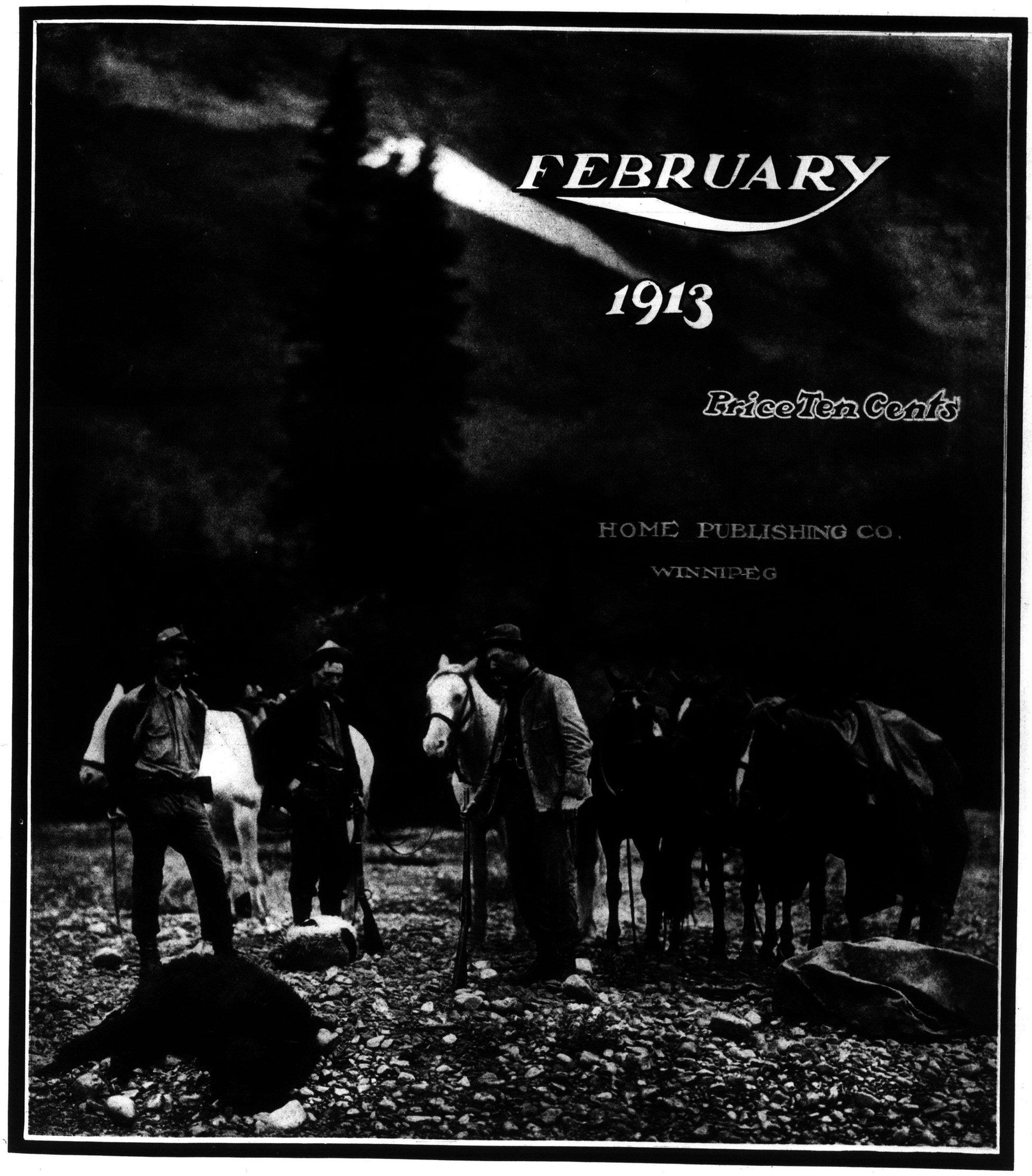
PAGES

MISSING

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



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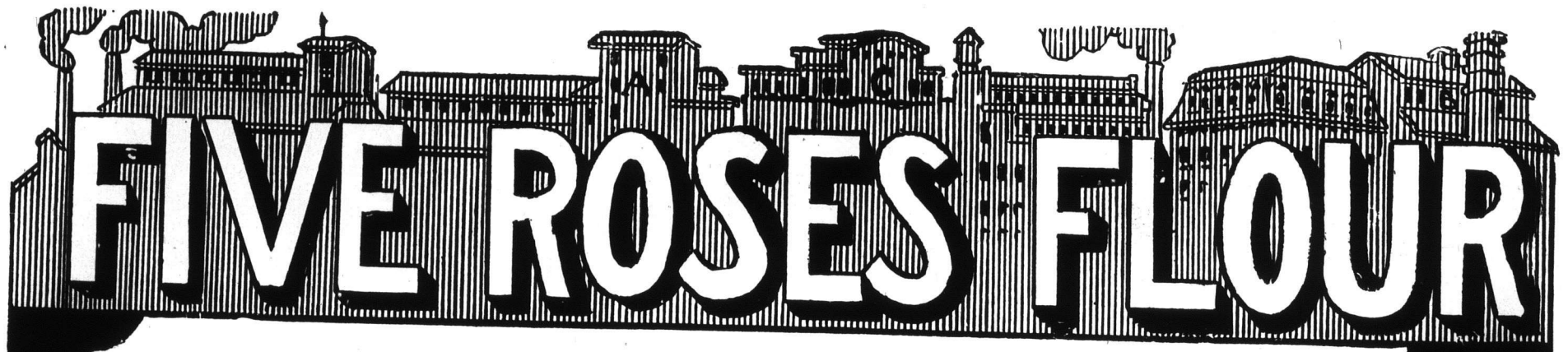

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"Not Bleached-Not Blended."

"FIVE ROSES FLOUR"

are the largest, best equipped and most sanitary flour mills in the British Empire

"Not Bleached---Not Blended."

Five Roses Flour

"Not Bleached—Not Blended."

The discriminating housewife --on whose table is always found the best bread, the most tempting pastry---always uses Five Roses Flour, because she finds it 'always good and good all ways.'

FIVE ROSES

A test is proof.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED

L118

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Reproduction of a Sanitas design

Before you select a wall covering—for any room see

SANITAS

Sanitas exactly reproduces the finishes, designs and effects of the finest wall papers and fabrics, but in a far more serviceable material of moderate cost.

Sanitas is fade-proof, stain-proof, dust-and-dirt-proof, never cracks, never tears, is instantly cleaned with a damp cloth.

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Stamped on Every Yard — *USE MERITAS—the guaranteed table oil cloth. For the name of any dealer not handling Meritas we will send you ½ dozen handsome Meritas doilies.*

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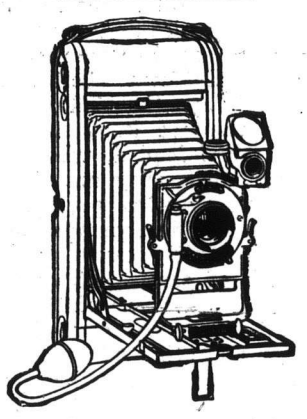

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIV. **Published Monthly** **No. 2.**

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is $1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price 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 or the fractional parts or a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one-cent or two-cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses 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 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

WE have to thank our readers for their hearty contributions to the columns of this magazine during the past year. Unfortunately there has not been room for more than a small fraction of what was received, and many good stories are refused a place because they are too long. For one kind of matter, however, The Western Home Monthly can always make room, articles describing phenomena and development in the West, or articles dealing with live problems peculiar to the West. In every case posisble, photographs should accompany articles. It is scarcely necessary to say that nothing will be accepted which, in the opinion of the Editor, is not worthy of publication.

