew mutinied and this time they won. Hudson and his son and one or two loyal sailors were cast adrift. What was the nature of the end, how the brave man died, no one knows. Nothing remains but some Indian legends. His monument is the bay he discovered, and the straits through which he struggled.

The Dominion of Canada has a railroad almost completed, by which this short road from Western Canada to Europe, which Hudson discovered three hundred years ago, can be used. The Hudson Bay Railroad running from The Pas to Nelson will be practically completed by the end of 1916. Nelson is the name given to the port at the mouth of the river by Sir Thomas Button, who was sent out by the British government the year following Hudson's misadventures to search for the explorer, in honor of his first mate, who died there during the long winter they were compelled to spend in the Bay. For two hundred years it has been the shipping point of the fur industry and promises now to be a great wheat shipping port. The right of way is already cleared to the port, the grading is done to a point forty-two miles distant, and steel is laid as far as the first crossing of the Nelson River two hundred and forty miles from The Pas. The rails are of eighty pound steel, for it is expected that this will be a great traffic carrying road.

Farming in Western Canada is greatly handicapped by the long distance to a shipping point on the Atlantic coast. Here is Nelson, the same distance from Liverpool as Montreal, as near to the edge of the present wheat growing area as Montreal is to London, Ontario, with a first class modern railroad on the one side and an open passage for several months of the year on the other. The first white settlement of Western Canada, known as the Kildonan settlement on the banks of the Red River near the present site of Winnipeg, came from Scotland via the Hudson Straits and Hudson Bay. For years, Western farmers have dreamed of sending their wheat and cattle to Europe along the route followed by Selkirk's settlers.

All that this new road to Europe will mean cannot be stated. For how many months in the year can navigation be safely piloted through the straits? What can a steel-clad, steam-driven boat do in the fogs and currents that were so dangerous an obstacle to Hudson? From early in July to the end of October the straits are practically free of ice. In the early summer it is probable they are impassable. How far into the winter they can be used with modern vessels no one knows. The difficulties are mainly in the four hundred miles of straits. The mouth of the Nelson is never frozen over, and the temperature of the bay is several degrees higher than that of Lake Superior

Hudson was searching for a short cut to China. The shortest road from England to the Chinese ports is via Nelson and Prince Rupert.

Mrs. Waldo (of Boston): "I have a letter from your uncle James, Penelope, who wants me to spend the summer on his farm."

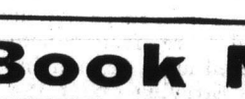
Penelope (dubiously): "Is there any society in the neighborhood?"

Mrs. Waldo: "I've heard him speak of the Holsteins and Guernseys. I presume they are pleasant people."

"In my young days," says Mr. A. J. Swinburne in "Memories of a School Inspector," "a rural schoolmistress entirely misinterpreted my kindness, which was prompted by a desire to quiet her nervousness.

"I asked her in as pleasant a voice as I could summon if she could have the children recite on the 'Reindeer.'

"She replied, simpering, 'I have a lesson on clouds and one on mist, but I'm sorry I have none on rain.'"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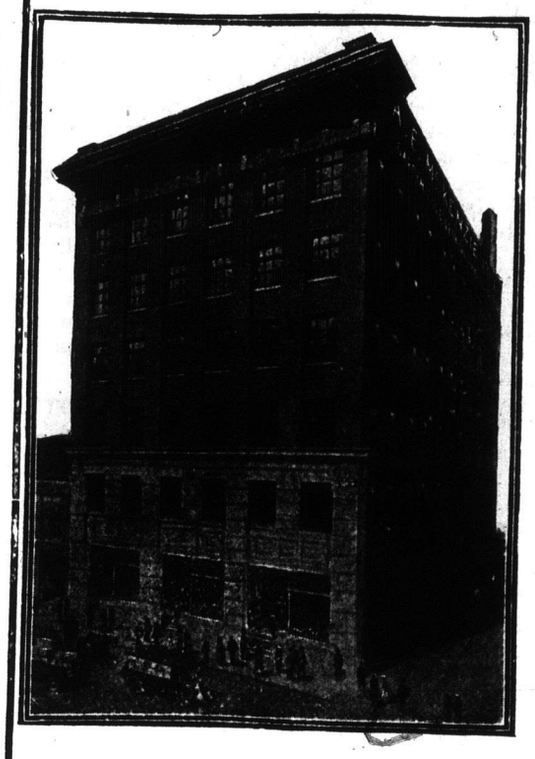

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PURE SEEDS

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PURE SEEDS

The Philosopher

THE WEAKEST OF WEAPONS

It is proclaimed from Germany that preparations are being made for Zeppelin raids against England next spring on a greater scale than before. The Teutonic belief in Schrecklichkeit, or "terribleness" —that is to say, outrage and murder, as exercised on land upon women and children in Belgium and France, at sea by the submarines, and from the air by the Zeppelins—is evidently deep-seated. What is there about the German mind that prevents recognition of the plain fact that "terribleness" cannot achieve anything decisive, and that, on the contrary, it only serves to rouse the spirit, strengthen the arm and nerve the will of every people against whom it is used? It is but the emptiest of threats and the weakest of weapons.

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WHAT GERMANY'S RULERS NOW KNOW

Germany, having reached the climax of her military achievement, is now exerting every possible secret effort in the desperate hope of introducing, if not discouragement, then distrust and dissatisfaction in and between the Allied nations. The whole purpose of Germany now is to endeavor to the utmost to procure an inconclusive peace. All that the once vaunted German might, which was so confident of dominating the world, can now do is to score harassing successes which wound, but cannot cripple, her principal opponents. This is thoroughly realized by the masters of German policy and power, and their efforts will increase henceforth to bring about a peace which will cheat human freedom and the hope of the world's future of the full measure of the security for which the Allies have already made such incalculable sacrifices. Time is on the side of the Allies. The increase in military resources and equipment is going forward with a constantly accelerating speed, and when spring comes the Allies' sheer mass of accumulated resources and weight of metal for forcing the fighting will stand before the world as the result—which will go on mounting in an increasing ratio—of an executed plan, the greatest in all history.

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BRITISH TAXATION OF INCOMES

The suggestion has been heard more than once that in looking about for fresh sources of taxation, the Dominion Government may decide to follow the British precedent and tax incomes. In Ontario and some of the other Provinces incomes are already taxed; but that, of course, would not prevent the Dominion Government from imposing a super-tax on incomes if it should see fit so to do as a war emergency measure. In Great Britain the well-to-do and rich classes are paying income taxes now on an unprecedented scale, by reason of the war. Incomes under £3,000, or in round figures, $14,500 a year, are heavily taxed; but at that figure the rate of taxation begins to mount rapidly. The person in Great Britain with an income between £3,000 and £4,000 gives up one-sixth of it. If his income is between £4,000 and £5,000, he gives up a little more than one-fifth of it. And so the proportion goes on increasing, until the very rich are arrived at—those having incomes of $250,000 a year and more, from whom the Government takes a third and more of their incomes as their contribution to the carrying on of the war. There are in Great Britain several hundred people with incomes greater than $250,000 a year.

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GERMAN SECRET SERVICE METHODS

An interesting and important article in the English Review sets forth a mass of facts in regard to German secret service activity in England previous to the war. All the world understands by this time how neither trouble nor expense are considered in the carrying on of the work of the German secret system, which was begun in France sixty years ago by Stiebert, the tool of Bismarck, who, through some mental obliquity left memoirs (which were suppressed, so far as German power could suppress them) relating with genuine pride some of his achievements. It is a record of cunning, ability and perfidy. For sixteen years before Prussia made war on France the Berlin Government had its "fixed posts" of German informers established all over France. When the Prussian legions rushed upon France in 1870, the organization of spies of which Stiebert was the head in that country numbered 35,000. In the past forty years that system has extended to all parts of Europe, America, Australia, South Africa and India. The facts which have been brought to light in the United States during the past few months—and they are, of course, only a mere fraction of the whole—of the activities of the German secret service in that country make an amazing revelation of perfidy and ruthlessness. That Great Britain was over-run and permeated by German spies for years before this war began is undeniable. Even Emperor Wilhelm himself, as Lord Roseberry mentioned in a recent speech, took a hand in the work. While holidaying in Bournemouth, he spent much of his time in motoring about in the New Forest and photographing important military positions. A German in a position to know has confessed that the Emperor selected points for the deposit of German arms and ammunition, for the invasion. A few years ago German officers took a staff-ride through the eastern counties of England; and there is a German map of England which shows the whole east and south coast districts divided up and marked with the names of German regiments—for colonization purposes, after the consummation of the design of dealing with England as Belgium has been dealt with. The facts set forth in the article in the English Review are startling in their number and in the manner in which they all fit together. When, for example, it is found that a German occupies a house near the opening of a ventilation shaft of a railway tunnel near London, which is of the utmost importance and which he could easily destroy with dynamite, and that another German, an electrician, lives in a house from which he could easily tap the main telegraph wires to the east coast, it is conceivable, of course, that these may be purely accidental coincidences. But when such coincidences run into the hundreds and thousands, it is impossible, knowing what we do of German methods, not to see their meaning. The British authorities took active measures immediately upon the outbreak of the war, to deal with this danger and the measures taken have been eminently and entirely successful, as the facts all go to show.

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RACIAL STRAINS IN CANADA

There have been many varying statements made about the number of persons of German, or Austrian, extraction there are in Canada. Figures have been compiled from the latest available official statistics which convey all the information there is to be had in regard to this question, as in regard to the other main racial origins of the population of the Dominion. It must be remembered in noting that three racial origins are of special importance, namely, British, French and Teuton, the word British is not used with any intention of conveying any suggestion that the French-Canadian is any less British than the British-Canadian. It is used in this connection to describe people who were born either in the British Isles, or elsewhere in the British Empire, of English, Scotch, Irish or Welsh stock. The French stock has, of course, but slight relation to Old France; French-Canadian families have been rooted on Canadian soil for three hundred years. Under the heading Teuton come Germans, Austrians and all the other peoples who belong to the heterogeneous Empire which has been ruled from Vienna—some of whom, though they have been included in the catalogue of subjects of the Emperor Francis Joseph, are Slavic in origin, and whose sympathies are against the Germans. In Manitoba the people of British stock number 266,415; of French, 30,944 and of Teuton, 74,195. In Saskatchewan, the figures are —British, 251,000; French, 23,251, and Teuton, 110,279; and in Alberta—British, 192,698; French, 19,825, and Teuton, 63,259. In British Columbia the figures are—British, 252,683; French, 8,907, and Teuton, 63,259. For the whole Dominion of Canada the figures are—British, 3,896,905; French, 2,054,889 and Teuton, 522,390. These figures are as nearly comprehensive and accurate as it is possible to get them.

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A TYPICALLY GERMAN PLEA

Germans in the United States have appealed to the Government at Washington to assist them in the shipment of large quantities of food supplies to Germany. They ask the United States Government to use its influence to secure "safe passage for food supplies through the war zone." The German Ambassador at Washington is informally aiding in this demand, which furnishes striking proof of two things —first, of course, the fact that British sea power rules the waves, and second, the curious inability of the German mind to realize why the whole world does not gladly submit to what the German mind wants done. Why does not the German sea power come out and attempt to break the blockade? This preposterous appeal to the United States (whose citizens, women and children as well as defenceless men, the Teuton submarines murder on the high seas without compunction) is, in effect, a roundabout appeal to Great Britain for clemency—an appeal to Great Britain, of which the United States is asked to become the mouthpiece, to waive the advantage which the British sea power holds. But the Germans who are making this demand that the United States shall be the go-between for this appeal to Great Britain do not appear to realize what a figure they are thus cutting before the eyes of the world. They declare that the British blockade of Germany is barbarous. But Zeppelin raids against women and children they consider superb triumphs of Kultur. Thus do they continue to exemplify the truth which Rudyard Kipling pointed out, that their minds work like the minds of primitive savages—when a savage hurts you he laughs delightedly, but when you hurt him, he roars with grief and indignation.

WHILE HUMANITY ENDURES

A chaplain with the Canadians at a location on the front which has only the stereotyped designation, "somewhere in France," writes a letter to a friend in which he says that he is encamped on the identical spot where Julius Caesar assembled his legions for the invasion of Britain. He also tells of securing some coins and other relics of that ancient time which were come upon by the troops in digging drains. There have been many wars since Julius Caesar, and many fields in France, as in other old lands, have again and again been drenched with blood. Before Caesar crossed over to Britain it had cost him several hard-fought, bloody campaigns to bring Gaul, which was the France of ancient times, under the Rule of Rome. But not all the wars in all history preceding this war caused such destruction and left such relics of their fury as this war is leaving. In the time to come, far more remote in the future from this time, than this time is from the time of Julius Caesar, this war will live in the memory of mankind and memorials of it will be viewed with deep interest.

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DISPROVING THEIR OWN CONTENTION

From the beginning of the movement in Great Britain towards some form of conscription, it has been proclaimed by the newspapers of Germany as a complete violation with the ideals hitherto held by the British people, a complete breach with the British past. The Berliner Morgen Post says: "It is too late. Decades are required to build up a people's army." The Vossische Zeitung says:. "It is in vain that the British fanatics hope with the infantile British militarism to achieve a victory over the full-grown German militarism." The Voerwarts says that Great Britain finds itself compelled to "adopt militarism to combat German militarism." Such are the queer workings of the German mind that all these utterances, in which the press of Germany are unanimous, fail to appear to the German press and the German people in their true light, namely, declarations that while for decades Germany has been straining every effort in preparation for this war, Great Britain was quite unprepared except for defence purposes at sea. And yet every voice that speaks for Germany, from the Emperor down, and every German paper, from the organs of Prussianism in Berlin to the most lying sheet in the United States of the Fatherland species, maintained by money from Berlin, never ceases to utter the falsehood that Great Britain plotted and planned the war and began it, and that Germany is fighting in self-defence.

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JOTTINGS OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

There was recently brought to the Philosopher's attention an old work in two volumes by John Lambert, an Englishman who travelled through Canada and the United States in 1806, 1807 and 1808—or, to speak more exactly, he travelled through the only part of the Canada of that time which he thought it worth while visiting, namely, Lower Canada, that is to say, what is now the Province of Quebec. Montreal and Quebec were the only considerable Canadian cities then. Toronto was only a village, known as Muddy Little York. These old books give interesting glimpses of the life of the time; and Lambert was at pains to record prices and much other information. Beef was from 1½d. to 4d. a pound, mutton 4d. to 6d., and pork 5d. to 6d., and wild pigeons were 1s. 6d. to 4s. a dozen. Salt came in as ballast and sold at 3s. 6d. per bushel, but in winter it sometimes rose to 14 shillings. The best butter was 6d. per pound. The south shore of the St. Lawrence, below Quebec, was the wheat-growing region of those days, what is now Western Canada being still a vast lone land dotted with the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company and held in fee simple by the Indians and buffaloes. In 1808 wheat sold at Quebec at 7s. 6d. per bushel. Good arable land around Montreal sold for as much as £5 an acre, but in the back country uncleared land could be got for as little as 6d. an acre. The price of flour and bread was regulated monthly by the magistrates. Imperial customs duties were levied on liquors, sugar, coffee, molasses and pepper, while the Canadian authorities taxed manufactured tobacco, put an extra impost on liquors, together with a duty on salt, and collected a small revenue from the licenses issued to publicans and hawkers. A good deal of smuggling was done, according to Lambert, many of the factory goods from the United States being cheaper than like goods from England. These smuggled commodities were placed on rafts and floated down the St. Lawrence from above Montreal to far below Quebec. In 1808 a project for establishing a bank was brought before the legislature. Mr. Richardson, member for Montreal, opposed it on the ground that it would encourage the spirit of gambling. As the disaster which had befallen the paper money—or "card" money, as it was called—of the ancien regime, when Quebec belonged to France, had not been forgotten, the people were not disposed to take kindly to the idea of bank notes.

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

In these strenuous times it is a relief to pick up a book that is an old friend and browse for a few minutes before going to bed or in a brief period of rest between the tasks of the day and the tasks for the evening. Was there ever a time when we quit work at six and did not resume until the following morning? If there was it has sunk into the limbo of forgotten days. When every pair of socks is needed and every surgical shirt, bandage, etc., one hardly feels justified in attempting new reading and yet one cannot go on for ever without both mental and physical relaxation and there is both in a few minutes with a familiar book. The other day I picked up a cheap copy of "The Lame Dog's Diary," my own copy I regret to say, had been borrowed and never returned. I dipped into it on the way home in the street car and was so absorbed in the mysteries surrounding the Misses Tracey's party in the new house, that I was carried past my own street. That did not matter and as I trudged back the two blocks I murmured blessings on the head of Sarah Macnaughton for having made me forget the war even for that brief space, and carried me into the wholesome everyday life of that Scottish village. Since that evening I have been indulging in brief bits from Cranford, Lorna Doone the Broad Highway and some others. Of course those who can knit and read do not need to deprive themselves of reading either old or new but even for them I think a brief snatch of an old book, while lounging in an easy chair or when you are tucked up in bed for the night, is a rest and refreshment which will make work go all the faster when you tackle it afresh.

OLD FRIENDS

* * * * *

Writing of war supplies reminds me that word has recently come to Winnipeg from the trenches that the field comforts sent out by the St. John's ambulance are arriving promptly and satisfactorily now. There were some hitches, and reports came back of cases on the docks in Liverpool which ought to have been supplying the men and there was too much truth in this news, but the difficulties now seem to have been pretty successfully overcome. It is hard for us, at this distance, to realize the enormous difficulties that exist in the matter of transport to the trenches even after the goods are in England. It has taken months to get things down to a satisfactory working basis and without doubt there have been delays and losses. This should not discourage any worker however, because such delays and losses are only temporary and there is room for every garment and sock that can be made, and then some.

WAR SUPPLIES

* * * * *

More and more as men come back and news filters back through letters and other channels the evidence is brought home that one thing that every woman, and every man at home too, for that matter, can do to help, is to write letters. Don't confine the letters to relatives or even men you know intimately but write to every man from your district, whom you know ever so slightly. Of course try and get together and know who is writing to who. The better you know a man the better letter you can write, but see that every man and boy out of your district gets a letter from home every month at least and every two weeks is better. Above all put in the little local happenings, the babies that are born, who has married, who is in for reeve and councillors this year, the doings of any local societies, church affairs, the intimate community gossip which will bring home close to them for a brief space and make them forget their miseries for a little while. A personal experience will serve. I wrote and told a friend that we had, in our particular circle, cut out a certain annual festivity, because we did not think we should spend money on it this year. To my surprise he said in replying, "Perhaps you were right, but you know I thought about you all that night and just fancied I knew what you were all doing and saying, and it was rather a shock to find my picture had no foundation in fact." You catch the idea, the men like to picture the home town and the doings as they have known them and the details of the every day events are the very wine of life to them in the cold and mud and danger of the trenches. Here, too, the individual package by mail is such a solace, the pair of clean socks, the towel and piece of soap, the cake of chocolate, the cigarettes, none of them much in themselves but they bring a sense of warmth and comfort to the receiver far in excess of the value of the gifts or the time and trouble it takes to send them. Since the reduction in postage it is possible to send quite a nice little parcel for 15 to 20 cents.

LETTERS TO THE BOYS

* * * * *

The other day I read the report of the Principal of the Agricultural College and I could not help wondering when the women of Manitoba have had a say in the running of the country for a couple of years, whether there will not be a change in the appropriations for the various branches of the college work. Here are two that standing side by side in the aforesaid report are significant of the relative values of things in the minds of men. For Animal Husbandry $13,000, for Domestic Science $1,500. I might add that the Animal Husbandry department exceeded their appropriation by over $2,500, making the money spent on teaching boys how to breed and rear good beef steers a thousand dollars for every one hundred dollars expended on teaching the girls how to make good homes and care for and rear healthy children. I discussed the matter with a member of parliament who is a breeder of choice stock, rather I should say I called his attention to the two sets of figures and his sole comment was, "they will have to spend far more than that on animal husbandry if they make that department efficient." If any further arguments were needed on the subject of women taking a hand in the government of the country you have an excellent one right here. I entirely agree with the breeder that the department of Animal Husbandry needs more money and I might add more efficient men to bring it up to what it should be, but I think every woman will agree with me that before another dollar is expended on animal husbandry this province had better get busy and spend at least as much on teaching women to make good homes as it now spends on teaching men to fatten steers.

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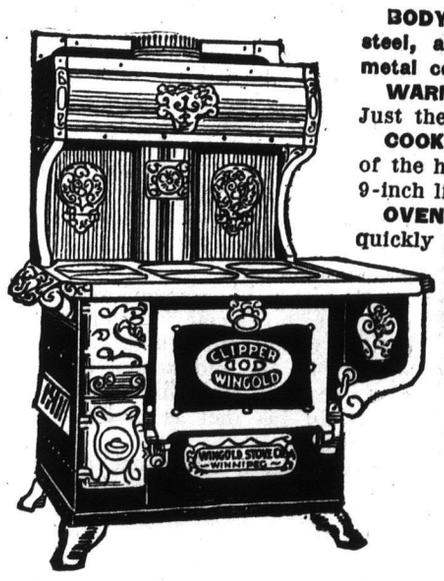

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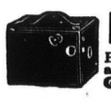

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Eating for Efficiency

By William Brady, M.D.

WHAT to eat was a problem for the first amoeba floating in the primaeval sea. Whether to ingest a tempting microbe or a miscroscopic crystal worried the amoeba, just as it worries you and me whether we ought to tackle a second helping of home-made pie or plead a pressing engagement. The microbe occasionally proved too mueh for the greedy amoeba, and the pie—

Be it distinctly understood that we are not offering dietetic advice to invalids. If perchance you harbor in your midst a precious mine of gallstones or a chronic appendix grumble or any other frankly surgical entity, then the suggestions laid down in these paragraphs are not for you. We are dealing here with the question of food for the healthy.

The nutritive value of pie has been sufficiently established by competent authorities. It only remains to digest the pie. When one finds himself in a position where it is imperative that he shall take his chances with a quarter section for the sake of the peace and honor of the home, the following manoeuvre will be effective. Let him excuse himself and retire to the privacy of his room where, divested of all restraining garments, he may do a boa-constrictor glide flat on his stomach. Fifteen minutes a day devote to this simple pastime prevents post-pradial remorse.

One of the most potent causes of "indigestion"—excluding, now, unsuspected organic disease within the abdomen—is a kink or, as the doctors say, "ptosis," that is, dropping of organs due to our upright posture. The logical relief for distress from this cause is the resumption of the horizontal position of our remote ancestors; or better still, turning somersaults or standing on our heads, if we are equal to the exertion. For timid sufferers a half hour's rest in a prone position with chest low and hips elevated is a first rate substitute. All of this may sound freakish to the uninitiated; I myself laughed at the idea when I first heard of it; now I am passing it along for the benefit of mankind and the discomfiture of some of my professional colleagues.

One of the great pleasures of being a doctor is that of ridiculing popular notions about diet, health, and hygiene. We call these popular ideas, which we ourselves presented to the people a generation or so ago, "delusions," and every doctor is entitled to shatter his share of them. The pie proposition I shall pass unlabelled, and enter upon the job of smashing a genuine delusion.

Bare-legged and breathless, a sturdy youngster endowed with abundant freckles and a cast-iron stomach, sought his Commander-in-Chief. "Ma," he asked, "please, kin I have a slice o' bread 'n' butter 'n' sugar on?" To Johnnie it was a solemn moment.

"You may have some bread and butter, but no sugar," compromised his mother firmly but tenderly. She was a mother of the old school and believed that anything a child just naturally craves in his diet is bad for him—for that reason.

"Aw, please, Ma—just a teenty bit o' brown sugar like the Barker boys—please!"

But it was no use. Johnnie got a slice of plain baker's goods spread thinly with a fair quality of oleomargarine, along with the sterotyped reminder that sugar makes worms. Later on, being a perfectly normal, moral little chap, he raided the sugar barrel and balanced his rations in accordance with the physiological needs of his tissues. As for Johnnie's mother, she was only enforcing a regimen she had been taught by her mother, who in turn had had it from the old family doctor.

Delusion number one is that sugar and sweets are harmful to young people. As a matter of fact, cane sugar is the most concentrated, nourishing, readily digestible, quickly assimilated inexpensive form in which one can obtain heat and energy. Physiologically it furnishes immediately available energy to the muscles, especially to those of the heart, and is therefore urged upon patients with weak hearts. Children crave sugar for perfectly natural reasons—their muscles demand its strength-giving aid, and their hearts have a tremendous load upon them during the developing years. Brown sugar is preferable, for reasons which will be mentioned later.

It is really surprising to find how little we knew about food values and digestibility before the adoption of the calorie as the unit of measurement, and the modern advances of laboratory physiology. For instance, the standard beef tea of the sick room, formerly considered the very essence of energy, proves on analysis to be little else than a stimulating beverage. Meat broths as a class are incapable of preventing wasting of the body, though they are the most expensive articles of diet the sick room can boast. Animals fed wholly on meat broth will starve to death even more quickly than animals which are fed nothing at all, probably because the stimulation of meat extracts uses up the energy of their tissues too rapidly.

There is really but one way to obtain all the nutritive elements of beef, and that is to eat the beef in fairly good sized particles without much mastication. Meat protein, or nitrogenous food, is insoluble in water or alcohol; therefore how can any broth or proprietary essence of beef nourish the body?

What are the nourishing constituents of "bouillon cubes?" From fifty to seventy-two per cent of the weight of a cube is just common table salt, and from eight to twenty-eight per cent is a mixture of non-nitrogenous extracts, stimulating to the appetite and the flow of gastric juice, but practically devoid of nourishment. To be sure, the more reliable firms only recommend bouillon cubes for the relief of "brain fag" and that tired feeling; yet most people fancy the cubes contain real strength. A cup of home-made broth is far more nourishing if not too finely strained, provided you have the time and the kitchen; if without these essential ingredients, then cubist broth may hit the spot a gentle harmless blow.

On the subject of meat, let us say a word for those earnest, wild-eyed reformers who are living on vegetables. Beginning with Horace Fletcher and Upton Sinclair the list runs all the way down to the Gaekwar of Baroda. Sir William Osler is no vegetarian but he deserves credit for having told us long ago—while he was living in Baltimore, where the quick-lunch is manufactured—that we eat not only too much meat, but too much other food. But Fletcher went him one better, insisting that we not only eat more than our system can economically handle, but we eat it too fast. And Horace Fletcher would make a strange sort of a doctor, for he practices what he preaches.

There is no longer any question of the value of a vegetarian diet for certain chronic disturbances of health. A practically exclusive vegetarian diet may also be best for people in ordinary health who are engaged in sedentary occupations. But the consensus of opinion among dietitians is that a mixed diet is preferable for the average brain worker or muscle worker.

The beneficent influence of temporary or prolonged meat fasts upon the health is generally recognized. We can save ourselves much constitutional delinquency, to say nothing of cold cash, by moderation in meat eating. While I get along as well as could be expected with the butcher, considering what he asks for an edible steak, I am simply voicing the opinion of most family physicians when I say the butcher is prospering altogether too much for the people's health. You will suspect that I owe my butcher a bill—and I do; I owe him more than he ever charges for his goods, because the more meat he sells the more practice I get.

These victims of too much meat eating come with "biliousness," liver complaint, sick headache, etc., and I hate exceedingly to call them gourmands but I simply have to do it. Of course I don't come right out and say it in so many words; I beat about the bush like a good doctor.

"You don't drink enough water," I suggest for a starter.

"Water? What's that—oh, water, sure—why, I take a glass of water night and morning."

"Take ten glasses a day at least," I order. "Four pints of water is absolutely essential to carry off the impurities from the body each twenty-four hours. You can't expect to feel well unless you drink four pints daily. It may be taken between meals or with meals, just as you like. It will dilute the gastric juice, of course, but that won't bother the pepsin any. Thirst at mealtime indicates that the gastric juice requires dilution."

"Can't you fix me up something for my liver?" the patient inquires disinterestedly.

"Yes, surely"—and I prescribe some conventional palliative. "But your diet needs correction. Have to cut the meat down to three times a week. That may make all the difference, or it may not. We can tell by our chemical analysis when you call again."

And how do I know the patient is consuming too much meat? I make a test. I find the toxic waste products of animal protein—left behind after the digestive ferments in the alimentary canal have given up the job and have been superseded by that indefatigable ally and satellite of senility, the colon bacillus.

Whether you like it or not, the colon bacillus has to be taken into consideration in every discussion of the diet of civilized man. In the alimentary canal meat substance is the favorite pabulum of the ever present colon bacillus, preferably meat substance in a finely divided state or broth. It has been demonstrated that meat in not too finely masticated shreds digests more quickly and is less apt to undergo putrefactive changes by the colon bacillus than soups, broths, or Fletcherized meat—though Fletcher, being a rigid vegetarian, does not advocate the chewing of meat.

Vegetable protein, or the "meat" of beans, peas, rice, wheat, nuts, and cereals generally, digests as easily as animal protein and resists colon bacillus changes much better than animal protein. This explains why we doctors have so little to do with vegetarians as a class.

Recently Pavlov, the Russian physiologist, discovered an entirely new set of facts, bearing on the chemistry of digestion. He found that when a morsel of food is taken into the mouth and well masticated there is produced in the neighboring vessels a chemical substance called "hormone," which is carried by the circulation directly to the stomach wall, where it apprises the cells of the character of the job to be performed. Thus notified by the chemical messenger, the secreting cells proceed to pour out a gastric juice especially adapted to the digestion of the particular variety of food which is being masticated. Meat juice and milk juice, for instance, are widely different in character therefore these two varieties of food should not be taken at the same meal. Meat juice and bread juice, or bread juice and milk juice seem to work in harmony. Pavlov's hormones are intimately concerned in the correlation of the various acts of digestion all the way through the digestive tube; certain of them are already isolated and injected hypodermically in the treatment of digestive diseases. But an interesting point about this is that Horace Fletcher practically reasoned this thing all out before Pavlov discovered the facts through experimentation.

Pavlov has also proved that oil or fat tends to inhibit digestion in the stomach. This element of food is digested wholly in the duodenum anyway. However, it is obvious that olive oil dressing makes the salad stay with you longer; that codliver oil should never, if at all, be given within two hours of a meal; and finally, that little Johnnie's repugnance to castor oil is founded on purely physiological grounds—Johnnie never being more than four hours away from a meal.

X-ray observation of the digestion of a meal which includes a dose of bismuth to render the food visible as it passes through the digestive tract, has upset most of our former cut and dried notions

about the comparative digestibility of different foods. Food may leave the stomach very soon after it is swallowed, and then remain in the duodenum for hours. In fact, the more important part of digestion is carried on, not in the stomach, but beyond. Symptoms which were formerly supposed to indicate stomach trouble or acidity or gas or ulcer prove to indicate rather some abnormal state of the duodenum or other organ The "stummick," long-suffering and much-abused organ, isn't an essential of life; a man may live quite comfortably without one but he can't live without a duodenum.

I am going to omit all reference to the caloric value of foodstuffs in the diet, because as soon as you try to pin a man down to scientific facts and figures he grows restive and begins to quote exceptions. Chemical analyses of foods, as printed in the Bulletins furnished by the United States Agriculture Department, for example, are worth investigating if you wish to select foods which are economical in cost and at the same time dependable for nutrition. The caloric content of a given foodstuff, however, is not to be relied upon as the sole guide in this matter, for some foods low in calories are very completely assimilated, while other of high caloric content cannot be entirely digested.

A dish of green peas—not counting the copper sulphate coloring or the solder—or of well-baked beans supplies, pound for pound, all the working energy of high priced beef or mutton. A nickel's worth of peanuts, if you can digest them, will give you as much food as a pound of porterhouse and no liver complaint. The Chinese coolie, on his rice diet, performs the work of a pack animal with no complaint at all. Yet many underpaid American laborer "soldiers," on the ground that he can't work without meat once, twice, or three a day.

Mineral food is something you can't estimate in calories. In the tables of analysis of food you will find the word "Ash"—meaning mineral matter, that is, iron, phosphorus, calcium, sodium potassium, and other elements. Although ignored by most dietitians, mineral food is even more essential to life than is animal or vegetable matter. Animals fed on demineralized food will starve to death.

The role of mineral food is partly that of a nutrient, but more especially it is a vital factor in the process of osmosis. Osmosis means the interchange of fluid between tissues. Such important functions as absorption, secretion, and elimination are dependent on mineral salts for their continuance. This explains why animals succumb so promptly to mineral starvation.

Now it is as yet undecided scientifically whether civilized man suffers partial mineral starvation. One thing, anaemis, insipid imitation of the Staff of Life is assuredly deficient in mineral food; the modern milling process robs the wheat of the chemistry stored in the kernel by Nature. On the other hand, we obtain a generous supply of mineral food from such articles as fresh fruit, green vegetables, and nuts. Brown sugar contains more than two hundred times as much mineral matter as does white sugar. If little ones like it, let them have it spread on their whole-wheat bread a quarter of an inch thick Physicians in the South find that the pickaninnies wax fat and strong when the cane is ripe, and they declare that there is no evidence of indigestion or worms from the sugar-cane feast.

This being strictly a common sense exposition of the present status of dietetics, we have carefully refrained from discussing such luxuries as butter and eggs. Margarine at twenty or twenty-two cents a pound makes it superflous to speak of butter in relation to dietetics, and eggs at seven cents apiece places hen fruit in the class of heirlooms. With the kindly assistance of the Agriculture Department it would be possible to be able to select for home use a diet which will make the consumer independent of markets, trusts, and dyspepsia tablets.

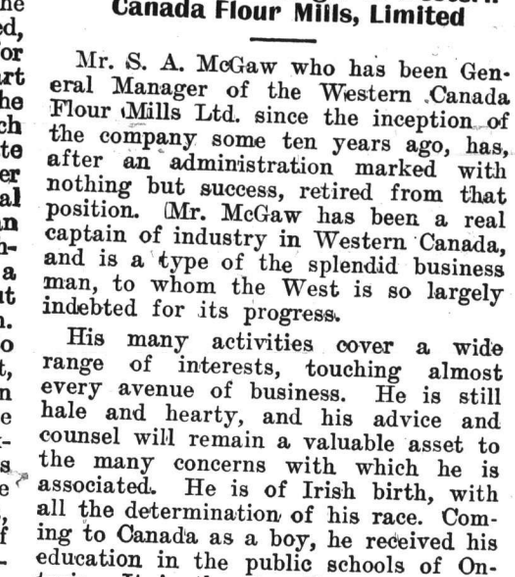
Tourist (exasperated at not being able to get a satisfactory answer): "But, hang it all, man! you surely must know how far it is to the station. Is it three miles?"

Roadmender: "No-no, zur, it ain't so far as that,—not if you 'urry."

The Retiring Manager of Western Canada Flour Mills, Limited

Mr. S. A. McGaw who has been General Manager of the Western Canada Flour Mills Ltd. since the inception of the company some ten years ago, has, after an administration marked with nothing but success, retired from that position. Mr. McGaw has been a real captain of industry in Western Canada, and is a type of the splendid business man, to whom the West is so largely indebted for its progress.

His many activities cover a wide range of interests, touching almost every avenue of business. He is still hale and hearty, and his advice and counsel will remain a valuable asset to the many concerns with which he is associated. He is of Irish birth, with all the determination of his race. Coming to Canada as a boy, he received his education in the public schools of Ontario. It is the Canadian West, however, that offered him a full scope for his initiative, ability, and energy. In 1876 he was assistant manager to A. W. Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. and came to Winnipeg in 1882. From 1889 to 1906, he was western manager for the Lake of the Woods Milling Co. In conjunction with Mr. Andrew Kelly of the Kelly Milling Co. of Brandon, he founded the Western Canada Flour



S. A. McGaw

Mills Co. and the remarkable success of that venture does not require comment. It is generally regarded as one of the most successful Canadian business enterprises. Three sons are worthily sustaining their father's record, one of whom is Wm. E. McGaw, western manager of the company. The youngest, Allan, is serving his country as a Lieutenant in the 79th Cameron Highlanders of Canada.

It would be hard to over-estimate what Mr. McGaw has accomplished for the grain trade of the west; first, as a big miller, then in his capacity as chairman of the grain section of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, and later as a member of the council and president of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange.

Throughout a strenuous business career Mr. McGaw found time for recreation, and among his chief diversions are motoring, golf, horses, etc. He is a member of the Manitoba and St. Charles Country Clubs and also of the Masonic Order. All problems affecting the welfare of the western provinces, command his earnest and prompt attention.

Daughter (weeping bitterly): "Oh, do have pity, papa, and let Edward and me be happy."

Papa (naturalist, furiously): "What! You think of matrimony, when you don't even know how many vertebrae there are in the spinal column of a lizard!"

"The Taking of the Guns"

The charge of the Ninth Lancers against German guns in the neighborhood of Mons during the early days of the British operations at the front will live in history among the most heroic deeds of our army. It will also live in poetry, like the Balaclava charge, for William Watson has made it the subject of some stirring lines. "At the cannon in ambush our horsemen spurred, knights of liberty, glory's sons, and slew the gunners beside their guns." The Ninth Lancers had been covering the retreat of the infantry when they were told by their colonel that eleven German guns, on the outskirts of a wood about a mile away, must be taken, and the bugle sounded for the charge. The Lancers dashed forward amid a hail of shrapnel and rifle bullets, riding down the enemy's infantry. As they approached the guns, many of the gunners ran into the woods, but those who remained were cut to pieces. After putting the guns out of action, the Lancers rode back under a fierce fire from other guns on their flank.

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Holidaying for Farm Women

By I. B. Graham.

"NOW are you all perfectly comfortable?"

"Perfectly, quite, certainly, very, couldn't be nicer," chorused the group of five women callers who waited upon Mrs. Mills in response to a hasty telephone invitation of the previous evening, to run in to her place for an hour to discuss a brand new and thrilling project, a real inspiration, of which not a hint as to its character would be divulged until all five met together at Mrs. Mills home. Any invited guest failing to arrive would remain outside the pale of Trust at least for a week. Without exception they arrived punctually.

"DO have another cup Mrs. Reekie, and YOU too Mrs. Black," solicited Mrs. Mills.

"I'll be glad of another. Thank you but Mrs. Black has had three cups already by actual count; any more is an infraction of—"

"We positively refuse to waste more precious time on a mere catering to the lust of palate," interposed a Spartan member of the council, "the mental or spiritual nourishment should collaborate with the physical, AND—"

"Head off Sparta. Somebody do. We all know the danger-signal of her capital 'AND.'"

"As I was about to observe," crowded in Sparta, "before I was so—er inopportunely interrupted, was that our good hostess having so lavishly gratified the corporeal, has undoubtedly furnished equally sumptuous nutriment for the moral, by means of the suggested or indicated 'inspiration' hinted at in—"

"To The Rescue, to The Rescue, if you love us, Mrs. Mills, we implore. Another such volley will—ah terminate our miserable existence. You can see for yourself we too are getting the habit already. Save us before it's too late—What, WHAT, is your inspiration? Inform us that we may inspect it and reject it or adopt it as its merit warrants. But keep us no longer in suspense we humbly pray." Mrs. Mills was used to her company. She sat back in her chair smilingly as if the "inspiration" was all a fake.

"You don't mean to tell us you have NO inspiration, NO brand new project, NO anything after all?" lamented the crowd. Projects were too rare and precious in their humdrum lives to permit any careless escapes.

"Will you promise not to be shocked when I tell it?"

"Yes, yes, yes. Anything is better than this uncertainty," acclaimed the again hopeful guests.

"Well then—(a long pause)—it is this: a holiday, a really truly holiday for us six plain, mediocre, overladen, middleaged neighbor-farm-women."

Everyone of the five looked anywhere but at her hostess or at each other. Dropping in at a neighbor's occasionally for an hour was one thing; picking up and running away to foreign parts indefinitely, in the busy season was quite another. "Had Mrs. Mills gone temporarily—touched?—the weather had been very hot, and she had had an unusual crop of berries."

"There, do you wonder I hesitated? I knew exactly how you'd take it. But what's the matter with a holiday? Have we ever had one? Don't we all need it," cheerfully defied Mrs. Mills; conviction at last coming to the rescue of her ebbing courage. "Aren't we All running to seed as it were—going a trifle stale, out of sorts—hasn't the sympathy and joy of living abated somewhat lately—in short hasn't the light of Love sputtered some? Come now, aren't you stale on your husbands—weary of your children—disgruntled with the ceaseless monotonous daily grind? Eh, confess everyone of you," bantered the hostess.

"Stale—seedy—disgruntled—sputtered," echoed the startled conspirators. Who could have dreamed of this; each inwardly canvassing when and how she had betrayed her inner self to this spying if kindly eye, but fixed in her resolve to admit **nothing** outwardly. The others could suit themselves certainly, but for her—HER mind was made up. Betray the intimate perplexities or complications of household? Why, the very idea!!! She had just as many conveniences, just as good a home, and if it came to that—well—just as good a husband as any other woman there present. Let them do the complaining. As the enormity of the idea grew each eyed her neighbor with a tinge of aloofness which might flare into resentment on slight provocation. A Christian Scientist would have been charmed with the result. Each subject had (mentally, for the moment) all and exactly what she desired, and the proposed holiday loomed disloyal and menacing.

The crisis was one that required and received careful adjustment.

Shrewdly guessing the identical train of thought zigzagging through the wary minds of her cautious guests, and knowing well that one and all would die at her post, unrelieved and undiverted, sooner than concede an excess in fatigues, or a lack of consolations, Mrs. Mills averted impending disaster to her scheme by hastily excluding any oral expression of opinion whatsoever. They "wouldn't discuss it. She had a better plan—much better. She'd like somebody to inform her if they pleased, WHERE was the use in acquiring a more or less faulty knowledge of parliamentary procedure if not to pry people out of dilemmas?" Here was a procedure. Here also was a dilemma. She would take the liberty to suggest that the matter be decided by ballot—secret ballot. Then everybody could do as she pleased, and not be beholden to another, and change her mind every time if she wanted to."

In a twinkling the little paper slips were ready, indeed suspiciously ready. Reticence charged the atmosphere. The affair had its weak spots and might topple any minute for want of a discreet word.

"All agreed," announced Mrs. Mills no doubt directed by a prophetic hand, "we ballot five times. That'll give everybody a chance to RE-consider; and 'second thoughts are best' the poet says,—and then we'll call in John to be scrutineer and—"

"NO, NO, NO mere man in on this," protested the five.

"Norah, then?"

"Norah, it is."

"Mark your ballots 'yes' for a holiday; 'no' for stay home.

"We'll total all the yesses and all the noes; subtract the totals and the difference determines the holiday.

"Is that parliamentary procedure?" doubtfully.

"Not—exactly; it's an improvement, or variation of the old style." At the imminence of the decision, they broke out with:

"What about the children?"

"And the chickens?"

"And the HUSBANDS?"

"And the cows?"

"And the hired-help?"

"And? ? ? ? ?"

Mrs. Mills raised a protesting hand. "One thing at a time," she laughed. "If we don't vote a holiday, we can all go home and work for them as per usual; so don't cross a bridge before you come to it."

"But there won't be any bridge to cross on when we do come to it," warned the Irish lady of the party, "if we vote a holiday first, and consider the et als afterwards."

"That's too deep for us; go on with the ballots," encouraged the hit-or-miss party.

"Kindly perservere with the balloting," primly chided the Spartan.

"All agreed then? All pledged to stand by the ballots?"

"ALL," came the unanimous emphatic pledge.

The slips were sorted, marked and collected. Norah proceeded to the counting. Somebody wanted the returns before the second balloting. Somebody objected because it made more mystery not to know. No counting was allowed until the five rounds of balloting were completed. Norah "didn't know what to do with the 'spoiled' ballots." She "couldn't tell whether the voter meant yes or no." One word was written squarely on top of the other. She "couldn't account for that unless the voter changed her mind while writing." They all wanted to examine the "spoiled" ballots. This was objected to, as being unofficial. After due deliberation, all spoiled or double-marked ballots were thrown out.

The scrutineer's final official report gave a majority of five for the holiday. Though not openly so reported, twenty-five papers had to be thrown out. Mrs. Mills alone had voted straight for the holiday. The other five were victims of their own doubledealing and insincerity, but they must not know it—not yet at least. Now they were in for it.

"What will our husbands say?"

"And our children?"

"And the chickens?"

"And the cows? And??????"

"Alas where was now the bridge to cross back upon."

"When do we have to go—and WHERE—and how long do we have to stay—and how much will it cost—and who'll do the work while we're away—and?"

"La, la, la," parried Mrs. Mills, grasping her hair with both hands. "My brain is positively jammed up with question-marks. Wait a minute. Now then I do assure you I've thought of **everything.** I give you five days to settle your work, bring your husbands round, and get ready to go. I know where there's a neat little shooting-box or shanty, right by a water's edge, owned by a friend of mine—he has a boat or two and it's all ours for the taking. We'll bring our own bedding, a few dishes, a hammock or so, and the little food we require—I'll contribute a pound of tea, you one of coffee, another butter, and so on. Each can bring a two-quart sealer of canned fruit, a glass or more of jelly, we'll catch our own fish, coop up half a dozen live fowl to dress when wanted, a bag of vegetables for good measure. AND we'll live like kings—and THERE YOU ARE, and what more can mortal want?"

"But WHERE, that's the point, WHERE?"

"Oh, of course, where? You must have faith in me for that. I know WHERE, but on the whole it may be better to keep that secret at present, in fact till we are ready to start, and even then from our dear men friends—and just one other thing, Norah here, you all know what a gem Norah is, will undertake to go the rounds of your homes daily or oftener if necessary, to see that the children are doing well and the work going properly—now that's positively all, so away with you to your preparations, there's not a minute to lose for threshing is at hand. We've all to be back for that. Next Wednesday we leave—good-bye. Yes, Wednesday, at ten a.m. I'll come round for you all in my car—good-bye, good-bye."

"Now WHAT do you know about THAT," ruminated the Mills' adherents as by wheel or horseback or buggy they promptly dispersed; intent upon how to "bring our husbands round," which was the recognized though unacknowledged climax of the undertaking. "Could there be anything in that old adage mother used to joke about, 'the road to a man's heart runs through his stomach,' and Aunt Jane always substituted gizzard—it can't hurt if I make Jack a big Johnnycake with rich sour cream, he likes nothing better, unless a green-apple pie with flake crust and cinnamon, that'll pave the road if anything will."

After the various Jacks had gorged themselves at the evening meal, upon the diplomatically assorted dainties and

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were at rest and peace with the universe, was the impressionable epoch in which to make the delicate appeal.

"Jack."

"Hello! wha'd-yuh-wa-ant?"

"Jack," repeated a small voice, "I've been noticing a little lately that you seem to be getting chronically cross—and I—don't believe the other women's husbands are cross to them, and they're all going I think."

"Going, going WHERE—who—women, —what do yuh mean, Sue?"

"You knew we were all out to Mrs. Mills this afternoon, and—"

"I knew YOU were, but not the rest."

"Well, we were—six of us in all and Mrs. Mills planned a holiday—camping for us six—and all the others are going—and we voted on it and there was a majority of five in favor, so all the others must have voted for it because —I—a-couldn't be sure you'd be willing for me to go and so I—I—, first I thought you'd let me go and wrote down yes, and then I thought you wouldn't and put down no,—and they threw out my ballot, because it was spoiled they said, and the others must have been sure of their husbands because you see they all voted yes."

Jack was erect in his chair by now. "Do the others know whose ballot was spoiled?"

"Oh no. Norah wouldn't let us look. She said it wasn't official to look."

"And my little girl was the only one who couldn't trust her husband to see her through?" observed Jack in a controlled tone.

"I couldn't be positive how you'd take it," hesitated Mrs. Jack, in a sad little voice, "and it would be so horrid to promise and then have to back out and everybody'd know why—and then there's all the work, and the children and—"

"Hang the work," exploded Jack. "You're not going to stay for any work, and I'll take care of the children. You bet, you're going. You'll be the first one on the job. Next Wednesday, did you say, at ten a.m.? I'll take you over myself. The neighbors won't get anything on my little girl," fiercely apostrophized Jack; while Mrs. Jack swallowed two frogs and a whole ripple of gurgles on Mr. Jack's shoulder; nor does she know to this day what effect if any, either the Johnnycake or the cinnamon pie had upon Jack's heart, stomach or gizzard, nor does she know whether his generosity was inspired by natural perversity, or everyday manly pomposity.

On the morning of Wednesday, there was unusual stir about the home of Mrs. Jack. The children were admonished and kissed and cuddled unduly and an air of subdued excitement pervaded the household. At 9.45 bundles and wraps and supplies were being hurried into a rig; at 9.45 Mr. Jack accompanied by a radiant Mrs. Jack, drove triumphantly into the well-ordered yard of Mrs. Mills. He "thought he'd just save Mrs. Mills the trouble of sending over for Sue and her things." Mrs. Mills was delighted. She swept a comprehensive glance over the various roads and counted four rigs, rapidly approaching her premises. Mr. Jack noted the spark that flashed her eyes at the rally. He stood up to investigate. There were the other four bringing in their wives and baggage. What, and how much did Mrs. Mills know or suspect? Mr. Jack's countenance fell forty points. From being the sole hero on the stage, he had to divide honors with other four, all heros. Mrs. Mills ran inside "to see that everything was ready," which afforded a much-needed opportunity to release a smothered laugh. Her leaven was working already, albeit in the dark. Mrs. Jack reflected Mr. Jack's reserve. The men regarded each other as to say "And pray what brought YOU here," though the cause was plainly patent. All the men repudiated tea at ten a.m. The women stepped to the verandah to partake of a "stirrup-cup." Mrs. Mills as per promise imparted the location of the camp, which was to be kept a dead secret from the men. "Women could go camping, sure they could without advice and supervision of any man." And they did. However under cover of kissing him good-bye, Mrs. Jack informed Mr. Jack where the camp was. "Don't breathe it or they'll NEVER forgive me," she warned.

"Trust ME," reassured Mr. Jack.

The men returned to their desolate farms, and the women to their reluctant camping. After the usual semi-comic, vexatious, futile efforts to settle in camp and enjoy the simple life out of doors, with ants in the liquid butter that someone forgot to put in the cave dug with quite inadequate muscles from the shaley side of a knoll, a meal of fish ninety-six per cent bones and fins, potatoes baked in the ashes, burnt to a crisp on one side and very raw on the other, and tea that tasted of coffee, and coffee that tasted of tea as how could they help it being cooked in the selfsame dish; where inquisitive gnats and mosquitos and spiders and bugs explored and sampled and "saw that it was good." Every throbbing inch of anatomy, especially those portions that the sun had already blistered, when the aged stock of jest and anecdote had filtered into the remote past, when at that childless "children's hour" all of the doughty campers, barring Mrs. Mills, were sitting dismally about a smoky fire at the camp's doorway, mutely vizualizing the jolly bedtime scampers of their little broods at home, anathematizing the temporary lunacy that lured them from sane home comforts, the regular orthodox camping programme in its initial stages—camping has its own peculiar well-ordered graduating grade of apprenticeship, admitting no exceptions—misery, suffering rebellion, want, woe, discomfort, regret, toleration, ease, pleasure, gladness, great joy rejuvenated glee and loyalty to camp life.

At the close of the third day then when Misery and Rebellion, combined in equal parts, gazed drearily into the smoky blaze, vainly seeking a plausible pretext upon which to break jail, escape home and elude the balance of the sentence; just at that precise moment when courage was at its forlornest ebb, and Mrs. Mills was cudgelling her fertile brain to quell the incipient mutiny, a fearful noise of floundering and threshing among the trees, as though some giant mastodon, enraged at being caged so long, had broken loose from the Glacial Period, making the most of his freedom—was smashing through the forest, levelling everything before him.

The awe-struck campers clung to each other in sudden panic. "It's an ill wind blows nowhar," and this horror, if they survived it, which was unlikely, at least would furnish a real reason for deserting camp and going home in stately justification. Even in their direst terror (so fleet is a glance of the mind), they hoped the approaching horror would smash the hateful camp to atoms, sparing them of course, thereby compelling them to go home.

As the smashing and crashing grew in volume, and total annihilation imminent, every breath was held, and every eye glued to the point of anticipated attack, the figure of a much dishevelled man burst through the scrubby gloom into the small dim camp clearing. "I —I—I beg pardon—I—thought it was farther on—I—was running," deprecated he.

One coatpocket dangled from its base exuding a ropy, bulby stream of yellowish fluid, the shattered remains of a half dozen fresh eggs, forgotten in the forest sprinting. Mrs. Jack's hands flew to her guilty face. It was Mr. Jack—solid proof that she had betrayed their hiding place. His reception registered two degrees below freezing. Naturally nobody wants to be caught in an absurd panic. By dint of abject apologies and direst vows, "That wild horses couldn't drag from him to any soul living or dead, the—er—state of —of mild surprise in which he er—found them," Mr. Jack mounted speedily in the good graces of the mollified campers. After all it was good to be alive even in a camp. He was beset by the liveliest sallies, and most solicitous inquiries as to his welfare, several offers of assistance in repairing his injured attire. Mrs. Jack began to cherish hopes of forgiveness, not to say gratitude for her betrayal, even to bask in a few minor rays of her consort's effulgence. The reaction from deepest gloom and abject terror to even temporary gaiety and security, was surging Mr. Jack higher and higher toward the topmost wave of fraternal popularity, even heroism. Here was he, the sole male, sharing a delightful inviolable confidence, their confidence, with six friendly ladies—all fair, his exultant bliss, spurred by a reasonable hope that the other four, either missed their way or, better still, were silent hidden watchers of his triumph.

When they could stand it no longer the other four Jacks, so far discreetly concealed behind contiguous tree-trunks, wringing their wits in a spasm of choosing between slinking off home undiscovered, thus minimizing that wretch's success, or play second fiddle and struggle into camp without a single beat of drum; at this exasperating point of indecision, Mr. Jack's cheery challenge waked the echoes: "Hello—hello there boys—come on in! here's the camp!" The game was up, and there they were trapped like sheep meekly into a corral.

They hid their chagrin in an impromptu race into camp each vociferously jollying the other's explanation of his accidental appearance,—all the wives radiating jubilation at the unexpected visit, plying their liege lords with intimate domestic inquiries. The original Jack was already a forgotten back number, reduced to the solace of his spouse's adulating murmurs, supplemented by a careful one-fifth section of Mrs. Mills impersonal attentions.

After an ambrosial feast of tea made in the coffee pot, whitened with canned cream and bread toasted or smoked black upon long forked sticks, the farmer gallants retired en bloc to their pastoral homes and the despondent campers became inexplicably reconciled to serve the balance of their sentence in cheerful patience. Camping had possibilities after all. To the end that the listener may have a fuller comprehension of the incident, the chronicler might state that the spectacular and simultaneous delivery of the wives over to Mrs. Mills instead of waiting to be called for, roused the mistrust of every man and put him on his mettle. When Mr. Jack casually remarked, too casually indeed, at the postoffice, that he'd "have to run up to the Elbow to look over the horse he was buying for the fall plowing," all four men casually "wished him luck with the horse" and silently opined that Jack would stand watching, and so would the woman's camp.

The next day and succeeding days, the rigors of camp life began to perceptibly subside and merge into comfort interest and pleasure. Boating and bathing and forest tramping and aboriginal cookery lost their asperities and every evening now held out its own promise; but the men did not return. The sabbath was a day of extreme anticipation. Mrs. Mills had made arrangements for a noonday luncheon at a point some miles across the lake. An early start was made by boat. As the party boarded the boat Mrs. Mills, the last to leave camp, pinned up in a conspicuous place a sheet of white paper bearing this legend:

To Whom It May Concern.
Sunday, 9 a.m.
WILL BE BACK TO-MORROW.