Many thousand subscriptions expire with the February number. We have tried very hard to please our patrons, sparing neither labor nor expense to give them the very best and most interesting magazine that could possibly be given; and hope we have succeeded so well that not a single one of our present subscribers will be willing to do without the magazine for the year 1913. It costs so little—only one dollar per year—a sum which you would never miss, that all can afford to take it, and we are quite sure that no one who has read it for the past year could dispute the fact that it is a most interesting and attractive publication. Many of the best writers in Western Canada are regular contributors to its columns, men and women who are recognized experts in their respective lines, and whose judgment can be relied on to be sound and healthy. To this list the best talent available will be added during the year.

We should be pleased to have you compare The Western Home Monthly with any other magazine at anywhere near its price. We claim that it is the most attractive and meritorious from a literary standpoint of any of the popular priced monthlies and its success proves that this claim is supported by the great reading public of the Canadian West. If you have been pleased with our magazine in the past you will be more pleased with it in the future. No matter how many maagzines you take for 1913 save the small price required for a subscription to the Western Home Monthly.

It is now better and more interesting than ever before in its history. Large sums of money have been expended in order to secure for its columns the best attractions obtainable. Our policy is to get the best, no matter what the cost, and articles by leading authorities at home and abroad will always be found in the magazine. The Western Home Monthly will be profusely illustrated in the future, as the Art Department is a feature to which special attention is being paid, and in short, the W. H. M. for the coming year will be just as good as money, labor and brains can make it. Now, assuring our readers of the very best that is in us, we hope they will reciprocate to the extent that there will be few, if any, of our old friends who will not renew for another year. The circulation already has attained very high figures, easily larger than that of any other magazine published west of the Great Lakes, and we believe larger than any magazine published in the Dominion of Canada. Our good friends, our subscribers, brought this about with their kind commendation and if there ever was a time when the magazine could heartily and confidently recommend, that time is the present. This very issue is, we think, an improvement on anything that has gone before, and our aim for the future will be to make every number a gem.

Important to Subscribers and Club Raisers

Just as soon as the February number is received by subscribers in their respective localities, every club raiser, who formed a club for The Western Home Monthly last year, or at any other time, should call upon all those who took the magazine last year or any preceding year and ask for their renewal for 1913. We think that some of our subscribers fail to renew because no club raiser calls upon them and asks them to. This is a great mistake on the part of some of the club raisers, for renewals count for premiums just the same as new subscriptions, and it is very easy to get renewals after a year's reading of the magazine.

Here is an Inspiring Appreciation

644 Langside Street, Winnipeg,
Nov. 30th. 1912.

Manager of The Western Home Monthly.

Enclosed herewith is a subscription ($1.00) to be sent for one year to a friend in Glenarn, Ireland. This makes the eighth subscription from me.

I have to thank you most cordially for the handsome lamp awarded to me when my subscriptions amounted to seven. All my friends admire the lamp and it is indeed very useful.

It may interest you to know that my attention was first directed to your magazine when at home in Ireland nearly three years ago, and since I came here I have been a regular reader. My friends at home in the Old Country enjoy reading it immensely, and it seems to me that no one who has read it for any time could ever be happy without it.

Wishing you and your popular magazine continued and ever increasing success

Two More Interesting Letters

"Enclosed please find money order for $3.00 in payment for three subscriptions as per attached instructions. The above subscriptions are in the names of two sisters—the first mentioned having greatly enjoyed your magazine for the past year, and the second I am having you send it to as a pleasurable and acceptable surprise from me. The kind and encouraging letters you frequently acknowledge receipt of in your Monthly, are all deservedly coming to you. I consider the W. H. M. by all odds the best family magazine published in Canada, and it ought to have a place in the home of every father and townsman in the West. Good luck and all prosperity to you."

K. D. McLean, Pincher Creek, Alta.

"I have just received the Dec., and also the Jany. issue in quick succession, and was very glad to see The Western Home Monthly again, having missed it very much since we left Rosthern, Sask. We certainly appreciate the W.H.M., with its variety and interesting reading." J. Knechtel, Golden, Colorado.

FLOORS

Save Work for the Housewife

Don't stop the good work when the outside of your house is painted—paint the floors and lessen the labors of the housewife. A rough, splintery floor is an eyesore—a place for germs and dirt to gather—impossible to keep clean.

Stephens'
Floor Paint

is easily applied by the housewife herself. It sinks into the wood, fills up the cracks, making a hard, smooth surface that is kept clean and sanitary with very little work. Such a floor is a lasting satisfaction, it brightens the whole house. The cost is returned in the longer life the paint gives the floor. A line of colors to suit individual tastes.

Sold by leading dealers. Write today for free book of "Suggestions"—for paint users.

Everything for the Painter
G.F. STEPHENS & CO. LIMITED
PAINT AND VARNISH MAKERS
WINNIPEG, CANADA
BRANCH AT CALGARY

H.P.
SAUCE
Is the new sauce imported from England. It is made by blending together the most delicious Oriental fruits and spices with pure malt vinegar by a secret process.

Cure that Bunion

No need to suffer bunion torture another day.
DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT
removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE of all bunion pain. Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure.

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or $1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from The P. Scholl Mfg. Co. 214 King St. E., Toronto. *Illustrated Booklet Free*

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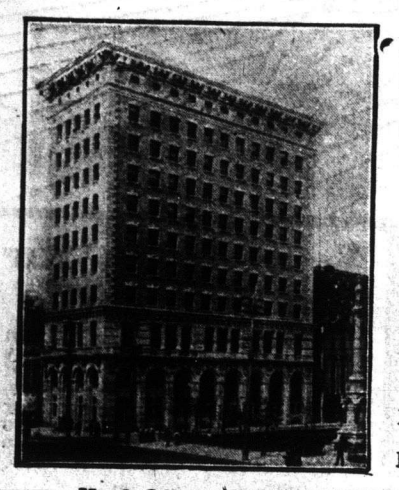
Established 1865



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Paid-up Capital $5,000,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits 3,175,000
Total Assets, over 63,000,000

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British Columbia — Enderby, Hazelton, Nanaimo, New Hazelton, Prince Rupert, Telkwa, Vancouver, Vernon, Victoria.

This Bank, having over 260 branches in Canada, extending from Halifax to Prince Rupert, offers excellent facilities for the transaction of every description of banking business. It has correspondents in all cities of importance throughout Canada, the United States, the Continent of Europe, and the British Colonies.

Collections made in all parts of the Dominion, and returns promptly remitted at lowest rates of exchange.