Luncheon concluded Mrs. Mills convoyed the party to a neighboring farm house where evening dinner was a luring feature of the entertainment. It was dark when they returned to camp. Mrs. Mills cautiously lit the evening fire with the incriminating proclamation. Involuntarily their expectant faces fell, when a hasty glance revealed the tenantless camp. But what was that? In one swoop every head bent above a bench set by some strange hand in the centre of the camp, and upon it reposed in a tempting array, one large bottle of mixed pickles, one box of chocolates, one baked chicken, one large fruit cake, and one huge watermelon. Attached to each gift rudely but legibly inscribed by means of a charred stick upon greasy brown wrapping paper, was the name of the donor, mute but moving testimony to a disappointed husband's devotion. With what stoic resignation had he relinquished hope in a share of the feast; and what "an hunger" he cherished on his lonely homeward way as the evening shadows fell!

"We never miss the water till the well runs dry," lilted Mrs. Mills, while each consort with shining eyes, hugged her liege-lord's gift, none the less ecstatically that the last man in had taken his pick of the prior gifts, attached his own name thereto, and rearranged the others to suit his vagrant fancy.

The second day later Mrs. Mills with the art of a Samivel Veller, the advocate of "stopping before you get enough of anything which is sure to make you want more of it" when anticipation and preparation of a specially good day were at their height, suddenly summoned the campers before her and imperatively declared an immediate breaking-up of camp, leaving the day's plans unfulfilled.

"No. Not a last fish, or row, or dip, or tramp. In thirty minutes the car leaves," declaimed Mrs. Mills in mock magisterial austerity.

"But we insist upon just one more day."

"The order stands—we can all return next year—that's the best I can do for you this time," and the move was promptly effected.

In thirty minutes the loaded car was purring down the wooded trail leading to the main road upon which an hour later the valiant tourists recklessly swung into their homes and dropped unheralded into the joyous bosom of their families, one full day before they were expected, forestalling the husbands' intent to formally escort them back.

At the first skirl of the motor horn, the children flew from all quarters to welcome the long lost mama. The cats purred and the dogs barked and leaped and licked indiscriminately in paroxysms of joy; the chickens stalked and cackled cautiously inquiring of each other if it was another thanksgiving day. Six women out of one district certainly left a vacuum. Their return was more extraordinary than their exodus. But there they were safe and nearly sound, and the children obviously hale and hearty, and Norah justified their confidence and proved a most impartial and efficient superintendent, and Mr. Jack unhitched a full hour before the noon recess in honor of the great occasion, and waked the stable echoes after dinner, blithely carrolling, "For to me you're as fair as you were Maggie, when you and I were young." But when Mr. Jack had turned the grain into the nickering horses' cribs, and stood leaning, propped by a sturdy arm against the doorway, gazing introspectively across the bleaching fields the vaunting note fell to a minor key, and the old song soon slipped into silence.

"And I always thought Mrs. Mills was just one v-e-r-y ordinary mortal with no suspicion of wings, and lo! with a magic touch, inspired by heaven only knows what secret impulse or deified intuition she has transformed the drudgery of daily sordid toil into a labor of love—unveiled a fresh vision of the worth-while things, and flashed a new zest into daily domestic communion. We were adrift upon a drab sea of fatal monotony—men are only boys grown big—as needful of recreation as—as—and just so we used to thwart and cheat each other at the old Ag. college a dozen years ago—"

And Mrs. Jack? A vague brooding shadow dissolved before the sunshine of a serene and kinder day.

When the last camper was restored to her own hearthstone and the car shunted to its accustomed shelter, Mrs. Mills reluctantly entered her own silent abode. No radiant husband was there to welcome her. "Would he ever return? Had they irretrievably missed the fingerposts to peace and happiness? If she could, how gladly would she blaze a trail for other strays—"

The Gates of Greatness

By Frank L. Packard.

PIT No. 3 was clear. The big doors at the end of the fitting-shop were open, giving a glimpse of the yards beyond choked with the miscellany of a division point. Above the ring and clang of the hammers, the whir and grind of shafting and machinery, came an occasional angry gasp from the exhaust of the diminutive shifting engine outside. Then a shadow fell across the shop as a big ten-wheeler, minus its tender, was pushed slowly in through the doorway. The fussy, little shunter, dwarfed to ant-like size, shoved and grunted and wheezed, then, with a final snort of satisfaction, released from its encumbrance, it shot like a rocket out of the shops into the yards again.

Carson, lounging against the bench, glared sullenly at the new arrival that, until it left the shops again, would be under the immediate charge of himself and his mate, Dick Delaney. That was the rule in the Big Cloud shops. Two fitters to an engine right through from start to finish—there might be half-a-dozen others, or more, working on it at times, most of the time for that matter, but the motion-work and general responsibility was up to the two men detailed to the engine from the moment it was rolled in over the pit.

Usually, this was the detail the men liked, and liked especially when there fell to their lot one of the gold-leafed passenger flyers that were marked up for the fast mail runs from the foothills at Big Cloud out through the Rockies to the western plains beyond.

Already Delaney had moved to the side of 518, casting a heap of tools on the floor beside the drivers.

"Come on, Jack; we're in luck. She's a corker!" he called to Carson.

With a growl, Carson jerked himself from the bench and, joining his mate, began to hammer recklessly at a cotter-pin, ending by breaking it short off in the grooves.

Delaney watched in amazement.

"What the blazes is wrong with you, Jack?" he demanded. "You're not workin' on a scrap heap! I wish you luck gettin' that out, now."

"Go to the devil!" said Carson, without looking up.

Delaney, eyeing his mate cooly, reached for his plug and took a bite.

"Go to the devil yourself, you surly cuss!" he returned evenly, and picking up his tools went around to the other side of the engine.

Until nearly noon-time each man kept to himself. Delaney had already slung the links on his side out to the cleaners when Carson swung himself between the drivers down into the pit. Delaney glanced up as Carson joined him, but the black look on the other's face was not inviting.

With a shrug of his shoulders, Delaney turned to his work. He braced himself against the fire-box, stretched out his body to get play for his arm, and began to attack, with hammer and cold-chisel, the heavy nuts that held the guard plates in position. From time to time he looked at his mate curiously. Carson's jaw was set and tense; his skin, accentuated by the grime upon his face, took on an unnatural pallor in the dim light beneath the big machine; his black eyes fixed, expressionless, upon his work, filled Delaney with a queer sense of uneasiness.

"Surly cuss!" he muttered under his breath, and the next instant, with a cry, he flung his body forward, jerking his legs back beneath him until he stood, panting, as nearly upright as the confined space would permit.

With a crash the link-motion had slid from the rocker-arm, and Carson, with a shove, had sent it flying across the pit to strike with a nasty thud where, but a second before, Delaney's outstretched leg had been.

Flaming with anger, fists clenched, Delaney took a step toward his mate.

"You did that on purpose, you—" The words froze in his throat.

Carson was gibbering—gibbering horridly, snarling to himself, a fleck of foam upon his lips.

A great fear came upon Delaney, weakening, irresistible. His hand, reaching out for support, caught at the edge of the pit. Then frantically, wildly, he dragged himself out between a pair of drivers and stood leaning dizzily against them. He passed the back of his hand across his forehead. It came away dripping wet. The left leg of his overalls was ripped from the knee to heel.

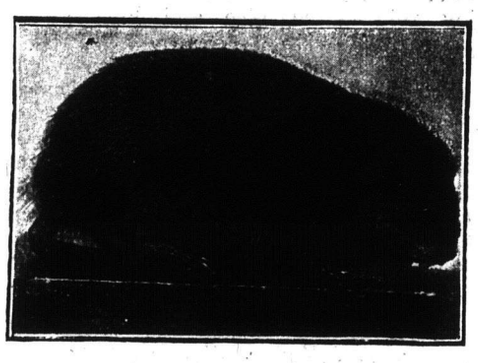
"My God!" he mumbled, hoarsely. "My God! he's gone crazy."

The men began to troop by him in twos and threes. "Hey, Dick! You deaf! The whistle's blown," one shouted at him.

Delaney pulled himself together with a start.

"All right, I'm comin'," he called back.

He pulled off his overalls and jumper and peered nervously into the pit. It was deserted. Carson had gone. Delaney picked up his tools with a shaking hand, crammed them with his overalls into the drawer of his bench, and hurried down



A good type of the Western Canadian Muskrat

the shop to overtake the last of the men as they filed past the timekeeper.

"Carson gone out, Hicks?" he asked, as he handed in his time-check.

The timekeeper, without looking up from his task of sorting and placing the little brass discs in their corresponding numbers in the rack, answered gruffly in the affirmative.

Delaney hesitated a moment in indecision, a man hurrying by jostled him, he glanced again at Hicks, then without a word he swung on his heels and passed out through the gates, crossed the tracks by the roundhouse, and took the short cut through the fields to his boarding-house. He ate little and soon left the table, taking himself and his pipe outdoors to think it out in what time was left of the short noon hour.

He had known Carson how long? A month about, wasn't it? Carson had drifted in when the company, answering the demands of the Hill Division, had enlarged the shops at Big Cloud. And he was a good man. No question about that; Carson knew his business. A bit off h and not the kind to take up with much, but a good mate in the shops. There were no common grounds of intimacy between them. Carson was married and lived in the little brick house a half-mile down the track; he, Delaney, was not married, and spent his evenings at the hotel with the rest of the boys. Delaney scowled at the bowl of his pipe and pulled at his mustache. That was as far as his knowledge of Carson had gone—until that morning.

"If I hadn't seen him an' jumped," Delaney muttered, his face darkening at the thought, "he'd have done me sure. An' the eyes on him! There was dirty murder in 'em! I won't take my chances again with a devil like that for love nor money, an' Dixon'll know it. 'Taint safe for me nor anyone else. He'd kill one of us yet if he takes spells like that. I hate to get a mate the sack," Delaney's face was puckered with honest concern, "but it's the square thing to do by the rest of the boys, let alone me. I got to!"

He rose up from the ground where he had stretched himself and started for the shops. It was still a little before one o'clock and he might get a chance to see Dixon, the fitting boss, before the whistle blew.

As he neared the gates he caught sight of the boss-fitter perched on a pile of axle-boxes outside the storekeeper's door talking to a small barefooted youngster.

Dixon's hail came up the yards:

"Hey, Delaney! Come here a minute."

The foreman's little, round figure was shaking with merriment as Delaney approached.

"Here, Delaney," said he, with obvious effort to keep a serious face. "I want to make you acquainted with Master Jack Carson. Son, this is your dad's mate, Mr. Dicky Delaney."

The child searched Delaney's face fearlessly with great, round, black eyes.

"How do you do, Mister Dicky," he said gravely, extending his hand. "My papa's sick."

Delaney took the lad's hand awkwardly. Carson's kid! The little fingers tightened confidingly, as far as they could reach, over two of his own big, horny ones.

"I like you," said Master Jack, with naive sincerity.

Dixon roared with delight.

"You're all right, bub," he cried, patting the boy on the back. "How old did you say you were?"

"Six!" Master Jack expanded his chest with dignity. "My sister's only five next birthday."

"So you got a sister, eh? And what's Miss Carson's name?"

Master Jack hung his head and dug into the ground with his big toe.

"Don't tease the kid, Dixon," Delaney burst out suddenly, speaking for the first time.

"All right," said Dixon. "What's your sister's name, Jack?"

"Isbeth Mary Carson," still continuing operations with the big toe.

"Elizabeth Mary Carson," repeated Dixon. "That's a pretty name."

Then to Delaney:

"Carson's missus sent the boy down to say he was sick an' wouldn't be in for a day or two. Tell McDermott to go on 518 with you till Carson gets back. I didn't notice anything wrong with him this mornin', hm!"

Anything wrong! Delaney shuddered, and again there swam before his eyes the scene of an hour ago in the pit under 518. Carson's eyes! He couldn't get rid of them. The glare—the murder—the madness in them! And this was Carson's kid! He looked up to meet Carson's eyes, the same round, black eyes, only now there was no menace in them.

The boy was watching him with the frank, open gaze of childhood.

"Well," grinned Dixon, "I hope you two'll know each other next time you meet. You tell McDermott, eh, Dick?"

Delaney started. "Eh? Yes. I'll tell him," he said, shortly.

Dixon nodded. "I guess you'd better run along home now, son. You can tell your ma it's all right."

The rumble of the machinery starting up reached the little group. The boy's eyes roved wistfully in the direction of the shops. "I's makin' a enjine, too," he announced.

"Which is another way of sayin' you'd like to inspect our methods, hm?" laughed Dixon. "Visitors have to have a pass. Got a pass, son?"

The lad's face fell, and he shuffled his feet uneasily.

"Aw, take the kid in," said Delaney, restlessly.

"He'd be late for school," objected Dixon. "The mother wouldn't like that."

"I don't have no school only in the mornin'," explained Master Jack.

"You don't, eh? Well, all right then, I guess we'll have to let you see what's doin'."

The boy's face flushed with pleasure and he began to dance excitedly.

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"Come on!" he cried, and shoving his small fist into Delaney's hand began to pull him toward the gate.

"Wait a minute," said Delaney, hastily, holding back. "You go along with Mr. Dixon, here. He'll show all the big machines and everything. I've—I've got to go to work, you know."

"But I want to go wif you," said Master Jack, with decision.

"Well, of all the ungrateful little beggars!" laughed Dixon. "An' who said you could go at all but me?"

"Oh, I like you, too," conceded the child.

Delaney laid his hand almost roughly on the boy's shoulder.

"You go with Mr. Dixon." Delaney clipped his words. "He'll show you where I'm workin', an' I'll see you by-an'-by."

And turning quickly he hurried away. The whistle was blowing as he reached his bench and he began slowly to draw on his overalls. He stopped suddenly as the torn leg flapped around his ankle. Then with a grim smile he put his foot upon the bench and mended the rent with a couple of split-pins.

"It's queer," he muttered hoarsely to himself. "Carson's kid, an' takin' a shine to me! It's queer! My God! I can't throw the little kiddy down. What's to do, Dick Delaney?"

And for answer he shook his head.

Down in the pit again he threw himself into his work with savage intensity, answering McDermott's small talk and questions with short nods and monosyllables. At the expiration of half-an-hour he looked up quickly at an explosive chuckle from the man beside him.

"Hey, Delaney, for heaven's sake, get on to Dixon," cried McDermott, with a broad grin.

Delaney stuck his head out from beneath 518. Down the shop he heard a shout of laughter and, looking in that direction, spotted the pudgy, rotund figure of the boss fitter. With one hand Dixon was mopping desperately at his bald head with a flaming red handkerchief; with the other he was valiantly trying to restrain a small boy, disreputably dirty, who tugged, now this way, now that, with the result that the foreman appeared to be trying out some new and fantastic steps for a cake-walk. Above the roar of the shops, Delaney caught the child's shrill treble.

"I want to to see my papa's enjine! I want to see Mister Dicky!"

Delaney crawled out of the pit.

"It's Carson's kid." The phrase was running in his head and he spoke it aloud unconsciously. "It's Carson's kid. Here he comes!"

Master Jack, breaking away from Dixon, came tearing up the shop, the foreman puffing in pursuit.

"Holy smoke!" ejaculated Delaney in dismay. "What you been doin' to yourself, kid? You look like you'd been through the boiler-tube machine."

"I'se seen all the fizzy fings," Master Jack announced, breathlessly.

"He has!" growled Dixon, who had arrived on the scene. "In the blacksmith shop. Look at his shirt. Burnt holes in it, by hokey! Look at him! Dirt, muck, grease! He's swept the shops!"

"What did you let him get in such a mess as that for?" demanded Delaney.

"Let him!" exploded Dixon. "Let him!" he repeated helplessly. "Hey, there he goes again, catch him!"

Flat on his stomach, feet first, Master Jack was wriggling into the pit. Delaney reached down and grabbing the youngster by the collar of his blouse pulled him to his feet.

"I think, kid, it's home for yours," he remarked grimly.

"It is," agreed Dixon. "You take him to the gates, Dick, an' send him trottin'. Whew! I guess his mother'll fix him."

"I suppose she will," said Delaney. "But it's our fault as much as the boy's; we ought not to have let him in."

"That's so," admitted Dixon. "But who'd have thought the little cuss 'ud act like a catamount? What 'ud we better do, hm?"

"Iss my papa's enjine?" demanded Master Jack, striving to get into personal contact with 518.

"Yes," Delaney answered.

"You take him home an' explain things to the missus," said Dixon, with very evident relief at being able to delegate the task to someone else. "I guess that's the thing to do. Ask what's wrong with Carson while you're down there. Now, Jack, you run along with Delaney, here. Good-bye, bub."

"She's a whopper!" said the urchin, critically, absorbed in his inspection of the big ten-wheeler. "What's 'at for?" pointing suddenly, as some particular piece of mechanism caught his eye.

It had been on the tip of Delaney's tongue to tell Dixon he would not go; but instead, almost before he knew it, he found himself with the boy's hand in his.

"Say good-by to Mr. Dixon," he said.

The lad held out his hand. "I's comin' again," he remarked, innocently. "I like it."

"Um-m," said Dixon, shaking hands. Then he laughed: "Get the kid off as easy as you can, Dick."

During the ten-minutes' walk, Master Jack trotted alongside of Delaney talking incessantly, full of wonder and excitement at the things he had seen. Delaney answered the child from time to time without thought of his replies, his mind being troubled with other things.

"—an' the wheels an' everyfing goes like a really, truly, one," the boy concluded the description of the engine he was making.

Sir John French pays an informal visit to King George's Hospital, London. Photo shows him talking to a patient whose wife is sitting by his bedside

"That's fine," said Delaney, absently.

"Iss where I live!"

Master Jack halted suddenly before a little gate that gave onto a small front yard of sun-baked sods.

At the click, as Delaney lifted the gate-latch, the front door of the cottage opened and a woman stepped quickly onto the path.

"Oh, Jacky, such a mess!" she cried.

Delaney pulled the greasy, peaked cap from his head.

"He ain't really to blame, ma'am," he began, and, being embarrassed, kept his eyes on the youngster who still clung to his hand. "He ain't really to blame, an' I hope you won't be hard on him. We hadn't ought to have taken him into the shops, an' we're sorry we got him so mussed up. Dixon says—"

His explanation came to a sudden halt, as Master Jack pulled away his hand and darted to his mother.

Then Delaney, looking up for the first time, drew a long breath. A bit of a woman—that's what she was, just a bit of a woman with red eyes and a tired, sweet face—was bending over the boy smoothing out the child's hair with fingers that lingered lovingly in the curls.

"I do hope he hasn't bothered you much," the soft voice went straight to Delaney's heart. "It was very, very good of you to bring him home."

"Don't mention it, ma'am," stammered Delaney. Then, after an awkward pause: "How's Jack? I'm his mate, you know."

"Mr. Delaney?" she queried quickly.

Delaney nodded. "Yes'm."

"He's ever so much better." The tones were more hopeful than assertive. "It's two years ago since he began to have kind of spells like, and—and sometimes he would make trouble. Not ever with me," she added, hastily. "I could always control him. He doesn't have them nearly so often now. I think it agrees with him out here."

"Yes'm." It was all Delaney could find to say.

"I'd—I'd have you come in and see him now," she went on hesitatingly, "but I think he's asleep and perhaps it would be better not to disturb him. He'll be out again in a day or two."

"If there's anything I can do?" Delaney began. "Get the doctor, or any medicine, or—"

"No, thank you, Mr. Delaney. There isn't a thing. I don't think we'll need the doctor. I know what to do myself, you see."

Delaney nodded. "Then I'll be gettin' back to work, ma'am. I hope Jack'll be—"

"Mister Dicky!"

The small voice rose imperatively as the front door was thrown wide open. On the threshold stood Master Jack, one hand extending a toy engine, the other clasping a wee maid who hung bashfully behind him.

"Iss my enjine, an' iss my sister," said the boy.

Delaney, who during his conversation with Mrs. Carson had approached until he stood on the door-step, looked up quickly at the boy's words. Then his glance swept by the children in the doorway to the little hall behind, to a door at the right, open, through into the room beyond. His eyes came back to the woman. Her face flushed crimson.

"He is a little better, thank you. Jacky, thank Mr. Delaney and run into the house."

"I want to show him my enjine," demurred Master Jack.

"Not now, Jacky. Run into the house."

Then as the lad hesitated:

"Some other time, dear. Do as mother tells you."

She closed the door behind the child and turned to Delaney.

"Mr. Delaney," she asked, "were you with Jack this morning?"

Delaney's eyes dropped before the searching look.

"Yes'm; no ma'am. That is, ma'am, I didn't see him when he went home."

"Mr. Delaney," the words were coming painfully, by sheer force of will, the tones anxious, dreading the reply, "was there any—any trouble?"

Delaney's gaze, fixed on the rent in his overalls, lifting, met hers, read the fear, caught the faint, prayerful hope as she hung upon his answer. And then Delaney lied.

"No, ma'am," he said. "I don't know of any."

"Oh, I am so thankful!"

There was a world of relief in Mrs. Carson's voice.

A faint tinge crept into Delaney's face and he twisted his cap nervously.

"Yes'm," he said, awkwardly; then catching himself: "I mean, ma'am, I hope it ain't anything serious."

"Nothin' that I know of," Delaney answered, uneasily.

"Nothin', eh? Well, your mate's welcome to you. I'm not sorry he'll be back in the mornin'."

Carson back in the morning! They were working at the bench facing up the slide-bars. Delaney's file bit scratchily. A bit of a woman with red eyes and a tired, sweet face! An' Carson's kid—Carson's kids! What would he do? He looked at McDermott half-tempted to confide in him. Suppose Carson, in one of his mad spells, should injure someone—kill a man—McDermott there, perhaps!

"Well, what? Say it!" said McDermott, meeting the look.

"Nothin'," Delaney stammered. "Let me take your plug, Mac."

McDermott passed over the tobacco in silence. Delaney bit off a piece and returned it.

"You act like you were in love," grinned McDermott.

Then he turned his back and resumed his scraping at the little spots of red lead left by the face-plate he had run over the bar.

The following morning Carson came back into the shop and all that day, as they worked side by side, Delaney said little; but at night, when the whistle blew at six o'clock, and the men were cleaning up, he touched Carson on the shoulder.

"Come out behind the paint-shop; I want to talk to you," he said quietly.

Carson looked up, startled.

"What for?" he demanded.

"Come on," repeated Delaney.

He led the way up the shop, out through the engine doors at the end, crossed the spur tracks and halted in the shadow of the small building where the painters stored their supplies.

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"Tell your story," he said, facing abruptly around on his mate.

"I—I was bad the other mornin'," faltered Carson. "I—I tried to do you, didn't I?"

"You did," said Delaney grimly. "Tell your story."

"What's the use!" Carson's voice was very tired. "What's the use! I've been chased out of every shop East. An' then I came here. I ain't good for anything else, not a thing else, I'm just a fitter—just a fitter and—" The voice trailed off.

"Just a fitter. Just a fitter." The words rang in Delaney's ears. He was a fitter, too—JUST A FITTER!

"How'd it happen?" he asked, and swallowed a lump in his throat.

"I don't rightly know," said Carson slowly. "I got a crack on my head about two years ago in the Penn shops. It didn't amount to much then, seemingly, but ever since I've had turns off and on. I think it must be that."

Carson ran his fingers aimlessly through his hair.

"Most times I know when the spells are comin' on, then I stay at home. Others I don't, and then—then—you know! Thank God, I never hurt anyone yet, but I've come near it. They didn't know, an' they thought it was carelessness. So they fired me for carelessness, all along the line—all along the line. Yes, I know. A railroad shop's the last place in the world for a man like me. 'Taint right by his mates. But—but—Yes, I'll go—somewhere. Thank you for that lie you told the little woman."

Delaney caught the other's shoulder.

"Wait a bit," he said, unsteadily. "I've been tryin' to think this out. Me an' Dixon are pretty thick, an' what I ask him he'll do. There's always jobs for two together, apart from havin' charge of an engine, an' he can pair us off permanent—it's the only thing I know to do. An' such bein' the case you, Jack Carson, will pass me your solemn oath that if ever I'm out of the shops, sick or anything, you'll stay out, too."

"Delaney! D'ye mean it? Delaney! Delaney!"

The words were almost sobs. Carson was patting the other's sleeve. Then suddenly he straightened up.

"No!" he cried. "I'm no cur. I tried to kill you once an', God help me! In another of those spells it's like enough I'd do it again. I can't—can't let you. 'Taint—"

"Shut up!" said Delaney, gruffly.

He was staring away through the twilight, seeing again the little cottage, the two children framed in the open doorway, the poor, bare hall beyond, through the door at the right into a room with its pitiful furnishings that spoke so eloquently of want—and then the red flood surge to the plucky little woman's face. No doctor! She knew what to do! Plain enough. Carson shifting from place to place, out of work half of the time, and most of the money going for moving expenses. Delaney's hand in his trousers-pocket played with the coins he had drawn from the bank the day before.

"You didn't have any time comin' when the pay-car was along last month," Delaney was speaking quickly, his eyes still averted from Carson's face. "This'll tide you over till pay day, or whenever you get ready to pay it back."

He thrust two double-eagles into Carson's hand, and turned hastily away.

A few paces and Carson's voice reached him, the simple words, full of the man's soul, haltingly, brokenly spoken:

"God—bless—you—Delaney."

And Delaney, as he strode along, dug fiercely with his knuckles at the sudden moisture that had sprung to his eyes.

Once or twice in the weeks that followed Carson was out of the shops for two or three days at a stretch. No comment on these absences ever passed between the two men; only Delaney remembered—and the fear that was always with him would grow the stronger—that morning in the pit under 518. And then, one day, it happened.

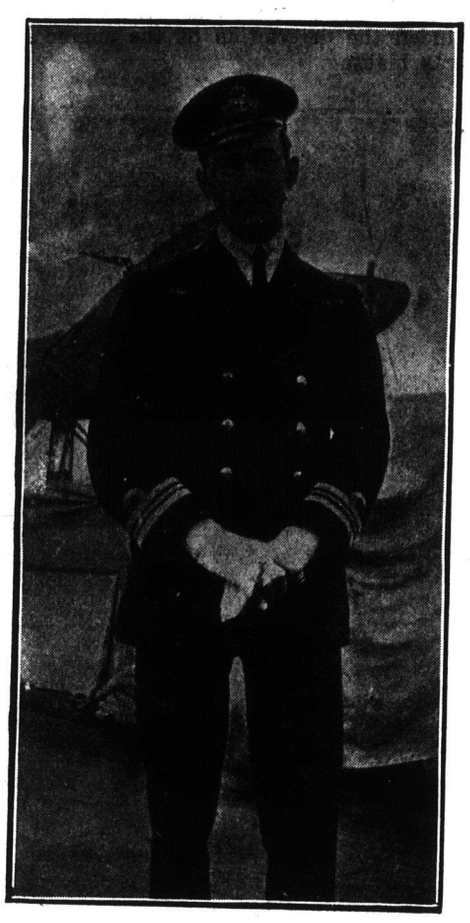
Up on the top of a big mogul, where the footing on the bare boiler-shell is precarious at best and doubly so when it comes to manipulating a heavy dome-cover, Delaney was kneeling to assure himself that the little copper wire around the dome-seat was intact before lowering the cover that was already resting on the studs. On the other side of the dome stood Carson, a short tommy-bar in his hand.

"All right," said Delaney. "It's tight. Heave the cover a sixteenth to me an' she'll be plumb on the studs."

He glanced up from his kneeling posture—then his face went deathly white, and a cold terror gripped him. He saw Carson dash his bar beneath the cover, heard the hideous chuckle as he strained to topple it over, saw the bar glance from its grip and Carson fall half-forward as his feet went out from under him, and then go pitching headlong to the floor. Saw all this in the winking of an eye as he himself leaped wildly back, then he, too, lost his balance and—fell.

Days after when, swathed in bandages and splints, he could sit up in bed and talk, Dixon was his first caller.

"Hm," said the little foreman, poking his head in through the door, "You're gettin' 'round, eh? That's good, Dicky; though, 'pon my soul, if you weren't sick an' it didn't sound too much like rubbin' it in, I'n say you an' Carson were a mighty careless pair to go skatin' 'round on the top of a shell like that. It's a God's mercy the cover caught on one of the studs! It 'ud have killed one of you if it had followed you down—or somebody else. Well, how's the boy?"



British Submarine Commanders who have made the Baltic "unhealthy" for the German fleet—Lieutenant-Commander Comrie

"Fine," said Delaney weakly. "Did Carson—is he—?"

"That's so," said Dixon, coming into the room and taking a chair. "You ain't heard, have you? I musn't stay long. 'Course you want to hear about Carson. We picked him up with a bad skull and rushed him down to the hospital at Denver. He was awful bad. They performed an operation—trepannin', I think they call it. He's doin' great. The queer thing about it is that he'd had a swipe on the head before sometime that was playin' the deuce with him every once in a while—you remember he used to be out sick for two or three days at a spell?—well, the surgeons spotted it or his missus told them or something, anyway, they made a clean job of the whole thing while they were at it. An' they say when he comes out he'll be right as a spike."

"Well, I must be gettin' back to the shops," said Dixon. Then with a chuckle: "You know how the gang loafs when I'm out, eh? I'll see you to-morrow, an' the hands 'll be droppin' in off an' on now they know you're receivin' callers. An', oh, say, Delaney," halting in the doorway, "I meant to tell you the boys are passin' a paper for Carson's missus an' kids till he gets out again, an', bein' as how you're single with a bit laid by, I thought you'd want to do a little for your mate with the rest of us. You'll chip, hm?"

"Sure," said Delaney, simply, still looking out into the sunlight. "Sure, I will."

How Germans are Driven

A poor professor of Latin at the Gymnasium of Bonn, torn from his teaching by conscription and driven to fight against his will, has been killed in France, and in his pocket was a diary. He was Private Becker, of the 6th Company of the Ersatz Battalion of the 3rd Foot Guards, and these passages from his diary show how the German officers treat their men, and how some German soldiers long for peace.

In Russia

Aug. 2. On again. Exhausting march. Many bombarded villages, several completely destroyed. Bad food.

Bad treatment of stragglers, insulting language. They are given extra guards. The officers lounge in carriages. The men are indignant.

Aug. 3. March in burning heat through demolished villages. No water. All the well are destroyed; cholera and flies. Loathsome dirt. It makes one weak. One dreams of fresh springs and wells. Brutishness.

Aug. 4. March to Zamosz. I can go no farther. Always the same brutality of the N.C.O.s towards the men who are going lame. Low spitefulness. Abuse.

Aug. 6. I long for peace. Treated like criminals and worse. Everybody is discouraged. Men of peaceful nature are crushed.

Passionate desire for peace, amounting to physical pain. And why should one die? Why?

Aug. 18. Spent the day in holes. Slept; nothing to eat. In the evening made a line of trenches joining up the shell-holes. The German soldier has no personality, he is a machine, and that is what he is trained to be; as soon as he is left to himself he is idle, stupid, and a blockhead. He has only one idea, eating and sleeping, and his brutishness is only limited by barbarous punishment. He never knows of his own accord what he ought to do.

Aug. 19. The day before the fight I saw, on the march, a color-sergeant beat a recruit with a stick. This morning the same sight. Captain Becker said in so many words, "Tan them as much as you like so long as they obey."

Aug. 25. Started about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Soon deployed in skirmishing order; moderate gun and rifle fire. Lieutenant Reinicke is never there when firing is going on. When the danger is over he rushes impetuously to the front. The whole company laughs at it. He is a grotesque sight. The section leaders grumble and are worried; they don't know what to do.

Rheumatism

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Mark H. Jackson, No. 714B Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

A Desert Claim

By Robert Dorriman

The sun was going down behind the notched wall west of Death Valley.

"Looks pretty, doesn't it?" said Baines. He had plodded all day through the sand, and head and legs felt heavy. "She'll look as if she was afire when the sun gets down behind her."

Cutter nodded wearily. "Everything feels as if it was afire in this place," he remarked. "Let's pitch the tent."

Baines assented willingly. Cutter lighted the alcohol-stove—there is no fuel in Death Valley—and prepared the simple supper of tea and beans, while Baines fed and watered the mules. The poor beasts plunged their parched muzzles into the water-pail and drank frantically until the inexorable hand of their master removed the soothing liquid.

The sun now was behind the wall, and made its jagged top a strip of molten iron. The alcohol-stove sent up a clear flame, by the light of which Cutter began to overhaul his rifle.

He pumped out the long shells, and holding the gun across his knees, pulled the trigger. There was a crashing report. "I thought I'd emptied her," he said, sheepishly. "Whoa, there, muley!"

"That's a pretty good tenderfoot play!" Baines's tones were sharp with disgust.

"I don't know how I came to do it," said the other, contritely. "I sure thought she was empty."

"Well, you put a hole in the wagon for fair."

"No, did I? I was that surprised I didn't listen."

Baines rolled over into the tent, wrapping his blanket round him by the same movement.

"I reckon it's the only thing in this part of the world you could have hit except me or the mules," he said. "But it won't hurt her any. Put out your old lamp and turn in."

Cutter dropped the tin hood over the flame, and the soft, purple darkness enveloped them. So far they had toiled through the blistering heat and arid sand for nothing, but hope and the prospector are life-long friends. The two old-timers were not a whit discouraged. For a while they lay awake, discussing in low tones their next moves over the vast dead sea of sand.

At sunrise the two mules lifted their voices in raucous demands for that which the desert could not give them—water.

It was Baines's turn to cook. Cutter cast off his blanket, and picking up the water-pail, went to the wagon.

"Bring me a dipperful for the coffee," said Baines, busy over the alcohol lamp.

Cutter nodded, and Baines trimmed the wick, lighted it, and put fresh beans in the pot.

"Get a move on with that water!" he called, fussily. "We want to hit the trail before it gets too hot."

Receiving no response, he looked up, and saw the pail lying on the sand and the hand that had held it slowly scratching Cutter's red head. The head turned and presented to Baines a face devoid of color and expression, with a loose lower lip and a staring eye. An unfamiliar voice croaked something in which only the word "water" reached Baines's ears.

That was quite enough. It was the one transcendently vital word in the desert prospector's vocabulary—the one word that was in his mind all day, and from which his nightmare grew when his sleep was troubled.

With a chill at his heart, Baines sprang up and ran to the wagon. There was a round bullet hole in the tail-board and another in the big water-vat, with a smashed iron hoop that had partly mushroomed the missile. But already the desert air had dried the wagon-bed, and the sand below was as white as chalk, although it had drunk two-thirds of their precious liquid.

Baines stooped and thrust his fingers into it fiercely. It was not even damp. Cutter watched him out of the corner of a dilating eye. Neither man moved nor spoke, Baines squatting on his heels, frowning at the sand, and Cutter watching him.

Presently one of the burros elevated his muzzle and brayed long and loud for water. Baines turned his head and caught Cutter's eye. One glance of accusation was all. The crisis was too tragic to be spent in incrimination.

"God forgive me, Joe," said Cutter. "I wish the bullet had got me."

"Oh, shut up!" said Baines. "If I hadn't been a born fool, I'd have looked last night. We're a couple of downy tenderfeet, that's what!"

He rose and studied the distance between the hole and the bottom of the vat.

"There's not enough to take us back," he said. "We've got to push on."

"I've heard there's a well near Funeral Range," said Cutter, in a voice still husky with self-condemnation. "We're not so far from there."

Baines stared across the blasted level of the desert toward the long wall of rock.

"I never heard so," he said. "But just where does the range lie?"

"Over there." After a moment of indecision, Cutter's extended arm indicated the direction.

"I don't think we can make it, pardner," said Baines. "There's nothing to prevent trying, though. Let's hike."

They hitched the thirsty, protesting burros to the wagon and mounted to the seat. There was no question of walking now. Every ounce of strength was a possession to be carefully hoarded. Baines flicked the burros with his whip, and the wheels began to cut the loose sand with a dry whine.

It is not only the fierce heat of the desert, but the excessive evaporation, that explains why travellers there must drink such large quantities of water; six quarts per man is about the average consumption of twenty-four hours. Without water there would be no cooling evaporation, and the terrific heat of the sun, combined with that developed by breathing and oxidization, would quickly produce a temperature fatal to existence. Men who had taken their last drink at sunrise have been found dead of thirst before sunset.

Baines and Cutter knew this, but they felt that it was worse than futile to speak of it. Besides, talking dries the throat. They sat hunched forward, eyes fixed on the mountains, and breathing painstakingly through their noses. The silence of the desert—never so sinister as now—enveloped them.

Twice before noon they moistened the muzzles of the burros and took a small drink apiece, which only aggravated their burning thirst. It was almost impossible to swallow the food they prepared as they rode monotonously along, but it was a momentary relief to chew something. It left their mouths drier than ever, however, so dry that the gums cracked and their tongues grew swollen and furry.

All day long they rode in silence over the silent waste, their hot eyes fixed on the mountains that seemed to dance and palpitate in the heat. The unclouded sky was brassy with fierce sunlight. The coarse sand seemed to smoke under it. Not a bush or a blade of grass relieved the dreadful aridity which could not yield a lizard sustenance. And all day long the burning air was as still as death.

"Shall we keep on?" asked Cutter, as the sun sank, blood-red, behind the mountains, and the purple shadows began to creep stealthily out of the ravines.

Baines worked his stiff, burned lips.

"The burros'll break down any minute if they don't have a rest," he said. "That's all we can give 'em, poor beasts!"

They halted, hunched forward on the seat, and breathed greedily the night air. But there was no rest for them. Every nerve-cell and drop of blood cried aloud for water, water! Cutter was the first to give in. With a groan he crawled back toward the vat. Baines was at his heels, and they fought for the first dipperful. It was a scanty one! The edge of the cup rattled on the bottom of the vat, and for a moment the two men stared unsteadily at each other, sobered by the horror of their plight.

"We can't stand here and die!" cried Cutter, fiercely.

He crawled to the seat again, and with whip and reins, urged the burros forward.

The poor beasts began a broken march, staggering along and stopping with dropped heads, then staggering forward for another short distance. They were at the end of their endurance, and soon one of them fell. His mate stood swaying beside him, his strength gone.

Cutter groaned, burying his raw, drawn face in his hands.

"It's only God can help us," said Baines. "One last drink, pardner, before we hit the trail on foot."

With throats contracted and bodies aching as if with fever, it was the hardest thing they had ever done—that even division of the last dipperful of the fluid that meant life. It was like throwing a thimbleful in a furnace. Cutter bit the cup savagely, smeared his tongue and lips across it, then hurled it across the sand.

"I'm burning up, Joe!" he cried.

The silence of the desert was even more profound than in the daytime. It seemed as limitless as the ocean, and as they lurched forward, almost as unstable. It seemed to swell and sink under their dragging feet. Presently Cutter fell and pulled Baines down with him.

"Water!" he cried. "For God's sake, water!"

With difficulty Baines raised him to his feet. Again they started, choking, gasping, and reeling like drunken men. Their ears rang with the pounding of their fevered pulses. Baines had released his grip on Cutter's arm. In the delirium of his thirst he forgot his partner. He was alone, all alone in an abysmal silence and utter blackness. He was on fire, there was an iron band round his throat, and it was red-hot. His blood seethed. Every step was torture, yet he forced himself blindly on and on toward the cool, deep water-hole that his frenzied brain pictured. He knew it was there, somewhere ahead in the sinister silence that would give no clue.

The early summer dawn found him still painfully groping his way forward. He was really alone, but he did not notice it. Cutter was a thing of the long ago. As the light burned suddenly above the mountains, he stopped and cast a despairing look round. The ridged and canon-split wall was very near, but between him and it was a swelling dune that his worn body could not pass.

He saw without emotion that a wagon had passed that way. In that breathless valley tracks sometimes remain undisturbed for years. But his eye followed the parallel lines mechanically, and stopped at an oval black object marked by an upright rod and drooping pennon.

He staggered up to it; then, with his heart beating sickeningly, he fell on his knees and wrenched weakly at the white plug in the little barrel. It came at last, and with a sob of joy he put his lips to the hole and drank, but sparingly. As soon as the sides of his throat ceased to cleave together, he filled the palms of his hands with water and dashed it over the burning skin of face and bosom.

He was so absorbed that he did not hear the shout from the dune. A shadow—that rare thing in the desert—startled him, and he looked up into the healthy, keenly interested faces of two men.

"Cutter!" he cried, with a painful return of memory.

"Is there another one of you?" exclaimed one of the men. "John, get the team and we'll find the poor beggar if he's in Death Valley."

When Baines came to himself he was under a little A tent, and the man called John was bathing him in deliciously cold water. He talked soothingly as he wielded the sponge:

"The boys'll find your partner all right. He can't be far off. Lucky you stumbled on one of our kegs, wasn't it? We're surveyors for the T. and T. Railroad, you know, and we drop a keg at every camp. Makes the back trail safe and sure. We'd just left before you came—running a chain over that ridge."

In his heart Baines said yes, but he lay silent and anxious, thinking of Cutter. It seemed an interminable time before he heard the swish of wheels in the sand. As he started up from his blanket, a hearty voice called out:

"Got him all right! And just in time."

The mules stopped before the tent, and the same pleasant voice said:

"He was lying beside an outcropping of rock that showed a good bunch of free silver. I guess he's earned the claim."

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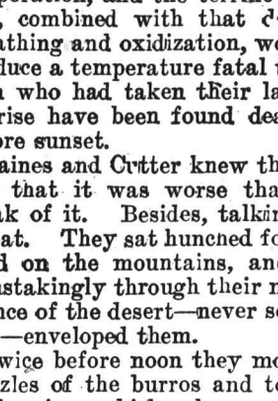

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0182.—Apron.—A dainty Apron in the Lazy Daisy design to be recommended for its simplicity of development. The daisies are made in the simple thousand-flower stitch and the little leaves in outline or picot stitch, with buttonhole edge. Stamped on lawn, 30c. Cotton for working, 20c. Perforated pattern, including all necessary stamping materials, 15c.

1620.—A New Design for a Pillow Top.—Pillows have lost none of their comforting influence and new ideas for them are ever welcome. This effective pattern is suitable for outlining, and may be procured for 25c., stamped on art cloth. Perforated pattern, 25c.

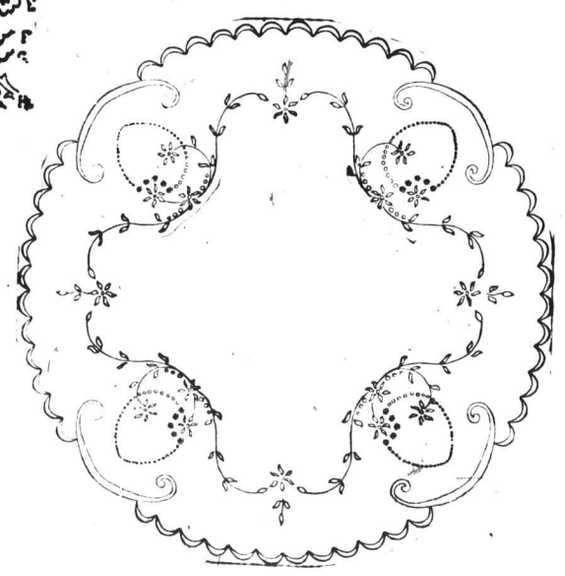
0155.—Night Dress.—A pretty daisy design for a Night Dress, to be embroidered in solid outline and buttonhole embroidery. Stamped on 3½ yards of good quality nainsook, $1.60. Embroidery cotton for working, 20c. Perforated pattern, including all necessary stamping materials, 15c.

0206.—Dressing Sack.—No woman's wardrobe is complete without a couple of dainty, comfortable Dressing Sacks, which are found such a boon during an hour of rest. The one here portrayed, shows a very neat and simple design, easily embroidered in solid stitch. Stamped on good quality lawn, including sufficient mercerized embroidery cotton for working, 60c. Perforated pattern, including all necessary stamping materials, 15c.

0158.—Pillow Case.—A very dainty design for Pillow Case to be embroidered in solid and buttonhole stitch, the horns in Ismit stitch. Stamped on good quality tubing, size 22x36 inches, price 55c. each. Per pair, 90c. Perforated pattern, including all necessary stamping materials, 15c

Designs for Borders.—554A, 4¾ inches wide; 555B, 3¼ inches wide; 556C, 1¾ inches wide; 557D, 1½ inches wide; 558E, 1¼ inches wide; 559F, ¾ inches wide; 560G, 1 inch wide; 561H, 1¾ wide. Perforated pattern of designs 554A and 555B, 15c, each, Perforated patterns of all other designs, 10c. each.

0253.—Centerpiece.—What lover of needlework will not at once recognize the dainty elegance of this pretty Centerpiece? Embroidered entirely in eyelet embroidery with buttonhole edge this centerpiece is exceptionally pretty. It is equally effective carried out in solid work. Stamped on imitation linen, 22x22 inches, 30c. Stamped on imported Irish linen, 22x22 inches, 45c. Embroidery cotton to work, 25c. Perforated pattern, including all necessary stamping materials, 15c.



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The heart always works in sympathy with the nerves, and unless the heart is working properly the whole nerve system is liable to become unstrung, and the heart itself become affected.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will build up the unstrung nervous system, and strengthen the weak heart, so that the sufferer will enjoy the very best of health for years to come.

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IT STOPPED MY SUFFERING —AND MY FRIENDS

You don't have to use salve, pastes, greases, jellies, lotions, ointments, sprays, atomizers, nebulizers, electricity, massage, vibration, surgery, things to smoke or burn and then inhale, plasters, masks, bandages; baths, injections, or anything of the kind.

Now that I am so willing to show you how to stop your Catarrh suffering, you certainly ought to write and let me aid you.

Nobody suffered more than I did. I was a social outcast—a miserable failure, and because I freed myself I want to free you. The truth is FREE. It is better by far than a gift of money to you. It means Health, Happiness, **Freedom from Catarrh Suffering**—that fearful demon of disease.

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About the Farm

One Man Reclaims a Country.

Denmark has made a national hero of Capt. Enrico Mylius Dalgas, the man who saved and remade the country by watering the desert and by planting the marshes and moors with trees. How it was done, Mr. Henry Goddard Leach has told in McClure's Magazine.

In the disastrous war of 1864, Prussia wrested from Denmark much valuable territory. The soldiers of Jutland, trudging over the black and barren heath, home to their untilled farms, encountered a thick-set figure in riding-boots that stalked across the moors, with a spade over his shoulder. On nearer approach, it proved to be young Captain Dalgas of the engineers, already a veteran of two wars.

When his late comrades in arms had returned his greeting with the discouraged complaint, "It is a bad, bad day for Denmark!" Captain Dalgas replied. "It is. But what has been lost without can be won within!" and he pointed earnestly toward the desolate heath that stretched to the horizon as unbroken as a desert. "In your time and in mine," he said, "we can turn that waste into forest and farms, and win back more than we ever lost to the Prussians."

The enthusiastic dream of the young engineer has been made to come true. Failing to get government aid, he formed the Danish Heath Society; he pumped water from distant rivers, and let it run over the heath; he introduced fertilizers, burned off the heather, persuaded farmers to convert the heath into plowland and pasturage, planted timber-producing trees, and went up and down the country addressing mass-meetings and schools. At last the government lent its aid.

The result of the work of Captain Dalgas is that a new Denmark greets the traveler to-day. These forty years have doubled and tripled the wealth of the Danish nation. Railroads and highways are cutting the heath; new buildings and towns are rising everywhere. Tree-planting gives work for the destitute; the moor is peopled by families; the valuation of certain townships has risen one thousand and five hundred per cent. And it is not the reclaimed land only that has been improved by the planting of forests, for the woods have softened the climate and increased the fertility of the whole peninsula of Jutland.

Agricultural Co-operation.

The cheese producers of Sheboygan county, Wisconsin, have given a practical demonstration of the benefits of co-operation, both in producing and in marketing. Wisconsin produces more than one-half of the cheese made in the United States, and Sheboygan is the banner cheese county of the state. The short and simple story of what co-operation has done for the farmers of Sheboygan county explains what co-operation is.

The farmers were selling their milk to the cheese factories, but were not getting what they thought was a fair price for their product. Some of the cheese factories were operated on the co-operative plan; that is, the farmers took their milk to the cheese factory owned by themselves and received the prevailing market price for it each month, and at the end of the year the profit on the cheese sold was divided among the farmers on the basis of the amount of milk delivered to the factory during the year. These co-operative cheese factories were not joint-stock companies, in which the profits were divided among the stockholders, or in which the stockholders controlled on the basis of the amount of stock they owned. They were organized on the basis of "one man one vote" regardless of how much stock was held by any one person. There had to be some capital stock, to be sure, and there had to be some return upon the stock. But the co-operative cheese factory was not organized to make money on the capital invested in the cheese factory. Rather it was organized to pay a dividend upon the money which the stockholders had invested in cows. Therefore, the dividend paid upon the capital stock was confined to 6 per cent. And the surplus was divided among the farmers on the basis of the amount of milk delivered. In this way, every farmer received the full return upon the milk he brought to the factory. The man with one share of stock and twenty cows received a much larger return than the man with twenty shares of stock and one cow. That was co-operation. The policy of the cheese factory was decided upon the vote of all the stockholders, "one vote, and only one, for each man." The man with twenty shares of stock and one cow had no larger voice in the management than the man with one share of stock and twenty cows. That, too, was co-operation.

But, still the farmers of Sheboygan county were not satisfied. They were selling the cheese made in their co-operative factories to the wholesale dealers in Plymouth, who fixed the price at whatever they saw fit. And the price of cheese as fixed by these dealers was so low that even the co-operative factories could not pay a fair price for milk.

So the farmers took another step in co-operation. They organized the Sheboygan County Cheese Producers' Federation to market on the co-operative basis the cheese produced in the co-op-

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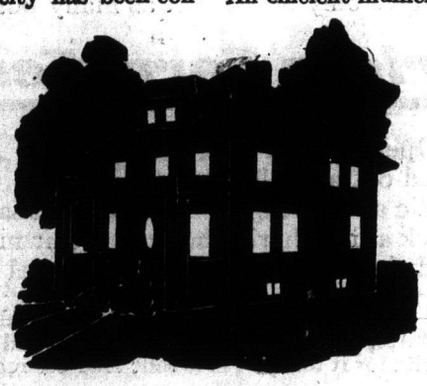

An experience of nearly twenty years of storage batteries has taught us that if depended upon entirely as a source of light they are more or less a worry and expense unless they are given care and intelligent attention at all times by a person thoroughly competent to do this. In the Matthews Lighting and Power System the plan of using the storage battery only as a regulator and as a means of starting and controlling the engine was adopted, but at the same time in case of an emergency it can be used for lights as well.

The machine is practically free from vibration and very quiet in operation. An efficient muffler, or silencer, is provided for the exhaust, making it possible to install the equipment in the basement of the home without any annoyance or noise in operation whatsoever.

The lubrication is taken care of by a positive driven pump, forcing oil to all moving parts, and as the pump is located under the level of the oil reservoir, there is no danger from failure of the pumping system, as a sufficient supply is always provided for the engine. The cooling water is likewise pumped from the base of the engine, through the water jacket of the cylinder into the expansion tank and then returns through a radiator into the base. This radiator is cooled by a fan on the fly wheel.

Gasoline is supplied to the engine by a Schebbler carburettor and this carburettor receives its gasoline through a Stewart-Warner vacuum pump mounted on the engine. This pump draws its supply from a barrel or other large receptacle of gasoline. The speed of the engine is electrically governed entirely, operating on the throttle, and closing or opening it according to the load.

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erative cheese factories. This co-operative selling agency has been doing business for almost two years, and by every standard known to the farmers has proved an unqualified success. The farmers have received from 20 to 30 cents per hundred pounds more for their milk than formerly. Sheboygan county farmers have received about $300,000 a year more for the same quantity of milk than in the days when the cheese was sold to dealers. This is more co-operation.

While this is a benefit that anyone can understand, it is not the only benefit that came to Sheboygan county and to Wisconsin as a whole. Not only did the co-operators get more for their milk, but every farmer in Wisconsin who sold his milk to a cheese factory, whether that factory was co-operative or not, received more for his milk. And every cheese factory, whether co-operative or not, received more for its output of cheese.

Wisconsin has, all told, over 250 co-operative societies organized and doing business on the "one man, one vote" plan. These societies engage in a great variety of undertakings, from operating creameries and cheese factories to shipping fruit and breeding stock.

Standardizing Canadian Eggs.

From present indications it would appear that one of the most important developments to date in the improvement of the Canadian Egg Trade was the action taken by the Canadian Produce Association last winter in adopting definite standards for Canadian eggs.

Hitherto each market and in most markets each dealer had a system of grading peculiar to his own trade. This resulted in endless confusion to the consumer and great difficulty was experienced at times on the part of the producer in finding a satisfactory market for his product.

Realizing the importance of having definite standards for all live stock products the Live Stock Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture has endeavored by means of pamphlets, placards, and other means to give the standards for eggs as much publicity as possible. The co-operation of exhibition associations has also been secured, prominent among which has been that of the Canadian National Exhibition Association at whose exhibition in Toronto this year in response to prizes offered, probably the largest collection of eggs ever brought together in one exhibition of the American continent was displayed. Some 7,000 dozen in all were on exhibition. The prize list for eggs was prepared in accordance with the standards and the judges made their awards according to the accuracy of the interpretation, on the part of the exhibitor, of the definitions of the various grades.

At a number of exhibitions where no extensive classes for eggs have been offered, the Live Stock Branch has made a display of eggs graded in accordance with the standards and in each instance has supplemented the display with actual demonstrations, in a candling booth specially designed for the purpose, of the way in which eggs of the various grades appear when candled.

In order that the consumers and producers generally may become more familiar with the various classes and grades the following explanation is given.

Three general classes for eggs are provided under the standards viz:—

"Fresh gathered," "storage," and "cracked and dirties." Four grades are provided in the first class, three in the second, and two in the third.

The grades in the "fresh gathered" class are "specials," "extras," "No. 1's" and "No. 2's." The grade "specials" is omitted from the "storage" class, and both specials and extras from the class for "cracked and dirties."

"Specials" according to the standards are eggs of uniform size weighing over 24 ounces to the dozen or over 45 pounds net to the 30 dozen case; absolutely clean, strong and sound in shell; air cell small, not over 3/16 of an inch in depth; white of egg firm and clear and yolk dimly visible; free from blood clots.

"Extras" are eggs of good size, weighing at least 24 ounces to the dozen or 45 pounds net to the 30 dozen case; clean, sound in shell; air cell less than ⅜ of an inch in depth; with white of egg firm, and yolk slightly visible.

"No. 1's" are eggs weighing at least 23 ounces to the dozen or 43 pounds net to the 30 dozen case; clean, sound in shell; air cell less than ½ inch in depth; white of egg reasonably firm; yolk visible but mobile, not stuck to the shell or seriously out of place.

"No. 2's" are eggs clean; sound in shell; may contain weak watery eggs, and eggs with heavy yolks, and all other eggs sound in shell and fit for food.

Consumers in order to protect themselves in the matter of purchasing eggs should acquaint themselves with these standards and the above definitions of the grades. Only by creating a demand for certain grades of eggs will the supply be forthcoming, and the demand can come only with a thorough knowledge on the part of the consumer as to what constitutes the various grades. It has also been frequently suggested that since the adoption of the standards consumers generally, in order to safeguard themselves, would do well to insist that all eggs as offered for sale be labelled in accordance with their proper grade.

Producers too, would do well to more systematically grade their eggs before marketing, and knowing definitely what they have in hand thereby be in a better position to demand a price commensurate with the quality supplied.

The Farmer and His Ideals.

By Frederic W. Burry.

An ideal is often considered a mere, dreamy, unpractical affair, certainly having nothing to do with what some would call the prosaic matter-of-fact institution of farming.

Our hard-headed friends would politely inform us that the less visionary the farmer is, the greater will be his chances of real success. That inasmuch as his business career is concerned first and last, early and late, with terra firma, so must his mind be always of the earth—earthy, leaving those intangible bubbles called ideals to the poets and philosophers.