Winnipeg Branch, D. M. NEEVE, Manager. F. J. BOULTON, Asst.-Manager

For a short time we are offering at special prices

The Renowned

"Corticelli" Silk Gloves and Silk Mitts

for Ladies and Gentlemen

Warm, comfortable and lasting—
Made in Black, White, Silver, Grey, Mode, Etc.

Ladies' Silk Gloves
No. 2250
Per pair **$1.00**

Ladies' Silk Mitts
No. 3154
Per pair **$1.20**

Gentlemen's Silk Gloves
No. 2260
Per pair **$1.50**

Gentlemen's Silk Gloves
No. 2360
Per pair **$1.75**

Postpaid on receipt of Postal or Express Order covering amount of your selection

BELDING PAUL CORTICELLI LIMITED
WINNIPEG

She's a wonder

is Mrs. Edwards, when she gets going in the kitchen. She pops that home-made Irish soup of hers on the stove to boil, and then sets to work. Out come all the little bits of cold meat and cold potatoes. Into the stewpan they go. Over them she pours the boiling soup. And in half an hour or so she's turned out a tasty, appetising stew, piping hot and ready to serve; the two-or-three-helpings kind, you know; or you soon will, if you lay in a supply of Edwards' Soup.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS

5c. per packet. S. H. B.

Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book. Write for a copy post free.

ESCOTT & HARMER, WINNIPEG, MAN.
Representatives for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

More About

The Loading Platform

The present generation of Western farmers will never know the difficulties and vexations experienced by their predecessors in the earlier years, when no one could get a carload of grain shipped in bulk except by loading it through an elevator. The system forced the majority of farmers to sell their grain to the elevator owners at arbitrary prices, and ofttimes to submit to heavy dockage and other annoyances, causing continual dissatisfaction. Now, however, the distribution of cars as fixed by the Grain Act, and the use of the loading platform, provide facilities which enable the farmer to secure satisfactory treatment in the disposal of his grain, and the highest market prices at time of sale. Every farmer, therefore, should more and more endeavor to use the loading platform in shipping his grain to the terminal elevators. It is the safeguard of the farmers' freedom in disposing of his grain to the best advantage for himself. If farmers refrain from using the loading platform freely, it might result in its being done away with, because railway companies and elevator owners are strongly opposed to it. It is easy to understand why elevator people desire the loading platform abolished. The railway people on their part say it delays the loading of cars and helps to cause car shortage; this we know to be nonsense, because frequently after cars are loaded, whether with grain, coal, lumber or other merchandise, they are sidetracked for days and even weeks instead of being promptly moved forward to their destination. It is engine shortage and shortage of competent train men which mostly cause grain blockades on the railways, and not lack of cars. Let every farmer, therefore, do all he can to use the loading platform and become an independent shipper. In subsequent advertisements we will state in detail the savings and other advantages of direct loading into cars as compared with loading through elevators.

We handle the farmers' grain strictly on commission; make liberal advances on car bills of lading; supervise the grading at time cars are inspected; secure the highest prices at time of sale, and make prompt returns when sold. Write us for shipping instructions and market information.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.
Grain Commission Merchants
701-703D. Grain Exchange Winnipeg, Canada

Canada's Growing Trade

CANADA has entered upon her nationhood. It behooves her to be all and do all that becomes her as a nation. On the side of trade and commerce this means among other things that attention must be given to (1) the development, the husbanding and the proper use of her natural resources; (2) the manufacture of raw materials into articles of the finest workmanship; (3) the disposal and sale of these on the most advantageous terms and in the best markets of the world; (4) the importation at best rates of all that we must receive from abroad.

Natural Resources

For purposes of illustration let us consider as sources of wealth, the soil, the mines, the forests, the fisheries, the water power of our rivers.

If we are to be a great people we must gather from the soil all the wealth it so lavishly provides. We must do this without the waste that springs from neglect or ignorance. It requires no wise man to perceive that we have not yet attained the possible. Only a small fraction of the land is under cultivation, but this is not to be wondered at since the country is new. Unfortunately what is under cultivation has in many cases been imperfectly tilled. It is quite possible under ideal conditions and wise guidance to make two blades of wheat grow where one is now found. Nor is this all. Every year tons of straw are burned and worse than this the soil is robbed of its most necessary possession—the phosphorus—and no effort is put forth to replace it. Some day we shall learn to use to the last ounce the products of our grain fields, to turn to another of our great resources, the phosphate fields, and there get something to replenish the land. We shall also learn, under a wise system of agricultural training, to use to the best advantage every foot of ground; to restore lost power through proper rotation of crops and adequate fertilizing. This is only a beginning. We must learn how to save every pound of hay, how to turn swamp lands into fruitful fields. There is much to be done before the soil will, year by year, give us all of its wealth, or before we shall learn to use wisely what it does give.

Turning to the mines we have another great source of wealth, but here again there are evidences of waste. Somebody has said that Germany would make a fortune out of our dumpheaps. A short time ago there was discovered in the rocks of Wisconsin that which will yield millions to the state treasury. We have not yet found our wealth. We are only making a rough beginning. We must learn to use to the utmost what we have for here there is no possibility of replenishing wasted stores.

Of our forests we have wasted much. The old fences in Ontario yet bear testimony to our prodigality. We must save what is left and should enter at once upon a vigorous campaign of reforestation. Conservation is a good word and has no better application than in this field.

Our fishing industry was once our pride, and may be again if we are well guided. Nobody can deny that we have not derived from our fisheries all that we should have received. Not only have the fishing rights been sold for too little but the by-products have been thrown away. We have been exercising the rights of first-comers and using up the best without regard to consequences. We have resembled a herd of cattle that has just found its way into a new pasture. We have run hurriedly from point to point grasping for the best, and have ruthlessly destroyed or wasted more than we legitimately consumed. We have tried to get rich in a day.

In the water power of our rivers there is untold wealth. A little of it has been turned to advantage, but there is enough yet available to supply all our manufacturers and farmers with light, heat and power, and there might be in some parts of the provinces suburban railways operated at trifling cost. We are only at the beginning of things.

Manufactured Articles

This reference has been made to our resources in order to lead to a second topic. We are too ready to ship out of our land our raw materials. "Why send out wheat at a dollar a bushel, and buy back biscuits at thirty cents a pound?" Our duty is to sell not only our labor but our brains and our skill. As it is now we give away much raw material for skilled workmen in other lands to work upon and slip back to us at a fabulous price. The time has come for us to think of converting our raw products into finished materials. If our straw stacks were in Germany they would be used. If they had our flax fields these would yield a princely sum over and above the price obtained for the flax. A survey of the items on our customs tariff will convince any one that there are hundreds of articles that we could make with profit to ourselves, if we were only fully alive to our opportunities. Why ship hides? Why buy sugar? Why import binder twine? We have gold, silver, iron and every metal worth mentioning. How much of the finer ware is made in Canada? Our mountains are the storehouses of the world, and our mountain streams the source of magnificent power—why should we not be a nation of manufacturers? This applies particularly to Western Canada.