Nevertheless, we are living at a time when there is considerable talk about the power of ideals—or, at least, of ideas. And a number of farmers, with other business men, have caught the contagion, and endeavored to order their activities even along aesthetic lines. It has been discovered that only a narrow line divides the mechanical from the fine arts, and that there is no reason why all the affairs of life should not be touched with the divine spirit of beauty, nor why work should not always be done with joy. It has been found that work so anointed is good work, and that sane pleasure makes for all-round health and growth.

In earlier pioneering days men had to suffer from much sordidness; they had to explore and experiment, groping their way in ignorance and poverty, and there would seem to have been little time or place for beauty. Everything was crude; and too often when a measure of success arrived, such is the force of habit, that for so long had our forebears been used to rough and tough conditions, it became almost impossible for them to enjoy the advantages that prosperity offered. They made money, but they did not know how to spend it—so they passed it on to their children, who were thus saved the privations their fathers had to contend with.

What we in Canada have got to-day we may largely thank the early pioneers for, who, urged by the mysterious life-forces, really started this wonderful land on its path of progress, until, in a comparatively short period it has reached heights never attained before by any race or nation.

All the visible capital in the first instance being just the land itself.

Still, there was other capital—invisible capital, without which the land would have been of no value—even the boundless, potential capacities enshrined in the mind—the ideas and ideals, which all men possess in some degree.

It has been through the release of these dreams that we enjoy to-day the miracles of human invention, that have benefited city and country alike, delivering men and women from much drudgery, giving them leisure for the improvement of all their faculties, thus adding to the culture of body and brain.

Hitherto the sons and daughters of Canada have mostly had small opportunity for any extensive development in the fine arts. The getting of bread and butter has been the one insistent problem with the majority, the all-absorbing ideal of most urgent import. But labor-saving machinery, born from the brains of a thousand inventive geniuses, is now taking the place of much hard manual toil. We are reducing body-destroying work to a minimum, and so giving the wings of the intellect a chance to unfold. Handicraft is right and necessary in just proportion; all we demand is a more healthy balancing of our spiritual and physical forces. Then instead of work suggesting slavery and misery it becomes an entertaining exercise, bringing pleasure and profit.

After all, it is only exercise that our being craves; happiness is simply the harmonious activity of our personal forces, the expression of our creative energies.

We all desire conquest and power. Money itself is only the counter in the game. It is superstition and folly to mistake the symbol for the reality, the latter being distinctly a mental state; and this common error assuredly does not lead to success in the true meaning of the word.

We hear much about the freedom of the farmer's life, also his independence and he should be the most free among men. Only too often he has enslaved himself, manacling his mind with narrow ideas, clinging to the passing stages of a fretful self-consciousness, when new glorious fields were right in front of him.

Habit is a mighty influence in our lives. As we live longer, we sometimes find it most difficult to change our thoughts and ways. And yet we know that change is essential even for sheer life, to say nothing of growth.

We need to examine ourselves occasionally. To take a day off, and figure out whether our activities are worth while, whether we need a new schedule or system or order. A little thought and meditation will often save much time, and even money. A new ideal may prove an opening to increase of health and success. And particularly to the man we call the farmer, he who is engaged in the most important of all industries.

So here endeth this diatribe, calling the farmer to take it easy, or rather to alternate his work of muscle with culture of brain, that he may become the most all-rounded, the most completely educated among men.

About That Water Pan.

How often do you clean up the water pans in your hen house? You ought to clean them every day. For a dirty water pan is the surest way of spreading disease throughout your flock.

The best way of handling water in the poultry house is to keep it in a cheap, flat wash basin that can be easily cleaned and refilled. It doesn't pay to bother with patent water tanks. You will have to fill them just as often as the basins, and they are harder to clean up.

Place the open basin on a box some eight or ten inches high and perhaps eighteen inches square, and make a runway for it. This keeps it from filling up with dirt and straw from the floor, and the hens do not climb into it in drinking.

Then put the box and basin in a sunny corner of the house away from the roosts and nests, so that no dirt can fall into it from above.

Clean it and refill it with clean, fresh water every day and you will have put the disease germs to flight indefinitely.

Write to James G. Halpin, Secretary of the Wisconsin Poultry Association, Madison, for stencilled sheets on poultry raising.

To have the children sound and healthy is the first care of a mother. They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Hens.

How many farmers make the hen house a source of income? and yet, maybe, for the want of a little care the hens, that now only supply the household, would bring him in rich returns.

First, let us see if his hen-house is facing south or southeast. Have almost all the front of the house made of glass windows to reach to about a foot-and-a-half of the floor, and see the windows are washed off once in a while to let in every ray of the sun you can. This will help to keep the floor dry and clean. Let us see about the floor. I made a floor, I think, would take a first prize anywhere. First, I dug it out to a considerable depth and filled in with a few inches of pebble stones, then I broke up all the old glass I could lay my hands on, and put the broken glass over the stones. I used lots of it. Then I covered all up with nice, dry sand. Let this come up a few inches on your side walls. Then, if any rats try to get in they find themselves up against sharp glass and stones, and I promise you not a rat will get in to destroy eggs and young chickens. Rats are always a foe to the farmer; they rob him of many dollars every year. Rake the sand over every morning and remove all droppings, as they are very poisonous. Sprinkle a little fresh sand over the floor once or twice a season, and dig it up once every year. If you do this you will not have a sour floor, and your hens will be healthy. Have the windows on hinges at the top so on nice days they can be opened; have them swing outwards. Have short roosts that face the windows for, did you ever notice, hens will always roost that way. I suppose it is to get the sun's rays in the early morning.

If you keep large, heavy hens such as Brahmas or Plymouth Rocks, put your perches about two or three feet from the floor. Hens will fight for the best and highest perch, so make them all the same distance off the floor, not one a few inches above the other. This will save you many a sick hen, as the stronger ones will knock the others off, and they often get hurt. Make the perches removable, and every month dip the ends into lime wash or carbolic acid water, to keep away insects. Many people would be surprised at the myriads of insects that swarm over birds when they are roosting that are not so protected, but dipping the ends will keep down the insects. The nests will need to be made clean, or the eggs will look dirty, and what looks worse than a dirty egg or one that has been washed. Make your nests so you can take them outside and clean; whitewash inside and out; do not overlook any corner, and then put nice, clean straw and a nest egg in. Hens will not be so apt to lay under a brush pile or hay shed if their nests are clean and free from lice. Never have a flat roof, or the birds will roost on them and in this way the nests will soon be anything but clean. In winter, always have a pile of dry ashes in one corner, as the dust bath is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the fowls.

When fencing is necessary, let us get wire netting; if bought in large quantities we can get it very cheaply. Galvanized wire lasts a long time, and pays for the little extra cost. If we have more than one runway, the dividing fence must be boarded up two feet above the ground, or the cocks will fight with each other. Leghorns are splendid layers of fair-sized eggs, and the pullets commence to lay at seventeen weeks old. They are small eaters, and can be kept on almost any soil. For those who wish to produce eggs for market, Leghorns are one of the best breeds that can be kept.

Kill off the hens when about nineteen months old, that is just before they go into their second moult. They are much

Good News for Canadians

HEALTH SPECIALIST SPROULE

The Great Catarrh Specialist Explains

HIS METHOD of TREATMENT

The Great English Specialist

Graduate in Medicine and Surgery of Dublin University, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.

HAS CURED ALL FORMS OF CATARRH

Thirty years ago a young but highly honored surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service astonished his friends by suddenly leaving, and entering on private practice. That surgeon was the now famous Catarrh Specialist Sproule. His keen brain had early seen in the then new disease. Catarrh, a menace to the life and happiness of the civilized world. While other physicians were neglecting it as unimportant, Specialist Sproule studied its nature and the means of cure. He labored in office, hospital and laboratory. He mastered the subject.

As Specialist Sproule had foreseen, Catarrh spread with frightful rapidity. Thirty years ago Catarrh was almost unknown. Now no age or sex is exempt from it. No climate or locality is a cure for it. It is in many cases the forerunner of Consumption. Vital statistics show that deaths from Consumption in this country have increased in the last five years in startling fashion. Altogether too many of these cases have been traced back to Catarrh as their starting point.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule, the first to make Catarrh a specialty, has perfected a scientific, constitutional treatment which has cured hundreds and hundreds of cases of Catarrh. Many hundreds of Canadian people, throughout the provinces, bless the day they saw his advertisement fifteen or twenty years ago.

The widely advertised so-called "Catarrh cures" often do more harm than good, by driving the Catarrh germs deeper into the system. Painful stomach disorders and even more serious troubles have thus originated.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane and is curable only through the blood, and by remedies prepared for each case. Medicine that will cure one will often harm another. Specialist Sproule's method drives every germ out of the body. It clears the head, stops the hawking and spitting, sweetens the breath, strengthens the eyes, restores the hearing. It purifies and enriches the blood. It invigorates and tones up the entire system. It gives new life, energy, and ambition. The hardships of life seem easier to bear. Work becomes a pleasure. The man feels as if made over.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule's name is revered as that of a benefactor in thousands of homes. If you have any symptoms of Catarrh, the Specialist earnestly invites you to write him and tell him all about it. It will cost you nothing. He will give you the most valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

He will diagnose your case without charge and tell you just what to do. Do not delay. In such cases every moment is precious. Do not neglect yourself. Above all do not give yourself wrong treatment. The results may be serious.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD AND THROAT

The most prevalent form of Catarrh results from neglected colds.

1. *Do you spit up slime?*
2. *Are your eyes watery?*
3. *Does your nose feel full?*
4. *Does your nose discharge?*
5. *Do you sneeze a good deal?*
6. *Do crusts form in the nose?*
7. *Do you have pain across the eyes?*
8. *Does your breath smell offensive?*
9. *Is your hearing beginning to fail?*
10. *Are you losing your sense of smell?*
11. *Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?*
12. *Are there buzzing noises in your ears?*
13. *Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?*
14. *Do you feel a dropping in back part of throat?*

If you have some of the above symptoms your disease is Catarrh of the head and throat.

DISEASES OF BRONCHIAL TUBES

When Catarrh of the head and throat is left unchecked, it extends down the wind-pipe into the bronchial tubes, and in time may attack the lungs and develop into Catarrhal consumption.

1. *Do you take cold easily?*
2. *Is your breathing too quick?*
3. *Do you raise frothy material?*
4. *Is your voice hoarse and husky?*
5. *Have you a dry, hacking cough?*
6. *Do you feel worn out on rising?*
7. *Do you feel all stuffed up inside?*
8. *Are you gradually losing strength?*
9. *Have you a disgust for fatty foods?*
10. *Have you a sense of weight on chest?*
11. *Have you a scratchy feeling in throat?*
12. *Do you cough worse night and morning?*
13. *Do you get short of breath when walking?*

If you have some of these symptoms you have Catarrh of the bronchial tubes.

Answer the above questions, yes or no. Write your full name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out and send to

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE,
117 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON.

Be sure and write to-day.

FULL NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

332

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. It pleases everyone—it will delight him or her also.

ESTABLISHED 1904

DONALD MORRISON & CO.

GRAIN COMMISSION

GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

We handle Wheat, Oats, Flax and Barley on commission, obtaining best possible grades and prices. Our work is prompt, accurate and reliable. Let us handle YOUR shipments this season. Daily or weekly market letter on application.

References: Bank of Toronto, Northern Crown Bank and Commercial Agencies.

FARMERS!

You will get good satisfaction and the best possible cash results by employing our services to look after and dispose of your carlot shipments of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Liberal advances against shipping bills at 7 per cent interest.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

700 W GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

Wheat and Oats

are in strong demand for special shipment. Write us before loading for best destination and secure advantage of any premiums that are going.

Careful checking of grade, liberal advances, prompt adjustments.

Established 1857 Licensed and Bonded

James Richardson & Sons, Ltd.

Grain Exchange, Winnipeg

McBEAN BROS.

We will not likely be issuing any more grain letters until next crop. Farmers wanting our ideas on market conditions should write us direct, and we will give them the very best information we can offer. All we have to say just now is: Don't sell your grain at track or street prices. We claim it will pay you big money to wait until you can get cars, and the longer you wait the better. There will be lots of cars in the spring and throughout the summer.

While Fort William and Port Arthur terminal elevators are congested, ship to Duluth or Superior IN BOND, notify McBean Bros., Winnipeg, Man., so we will be advised of arrival of car here and can check up grading.

Write us for full shipping particulars and other information.

McBEAN BROS.

Jan. 12, 1916. Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man.

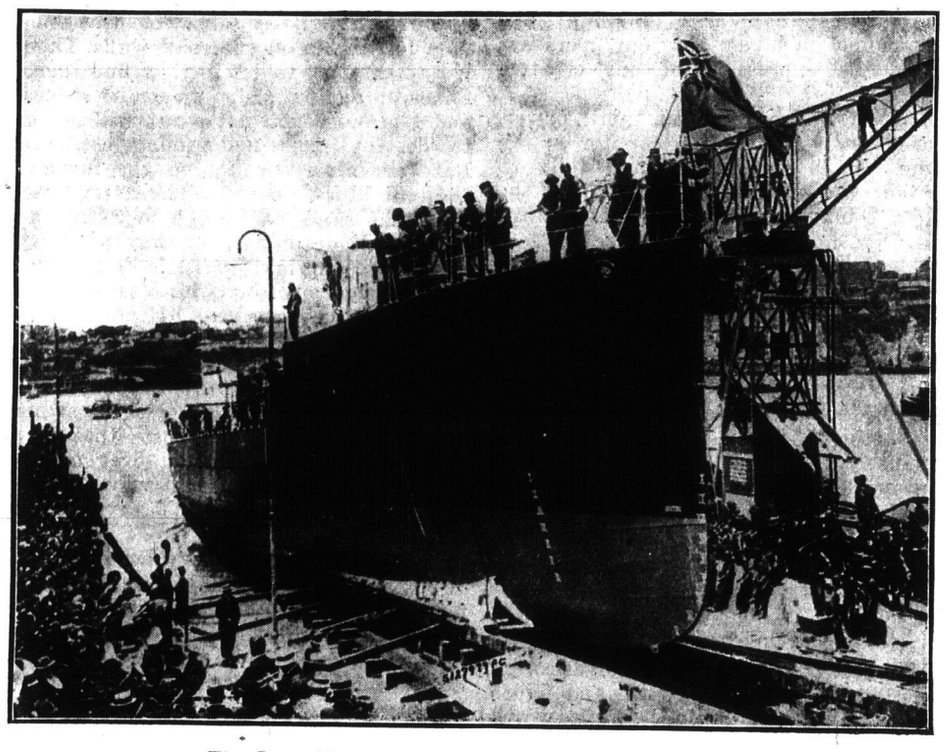
RENNIES SEEDS

PUREST-CLEANEST
MOST RELIABLE
GET CATALOGUE
AT BEST DEALERS
OR DIRECT
394 Portage Avenue
WINNIPEG, Man.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

better for eating than they will ever be again, as each and every moult is more severe and protracted, and the number of eggs fewer. It is much more profitable to supply their place with young hens.

Plymouth Rocks are a very useful breed for general purposes. They are large-bodied, adult birds, being about ten pounds. They are good layers, but the eggs are small but very rich in flavor, are capital as table birds, with a good supply of meat on the breast. They make good sitters and mothers. Roup is, I believe, the most infectious and fatal disease in the hen world; but let us look for any cause for it to get with our hens. Fowls left to themselves will not stand in a draught, and when compelled to do so, they take cold as easily as does the human family. In winter the house should have a ventilator to reach within three inches of the floor, and one at the roof. The bad air falls and is drawn off from the bottom, and saves the heat made by the solar action by your glass windows, and as the warm air rises for the same reason to ventilate from top we lower the temperature and make the room cold and uncomfortable. In winter, dull cold weather at times collects the congealed respiration from the fowls in a frost. This is soon disposed of by burning a kerosene light for a short time, and the opening for a short time of the upper ventilator; all that damp, chilly sense of feeling when visiting the house will be disposed of. Remember this and see to it in time to save you many cases of roup, thereby saving you many fowls and keeping up the egg production. How many of us will use incubators this year, I wonder. No part of the ordinary dwelling is so good as the cellar to set the incubator in. Here the temperature varies but little between day and night, and between one day and another. Here, too, it receives far better care from the person looking after it. If you set it in an outhouse, watch it very close; and if the night is extra cold, put a blanket over it; but be careful not to let the blanket be near the lamp or you may have no incubator in the morning. The Everywoman's World have several very good incubators advertised in their paper. If you get one and follow the instructions, you are sure of having a real good flock this summer. After the chickens are hatched and have been for a while in the nursery, so that they are well dried off, and have begun to be lively and active, they should be put in the brooder. Even if we hatch the chicks under a hen, it is best to raise them in the brooder. Parasitic vermin quickly pass from the hens to the chicks, and are the cause of many losses and always of lack of thrift. The artificial mother, if kept tolerably clean, keeps the chicks perfectly free from lice, gapes and similar evils.



The Launching of the Australian Warship "Swan."

"I name this vessel the 'Swan'," said Lady Cresswell, wife of Rear-Admiral Cresswell, of Australia, and may she be as graceful in motion and as fierce in fight as her living namesake. Good fortune to her and to all that sail in her." Such were the wishes as the new Australian warship left the ways in the presence of a great assemblage of Federal and State Government officials.

GRAIN GROWERS' ISSUE NEW CATALOGUE.

Every farmer in Western Canada should have a copy of the 1916 catalog issued by the Grain Growers' Grain Co. Ltd. of Winnipeg, whose advertisement appears on another page of this paper.

As mentioned in the advertisement a copy of this catalog is being sent to farmers whose names already are on the records of the G. G. G. Co. There are, however, thousands of farmers who have not as yet learned to patronize this farmers' concern, either with their grain shipments or when they buy machinery or other farm needs.

It is less than ten years since a few grain growers got together and decided that in order to overcome the difficulties met both in selling their crops and buying their needs, a company owned and controlled by farmers was essential. In these few years the Company has developed great strength and influence. There are now close to 17,000 shareholders and the subscribed capital and reserve fund total over a million dollars.

Last year the G. G. G. Co., Ltd., issued their first catalog. During the year a large number of farmers and farmers' associations took advantage of the high quality goods offered at fair prices. Encouraged by last year's returns, the Company is endeavoring this year to extend its business and to bring its values prominently before every farmer in the west. Practically every farm implement, including engines, buggies, wagons, etc., and also a full line of commodities, such as lumber, cement, wire fencing, binder twine, coal, flour, salt, etc., are catalogued. The Company does not claim to quote lowest prices. They do point out, however, that in selecting the various lines handled, quality was made the watchword. By eliminating the middleman they offer their goods at prices as close as possible to manufacturers' cost.

Read the advertisement that appears in this issue. Clip out the coupon and write them to-day for a copy of the catalog, if your name is not already on their lists.

DON'T MIX.

Poultry of different ages and breeds.

Eggs of different sizes, ages and colors.

The market pays from two to eight cents more for eggs of uniform size, color and quality.

An Easy Pill to Take.—Some persons have repugnance to pills because of their nauseating taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared as to make them agreeable to the most fastidious. The most delicate can take them without feeling the revulsion that follows the taking of ordinary pills. This is one reason for the popularity of these celebrated pills, but the main reason is their high tonical quality as a medicine for the stomach.

Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek, Man.

Below Zero Winter Laying at the Manitoba Agricultural College, St. Vital

Yes, I went out there one cold day in early January, 38 below zero, that morning, and had the hardihood to ask the obliging attendant to show me the winter layers at work, and he did so!

The long row of houses were decidedly cold with cotton fronts and plenty of windows, perhaps 15 to 20 below zero inside, but the busy hens were not in the least chilled.

Pen after pen of White Leghorns and Barred Rocks were inspected and in nearly every pen I found the hens strictly "on the job," in their useful trap-nests, cheerfully performing a winter "lay" with many a cackle 30 Leghorns and 25 Barred Rock hens are kept in each laying pen and no gentlemen allowed on the premises. The pens are cheaply made of double boards, the ceilings packed with straw, with slats laid across, and the floors made of concrete covered with a litter of short straw, ten inches deep, which is only changed every two months—so dry and free from moisture are these houses. I noted that the best laying pens had no hallway at the back of them—but simply opened one into the other a dozen or so in a house. The hallway creates a dangerous draught and no fowl will do well in a draughty atmosphere.

A very simple circular trap-nest is used at the college and all layers are trap-nested and a record kept; no small task where several hundred hens are wintered. The birds look quite smart with their celluloid legbands in different colors, which are plainly stamped with each bird's number.

The laying stock is all fed the same ration; good wheat in litter, cracked oats in a feedhopper always before the hens, a warm mash once a day about 11 a.m., charcoal and grit and plenty of buttermilk to drink—no water is given at all. Prof. Herner is a great believer in crushed oats and buttermilk as an egg producer, very little green cut bone is fed at the College as these birds are the breeders of the spring time and are not stimulated to heavy egg production in any way, however some of the pens of early April hatched pullets were producing 15 to 17 eggs per day the first week in January, which is surely a good record for 30 fowls. The pullets hatched in February and March were not doing much at all owing to moulting. In a climate such as Manitoba, birds hatched too early are not profitable as winter layers, but make excellent breeders in the spring. Five thousand birds were raised at the College last season and Prof. Herner and his staff intend to near double that number this coming spring, starting the incubator in the latter part of February and continuing until June 15th.

All preparations are made for the six weeks short course in poultry raising, which no doubt a great many young people are availing themselves of. Any beginner in poultry can gain more first hand knowledge by such a course in practical work than all the poultry literature in creation can teach him.

The comfortably heated brooder houses at the College are at present occupied by a very lusty looking lot of cockerels and roosters, chiefly of the White Leghorn and Barred Rock breeds. In fact these two breeds, one a regular egg machine and the other a perfect utility bird are prime favorites at the College. A few Buff Orpingtons are kept, and some "'dottes" and "Reds."

The brooders, which are used in these brooding pens, are all heated by electricity and therefore a perfect temperature for the health of the chicks is maintained without any trouble whatever. The smoky, uncertain lamp which worries the life of the amateur chicken raiser in an ordinary brooder, has had to take a back seat, as it were, and the time is coming when these electric brooders will be used on the small farm plant, where electric light is available.

Each brooder house has a chick run leading from it, which is seeded to alfalfa in the fall. As soon as the frost is out to the ground the grass shoots up and when sunny Spring weather has come to stay the young chicks are let out on the green grass which they eagerly devour. There are double runs to each pen, therefore there is an unfailing supply of pasture for the early chicks. Sometimes the birds are unable to keep down the growth which is then clipped. At 6 weeks of age these brooder chicks can be moved into a colony house where the runs are much larger. There is no less than 12 acres of land used in the colony house runs at the College, where hundreds of chicks flourish during the summer. These runs are seeded to wheat and oats and peas and birds are kept in these houses until ready for their winter quarters. The poultry buildings and small runs occupy another ten acres at St. Vital, making 22 acres altogether, devoted to the raising of more and better poultry for our province.

Prof. Herner is engaged upon the work of getting out three new bulletins on poultry in all its phases, which are to be published for use this spring. These useful bulletins can be secured free of charge upon application to Prof. Herner, M.A.C., St. Vital. Promising myself another visit to this beautiful College when incubation was in full swing I faced the bitter wind back to the waiting street car at the corner.

Note—February is not too soon to be on the alert for a good well bred male bird in the poultry yard.

Feeding Hints

Protein is a large constituent in the make up of milk, flesh and bones. Consequently dairy cows and young growing animals of all kinds require more protein in their ration than do fattening animals, horses or oxen.

A cow producing 50 lbs. of milk a day will need two and three-quarter pounds of protein in her food to supply the protein for the milk alone. When we take into consideration the protein content of her body, a 50-lb. cow should get over three pounds of digestible protein each day.

A fine point in feeding is to supply enough of each constituent to meet the animal's requirement and not too much of any one. Over supply of any constituent is waste.

Here is a case in which I have often come in contact: A farmer goes to town to buy feed. He finds that one feed is a few dollars cheaper a ton than another. He buys it for that reason. The cheap feed may have been the most expensive on the market when results are considered.

Most feeds grown on the farm are deficient in protein. In buying feed therefore we should aim to buy feed that will strengthen the farm ration. That means a feed rich in protein. Many used to buy bran for this purpose but are now beginning to doubt its economy. Bran has 12.8 per cent of protein, but oil cake meal has 30.4 per cent of protein. Compare prices and decide which you can afford to buy.

Three pounds of linseed meal would supply sufficient protein to maintain an animal. From the amount of milk that the cow is giving, the additional amount required to meet all her demands can then be figured out. Of course, however, one would not supply all the protein from the linseed meal. Cotton seed, too, is rich in protein.

A few years ago I was working as a hired man on a dairy farm where we were feeding bran, oats and home grown fodders. I induced my employer to get some cotton seed meal. We could see the difference in milk flow immediately.

Milk is 87 per cent water. Hence a good supply of water and not too cold is one of the first essentials in successful feeding of dairy cattle.

You always get a perfect job with "Empire" Corrugated Iron

It's made from tried and proven metal. Every sheet is true and straight. Every sheet is absolutely uniform and snug fitting.

"Empire" Iron is corrugated by immensely powerful up-to-date machines, ensuring deep, regular corrugations that guarantee strength, weather protection and durability.

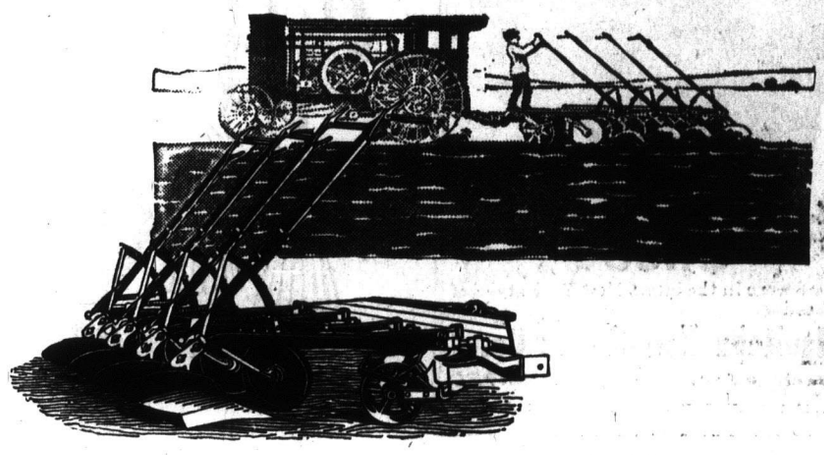
Corrugated iron, when good, is the only proper covering for the modern barn. It is fire-proof, easily laid, needs no paint or repairs and reduces your insurance.

When you use "Empire" brand you simply can't help doing a better, easier, quicker and more satisfactory job. It will pay you to write today and tell us your building or repairing plans. We'll quote you prices that will open your eyes.

30 "Eastlake" Galvanized Shingles, Rock and Brick-faced Siding and everything in sheet metal.

METALLIC ROOFING CO., LTD.
Manufacturer: 797 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg

Oliver Tractor Gangs



THERE is one feature of the **Oliver** tractor gang which it does not share with any other plow made. Each complete gang of over six bottoms, no matter how large, is built up of small sections. These sections are made in four, five, and six-bottom sizes joined together in gangs, to make up any size of plow desired. The joining is flexible, and this flexible joining enables the **Oliver** tractor gang plow, of any number of bottoms, to follow the lay of the land and plow it all to an even depth, no matter how rolling it may be. As a test, a 55-base gang was made up, plowing a furrow 64 feet 2 inches wide and the plowing done was as even in depth as though done with a plow of regulation size.

Whether you plow with a tractor or use horses, whether your work demands a gang, sulky, or walking plow, the **Oliver** is the plow for you to buy. See the nearest **McCormick** local agent for catalogues and full information, or write to the nearest branch house.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd.
BRANCH HOUSES
At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both For $13.90

FREIGHT AND DUTY PAID

If ordered together we send both machines for only $13.90 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Five year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of $13.90 is for both Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time.

Write us today. Don't delay. **WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 200, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.**

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Remarkable Cloth that won't Wear Out!

Now readers, would you like a suit or pair of pants absolutely free! A most astounding offer is being made by a well-known English firm! They have discovered a remarkable Holeproof Cloth. You can't tear it! Yet it looks just the same as $20 suitings. You can't wear it out no matter how hard you wear it, for if during six months of solid hard grinding work every day of the week (not just Sundays), you wear the smallest hole, another garment will be given free! The firm will send a written guarantee in every parcel. Think readers, just $6.50 for a man's suit, and only $2.25 for a pair of pants, sent to you all charges and postage paid, and guaranteed for six months' solid grinding wear. Now don't think because you are miles away you cannot test these remarkable cloths, for you simply send a 2 cent postal card to The Holeproof Clothing Co., 56 Theobalds Road, London, W.C., Eng., for large range of patterns, easy self measure chart and fashions. These are absolutely free and postage paid. Send 2 cent postal card at once! Mention The Western Home Monthly.

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When ordering patterns, be sure to state size. When no size is specified we reserve the right to send medium as, owing to the small amount involved, it is not possible for us to write and ask remitter for further information.

Address all Orders to Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

1430—An Up-to-Date and Practical Style—Girls' and Misses' Combination Corset Cover and Petticoat—Lawn, cambric, batiste, crepe, or silk could be used for this style. If developed separately the same materials are good for both. Sateen or flannel could also be used for the petticoat. The ruffle may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 3½ yards of 27-inch material for the skirt, and 1⅛ yards for the corset cover, with 3½ yards of 6-inch flouncing for the ruffle, for a 14-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1593, Waist—1594, Skirt—Composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 1593 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1594—This combination is especially nice for mature figures.

The waist is made with full fronts that are finished with revers portions and open over a vest that may be of lace embroidery or matched satin. The skirt has six gores and shaped trimming sections over the fronts. As here illustrated, brown novelty suiting was used with velvet for trimming. Blue serge with matched satin is also good. If desired, the waist and skirt may be made as separate garments. Silk or crepe could be employed for the waist and broadcloth, serge or gabardine for the skirt. The pattern for the waist is cut in 6 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material for the waist, and 4 yards of 44-inch material for the skirt for a medium size. The skirt measures 3¼ yards at the lower edge. To make the skirt and waist of one material will require 8 yards of 36-inch material. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

1570—Ladies' Apron—The good points of this model will readily appeal to the neat and busy housekeeper. This style is confined at the waistline, presenting a neat and trim appearance. It is not cumbersome or uncomfortable. It amply protects the dress underneath, without waste of material. The belt and back closing will hold it firmly in position. The design is good for percale, gingham, lawn, chambray, drill, sateen or alpaca. The collar may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1578—Ladies' Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—For morning wear this style will be nice in linen, percale, gingham, poplin, or flannelette. It will also make a good business suit in serge or gabardine and is a splendid style for taffeta, velvet or crepe. The waist is full below the square yoke portions, and its fronts are crossed in surplice style. The sleeve is close-fitting in wrist length. The short sleeve has a neat turnback cuff. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6½ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 3⅜ yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1585—Ladies' Skirt—In Raised or Normal Waistline with or without Girdle Yoke—Broadcloth, cheviot, tweed velour, gabardine, serge, voile, taffeta, velvet and corduroy are all suitable for this style. The yoke could be of contrasting material. It is finished with a point over the centre front, and may be omitted or the skirt portions underneath may be cut away. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 3⅝ yards of 44-inch

Had Dyspepsia.

Says: HE NEARLY TURNED UP HIS TOES.

Burdock Blood Bitters CURED HIM.

Mr. H. N. Manderson, Stettler, Alta., writes: "About twenty-five years ago, in the Province of Quebec, I came pretty near turning up my toes with dyspepsia. A cousin of mine persuaded me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. In about two weeks I could eat anything from raw fat pork to unleavened bread. Three bottles did the job, and I have never been troubled with my stomach since. You would say that this is wonderful if you could only see what we sometimes have to live on in this country; bannock, half cooked beans, etc."

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Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date 1916 Large Spring & Summer Catalogue, containing over 400 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, as well as the latest embroidery designs, also a **concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking,** giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

Western Home Monthly

Winnipeg

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material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1582—A Good Style for the Growing Girl—This attractive dress is nice for combinations of materials. Serge and striped suiting is here shown. Galatea and linene would be nice for grneral or school wear. The overjacket may be omitted. The waist is finished at the cent-e front, with tucks in slot style. The skirt has four gores with the fulness arranged in deep plaits. The sleeve is nice in wrist or elbow length. This pattern could be developed for a "best dress" in linen with jacket of embroidery, or of taffeta, with jacket of velvet. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1¼ yards of 27-inch material for the overjacket, and 4¾ yards for the dress for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1587—A Natty Little Suit for Mother's Boy—These coat suits are ever popular and practical. This model is nice for

velvet and corduroy, for serge, cheviot and for all strong wash fabrics like linen, galatea or gingham. The coat may be closed in double-breasted style or turned back over the right front in revers fashion. The trousers are made with straight lower edge. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1457—A Popular Practical Style—Girl's Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—As here shown checked gingham was used, with white linene for trimming. This design will develop nicely in serge, plaid suiting or wool mixtures. It is also nice for linen, pique, linene, velveteen, corduroy or poplin. The fronts are finished with slot tucks underneath which the closing may be effected. The skirt is a four gore model with a charming "grown up" flare. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 yards of 40-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in stamps

1425—A Practical Convenient Model—Ladies' House Dress with Long or Short Sleeve—For utility, comfort and convenience, this design has much to commend it. It closes in coat style, with the entire fronts overlapping. This assures easy and practical adjustment. An ample pocket is arranged over the side front. The waist is finished with a neat collar, and with cuffs for sleeve in short length. The long sleeve is dart fitted. The dart fulness may be cut away and the opening thus made, be finished with a facing and underlap for buttons and buttonholes or other fasteners; then the sleeve may be turned back over the arm when desired. The pattern is good for gingham, percale, lawn, seersucker, soisette, madras, dimity, drill or linen. It is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6¼ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1567—Ladies' Jumpers or Over-Waists—This illustrates a smart and pleasing fashion—one that may make a waist "two in one," for these jumpers can be worn over any guimpe or blouse. In black silk or satin, in embroidered net or voile, they are charming. They are nice in silk or serge to match the color of a separate skirt, and so worn over a waist of chiffon, crepe or net. The one style shown is gathered at the waist, and may be made with straight or scalloped lower edge. The other style has waist portions lengthened by peplum sections. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 1 yard of 44-inch material for No. 1, and 1¼ yards for No. 2 for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1591—Ladies' Night Dress, Perforated for Sack Length and Short Sleeve—Muslin, cambric, lawn, batiste, crepe, silk, flannel or flannelette are good for this style. It may be finished with a bit of lace or embroidery, or with tiny ruffles of material on collar and cuffs. In such shape the pattern could also be used for a dressing sack. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 4 yards of 27-inch material for the

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Many sorts of food cells—about all we need.

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That's why food experts advocate whole wheat.

Those food cells must be broken to digest.

That's why wheat is cooked or baked. And, to break more cells, you toast it.

But toasting, even, hardly breaks up half.

Now We Explode Them

That's the fault which Prof. A. P. Anderson corrected by steam-exploding wheat.

Each food cell, he found, holds a trifle of moisture. So he puts the wheat kernels in guns. Then revolves those guns for sixty minutes in 550 degrees of heat. That converts all the moisture to steam.

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

Puffed grains derive from the fearful heat a most fascinating taste. The puffing makes them bubbles, eight times normal size. The walls become thin and fragile, ready to melt in the mouth.

The grains are flaky bonbons — food confections — seemingly too dainty to be eaten by the bowlful. But they are only grain.

Serve them as your morning cereals. Serve them in your bowls of milk. Mix them with your fruit.

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[1189]

What Is Auto-Intoxication--And How to Prevent It

By C. G. Percival, M.D.

Perhaps the best definition I have ever noted of Auto-Intoxication is "Self-Intoxication, or poisoning by compounds produced internally by oneself."

This definition is clearly intelligible because it puts Auto-Intoxication exactly where it belongs; takes it away from the obscure and easily misunderstood, and brings it into the light as an enervating, virulent, poisonous ailment.

It is probably the most insidious of all complaints, because its first indications are that we feel a little below par, sluggish, dispirited, etc., and we are apt to delude ourselves that it may be the weather, a little overwork or the need for a rest—

But once let it get a good hold through non-attention to the real cause and a nervous condition is apt to develop, which it will take months to correct. Not alone that, but Auto-Intoxication so weakens the foundation of the entire system to resist disease that if any is prevalent at the time or if any organ of the body is below par a more or less serious derangement is sure to follow—

The ailments which have been commonly, almost habitually, traced to Auto-Intoxication, are: Languor, Headache, Insomnia, Biliousness, Melancholia, Nervous Prostration, Digestive Troubles, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Disturbance, Liver Troubles.

There are several conditions which may produce Auto-Intoxication, but by far the most common and prevalent one is the accumulation of waste in the colon, caused by insufficient exercise, improper food or more food than nature can take care of under our present mode of living.

I wonder if you realize how prevalent this most common cause of Auto-Intoxication really is—the clearest proof of it is that one would be entirely safe in stating that there are more drugs consumed in an effort to correct this complaint than for all other human ills combined—it is indeed universal, and if it were once conquered, in the words of the famous medical scientist, Professor Eli Metchnikoff, "the length of our lives would be nearly doubled."

He has specifically stated that if our colons were removed in early infancy we would in all probability live to the age of 150 years.

That is because the waste which accumulates in the colon is extremely poisonous, and the blood, as it flows through the walls of the colon, absorbs these poisons until it is permeated with them. Have you ever, when bilious, experienced a tingling sensation apparent even above the dormant sensation which biliousness creates? I have, and that is Auto-Intoxication away above the danger point.

Now, if laxative drugs were thorough in removing this waste, there could be no arraignment against them—

But they are at best only partially effective and temporary in their results, and if persisted in soon cease to be effective at all. Their effect is, at best, the forcing of the system to throw off a noxious element, and they therefore "jolt" nature instead of assisting her.

There is, however, a method of eliminating this waste, which has been perfected recently after many years of practice and study, which might be aptly termed a nature remedy. This is the cleansing of the colon its entire length, at reasonable periods, by means of an internal bath, in which simple warm water and a harmless antiseptic are used.

This system already has over half-a-million enthusiastic users and advocates, who have found it the one effective and harmless preventive of Auto-Intoxication, and a resulting means of consistently keeping them clear in brain, bright in spirits, enthusiastic in their work and most capable in its performance.

The one great merit about this method aside from the fact that it is so effectual is that no one can quarrel with it because it is so simple and natural. It is, as it is called, nothing but a bath scientifically applied. All physicians have for years commonly recommended old-fashioned Internal Baths, and the only distinction between them is that the newer method is infinitely more thorough, wherefore it would seem that one could hardly fail to recommend it without stultifying himself, could he?

As a matter of fact, I know that many of the most enlightened and successful specialists are constantly prescribing it to their patients.

The physician who has been responsible for this perfected method of Internal Bathing was himself an invalid twenty-five years ago. Medicine had failed and he tried the old-fashioned Internal Bath. It benefited him, but was only partially effective. Encouraged by this progress, however, he improved the manner of administering it, and as this improved so did his health.

Hence, for twenty-five years he has made this his life's study and practice until to-day this long experience is represented in the "J. B. L. Cascade." During all these years of specializing, as may be readily appreciated, most interesting and valuable knowledge was gleaned, and this practical knowledge is all summed up in a most interesting way, and will be sent to you on request, without cost or other obligations, if you will simply address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 256, 257 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in the Winnipeg Western Home Monthly.

The inclination of this age is to keep as far away from medicine as possible, and still keep healthy and capable. Physicians agree that 95 per cent of human ailments is caused by Auto-Intoxication.

These two facts should be sufficient to incline everyone to at least write for this little book and read what it has to say on the subject.

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sack style and 7 yards for the gown style for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1581—Costume for Misses and Small Women (with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths)—Mixed suiting in green and brown tones was used for this style, with trimmings of brown and braiding in green. The design is unique in its detail and finish. The fronts show a smart vest, topped by an over-vest or chemisette. The back and side fronts are gathered below yoke portions. The sleeve is loose, and finished with a shaped cuff at wrist length. In short length it has turnback cuff. The skirt flares with fashionable fulness, and is fitted with plaits at the sides, in front and back. Pointed tab sections form a smart finish. This design is lovely for broadcloth or serge, with matched satin for trimming, and nice for velvet combined with taffeta. Gabardine, voile, poplin, repp, taffeta, woolen mixtures, checked and plaid suitings are also nice for it. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 will require $6\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1573—Girls' One-Piece Yoke Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—This model is excellent for school or general wear, but may also be developed for a best dress. Serge, gabardine, cashmere, poplin, repp, galatea, gingham, khaki, linen, percale and chambray are all suitable for its development. The dress has plaited portion attached to a square yoke, and held to position by the belt. The sleeve in wrist length is finished with a narrow flare cuff. In short length a turn back cuff forms a smart trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1580, Waist—1577, Skirt—This attractive gown was developed from Waist pattern 1580 and Skirt pattern 1577. The model has good lines and attractive style features. The waist is cut with a convertible collar and may be finished with or without the bolero. The skirt has a yoke, shaped in points, to which the flare sections are joined. As here shown brown gabardine was used for bolero and skirt portions, and ecru lace allover for the waist. Velvet or taffeta could be used with plaid silk or matched satin for the waist. A medium size requires for the waist pattern $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the bolero. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. It is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The skirt measures about $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c for each pattern in stamps

1307—A Practical Up-to-Date Under Garment—Ladies' Corset Cover and Petticoat—This style is good for lawn, crossbar muslin, dimity, crepe, cambric, batiste or silk. It may be trimmed with lace or embroidery edges, or the free edges may be embroidered in scallops, and the fulness over the fronts drawn up through embroidered eyelets. The neck edge could be finished with a casing of beading or band of embroidery. The skirt may be made without the ruffle, and like the corset cover could be embroidered or lace trimmed. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size, without the ruffle, which will require $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of embroidery. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1448—A Pleasing and Popular Mode—Costume for Misses and Small Women (with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths, and with Five Gore Skirt)—Plaid suiting in gray and blue tones was used for this style. It is nice for serge, taffeta, gabardine, cashmere, linen, gingham, chambray, voile and poplin. The waist has simple lines and is trimmed with a deep collar. The long sleeve has a straight cuff with pointed over portion, and in elbow length, is finished with a shaped turn back cuff. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires $6\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 16-year size. The skirt measures about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1588—Girls' Dress in One-Piece Style with Sleeve in Wrist or Elbow Length—Brown galatea with trimming of checked gingham or blue serge with red poplin for collar and cuffs would be nice for this model. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The fulness of the dress is held by a belt. The cuff finish of the sleeve is neat and comfortable in either length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for a 6-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1590—Ladies' Costume with Sleeve in Wrist Length, with or without Deep Cuff or in Short Length with or without Flare Cuff—This portrays a very smart style, suitable for any of the combinations now in vogue. In blue poplin or moire, with satin to match or green serge and matched satin it will make a very handsome gown for afternoon or calling. The waist has surplice fronts which form a yoke over the upper part. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a simulated or added deep cuff or in short length with a new flare cuff. The skirt is cut with ample fulness and has plaited extensions at the sides of the front panel. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 will require 6 yards of 44-inch material for a medium

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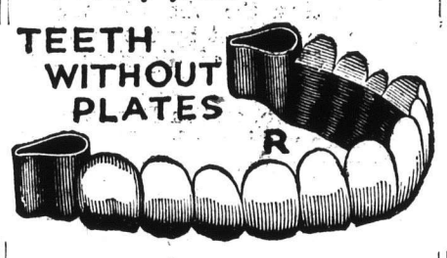

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It is performed without pain, is permanent, and in every way comfortable, being strong, clean, light and agreeable to the tongue and gums.

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size. The skirt measures 3¼ yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1589—A Simple Frock for Mother's Girl—So easy to make and so becoming and attractive. With the guimpe of batiste, silk or lawn, and the overdress of challie, figured crepe or velvet, this will make a very nice dress for best wear. It is also good for gingham, percale, serge, poplin, repp or chambrey. Black taffeta with pipings of red would be smart with a red guimpe. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 year will require 1¾ yards of 36-inch material for the guimpe, with 2⅛ yards for the dress. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1574, Waist—1575, Skirt—A delightful afternoon or calling gown could be evolved from this attractive creation. It comprises Ladies' Waist pattern 1574, cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure, and Ladies' Skirt pattern 1575, cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Plaid woolen, with white satin for collar and fancy buttons is here shown. The models are also good for serge, cashmere, gabardine, taffeta, voile, nun's veiling and all wash fabrics. Waist and skirt are both finished with yoke and panel sections. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. To make the dress of one material will require 6⅞ yards of 44-inch wide. The waist alone will require 2½ yards. The skirt, which measures about 3⅓ yards at the foot, requires 4⅜ yards for a medium size. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

1592—Dress or Apron with Bloomers for Girls—This design will readily appeal to the busy mother who appreciates comfort and simplicity. The dress which may serve as an apron and the bloomers may be of the same material. The bloomers will take the place of petticoats. They are ideal for play and school wear, giving freedom of movement and fulness under the dress. For warmth, outing flannel serge or flannel could be used. Gingham, galatea, percale, repp, poplin, linen and linene are all appropriate materials for these two practical garments. The pattern comprises both and is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires for a 6-year size 3¼ yards of 27-inch material, with 2¼ yards for the bloomers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

Mike Reagan applied to Mrs. Stone for position as chauffeur, and gave the name of a friend as reference. Mrs. Stone sought the friend and asked: "Mr. Brady, your neighbor, Michael Reagan, has applied to me for a place as chauffeur. Is he a steady man?"

"Steady," cried Brady. "Sure, ma'am, if he wuz anny steadier he'd be dead."

Not very long ago there lived in Yorkshire an old man who always rode on a donkey to his daily work, and tethered him while he labored on the roads or wherever else he might be.

It had been pretty plainly hinted to him by one of the local landowners that he was suspected of putting it in the fields to graze at other people's expense.

"Eh, squire, I cud na do sich a thing, fer my donkey won't eat nowt but nettles an' thistles."

One day the gentleman was riding along the road, when he saw the old fellow at work and the donkey up to his knees in one of his clover fields, feeding luxuriously.

"Halloa, John!" said he, "I understood you to say your donkey would eat nothing but nettles and thistles?"

"Aye," said John, "but he's been misbehavin' hisself, sir. He nearly kicked me i' th' chest just now, so I put him theer to punish him!"

Asthma Brings Misery, but Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy will replace the misery with welcome relief. Inhaled as smoke or vapor it reaches the very inmost recesses of the bronchial passages and soothes them. Restriction passes and easy breathing returns. If you know as well how this remedy would help you as do thousands of grateful users, there would be a package in your home to-night. Try it.

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common Coal Oil (kerosene), and gives more than twice as much light as the best round wick open flame lamps. No odor, smoke or noise; simple, clean, no pressure, won't explode. Several million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. It's GUARANTEED.

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Without any sales experience, yes even without capital, you can make a big success by placing the Aladdin on trial. If you haven't capital we will help you with our liberal credit plan.

Every home wants and needs this wonderful light, that from half the usual amount of oil produces the brightest, mellowest light obtainable. To sell the Aladdin is a simple matter of getting the light into people's hands. After a trial nobody wants to go back to old feeble lighting methods. Hundreds of men are making $100 to $300 a month. Here are two letters just like thousands we receive:

"Out of eight calls I sold six. Then ordered in four dozen lots and sold five lamps a day. My patrons all say they are fine after using them a year."—H. B. Stewart.

"Between Jan. 2 and Feb. 20, I sold about 275 lamps. I never saw anything that would sell equal to it."—Charlie Conrad.

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Sample Sent Prepaid—10 Days FREE to responsible men. Tell us what territory you prefer, whether you have a rig or auto so you can work in country, how long you have lived in the community, etc., so we can give you full information, agency terms, credit plan and sample lamp for free trial.

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BOTH FOR ONE YEAR
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ALL FOR $1.25

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This book embodies all the latest ideas in needlework, crochet, knitting and embroidery. It contains designs and directions for making nearly fifty different patterns of knitted laces, many charming crochet patterns, also instructions for making many useful articles of wearing apparel and numerous articles for home decoration, among which are tidies, chair-scarfs, doylies, purses, table-mats, shopping bags, lamp shades, shawls, Afghans, toilet sets, counterpanes, sofa cushions, chair covers, pin-cushions, dressing slippers, babies' socks, etc., etc. Full and complete instructions accompany each design, together with an explanation of the terms used in knitting and crochetting, etc. It also contains full and complete instructions in the art of embroidery, with numerous beautiful designs. The whole is illustrated by 95 handsome engravings, and the whole subject of ladies' fancy work is made so clear in this book that with it as a guide one may become an adept in the art. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages neatly bound in attractive paper covers.

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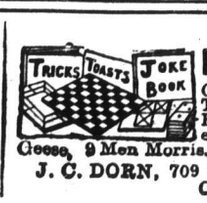

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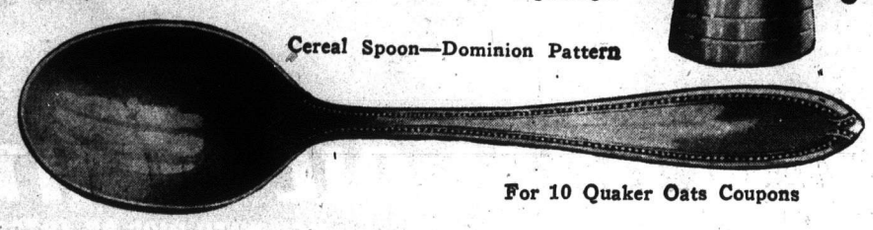
We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them.

This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.



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Think what intensive driving power is concentrated in the oat. A large package of Quaker Oats contains almost enough energy to supply a human machine for a week.

To do all the work of a week. Or to start every day in a month, for one person, with vim food in abundance. The oat is a food for high spirits. It is for those who seek bubbling vitality. For those who would "feel their oats." That is why we urge you to make oat-food inviting. This dish, above all others, should always be served at its best.

Quaker Oats

The Delightful Energizer

To some oats Nature gives a fascinating flavor. With some oats she omits it.

Some oats are rich and plump. Some are starved and puny.

In Quaker Oats we never mix those grades. All but queen grains are discarded in making this brand—all but ten pounds per bushel.

That's why these flakes are always large and luscious. That's the reason for their flavor and aroma.

You get the cream of the oats—the cream only—when you ask for Quaker Oats. And you pay no extra price to get it.

Please remember that.

Regular Package, 10c. ***Except in Far West*** ***Large Round Package, 25c***

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Peterborough, Ont. **Saskatoon, Sask.**

New Round 25c Package

This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A permanent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains two premium coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c. We still continue our large 80c package with china. Also our 10c. package.

(1196)

Household Suggestions

Buckwheat

In certain districts of Europe, particularly in Russia and Brittany, buckwheat forms the staple part of the diet. In our own country, however, it is used wholly in the making of pancakes. Buckwheat flour is very nutritious, and is rich in the carbonaceous or heat and energy-producing elements. The exact proportions of the various elements are: Protein, 6.4 per cent; fats, 1.2 per cent; carbohydrates, 77.9 per cent, with 1,620 calories to the pound. The use of butter on the cakes makes up for the low percentage of fats, and for this reason is more healthful than syrup or molasses, which add a higher proportion of carbohydrates to a food already highly carbonaceous.

Buckwheat cakes are notoriously indigestible because of the frying process. Workingmen speak of them as "sticking to the ribs"—merely another way of saying that they remain undigested in the stomach for several hours, and thus stave off the approach of hunger. Omit the frying—but then, pancakes would not be pancakes prepared in any other way.

Use the Cheaper Cuts of Meat

How can I lower the cost of the family food supply?

This is a question which many careful housekeepers are trying hard to answer. And as the meat bill is usually one of the largest, our attentions are, very naturally, first given to it.

In her desire to find a remedy the housewife may decide to try the cuts of meats which retail at low prices. Failing to produce a palatable dish she goes back, discouraged to the well known and easily prepared tender steaks, chops and roasts.

Although highly nutritious, the cheaper cuts, unless properly handled, are generally lacking in flavor, possess long and coarse fibers, and a large amount of connective tissue which the small boy calls "gristle."

To give them the desired flavor these cuts may be cooked with vegetables and carefully seasoned.

From such cuts as the lower round, the tail pieces of the porterhouse steaks, and even plate meat we can fashion delicious combinations as Salisbury steak, mock duck with dressing and garnish of vegetables, cannelon of beef, or beef loaf with tomato sauce.

The fibers of some of the cuts which we do not care to grind, can be broken by pounding with the edge of a heavy saucer or a specially devised hammer. This allows a large amount of juices to escape and lose flavor unless we take the precaution to pound flour into the meat to absorb these juices. Upon browning, the flour gives an added flavor.

Meat treated in this way is called "Swiss Steak." This needs, at first a high temperature and very careful cooking at a low temperature afterwards. Another variation may be made by using round, chuck, flank or skirt steaks with vegetables, finishing the cooking at a low temperature in a casserole (a small round porcelain dish). By cooking a pot roast slowly for several hours the connective tissues are softened and the meat made more tender.

The meat is best if first seared to retain the flavoring materials, then carefully "simmered" over a very low gas burner, on the back of range, or in the fireless cooker for a time, depending on the size of the piece. Some very good cuts which may be obtained and very successfully cooked in this way are cross ribs, boned and rolled; rolled flank; chuck or rump.

In solving the meat problem the housekeeper must keep clearly in mind the retail price, the amount of waste in fat and bone, the time and fuel consumed in preparing.

To safeguard the child from damage that worms cause, use Miller's Worm Powders, the medicine par excellence for children. These powders will clear the system entirely of worms, will regulate and stimulate the organs injuriously affected by the worms, and will encourage healthful operation of the dgesitive processes. As a vermifuge it cannot be surpassed in effectiveness.

A Homemade Ice Chest

An ice box can be made for almost nothing that will take the place of a refrigerator in keeping the baby's milk cool.

An ordinary wooden box can be used. It must be about a foot one way, a foot and a half the other, and it ought to be a foot deep. The bottom of the box must be well covered with sawdust. On the sawdust is set a can or pail of tin or granite about eight inches in diameter, and high enough to hold a quart bottle of milk. The bottom of the pail must not touch the box. The sawdust must be thick under the pail.

A cylinder of tin a little larger than the pail must be placed around it. Sawdust is then packed between the cylinder and the walls of the box. No sawdust is permitted to fall between the cylinder and pail.

It would be well to have the cylinder extend a little above the pail, as the sawdust is packed almost to the top of the cylinder.

A heavy pad of newspapers is tacked over the lid of the box. This makes a perfect method of keeping milk cool. A bottle is set in the pail and cracked ice is packed around the bottle.

This homemade refrigerator will hold two quart bottles of milk, or four eight-ounce feeding bottles.

It will not cost more than three cents a day to supply this box with ice. If a tin can is used, it will not rust if a little soda is put in with the ice each day.

Rye

Rye flour contains from four to six per cent less nitrogenous, or cell-building, material than does wheat flour, but on the other hand it contains from two to six per cent more of the carbohydrate, or energy-producing, element. This excess of carbohydrates would seem to make rye bread more valuable to the workingman than the wheat bread, but this advantage is offset by the fact that it is more difficult of digestion than wheat bread.

In Germany two, and in Russia three, times as much rye is produced as wheat. Bread from rye, however, is coarser of texture than white bread, and consequently is slightly laxative, and so may be eaten with good effect when one is constipated. Rye bread has also this advantage, particularly in the summer months that it is slightly hygroscopic—that is, it gathers moisture from the surrounding atmosphere and does not dry out so quickly as wheat bread.