Shipping

When our raw materials and our manufactured articles are ready for the world's markets, who is it that acts the part of carrier? Not the shippers of Canada but those of the Motherland. Fifty millions a year sent out of our country as tolls might well have been circulated here if we had a merchant marine. A great nation must be more or less self-contained. In a recent number of a contemporary magazine a writer uses these words and they are commended to our readers:

"Taking all our ocean ports on both coasts, it is a fairly moderate estimate that this country's business placed in the hands of the steamship men last year something between thirty and fifty million dollars."

Colliers in discussing the question says:

"The greater part of it went out of Canada, that much is clear. Out of 9,137,328 tons of freight carried to and from our sea ports, we Canadians carried for ourselves only about one million tons—most of that on very short trips between Canada and Newfoundland or some American coast port. On the basis of ton miles, we carried probably only a fiftieth part of our own traffic. Out of the twenty-four and a half million tons register of the ships entering and leaving Canada in that year, Canadian vessels represented only about four and a half million tons—chiefly small seagoing craft employed on short trips, or in the fishing trade. It was the British bottoms—6,766 of them, with a registration of 13,342,929 tons—that carried all but a puny fraction of our trade, and that have collected and are still collecting all but a few dollars out of the millions we have paid for ocean freight in the last forty years.

"In other words, the rough fifty million dollars a year which we pay the steamship companies is another one of our Canadian exports, but not one to be proud of. It means fifty million dollars withdrawn in one form or another from circulation in Canada—fifty million dollars being paid every year in interest on foreign capital, wages to foreign workmen in foreign shipyards and foreign factories, and as dividends to foreign shareholders. A very little of it may be spent in Canada for supplies bought in the Canadian port. A few Canadian shareholders may get dividend notices, and a few Canadians may be on the wage roll of the steamship offices in Canada. But the big part of it is lost to this country."

Importation

A merchant marine would serve the purposes of importation quite as well as purposes of exportation. It is bad enough to have to pay a single duty. It is folly to have to pay a double tax. It is not even necessary that a merchant marine be owned by the government, although those who believe in government ownership would favor this. There is no reason why the government should not enter upon a venture of this kind. There might be difficulty in getting Canadians to enter the navy. There will be none in getting them to enter into first-class merchantmen. Newfoundland alone could furnish sufficient officers and sailors for a fleet, and the West Indies could be relied upon to furnish deck hands.

A Programme

So a good Canadian programme for the extension of commerce includes:

The husbanding and development of all our resources and the avoidance of waste.

The manufacture of as many articles as possible, where we can do this at a saving.

The export and import of goods in our own vessels.

And to these ends must all good legislation and all endeavor look.

Unprogressive Communities

Some towns and country districts wonder why the wave of progress does not overflow their locality. Generally they assign any cause but the right one. Bad luck, competition of neighboring districts, lack of shipping facilities—in short, all the items in the list of handicaps—are mentioned. But in nine cases out of ten the main cause is lack of community spirit. Enthusiasm, energy and an atmosphere of success cannot exist if one hand is raised against another, if there is mutual jealousy and suspicion. When one man determines that no action of his shall help another man in the same village to become well-to-do, it is reasonably certain that such a community is doomed to inertia and gradual disintegration.

When a town's leading citizens discourage the proposed entrance of new enterprises it is generally because they fear new blood. Unable to see three feet before their faces, they determine that if possible they will remain the "leading citizens." Of the qualities of such leadership it is unnecessary to speak. Such men are the worm in the apple. No town which contains them and allows them to dominate can thrive. Hospitality to new enterprises and new ideas is the first requirement for a community to success. What is expressively called "boosting" if not carried to excess, does much for any town. It promotes co-operation and democracy. The splendid unity of spirit which is generated by enthusiasm over athletic contests in our schools and colleges may well serve as a timely hint to those who wish to make their communities progressive. Frequently all that is needed is a get-together club which shall take in every person who is willing not only to hurrah for progressiveness, but to contribute thereto his own elbow-grease.

It is during its simple preparation that the unique advantages of Benger's Food become apparent.

By allowing it to stand for a longer or shorter period at one stage, you can adjust this food for infants or growing children, for persons suffering from dyspepsia, and for all conditions of illness, when ordinary foods are unsuitable. This range of utility is unique among foods.

Benger's Food, while being entirely distinct from pre-digested foods, contains the natural digestive principles, with the difference that they are under entire control during its preparation.

Every householder should possess a copy of "Benger's Food and how to use it — for Infants, Invalids, and the Aged." Post Free from:—
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Benger's Food is sold in tins, by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

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for Infants, Invalids and the Aged.
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Wilson's
INVALIDS' PORT WINE
(à la Quina du Pérou)
"Pure wines increase the appetite and tend to fill the veins with pure, healthy blood."
Dr. Robert Druith

MEAL TIME
will mean hungry time to you if, half an hour before eating, you drink a generous wineglass of
WILSON'S
Invalids' Port Wine
(a la Quina du Perou)
It's a delicious-tasting natural appetizer and tonic that coaxes the jaded digestive organs overtired with too much hurry and worry.
Indicated in all anaemic and febrile conditions—doctors know! 151
Ask YOUR Doctor
Big Bottle **All Druggists**

The Way to Buy JEWELRY

YOU will save money, get the most satisfaction and have reliable goods if you make your selection from one of the thousands of catalogues we are now distributing.

Our yearly business runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars, so we are buying for much less than the small stores—and you get the benefit, *especially in Diamonds.*

Remember, if goods received are not as desired, you return goods at our expense and we refund your money.

A post card brings our Catalogue and particulars about our

$25.00 Diamond Ring

D. E. BLACK & Co., Jewelers
Calgary *"The House of Quality"* **Alberta**

The Mystery of Dungarton Castle

By W. R. Gilbert

"SHALL I show the gentleman up?" said my "buttons," after having handed me a card which read, "Capt. MacWilliam, Dungarton Castle."

"Certainly, Curtis," The name was not familiar, although the Castle I seemed to know. Where had I heard of it? Perhaps I had seen a picture of it? Such were my thoughts when they were interrupted by the entrance of a fine, military-looking man of about thirty-eight.

"Mr. Steel, I presume?" he said. On my answering in the affirmative, he continued, "I am Captain MacWilliam, and I trust do not intrude, but the fact is my nerves are unstrung by a series of mysterious coincidences, which have taken place at the Castle, and on the advice of an old friend of yours, Sidney Law, who has been spending a few days with me, I have come to place the facts before you, and ask your help."

"I shall be very pleased to do what I can for you, especially as you're a friend of an old school chum of mine."

"Well, Mr. Steel, you may have seen in the newspapers about two months ago, the account of a body being found, minus the head, in one of the woods on the Dungarton estate. The body was identified as that of one of the gillies?"

"I remember," I answered, being satisfied that this was how I had heard of the Castle before.

"Well, as to how the man met his death; or where his head has disappeared to, remains unsolved, and, I am afraid, always will. Now, to come to what concerns myself. I have become sole owner of the Castle and estates, through the death of my uncle, which took place three days after the gillie's body was discovered. On my coming into possession I took up my residence, and sent in my resignation, as I've done enough soldiering. All went well until a month ago, when all sorts of uncanny noises were heard in different parts of the Castle. The noise was as if a heavy body was being rolled along the ceiling. At other times the things, and, in fact, the room, shakes. Some nights ago an amount of crockery was broken, and a door leading on the kitchen to another room was literally torn from its hinges, and flung some distance. I am not a superstitious man, neither am I nervous, or rather, I was not, for I have sat up all night, inside and outside, on several occasions, trying to solve the mystery, but what I saw two nights ago decided me to come and ask your assistance. I had retired to bed about 11.30—the blind was up, and I was lying awake, looking at the window, when there appeared two hands. As if in flames they moved about for a minute or so, apparently trying to find the latch. I jumped out of bed and rushed to the window; I opened it and looked out, but could see no trace of the mysterious apparition. This I can assure you, Mr. Steel, was no dream, or fancy, and now the servants are frightened and refuse to remain, so I am thoroughly upset, as you may imagine. Perhaps, I should mention that these peculiar occurrences took place, for the first time, about a week before my uncle's death."

"I must say, Captain MacWilliam, from the explicit accounts of your unpleasant experience, there remains nothing to be gained by questions until I have seen the Castle, its surroundings, and inhabitants."

"I shall be delighted," said he, showing it by his expression "if you will accompany me home tomorrow, but I hardly dared to presume on your kindness so far as to ask you to leave town on my account, when I know you are a busy man."

"I take a pleasure in unravelling this kind of thing," said I, "and can generally run away from the city on such occasions, as I have an excellent partner."

Having arranged to meet him at Euston Station the following morning, he left me. This case appeared to be something out of the ordinary. The more I thought over the facts related to me, the further I seemed to get away from any solution. I rang for Curtis.

"Want me, sir?"

"Yes, Curtis, fetch me the papers relating to the Dungarton Castle mystery, which took place."

"I know, sir, about two months ago, where a man's body was 'found without 'is 'ead.'"

"Exactly, Curtis, but he didn't lose the H with it." When the papers arrived I turned to read the account as follows:—

August, 30th.—"Yesterday morning word reached Dungarton Castle from one of the outlying lodges on the estate that a gillie, by name Hugh Campbell, had not returned to his house for two days, and that his family were anxious about him. Search parties were at once organized, and late in the afternoon a dead body was found in a wood adjoining the Castle. The head was missing, and the most rigorous search failed to reveal any trace of it. There were no signs of a struggle having taken place. The police were informed, and the body conveyed away to await the inquest. The body was subsequently identified by the wife of the deceased as that of Hugh Campbell, the missing

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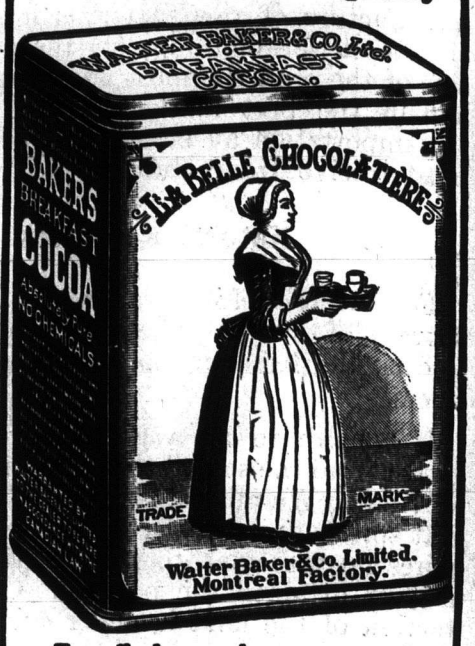

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gillie. He had been long connected with the Castle and was popular amongst his neighbors, and was very much respected by his master. On examination of the corpse by the doctor, he found bruises on either shoulder as if deceased had been gripped very tightly. The flesh at the neck was jagged, but showed no signs of a knife or edged instrument having been used. He thought the head must have been wrenched from the body by great strength. There were no other marks to be seen except those on the shoulders."

This was all I could learn from the Press, as no particulars of importance developed from the evidence given at the inquest. I went to bed leaving the case still shrouded in mystery.

Next morning found me travelling by the ten train from Euston to Glasgow, where Captain MacWilliam and I spent the night, continuing our journey the following day to Struan. Here a carriage met us, and we drove through some of the most magnificent scenery which Scotland can boast of.

At last we ran through a handsome pair of gates, which stood open to receive us. "Here we are," said the Captain, "and I am sure you're not sorry, as it's a long and tedious journey."

"There, Mr. Steel," said he, pointing out a wood, "is where the gillie's body was found." On passing the end of the wood we came in view of the Castle—a fine historical-looking building, and quite the place where one who believed in ghosts might expect to find them. I was charmed with the size and magnificence of the hall. Around the walls hung fine old portraits, and the spaces betwen them were covered with spears, shields, and armour. On the floor stood several pieces of old cannon, battering rams, and ancient war implements.

"I have given you a bedroom next to my own," said my host, "and if you would like to see it before having some light refreshment, will you come with me."

Following him upstairs, I found myself in a large room, with an old-fashioned canopy bedstead. Being left to myself I made a careful examination of my surroundings, whilst there was daylight. Finding nothing of importance in the interior I opened the window and looked out. On the level with my window were three others at about forty-five feet from the ground, and twelve from the castellated roof. A well kept lawn ran round this side of the castle. On leaving my room I was met by the captain, and we descended to the library where the butler, who looked like a part of the old castle, brought in tea ,and eyed me up and down, evidently to see if he approved of his master's guest.

"I suppose that's an old servant?" I said, as the door closed behind him.

"Yes," replied my host, "but I can't say I care for him; he's had too much authority in my uncle's time, and fancies he can still use it."

"I hope you won't consider me inquisitive if I ask you a few questions?"

"Not at all, please proceed."

"Well, captain, I presume you're not married?"

"No, thank goodness," he replied.

"In your uncle's will is there any clause stating to whom the property will go in the event of your death?"

"Yes, provided I die without issue, it goes to my next brother, who is at present in India with his regiment."

"Were you living here when the gillie lost his life?"

"No," he answered, "I only came after my uncle's death."

"Had your uncle any hobbies that you're aware of?"

"None."

By this time it was too dark to leave the house, so we chatted until dinner, after which we retired to our bedrooms, and I arranged he should knock on my wall if he were disturbed during the night. Entering my room I locked the door, and took the precaution to see the windows were properly fastened. Placing a chair upon the bed I examined the canopy. Having satisfied myself on the safety of these points, I placed a loaded revolver under my pillow, jumped into bed and was soon asleep. Nothing happened that night, perhaps I should say luckily, as I slept so soundly it would have taken something to awake me. Having breakfasted, my host took me through the house and showed me where the door had been torn from its hinges—this door I noted separated the kitchen from the larder.

"Were there any eatables missing from here the morning after this door was broken down?" I enquired of the cook.

"Yes, sir, a large piece of beef was taken, and two or three dishes of sweets destroyed."

"Did you see any footprints or hand marks?"

"No sir." Of course the place had been cleaned up since the occurrence, and I could not hope to find anything from an investigation. Having been all through the house the only point which struck me was its magnificence. Making a detour of the outside, we came to that part of the castle which contained our bedrooms.