Barley

Barley is a little more nutritious than rye, being richer in proteins and fats, though containing six per cent less carbonaceous material. In general favor among the housewives of early New England for bread, barley flour is to-day used almost not at all for this purpose. Barley bread, however, offers a change in the diet, and while, like rye bread, it is more difficult of digestion than wheat bread, it is, at the same time slightly laxative, and for this reason persons subject to constipation can use it to advantage.

In making barley bread be careful to mix with the flour a small quantity of wheat flour, in order to make good a deficiency of gluten in the barley flour. Likewise, a little barley flour added to the ingredients for wheat bread improves the flavor of the bread, and because of its hygroscopic qualities, enables the loaf to retain its moisture.

Pearl barley is barley from which the outer shell, or husk, has been removed, and which has been polished by a mechanical process. It contains rather less nitrogenous material than barley flour, but has a higher percentage of carbohydrates.

The two recipes which follow are simple, and as pleasing as they are simple.

Young People

A Revolving Cage

By Leonard Hatch

It all started because I was lazy. If I had done my work promptly and thoroughly, I should not have been ordered to stay on after the regular closing hour to finish it. If I had not stayed on working alone, it would never have occurred to me to——. But I am anticipating the causes which stopped my dawdling for good and all.

I was working that winter in a big office-building as porter's assistant and general boy of all work. It was my business to keep the public corridors spick and span—to scrub floors, polish the brasswork round the stairways and elevators, and keep the office door-knobs glistening.

But instead of feeling pride in the huge office-building, with its many stories and honeycombing corridors, I had grown shiftless. I did just enough work to keep from being reprimanded. And to-day I had not even done that, for at dusk the head porter came to me and told me—with perfect justice—that my work had not been done thoroughly; that I was to stay on and work an hour over my usual time.

After the frequent manner of one who is in the wrong, I grew sulky and resentful. My fellow workers left one by one. Even the belated stenographers began to leave their empty offices. Finally the elevators stopped running. The big building grew still. At last I finished polishing all the brasswork, and might have gone home. But my heart was still filled with resentment. "I'll show him!" thought I to myself. "I'll show him whether I'm lazy or not!" I cast about for something extra to do. The new revolving door! I would scrub the glass in that.

This contrivance was new. It had just been set in place in the long corridor on the first floor. Complaints about the sweeping draft from the outer doors of the building had become so insistent that the owners had resorted to this means of eradicating the evil.

This door was built on the usual lines. There were two curving side pieces, between which revolved the door itself—exactly like a plus sign between two parentheses. You entered one side; the door turned on its central pivot; and you emerged from the other side. For the purpose of closing such a door the side pieces were hinged so that they could be swung inward, in which event it was as if the plus sign were encased in a close-fitting circle. All the parts were made of wood waist-high; above that was very heavy plate glass.

Such doors have become tolerably familiar now, and are hung on ball bearings, so that they turn easily when one pushes against them. But at that time they were new; and certain inventors had designed them to be run constantly by a motor, so that all human pressure was obviated. Later this form was found dangerous to children, and was abandoned.

But ours was of this type — motor-driven. The motor which operated it was in the basement, connected with a dynamo which ran day and night, to provide power for the lights and elevators in the building. And this motor had not yet been properly adjusted. Twice that day, when it was thought to be disconnected, the gears had suddenly meshed and started the door, to the annoyance of workmen who were putting in a few final screws. Every employe in the building had been given peremptory orders not to touch the door, but in my present bitter and cock-sure mood I felt a supreme indifference to the order.

I went along the dim, echoing corridor to the new door, carrying scrubbing materials—cloths, cleansing polish, and a box on which to stand, for I am only five feet six in height. My hope was not to find the enclosing sides shut, for as they were fitted with spring-locks, I should not have been able to reach the inside of the door.

Fortunately, my scheme was not to be frustrated thus. The farther side of the door had been shut, but my side was still open. I put my little box platform in the angle, and began to apply the wet coat of cleansing polish.

I was in a hurry. In the first place, it was fast getting dark, and when daylight had gone, there would be no other illumination. A single electric bulb was burning at the other end of the long corridor, but it was too far away to do me any good. Secondly, I wanted to finish my self-assigned task before the engineer went out to his supper. He was always hall before he left, and I wanted to see in the habit of taking a look about the him.

So I worked away industriously, and finally had two panels of glass covered with the wet polish. I sat down on my box to rest and wait for the cleanser to dry. It had grown nearly dark. I was wholly inside the door—if one can get inside a door—and my back fitted comfortably into the angle formed there. I leaned back and—I slept.

I was wakened suddenly by a sharp click above me. I was in almost complete darkness, and at first was dazed, having not the remotest conception of where I might be. For an instant I crouched there in panic.

In my bewilderment and half-terror I flung out a hand. It struck something hard. Then, with a surge of relief, there came back to me the realization of where I was and how I got there. I sprang up and forward, but instead of getting anywhere, I came crashing against a hard, smooth obstruction.

What Did Little Mary Buy?

1916 Ford Touring Car

FIRST PRIZE

For the Best Reply

$1000.00

In other Fine Prizes Also Given

JOHN BROWN owns a prosperous grocery store in a thriving Canadian town. He is a live merchant and attributes much of his success to his novel methods of creating interest in his store.

Recently, he took several lines of his regular goods, put them under cover in boxes and barrels, and wrote the name of each article on the outside. Only he mixed up the letters in each name so that instead of spelling the right name of the article, it spelled something different altogether. For instance box 9 contains Raisins, but Mr. Brown jumbled the letters in the words Raisins until they read "Si Rains." Then he rubbed the word apples off the apple barrel, and jumbled the letters in that name until they read "Ples Pa," as you see on barrel 11.

Fourteen lines of goods in Mr. Brown's store were displayed this way, and a prize was given to any customer who could place an order for all fourteen and tell the number of the box each was in. Little Mary went to Brown's store to make her purchases, guessed all the names correctly and won the prize. Can you do as well?

Two of the names are already given to you to start you right. What are the other twelve?

FIRST PRIZE

1916 Five Passenger Ford Touring Car. Value $530.00

Clever Readers of The Western Home Monthly sending the best correct or nearest correct sets of answers can share in the distribution of

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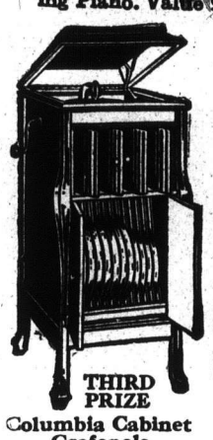
Handsome, Sherlock-Manning Piano. Value $450.00

4th PRIZE

Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range



THIRD PRIZE

Columbia Cabinet Grafonola

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE

If your answers gain 120 points you will win First Prize

A FEW HINTS.—The goods mentioned under each of the fourteen numbers, are staple lines such as are to be found in every grocery store and in regular use in every home. No trade-mark names or products of any particular firm or manufacturer are given,—just the regular name of each product or article. A good plan is to write down the names of all the things usually found in a grocery store and use the list as your guide. Be careful, because Mr. Brown was clever, and sometimes he made two or three words, and even more out of a name.

The judges will award the prizes in this contest, according to the points gained by each entry, and we will fully advise you of the method, when your answer is received. For instance, 60 points can be gained by sending a correct answer to each of the twelve names you can guess, there are ten points given for general neatness, ten for style, spelling, punctuation, etc., and when you qualify, 40 points additional can be gained. Take lots of time to puzzle out your answer, be neat and careful, and you can win a good prize.

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST.—Every loyal Canadian will approve of the object of this great contest. Frankly, it is to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's greatest magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can help us to do this, when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked or expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 80,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is "**Everywoman's World in Everywoman's Home.**" Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced they will want it every month.

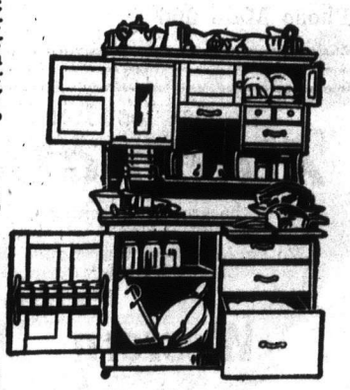
If, therefore, when your answers are received, we find them to have gained sufficient points to merit standing for the judging and awarding of prizes, we will write and tell you so, and send without cost, a sample copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to three or four friends and neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you will tell us they would like to have them. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.

FIFTH PRIZE

Famous Singer Sewing Machine

SIXTH PRIZE

1916 Model Cleveland Bicycle



SEVENTH PRIZE

Magnificent Ideal Kitchen Cabinet

Follow These Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest

1. Write your answers on one side of the paper only, and put your name (stating Mr. Mrs. or Miss) and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than the answers and your name and addres, must be on a separate sheet.
2. All letters must be fully prepaid in postage. Do not forget 1c. war tax stamp.
3. Members and employees of Continental Publishing Co., Limited, and of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, also their relations and friends are not allowed to compete.
4. Boys or girls under fourteen years of age are not allowed to compete.
5. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.
6. Different members of a family may compete, but only one prize will be awarded in any one family or household.
7. Judging will be done by three Toronto gentlemen, having no connection whatever with this firm. Prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained on each entry; 120 points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. Points will be awarded for each correct answer, also neatness, handwriting, punctuation, and fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Prizes will be awarded 31st day of March, 1916.
8. Each competitor will be required to show the copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which will be sent without charge, to three or four friends or neighbours who will want to subscribe. For this service the company agrees to reward you with a cash payment or a handsome gift. Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win.
9. This contest is absolutely free of expense. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor are they asked to subscribe or buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

Address your replies to the CONTEST EDITOR, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

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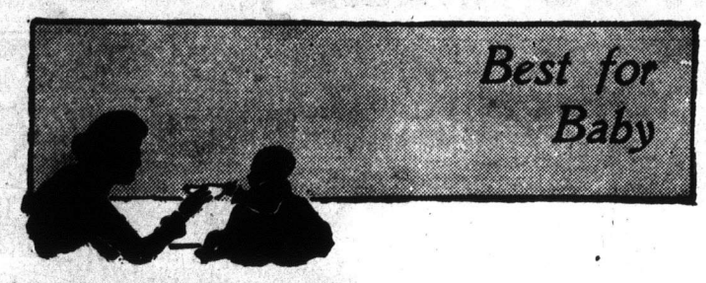

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Far down the hall the faint electric light showed me the receding figure of a man. In a flash I realized what had happened. The engineer, in his tour of inspection, had seen the side pieces of the door ajar, and not noticing me curled up in the darkness, had brought these curved side pieces together. The spring-lock had done the rest. Its click was what had waked me.

At first I was too much surprised even to shout. Before I realized the necessity of so doing, the receding engineer had turned a corner and vanished. But in the revulsion from the terror of the sudden awakening, I was merely possessed by the absurdity of what seemed to me a ludicrous predicament. That there might be danger in it I never dreamed.

Suddenly it occurred to me that the other side might not be locked. Fortunately that was easily reached. I had only to revolve the door until I came round to the other side. Accordingly, I leaned heavily against one of the sides of the "V" which imprisoned me. To my delight it began to revolve easily.

Clank!

This single metallic note came up to me from somewhere beneathe the floor. Then the wall which I had been pushing kept on moving away without my help. For the first time I began to realize that this was something more than a good joke on me.

This unending circuit, like that of some wild animal in its cage, began to grow irksome. Naturally I tried to stop the door by putting my shoulders against the wall behind me and trying to brace my feet. But there was nothing whatsoever on the level tiled floor to brace them against. The door moved on as smoothly and inexorably as before, shoving me round with it.

I soon gave this up and took to walking again. Then it struck me that perhaps I could drive some wedges in at the bottom or sides of the door, and so check it. The box upon which I had stood was still underfoot, being pushed about like myself. I felt for it, took it up, and succeeded in wrenching it apart. The boards I tried to wedge in where the turning door scraped the sides of the cage. The fit was too tight to permit any such wedging. I tried the strips of wood on the floor, but found them ineffective there also.

Still this big wheel-like engine went endlessly round—and round—and round—and round. Still I walked with little mincing steps. The short orbit began to make me dizzy. I felt as if I were walking in a treadmill. I began to reel on my feet. Occasionally I would gage my pace wrongly in the darkness, only to come up with a bump against the glass in front of me. From time to time I had shouted, of course in vain. I had beaten on the heavy plate with my fists.

I tore off my right shoe and held it poised. On the next turn, when I came opposite the distant, glimmering light, I struck with all my might at the glass on a level with my face. Nothing gave way; the shoe had turned in my hand so that the heel did not strike fair. On the next turn I lashed out again. This time the glass cracked, but did not break. Once more round—another heavy blow—and a shower of glass fell slithering upon the stone floor outside.

Then, using all possible care to avoid jagged edges, I thrust my arm out quickly as I passed, and felt for the outside of the lock, hoping to find some knob or spring to release it. The first time I miscalculated the distance. On the next trial my fingers touched—not what they sought, but merely a keyhole! I must enlarge that hole all I could, and somehow manage to leap or flounder through before the oncoming leaf of the door could catch me. It seemed impossible, but I set to work, striking at the jagged edges of glass with the boot heel. There was barely enough light to see where to strike; but at last I had trimmed off most of the glass down to where the wood began, and had done the same with the sides. But the aperture was only about two and a half feet wide, and was at least three feet from the floor. And I was far from tall.

This, then, was what I had before me. In almost total darkness I must make what was practically a horizontal, clean dive at a given instant. If I leaped a second too soon or too late, I should miss the hole. If I failed to go clear through—if I caught and hung there—the even-oncoming door would catch and crush me. And even if I made a clean leap, it was not pleasant to think of the landing on the glass-littered stone floor. I waited till I had regained some little shred of composure. Then, hugging the forward partition of my moving cell, I focused every faculty upon the dim hole before me, and sprang in a long, plunging leap!

When I came to myself, I was lying sprawled upon the stone floor. One wrist was throbbing from a sprain, and my right foot lay in a pool of blood. I had raked it against a projecting splinter of glass in my leap. Behind me, the revolving door clattered steadily on. Yet at that instant I think it was the sweetest sound I ever heard.

One month had passed before I could put my weight on that cut foot. Yet in much less time I had decided that it hardly pays to dawdle and then to try to cover that up by disobedience. And as long as I occasionally catch sight of pressing them, without even wishing to a revolving door, I am not likely to change my mind.

A nice fresh doughnut for my doggie. Mother made them this morning and how good they smell.

SHARP ATTACK REPULSED

Dangerous Condition Relieved Just In Time By "Fruit-a-tives"

MR. F. J. CAVEEN

632 Gerrard St. East, Toronto.,

For two years, I was a victim of *Acute Indigestion and Gas In The Stomach*. It afterwards attacked my Heart, and I had pains all over the body, so I could hardly move around. I tried all kinds of medicines but none of them did me any good. At last, acting on the advice of a friend, I decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. I bought the first box last June, and now I am well, after using only three boxes. I recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' to anyone suffering from Indigestion, no matter how acute". FRED J. CAVEEN.

Simple Indigestion often leads to *Heart Attacks, Catarrh of the Stomach and constant distress of mind and body*. If you are bothered with any Stomach Trouble, and especially if Constipation troubles you, take 'Fruit-a-tives'.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials.

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Discounts: 250 doses, 10 p. ct.; 500 doses, 20 p. ct. Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. Every package dated, unused pills exchangeable for fresh after date on package. Do not use old vaccine (ours or any other), as it affords less protection than fresh. Insist on Cutter's. If unobtainable, order direct. Send check or M. O., we pay charges and ship promptly. Vaccine and injectors pass duty free.

THE CUTTER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

Correspondence

A Reader this month writes us that the Correspondence Columns of The Western Home Monthly should at a time like this take on a more serious and patriotic air. We do not suppose for a moment that there is any lack of patriotism among the readers of this magazine but we agree that anything that may prove helpful to the great struggle in which the Empire is engaged should have a foremost place.

We ask our readers to endeavor to make these columns of more general interest. This can easily be accomplished if our correspondents will kindly refrain from harping on the same topic which has now been discussed in these columns for such a long time. We appeal for originality and broad-mindedness.

A Reasonable Request.

Winnipeg, Jan. 3rd, 1916.

Dear Sir,—For many years past I have been an enthusiastic reader of The Western Home Monthly, and take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the excellence of its contents. I must confess, however, that there is one feature which disappoints me very much, that is the correspondence column. At a time like this when the very existence of the Empire is threatened, it is remarkable to note the general sense of empty-headedness which appears to prevail amongst a large number of the readers who contribute to your columns.

In the December issue, for instance, we have a man worrying because he escorted a young lady home in a thunderstorm, and she did not thank him. I very much doubt whether this particular piece of information is of any particular interest to anybody except himself. Surely, in times like this the other readers of your magazine should not be forced to read such piffle. Are not the girls on Western Canadian farms interested in War Relief and Red Cross work as are their sisters in the towns and cities? Surely it would be more fitting for your correspondents to take a more serious tone, and write and tell us just exactly what they are doing for their country, instead of babbling about dark eyebrows and fluffy hair. The average individual is too serious minded now-a-days to be irritated by reading ridiculous sentiments, and it does not seem fair that a few shallow-minded boys and girls should be allowed to thrust their views on unimportant matters upon the rest of The Western Home Monthly readers.

I believe that I am justified in asking that the Editor should, in future, give preference to letters which are of general interest to everybody, and which are of such a nature that they should be read by everybody.

A City Girl.

Admires Country Girls.

Kinistino, Sask., Dec. 20, 1915.

Dear Editor,—I have been a silent reader of your paper for some time, and have found many interesting articles in it, especially in the correspondence columns. I would like to exchange opinions with the readers of these columns. Although I have batched a little myself, I think "Mere Bachelor" is just a little too hard on the country girls, as it appears to me he is judging them all by one which was his misfortune to get acquainted with. As for myself I have had the acquaintance of a girl of the type he refers to, and if I was to have judged them all by this one, I would have been very much inclined to feel the way he does, and I greatly admire country girls, and not ashamed for the able way they defend themselves. I was born and brought up on a farm, but have spent the last ten years in the cities, but am spending this winter on a farm, and I feel just as much at home in my overalls as in my Sunday suit, although I like to see everybody tidy, regardless of what materials the clothes are made up of, and I am sure my sisters and girl acquaintances think just as much of me in my working clothes as not. I have known girls in the cities that would pretend to be my best friends as long as I was in my Sunday clothes and had a few nickles to spend on them; but, should I meet one of them when I was donned in my working clothes they would not recognize me at all, and sometimes they would not even answer my greetings, and upon asking one one day why she was in such a hurry, the other day I met her on the street, she said, "You know, us girls have to keep up the appearance, and be very careful who we speak to on the streets, as it would not do for us to be seen speaking to a common working man," and, mind you, some of these girls were working as sales ladies and waitresses, with a salary of from $6.00 to $8.00 per week, and had both brothers and fathers working every day in the year donned in their overalls, and I think this particular class of girls shows a very poor bringing up. I have always tried to show respects for the ladies, and can only say that, on the whole, I have received a very fair treatment from them, and have found the average lady will treat you in the same manner you treat her, which is only natural for both sexes. I will have quite a lot of time to spare this winter, and am very fond of corresponding, and would be glad to hear from any of your readers. My address is with the Editor. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, and its readers a very happy new year, I will sign myself,

Restless.

New Way in Getting Acquainted.

Alberta, Dec. 5th, 1915.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for quite a while, so thought I would try this way of getting acquainted with some of the other readers of this wonderful paper. Whenever the paper comes into the house I always try to land it first, and always enjoy reading the various letters from the many writers. I am not very fond of writing letters, but always enjoy reading them. I would like to hear from any who would care to write. If Vesta will write first, I will answer to the best of my ability. I am fond of all kinds of sport. With good wishes to The Western Home Monthly, I remain,

A Yankey.

Must Profess His Appreciation of The Western Home Monthly.

Box 145, Alsask., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I cannot stay away any longer, for I feel that I must tell you how much I appreciate and enjoy your valuable paper. I have always taken great interest in the correspondence column, not to mention "The Young Man and His Problem," "The Philosopher," etc. It seems that the most discussed subjects in the columns are marriage and love. As for marriage, I believe it is just what we make it. All of us have our faults, so the wife and husband should allow for them and, if possible, help one another to conquer them.

I would be glad to receive correspondence to help pass the winter, and I will promise to answer any who would care to write. I remain, yours sincerely,

Ex-pen Pusher.

Very Optimistic.

Sask., December, 1915.

Dear Editor,—I am now on a homestead with nothing much to do, so will write to the homesteaders' best paper—The Western Home Monthly. I notice most of the correspondents are from the homestead districts. I am batching it, and will say, that while I have not been at it so very long, it don't seem so bad at all. I have no one to quarrel with anyway. I have not even a cat or dog, though I would like to have a good dog. I think homesteading is the surest way for a young man to get a start. It only takes three years, and then you are worth from three to six thousand dollars. Sometimes a man must get down and struggle a little to get along, but that's good for him. He must get along without some of the conveniences of civiliza-

Was All Choked Up

Could Hardly Breathe.

BRONCHITIS

Was The Cause; The Cure Was

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup.

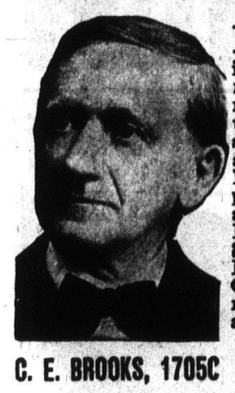
Mrs. Garnet Burns, North Augusta, Ont., writes: "I caught a dreadful cold, going to town, and about a week after I became all choked up, and could hardly breathe, and could scarcely sleep at night for coughing. I went to the doctor, and he told me that I was getting bronchitis. My husband went to the druggists, and asked them if they had a cough medicine of any kind that they could recommend. The druggist brought out a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I started using it, and it completely cured me of my cold. I cannot tell you how thankful I was to get rid of that awful nasty cold. I shall always keep a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup on hand, and I shall only be too glad to recommend it to all others."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a remedy that has been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and we can recommend it, without a doubt, as being the best cure for coughs and colds that you can possibly procure.

There are a lot of imitations on the market, so when you go to your druggist or dealer see that you get "Dr. Wood's;" put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50c.

The genuine is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Don't Wear a Truss



BROOKS' APPLIANCE, the modern, scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that cures rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial to prove it.** Protected by U.S. Patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

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RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT

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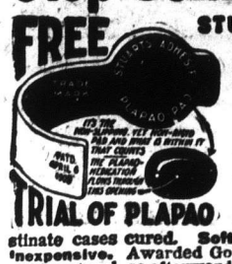
FREE TRIAL OF PLAPAO



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

Use MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS
FOR A SLUGGISH LIVER.

When the liver becomes sluggish it is an indication that the bowels are not working properly, and if they do not move regularly many complications are liable to set in.

Constipation, sick headache, bilious headache, jaundice, heartburn, water brash, catarrh of the stomach, etc., all come from a disordered liver.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills stimulate the sluggish liver, clean the coated tongue, sweeten the obnoxious breath, clean away all waste and poisonous matter from the system, and prevent as well as cure all complaints arising from a liver which has become inactive.

Mrs. John V. Tanton, Birnam, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in writing you concerning the great value I have received by using your Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a sluggish liver. When my liver got bad, I would have severe headaches, but after using a couple of vials, I am not bothered with them any more."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a vial, 5 vials for $1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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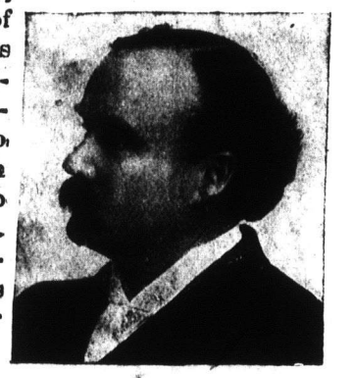
R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.



R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.

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Trial size 25c, extra large size 50c. Free sample sent on receipt of five cents postage.

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WINNIPEG

tion, but if he keeps out of debt he will be all right. While I think of it, I want to tell every homesteader to have a tea kettle. These blustery winter evenings, I tell you it is fine to sit by the stove with the tea kettle steaming and singing merrily. It seems so very homelike, you know. It would just seem dreary and lonesome without it.

Say, how many of the girls read "Green Timber" in the Saturday Evening Post. It is a very interesti. article on women in business, and it is written by a woman, too.

I see "Vesta," in the November number, complains of living in the most lonesome place on the globe. Well, if one wanted to be lonesome, this is about as good a place as any. But it is no use getting lonesome. When one gets lonesome he is simply not at peace with himself. I am never lonesome, not even if I don't see a living soul for a week. All the same, I would like to go over and play cards with "Vesta." I'm a sharp at cards, but I never learned to dance. I am too shy, I guess I see "Valley Flower" thinks batching long will make a man cranky. Well, I don't think so. At least, it won't make him cranky as quick as living with a half cranky wife will. I would like to write some more, but I think this will fill enough space for this time.

Wishing you all every success,

Sage Brush.

Luck to the Overalls.

Carseland, Alta.,
Dec. 15th, 1915.

Dear Editor,—I have just come across a letter in the correspondence columns of The Western Home Monthly that prompted me to try my hand at writing a few lines, and the main point that attracted my attention was where the young ladies found fault with a young bachelor's clothes. Now, I would like to give my opinion on how much a young bachelor's clothes count the way of making a home for himself. I am going through this test at the present time, and should know a little about it. I arrived in this country about four-and-a-half years ago, stepping off the train with fifteen dollars to the good and a stranger in a strange land. The clothes I carried was practically all on my back, and that meant one decent suit which was almost worn out by the time I struck work, so I decided right there and then that a good pair of overalls was the thing for me for to keep clean, would have to be the starting of my foundation to build a home of my own, and up to the present day I have only bought one suit of clothes in Canada.

Now mind, I'm not saying that its through not buying the good clothes that I owe my start, but I will say this, that if I had bought my two suits each year, as used to be my habit, I would have to-day been without one team of horses which I couldn't get along without, as I can without the good clothes. Never, to my knowledge, have I been passed by a lady or anyone else of my acquaintances unrecognized just because I was dressed in overalls.

Now, to our readers of The Western Home Monthly I would like to say this: Why not change our subject of love in our columns for I think we are all born to love. So let us see who can send in the best letter on a subject of this sort. What have I done? Am I really of any use, or am I doing my best? and I think with one or all of such questions of which there are many to start our letters on, we will make them worth while writing, printing and reading, as well as learning and helping each other.

One of Them.

"In Sympathy with Mere Bachelor."

Smiley, Sask., Dec., 1915.

Dear Editor and Readers.—Have just been reading the correspondence page of the December Western Home Monthly, and notice how the girls are all finding so much fault with "Mere Bachelor's" letter, so thought I would write and give my opinion of it. Now, I thought his letter all true and a very sensible one. I do not mind a gentleman smoking at all. I can hardly see how one can begrudge them the little pleasure and comfort they seem to get from it, even if one does mind the smile. My brother smokes, and I rather like the smell of a good cigar, but I hate to see a gentleman chew.

"Country Girl" seems to think that "Mere Bachelor" was insulting the country girls, I do not think that way. I thought "Country Girl" was too hard on him. My mother thought "Mere Bachelor's" letter a very good one indeed; it was so sensible.

This is my second letter to your valuable paper. Was very glad to see my first one in print. Was also quite surprised but pleased to get a few correspondents afterwards. So hope you will find room for this one, too.

I like living in town better than in the country. The biggest part of my life has been spent in town. I have a few chickens here, and am very fond of them.

My mother is an invalid, and I stay at home to take care of her. My brother is manager of an elevator in our next town, so mother and I are alone most of the time.

We have church services in the schoolhouse every Tuesday evening. The minister comes from one of our near towns, as he can't come on Sundays. I always go when I can.

This is a very quiet and lonesome place. There are no amusements here except occasionally a dance, but that isn't much when one doesn't dance. They had a Christmas tree and concert up in the hall on December 23rd, also a supper for the town.

I did not like "Kid's" letter; he was too conceited. Will be pleased to hear from any of the members, especially "Mere Bachelor."

Just a Lonely Girl.

Hurrah for Overalls!