"In which part of the Castle?" I enquired, "is the bedroom situated your uncle occupied."

"That is his room," said the captain, pointing to the window of the one where he slept. Glancing along on a level with the roof my attention was attracted by the movement of somebody, or something, in a turret window about twenty yards from where we stood. Taking a cigarette from my case I pretended not to be able to light it in the wind, so made my way behind a yew tree, through the branches of which I got a good view of the turret, without arousing the occupant's suspicion.

The ruse put him off his guard, for he came close to the window, and I recognised the butler. Appearing not to have noticed him, I joined my host, and we made our way through a wood to the scene of the crime perpetrated two months before.

"Here," said the Captain, coming to a standstill, "is the spot where the body was found." The ground was so thoroughly trodden down that the occurrence might only have taken place the day before. Placing my hat and coat on the ground, I commenced to climb a tree which stood over the spot.

"What on earth are you going to do up there?" said the Captain, evidently beginning to doubt my sanity.

"Trying what forest life is like, and how you look from an elevated position," said I laughing, and making my way out along a branch over his head, at the same time examining it with a strong magnifying glass.

"Can you find anything?"

"Not yet, but as the children say in their game of 'hide the thimble,' I am getting warm," for at that moment the magnifying glass which I carried with me, revealed some hairs adhering to the bark. Picking them off, I placed them in my pocket case, and let myself drop from the branch. I was very pleased with my find, and yet puzzled, for I was certain the butler was in some way connected with the mysterious affair, but still was not the perpetrator, of the crime. At the same time I had no clue to his present disturbance.

"What do you make of it, Mr. Steel? Of course you have not heard the noises yet that we spoke of, nor can you expect to, until tonight, as there is no annoyance of the sort during daylight."

"At present, Captain, my suspicions are not sufficiently confirmed. Let us examine these caves," proceeding to where large caverns in the rocks appeared, about 200 yards away. From the way in which the entrances to some of them had been trampled, evidently by the police and others searching for the missing head, I could get no evidence.

"There's nothing more to be done now," said I, "except await what this evening brings forth." Returning to the Castle, we had lunch. Shortly afterwards the mail arrived, and I sat down with my correspondence at a desk in a window overlooking a part of the wood we had explored in the morning. I was busy with my letters when my attention was attracted by the restlessness of a fine mastiff lying on the

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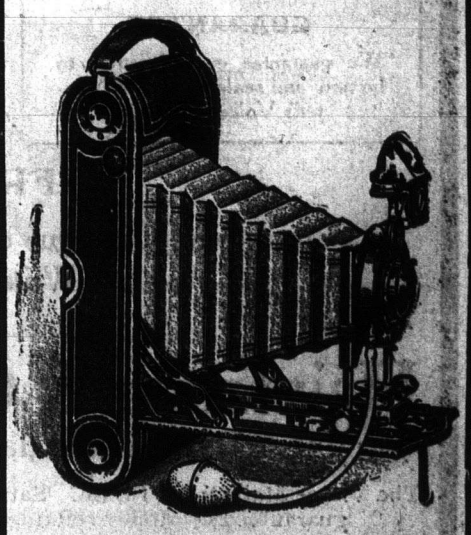

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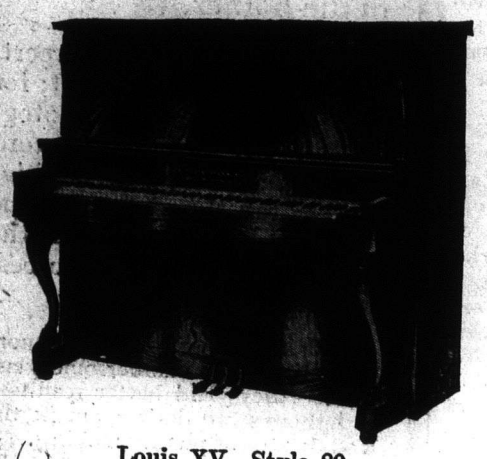

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hearth-rug in front of the huge log fire. The dog eventually came, and, laying his head against my chair, uttered a most pitiable whine.

"What's wrong with Warrior?" said my host, coming into the room. At the moment the dog threw up his head in the air, and uttered another heart-rending whine, then left the room. "That's most peculiar behaviour. I never saw Warrior do that before," said he, taking a chair by the fire.

I must have written for an hour at least when a shriek, followed by a yelp, was audibly borne to us from the direction of the wood.

"Listen!" said my host, springing to my side, and gazing intently through the window. "It's Warrior," he said, as whine after whine reached our ears, and came nearer and nearer.

"Don't let yourself be seen, captain; keep back, and let's see what breaks from the covert."

"Look, man, look. See the undergrowth moving."

"Yes," said I; "but it's not time to act yet."

The dog had ceased to cry, and the movement of the bushes was less.

"Come now, Captain." We quickly slipped out, and on creeping up to the shrubs, we found the mastiff breathing his last. His left side was torn open.

"This is the devil's work, Mr. Steel, and I'll have this wood cut down."

Making a hasty examination of the poor dog's wound, I saw at once that no sharp instrument had caused it. Leaving the master and dog, I tracked the blood-stained route the latter had taken, but owing to the light failing I had to abandon it, and retrace my footsteps to the Castle. My host seemed quite out of sorts this evening, hardly eating any dinner, and afterwards throwing away a good cigar before he had half smoked it. At the slightest sound he showed alarm. Although I could not definitely say what had caused the death of the gillie or the dog, still I had very strong suspicions, and I saw I must do something to relieve my host's nerves.

"Captain," said I, "our friend does not appear to be rolling about to-night, perhaps he got sufficient from Warrior to-day."

"Please goodness," replied he.

"There's one point you make your mind easy on, and that is, whatever is disturbing the peace of this place it has nothing to do with spiritualism. The ghost is a very substantial and tangible one. Neither do I think any human being is the culprit, although there may be one at the back of affairs."

"Then what do you suppose it can be?"

"Some animal, but what sort is the question. See these hairs I found adhering to the bark of the tree I climbed. They are not the hairs of any of the climbing species of animals inhabiting our country, neither have any the strength of viciousness which this one possessed."

"But," said the captain, "how do you account for the hands which appeared at my window, as if they were on fire?"

"That I can't do at present but if you will grant a request which I am about to make I may be able to throw some light on the subject."

"Consider it granted, then," said he.

"Well, what I propose is that you and I change bedrooms tonight, unknown to the servants, and to do so we must retire to our own rooms, undress ready for bed, and then make the exchange."

"I am perfectly agreeable," said he, "but I hope you're not running any unnecessary risks on my account."

Having played a game of billiards we retired, and when ready changed our rooms as arranged. There was nothing of any consequence in my host's bedroom to note, except that all the bedroom furniture bore a coat of arms, and the bedstead was much the same as the one I slept in the night before. The fireplace was an old fashioned, very open one which burnt logs. Satisfying myself with my surroundings I pulled up the blind, and got into bed, making sure my revolver was close at hand. I endeavored to keep awake, but failed to do so. Suddenly I was startled from my sleep by feeling the bed shaking. Looking towards the foot I was horror stricken to see two glowing eyes fixed on me. I seized my revolver, but not before the owner of the eyes had sprung at me, and torn me to the floor. I struggled to get my arms free from the powerful clutches of the monster. Eventually I got my right arm free and fired straight between its eyes. At the same moment the brute gripped my left shoulder with its teeth. Though in great agony, I managed to fire again, its hold relaxed and the monster dropped to the floor. Although it was dark I had no doubt that my enemy was a huge gorilla.

On my unlocking the door my host rushed in the picture of absolute terror and anxiety, and seeing the sleeve of my coat soaked in blood he said: "What's happened? You're badly hurt."

Pointing to where the beast lay I closed and locked the door again. Then lighting the candles, I started to bathe my shoulder, which the Captain bandaged for me.

"Well, Mr. Steel, there lies the cause of all this mystery, I suppose."

"Yes Captain, and very nearly the cause of a tragedy as well. I am not satisfied yet."

"What, not satisfied? Why, what more can there be?"

"Just this. I fancy your butler has been this animal's keeper, and either he lets it out, or it breaks loose at times, and suspecting as I do myself, that it caused the death of the gillie he is afraid to make known the fact that it is at large. Now, captain, as no doubt you are aware these animals cannot live in the cold, this one seems to have thriven fairly well, therefore he must have had a warm den, or cage somewhere and that somewhere has to be found. The easiest way to do this is for us to hide the beast, say nothing of tonight's occurrence to any one, but watch the butler's movements tomorrow. He is sure to go some time to feed it. So help me to place it in one of these cupboards and tidy up the room so as to leave no cause for suspicion in the morning."

"How do you suppose the brute made its entrance?"

"Evidently by the chimney," I answered, "but that we shall also, I hope, be able to find out to-morrow. Now let's get to bed again."

Next morning I was anxious to explore the turret where I had seen the butler appear the previous day. Accompanied by my host we made our way thither. Entering this disused part of the Castle I was struck by the warmth that one side of the building threw out. This heat could be traccd up one wall of the two-storied turret, but showed no way of exit for smoke, there being no chimney.

Having examined the top room, which was quite empty, we descended to the ground floor. Here I expected to discover a way down to the origin of the heat, but failed to do so.

I could not bring myslf to leave the place without finding the object I had set my mind on, when the worn appearance on the face of the first step attracted my notice. Kicking it, it retreated under the next step, and along with it a part of the wall moved back, leaving an entrance about four feet broad by seven high.

"Hullo, what have you got there, Mr. Steel?"

"Give me a match, and I'll soon tell you." Entering with a light we could see the ground descended in a gradual slope into a large chamber which was well heated by a furnace. One part of this cavern was railed off into a cage, the back of which was boarded up or meant to be, I should say, for a part of it was torn down as was also the wall, leaving an aperture. The front of the cage could be raised forming an entrance, but this proved, on examination to be securely padlocked. Two chairs stood in front of the furnace, over which was a shelf containing books on Zoology, and a good lamp

with a green shade hung from the ceiling. Returning to the entrance, and closing the door, I joined my host, who was expressing his surprise in loud interjections.

"Well Mr. Steel, you have been marvellously right in your suspicions from the first, for I now see you suspected my uncle of having this hobby, from the questions you asked and the way you have gone to work over the matter. Hark! what's that?"

"The door opening," said I, at the same time drawing him into a recess.

Someone struck a match, ignited a lantern, and then proceeded towards us.

"It's Stephen," said my companion.

The old butler approached carrying the lantern in one hand and a tin in the other. Going up to the front of the cage he rattled the tin. Getting no response he commenced to call "Grippo." Still getting no response he threw the contents of the tin into the cage and proceeded to stoke the fire.

"Now Captain, you should demand an explanation."

My host advanced towards the old man, whose face bore the expression of absolute terror. "Good morning, Stephen," he said "this is a peculiar place to find you, and in this suspicious position. Only a truthful and clear statement will save you from being handed over to the police. I shall now ask Mr. Steel to question you, and I warn you to be careful of what you say, for upon your answers depends how I deal with you."

Starting, I questioned him as to what lived in the cage.

"A gorilla, sir," he answered.

"Where is it now?"

"I don't know sir."

"How is that?"

"Well, you see, sir, he tore down the back of his cage some time ago and made his escape, and he only returns here at times to sleep and to be fed."

"Did, he escape before or after Hugh Campbell's body was found? Be careful how you answer."

"Before, sir."

"How long?"

"Three nights, I think."

"Have you seen the missing head of the deceased?"

"No, sir."

"Who owns the brute?"

"My late master did, sir."

"Were you or your late master able to enter the cage when the beast was in it?"

"No, sir."

"Have you the key of the lock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll take it. Thank you."

"Now Captain I'm going to trace where this aperture at the back of the cage leads to. Will you accompany me?"

"Certainly."

"Don't attempt to, sir, if you value your life," cried Stephen. "Grippo is sure to be somewhere about."

"All right, Stephen, I'll take care of him," said my host, and we both left the old man, and forced our way through the hole. Finding ourselves in a dark tunnel we wended our way along it by the aid of the light from Stephen's lantern. Examining all round us as we proceeded, we came to within fifty yards of the mouth of the cave when a very offensive smell reached us, to me it was acceptable, as my hopes of finding the missing head which had now got to a low ebb began to revive.

"Do you get that smell, Mr. Steel?"

"Yes," I replied, "the origin of which I am down here to discover."

"What do you mean?" said my companion. "Did you expect this?"

"Most certainly; we have every cause to believe the gorilla killed the gillie, and what more likely place would it have hidden the head than where we are."

"By Jove, Mr. Steel, you do make things simple."

"Hold the light down here a moment, Captain." Getting down on my hands and knees, I stretched my arm into a recess from where the smell came strongest, and touched a clammy thing. Grasping it, and holding it up to the lantern I could not suppress exclaiming, "Eureka!"

"Well done," said my companion, "this clears up the whole mystery."

"Not yet, Captain, those hands you saw on fire still remains unsolved."

"Oh, don't bother about that," said he, "we won't be troubled with them again, I am sure."

"Oh, but I must, just for my own satisfaction. Will you please call the butler, who, I think, can throw light on the subject."

"Very well if you will come with me we will, but there he is. Stephen, Mr. Steel wishes to speak to you."

"Yes, Stephen, only a few words, I want you to tell your master as to the appearance of those hands he saw, and I would strongly advise you to make a clear breast of the whole business, or you may get into serious trouble."

"Well, Sir, I was afraid that the Captain as a new comer might not care to keep me on here, so taking advantage of the scare over the death of the gillie, I thought that I would make it be believed that there were supernatural influences at work, so that no changes would be made. To assist in this I arranged so that the shadow of my hands were seen by Captain MacWilliam.

"This is the truth sir, and I trust you will let me go."

"Now that the affair is cleared up," said I, "there is no good in making more gossip, so I would advise you, Captain, to let him go, though he really deserves punishment."