MacGregor, Man., Dec. 14, 1915.

Dear Editor,—Just a word from a reader and subscriber to your valuable and interesting paper. I'm very fond of this column.

Well, "Mere Bachelor," I'm tempted to join the army against you, because of your rude remarks to us country girls, but I don't think you deserve criticizing. I'm afraid there is something the matter with you. Most country girls know how to appreciate good manners and how to receive them easily, maybe you came across some strange bunch. Try brain food, and come again. There is such a thing as loss of memory, you know. Perhaps that is what happened to you when you omitted to mention the number of girls who could easily acknowledge your manners.

And "Baby Doll," you are too small to be taking any part in this discussion. I infer your name of "Baby" suits. Country boys like girls with brains and womanly sympathy to talk over a scheme and build plans.

My father is a railroader, and if he ever goes to town in his grimy overalls, I'm proud to walk beside my dad, for I realize he is a gentleman under it all. And my brother is most gentlemanly—even when he is in his overalls. Hurrah for overalls! They signify honest work and strength. I'm proud of lots of my friends, who, I'm not ashamed to say, wear overalls. Do you wear overalls, "Mere Bach"? Try them on and see how the girls will like you—for a wonder!

A Happy Rube.

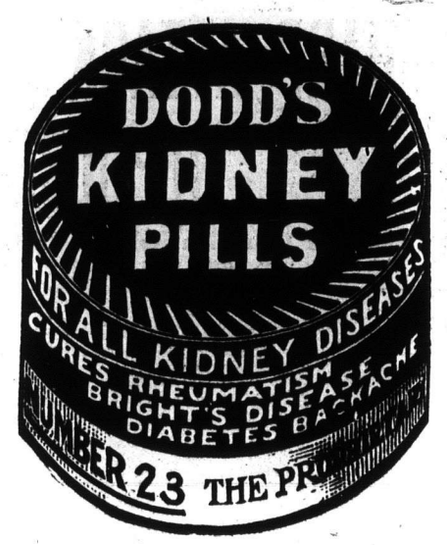
P.S.—My address is with the Editor.

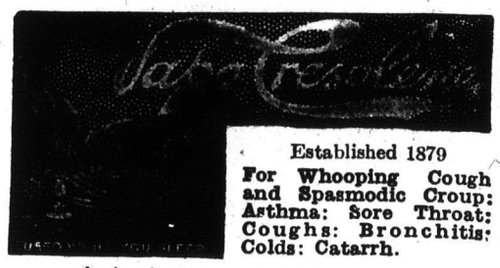
The Farmer Misrepresented.

Manitoba, Dec. 16, 1915.

Dear Editor and Readers.—Almost a whole year has passed, since I last wrote to the Correspondence page; so, if you please, I will make a short call to renew acquaintances. I have not lost interest by any means, having read every letter that appeared during that time. Some of our readers prefer the correspondence page to any other department in the whole paper; but, for myself, I cannot very well decide. The stories are good, the natural history, by B. Dale, is good; everybody should read The Philosopher, The Young Man and his Problem; What the World is Saying. Oh! the whole paper is fine from start to finish.

It would seem, from reading several of the letters in the last issue, as though the farmer and his overalls was the sub-





ATTENTION!

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ject for discussion. No less than four writers touch on this matter. Well, it is not a very important subject, but one upon which I would like to express a thought.

In the first place, no one has any right to be ashamed of anyone else on account of their working clothes. Everyone should wear clothes befitting their occupation. It would be very queer, would it not, to see a farmer going about his work in evening dress? No person with common sense would think any the less of the machinist, the blacksmith, or the engineer because they wore greasy overalls. Why, then, should anyone be ashamed of the farmer because of his working clothes?

The average farmer of the present time is a fairly good looking man, not a bit like the figure that is used to represent him in advertising illustrations. Turn to the advertising section of almost any present day newspaper, and you will see the picture of a well dressed business man in conversation with a round-shouldered, be-whiskered, ill-fed looking man, with shirt sleeves rolled up, and bagging trousers, minus suspenders; stuffed into the tops of long boots. The latter is supposed to be a farmer. Sometimes, by way of a change they give him an old straw hat and a corn cob pipe. You have all seen pictures similar to what I have described, and know whether I exaggerate or not. Some of the advertisements which are "up to the minute" are fifty years behind when it comes to picturing the farmer. This does not seem fair. Why should the honorable occupation of farming be represented week after week through advertising material, by such a hobo-looking figure? Canada's big crop could not be handled by any other than a strong, healthy, and intelligent people. Farmers, you know.

Just before closing I would like to say a word in appreciation of the letter from our friend in Madagascar, and if she should decide to take us on a trip, by correspondence, to that distant land, I, for one, would be delighted to go along.

Best wishes to The Western Home Monthly and all its readers.

Thistle.

Wants Homesteads for Women.

Ontario, Nov. 27th, 1915.

Dear Editor,—We've taken The Western Home Monthly for quite a number of years, but I've never written to the correspondence page before.

I have always been interested in the letters from the west. I think the west must be a great country and I've always longed to see it.

I am teaching school at present in the country. I like the life fine, only it is a little lonesome sometimes. I think no one is as independent as the farmer. I wish women could get homesteads in Saskatchewan and Alberta. I believe I did see some place in print that girls could get homesteads in B.C., but of this I'm not very certain. Could anyone give me any information on the subject?

I am glad the Prohibition Act passed in Alberta. I wish all of Canada was dry. The liquor traffic has done a great deal of harm.

Well, I think I've written enough for the first time. Would like to hear from any one in the west, but especially from the bachelors. Will sign myself

Augusta.

Cure for Vanity, Conceit, etc.

Saskatchewan, Dec., 1915.

I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for only twelve years, and have never written to this page. First, I want to say The Western Home Monthly is the best monthly paper that I know of in the west; that's why all young people like it.

I also have seen some very interesting letters in the correspondence page. "Mere Bachelor" wrote a good one. Although all the young ladies don't agree with him. I do.

From my eight years attending dances and socials in city and country, and my ten years' experience in reading human nature, I find that one-fourth of our young people, more so girls from the age of sixteen to twenty, are in the grip of "flirtation, vanity and foolishness." Saying nothing of "manners, powder, paint and style" used by this class of people, I honestly think they are trying to make themselves look like earthly angels. But I don't think they will ever get the wings.

Now, these young ladies can find a good cure for this by reading the Young Woman and her Problem, and making that their golden text for each month.

Now, I expect a lot of criticism for writing a letter like this. But that will only be from those that do not want to hear the truth. Another thing. I do not like to see the western bachelor run down, as I honestly know they are a great and courageous class of men. Think of coming about fifty miles out from a railroad station, taking up a homestead with all its hardships, and living alone for five to eight years. All this to make a home for some nice little wife. Some fine day—later. And I think one that has bached for some time is more fit for true love than many other city guys. Now, many of you readers will think I am an old, cranky bachelor; but can honestly say I've never had the pleasure of that job, and want to say that I am still on the sunny side of thirty winters. Not likely I will write to this page for another twelve years. To everyone wishing to hear more from me, will find my address with the Editor.

Thanking you for the space, I wish The Western Home Monthly every success.

Single Handed.

Would "Country Girl" and "Brown Eyed Ravenshot" kindly send in their addresses.

The One to Correspond With.

Manitoba, Dec. 8th, 1915.

Dear Editor,—Behold my first letter to your columns, although I have enjoyed reading other letters for some time. I am always much interested in letters from "lonely homesteaders" in Saskatchewan. I expect to visit in Saskatchewan shortly after Easter, so, perchance, I may meet some. I have been "my brother's housekeeper" for three years, and we are in a lively neighborhood where lonesomeness is almost a stranger.

I should be delighted to correspond with any lonely Saskatchewan reader who wishes to procure some good reading material to help pass winter evenings, and also would exchange "snaps." Hoping to hear from some of the correspondents, I will leave my address with the Editor.—Yours truly,

Happy.

Words of Song Wanted.

Dear Sir,—Could any of the readers send me the words for the song, "It's not the house that makes the home," etc. If so, I would be very much obliged.

P. H.

Fill a glass tumbler half full of strong, warm soap suds, and after the flies have gone to roost on the ceiling, it is an easy matter to catch them by placing the tumbler over them. They will fall into the suds and soon die. This takes but a short time each evening and keeps a house free from flies.

Oil for Toothache.—There is no pain so acute and distressing as toothache. When you have so unwelcome a visitor apply Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil according to directions and you will find immediate relief. It touches the nerve with soothing effect and the pain departs at once. That it will ease toothache is another fine quality of this Oil, showing the many uses it has.

Saved from the Lusitania

Nerve-shattered Steward cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Mr. James Clarke, of 12 Kew road, Birkdale, Southport, England, a steward of the Lusitania, was attending to his duties below deck when the German torpedo found its mark, and in sixteen minutes sent the superb vessel to the bottom. Then began his terrible struggle for life. With many others he managed to catch hold of a drifting box and cling to it. Hour succeeded hour, and one by one as their strength failed, his companions were carried away on the surge of the sea. At length only he and one other remained, then he alone. After that unconsciousness. The last thing Mr. Clarke remembers is a vision of smoke on the far horizon. As it proved this was the smoke of a rescuing vessel which picked him up just in time.

It will easily be understood that such an experience must shatter the strongest nerves; and so it was with Mr. Clarke. But on recommendation he took a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and now he sends us a personal letter in praise of that great remedy. He says:—

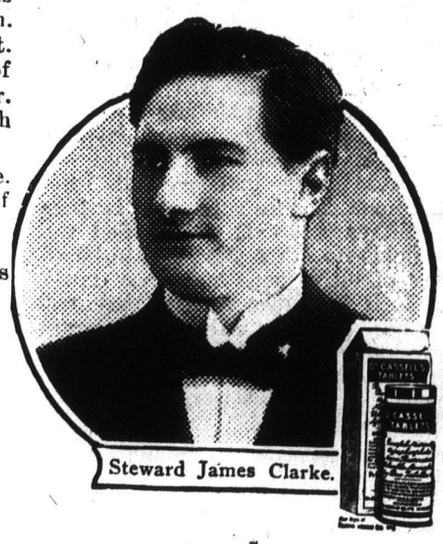
"Dear Sirs,—Just a few lines to thank you for the grand benefit I have received from Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

"I was on the Lusitania when she was torpedoed on May 7. After floating about on a box for four and a half hours I was picked up in an unconscious state by a rescue vessel and taken into hospital.

"You will quite understand that my nerves were in a dreadful state after the terrible shock. My appearance was so changed that friends who came to meet me on my arrival at Birkdale did not know me.

"To cut a long story short, Dr. Cassell's Tablets have worked wonders in my case, and I am now feeling fit and well. You can publish this letter along with my photograph if you care to do so, for Dr. Cassell's Tablets are really an excellent nerve tonic.

(Signed) "James Clarke."



Steward James Clarke.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative and Anti-Spasmodic, and of Great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognized modern home remedy for:

Nervous Breakdown	St. Vitus' Dance	Dyspepsia	Wasting Diseases
Nerve Paralysis	Anaemia	Stomach Catarrh	Vital Exhaustion
Spinal Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Brain Fag	General Debility
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Disease	Headache	Loss of Flesh
Rickets	Back Pains	Palpitation	Premature Decay

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the critical periods of life.

Druggists and Dealers throughout Canada sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets. If not procurable in your city send to the sole agents, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, who will see you are supplied. One tube 50 cents, 6 tubes for the price of five. War tax 2 cents per tube.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents, for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul street, Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

Woman and the Home

The Love for Children

By Eva J De Marsh

The sweetest, truest thing in God's universe is the love of a pure woman for a little child. God pity her whose pulses never quicken with a sense of responsibility at the touch of baby fingers and the sound of childish voices, into whose eyes no loving soul looks for counsel and guidance.

Perchance you and I must walk life's path alone, but none the less we can love and be loved. By the thought of the little dream children which alone can be ours shall we give our love and sympathy to each child we meet, and most of all to those children to whom mother-love is denied.

Alas for the woman who, having paid the price of her soul for love, dare not wear the crowning glory of motherhood who must abandon her child to unknown care. Let us gather to our hearts and mold aright these little outcast ones. Bright and sweet and loving are many such children. Heredity, though strong, is not so potent a factor in our lives as many suppose. Right training can do much to overcome or modify undesirable qualities. Begin early, very early, and the child-soul will expand and develop much as you will.

One of the sweetest, brightest children I ever knew was a homeless waif reared from infancy in a good, Christian household. Her clear eyes, depths held no shadow of sin; no taint of weakness or lawlessness was in her manner, and to every one she was a constant source of joy.

One of our greatest moulders of public sentiment during the past century was but a doorstep foundling. God had a work for him to do and not by chance did he lie at a good man's door. For, given other environments, and who shall say that this man might not have been as potent a factor for evil as he has been for good?

Not for a moment would I sanction unbridled yield to passion, but I cannot find it in my heart to crush one of God's creatures nor to allow any of His lambs to wander unloved and uncared for. Human souls are too precious.

We owe the world all the beauty of face and form and soul that we can encompass. Not to ourselves alone do we live; only as we give do we receive. what nobler task than to turn deformity into perfection, out of the slime of sin to bring forth the beautiful lily of grace? Not by loud rantings or the applause of multitudes are our highest laurels won. The unfading crown is hers who, hour by hour, day by day, year by year, walks hand in hand with God, whose gentle influence falls softly though none the less surely, on husband and children and who is satisfied that earth holds no fairer gift than to be the mother of brave sons and pure daughters. It is to women such as these that the world owes its saints and heroes. The wide-spread influence of good mothers—who dares say how far they reach. through how many vistas of years?

The demand for equal rights and privileges, the decrying of manhood, the be-littling of wifehood and motherhood, the seeking for public applause, are in most cases but the outward manifestation of a vague unrest whose source is not understood or, being understood, is ignored. Because wifehood and motherhood have been denied her, or because in some way she has been disappointed, many a woman seeks surcease through accounting these things of little worth. Because her own heart aches, she seeks to crush all hearts as well. Intellectual and spiritual gifts are to be cultivated. All honor to the women who by voice and pen stir the world. We need them—but the sweet, loving, motherly woman, how we should miss her. Men can be good and kind, but there is nothing quite like the touch of a woman's hand, the smile that comes from her heart, the tender voice that soothes a baby's woes, or the loving fingers that bind up bruises.

Many mothers from the old country do not seem to realize that this is a different climate. I have seen well dressed mothers go down street with their children who wore low socks and their little bare legs were purple with cold.

Most of our summer evenings here are too cold for socks. It will create stomach trouble later. Their little legs should not be subjected to the cold.

Never frighten children into obedience. The mother who holds up the "bogy man," "big dog," etc., as objects of terror to her children cannot be too harshly dealt with, for they may be destroying a fine mind. More than one child has been made a nervous wreck through fear.

Don't Trample on a Child's Feelings

In a certain home there were two little girls, Gladys, aged seven, and Winnie, five. It was plain that Winnie was the mother's favorite. This was probably because she was the prettier and more outwardly attractive of the two. She had beautiful flaxen curls, and her mother delighted to keep them in perfect order. It was much easier, too, to keep her looking dainty and neat, for somehow she was never so hard on her clothes, as Gladys was; and it appealed to the mother's own vanity to have people comment approvingly on the child's appearance. Consequently, Winnie received most of the new clothes and always the prettier ones. But the mother forgot that the two children were constituted differently, and that one child had been given an active nature which loved free, childish sport and play, and rejoiced in all bodily activity, while to the other was given a quieter disposition that cared more for gentle home amusements.

On one occasion an aunt visited their home, and wishing to take one of the children home with her for a few weeks, suggested it should be Gladys. Both the children were present as their mother replied: "Oh, I could not think of sending Gladys; she would make so much work for you all. She would keep somebody busy mending her clothes all the time, for she is never happy unless romping about—always on the tear. Now Winnie is different; a dress will last her a whole week." Gladys only hung her head and was silent, but her feelings were hurt.

The matter came up again, in the presence of the children, and this time the mother said: "I guess Winnie will have to go, for Gladys has no clothes ready. She can never go anywhere; she can't keep her clothes looking decent. But I don't know how I can ever get along without Winnie. She looks after the baby so well, and does all the errands for me. Now Gladys could go and I would never miss her, for she's not a bit of good around the house."

Poor child! Every word cut like a knife into her sensitive little soul. And from day to day, in the home life, one could see that she was growing up with the feeling that no one needed her or cared for her. The mother, who of all others should have been her child's comforter and confidante, was unthinkingly almost breaking that child's heart and blighting her whole life.

And not only was the mother doing an injustice to this child and injuring her life; but, moreover, her treatment had a serious effect upon the favored child. She soon acquired a self-righteous feeling, showing by her conduct that she thought herself superior to her sister. She was continually running to her mother with stories about something wrong that her sister had been doing; and the mother, instead of upbraiding the child for "telling tales," rather encouraged it.

These are but two of many such cases, and unfortunately we need not go far to look for more. Let us all, then, beware of trampling on a child's feelings, and let us cultivate the grace of thoughtfulness, especially with little children.

All Sydney turns out to cheer Australian Volunteers on their way to embark for Egypt

The "Tablet Habit"

The telephone-bell rang sharply, and Tom's mother answered it.

"O Mrs. Hobart," came her neighbor's troubled voice, "do you happen to know whether my boy went off anywhere with your boy? I think perhaps he went fishing, and he's not home yet, and this thunder-storm has been so terrible—and I'm so anxious—"

"The boys are all right, both of them," said Mrs. Hobart, cheerfully breaking into the sentence. "Tom just telephoned from over by White Bridge. Your boy and the Rogers boys are with him. They're pretty wet, but they're all right, and hurrying straight home. I'm sorry I didn't think of telephoning you, but I—" then she stopped. She really could not go on and finish—"but I supposed your son was as thoughtful as mine—"

Yet as she hung up the receiver, she remembered the years of training that had made her own boy's action in telephoning to her inevitable. The moment the storm had ceased, his message had come.

"All right, mother. We're here at Ray's farm-house on the pike—over by White Bridge, you know. Say, that was a real thunder-shower, wasn't it? We're not very wet. You needn't worry. We're going to start right back now. Teddy and the twins are with me. I got three bass."

Tom's mother lifted the writing-tablet that hung beside the telephone, and tore off its last scribbled page. On it were several of the hurried but tranquilizing messages that it was the family habit to jot down for the common convenience.

"Committee meeting called for five o'clock. May be a little late," in her husband's rapid scrawl, "but will meet you at Harry's."

This and the others below it had all been jotted down while she had been taking her nap, and she smiled happily now at the thought of the pleasure the notes had given her when she found them.

"Uncle Harry has telephoned for me to help aunty get ready for this evening, so I'm flying."

That was Betty's cheerful scrawl. And even Joan, whose afternoon out it was, had added her contribution: "The fruit did not come yet, but I will see about it when I go up-town, so you needn't worry, Mrs. Hobart."

How much of intimate comradeship, of happy family fellowship, had been fostered by the use of that little tablet—how much saving of stairs, and callings to and fro, and long discussions as to when and where and why it had spared them all! Once Tom had rebelled at the "bother" of it.

The door banged open, and a flushed and radiant Tom, proudly dangling a string of silvery fish, burst into the hall.

"Wasn't that an awful storm, mother?" he exclaimed. "Struck two barns out on the pike. Ray says it's the worst in forty years. I was mighty glad you knew where I was, and I telephoned you the first minute I could."

"Yes," thought Mrs. Hobart, "the 'tablet habit' has certainly paid."

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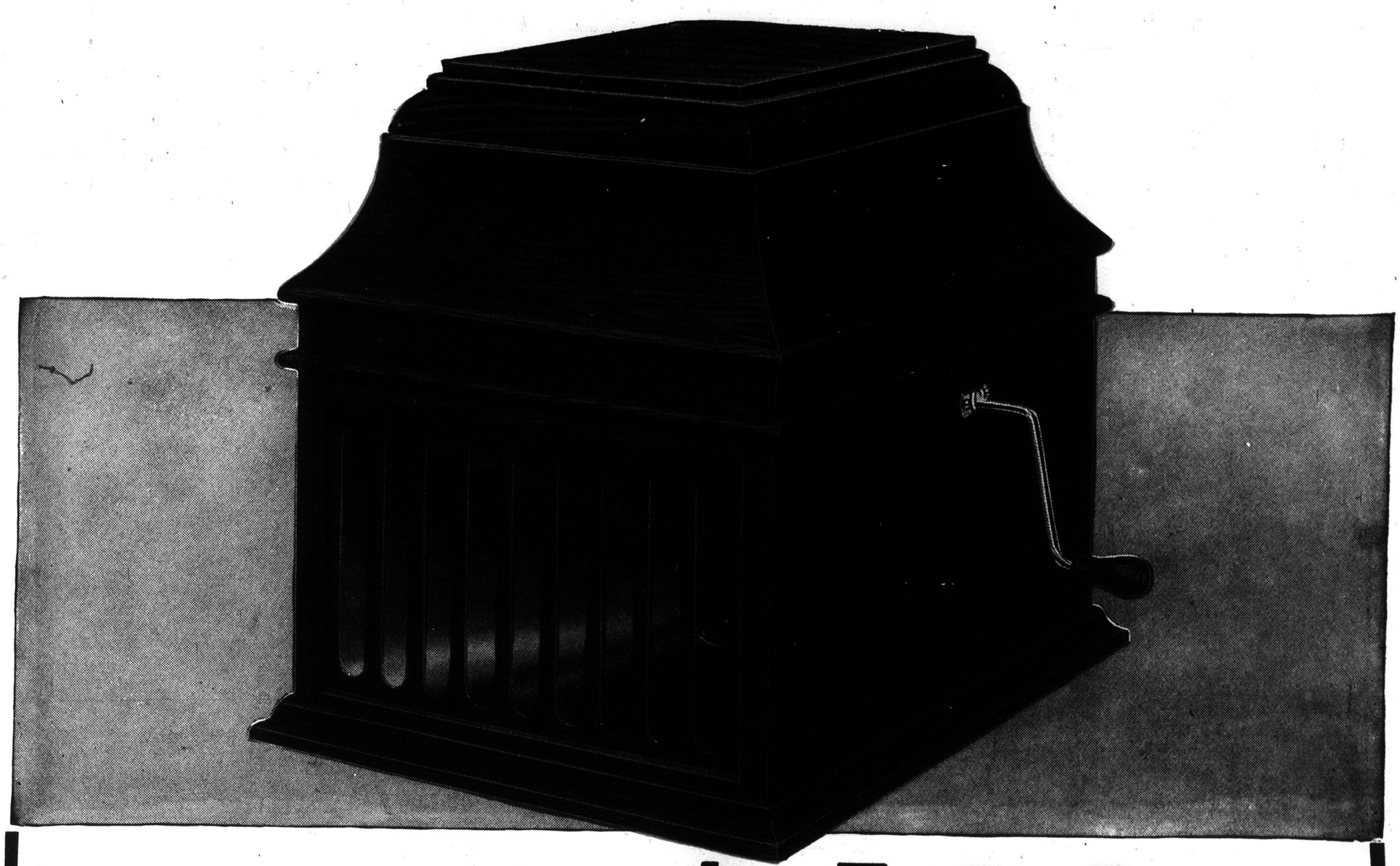

Only $1.00

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YES, the great New Edison, with the new Diamond Stylus reproducer and your choice of all the brand new Diamond Amberol Records, will be sent you on ***free trial without a penny down.*** The ***finest,*** the ***best*** that money can buy at very, very much less than the prices at which imitations of the genuine Edison are offered — ***a rock-bottom offer direct from us.***

A Happy Home

Happiness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home. And by a real home I do not mean a house with a yard or farm around it. Oh, no! A real home is the place where the happy and united family gather together for mutual enjoyment and recreation. And the Edison makes this possible, for it stands supreme as the greatest home entertainer. It will mean more than entertainment and merriment, more than an hour of amusement—yes, it will mean genuine pleasure of the lasting sort—helpful entertainment and culture of the most beneficial kind. It will mean the family united—a new home.

Such a variety of entertainment! Hear the latest up-to-date song hits of the big cities. Laugh until the tears stream down your face and your sides ache from laughing at the funniest of funny minstrel shows. Hear the grand old church hymns, the majestic choirs sing the famous anthems just as they sing them in the cathedrals of Europe. Hear the pealing organs, the crashing brass bands, the waltzes, the two-steps, the solos, duets and quartettes. You will sit awe-stricken at the wonderful grand operas as sung by the world's greatest singers. You will be moved by the tender, sweet harmony of quartettes singing those old melodies that you have heard all your life. Take your choice of any kind of entertainment. All will be yours with the Edison in your home. Send the coupon today.

Mr. Edison's Own THE GENUINE NEW EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Among all his wonderful inventions his phonograph is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He worked for years striving to produce the most perfect phonograph. At last he has produced the new model, and now it will be sent to you on a startling offer. READ:

Rock-Bottom Direct Offer!

If you wish to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument send us only $1.00 after the free trial. Pay the balance on the easiest kind of monthly payments. Think of it—a $1.00 payment, and a few dollars a month to get this brand new style outfit—the Diamond Stylus reproducer, the musical quality—the same Diamond Amberol Records—all the musical results of the highest priced outfits—yes, the greatest value for $1.00 down, balance on *easiest monthly terms.* Convince yourself—a free trial first. No money down, no C.O.D., not one cent to pay unless *you choose* to keep the instrument.

Your name and address on a postal or in a letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Get this offer—***while this offer lasts.*** Fill out the coupon to-day.

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Dept. 7462—355 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
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Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonograph.

Name .....

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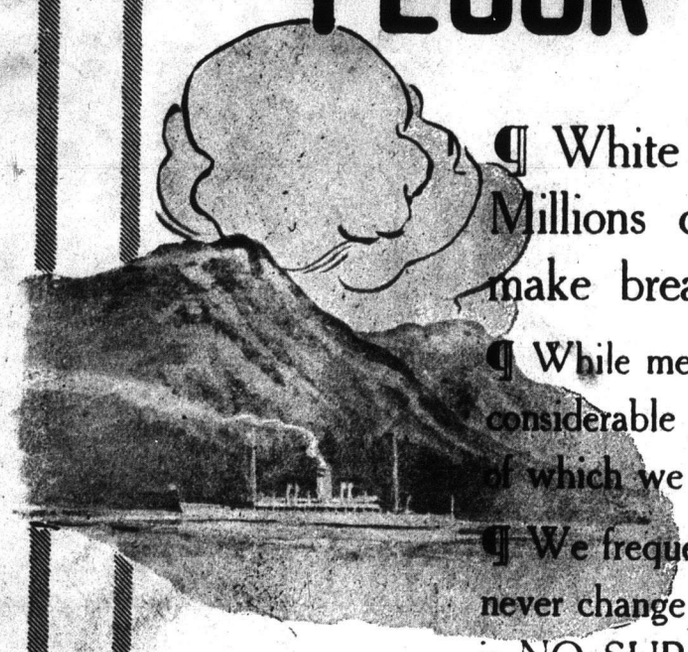
FLOUR--The Universal Food



¶ White Flour is actually the Staff of Life. Millions of people scattered over the earth make bread their staple food.

¶ While meat, vegetables, eggs and dairy produce form a considerable part of our diet, yet BREAD is the only food of which we do not tire.

¶ We frequently vary our meat and vegetable diet, but we never change from bread to something else, because there is NO SUBSTITUTE for bread.

¶ White Flour contains the various elements of nutrition in proper proportion. It is therefore an ideal, balanced food.

PURITY FLOUR

More Bread and Better Bread

is milled from selected western hard wheat under modern sanitary conditions. It is oven-tested at the mill. Every possible means is taken by grain buyer, chemist and miller to render **PURITY** uniform in quality and in baking strength.

¶ **PURITY** is "strong" flour. It absorbs a great deal of water—water does not cost anything. Many housewives have found that **PURITY** goes farther because of this fact.

¶ If you do not find **PURITY** to be better than the "other kind" of flour, return the unused portion to your grocer and he will cheerfully refund the money.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD.,
MILLERS TO THE PEOPLE