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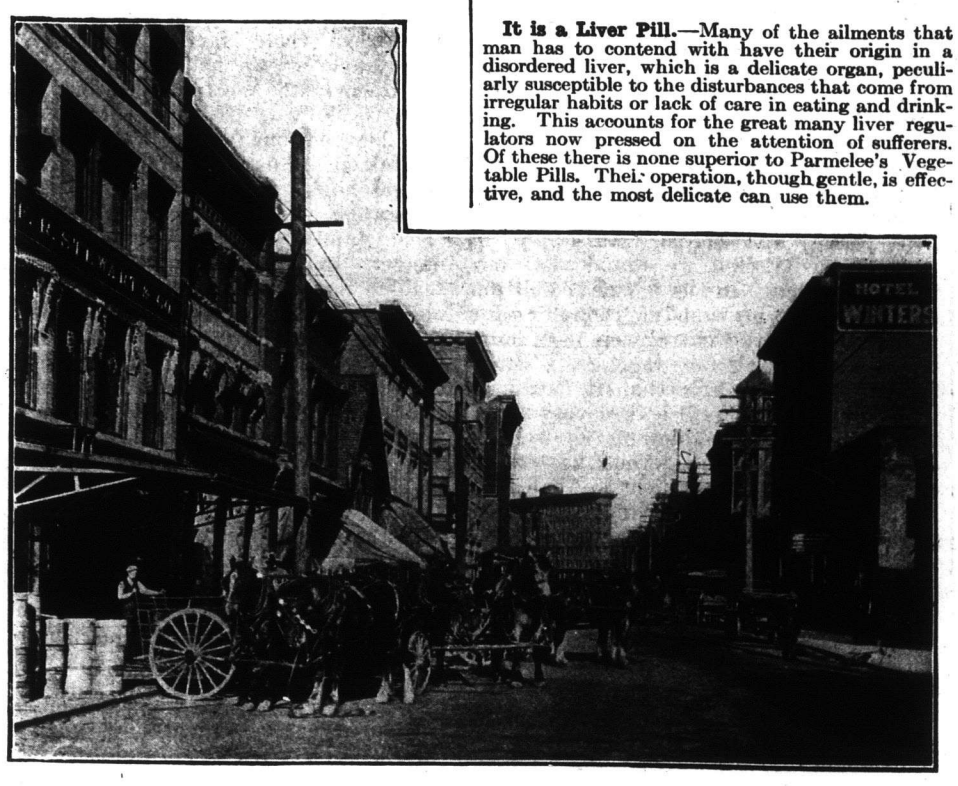

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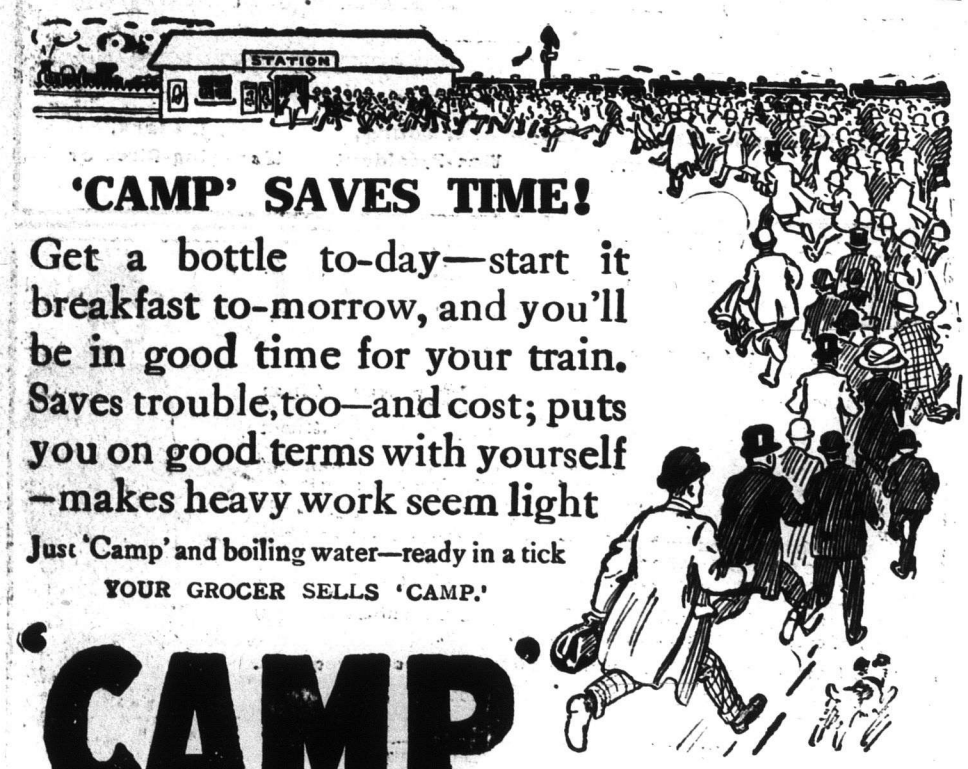

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Dangers in a Calm

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By E. A. Sykes, Franklin, Man.

MUCH has been written about the dangers and hardships which sailors pass through in times of storms when on the deep; but the writer, who, since the time of this story has been in many bad storms, so bad that he has stood at the wheel of a sailing vessel and seen one sail after another blown out of its ropes until there was hardly enough left to give the vessel speedway, and for hours at a time it was almost impossible for a man to walk the decks, yet it was all as nothing so far as downright nervous strain went, compared with my first trip which was made in a calm. Not that I was any bolder or feared danger any less than the ordinary seaman but because action and courage go together as sure as work and a storm. Any one who has ever been on a sailing vessel on the great lakes, knows that there are not many idle moments in a storm.

But that is not my story so I'll begin.

In the summer of 1889, my brother and I were busily rafting timber for the noted Black River Lumber Company at Black River, Mich. The Black River is a small stream, which has a hamlet at its mouth and runs into Lake Huron some eighty miles north of Bay City and at this place the long Norway pine was dumped into the lake after being drawn on trains anywhere from ten to one hundred miles inland.

We spent the early spring on the drive, on one of the swift little streams a few miles to the north, and from that we went to our present job on the quiet though deep bay at the mouth of the aforesaid river. But as the hot days of July went slowly by we grew very tired of our work and longed for freedom and a change.

One evening just when we were in the above mentioned state of mind while walking around town, we saw a small sailing boat in the back yard of the one little hotel that the town could boast of, and curiosity drew us towards it. We looked it over and saw, as we thought, that it was in good repair.

The next evening we again had a look at it, and this time we made inquiries as to its owner and having found him we asked if his boat was for sale, to which he replied that it was. When we asked the price we were surprised to hear him say what we knew was far below its cost. We told him if he would take it to the water's edge about half a mile away we would buy it, and that he agreed to do.

We then left our rafting job and spent a day or so in fitting up our boat, for we found that when it was put into the water it leaked pretty freely, but a day's soaking along with a little paint and oakum made it, as we thought, seaworthy. We then got a few provisions and these, along with our grips, we stored away in the small locker, and early the next morning we went aboard, hoisted the small sail and were soon speeding over Huron's broad bosom. In a short time we had left Black River and all its rafts of timber far behind; no doubt we were watched with envy by our late companions who were still using the pike pole, peavey and chains.

After we started we found that our boat was not in as good condition as we had previously thought, for on account of the extra weight of ourselves along with our luggage, is sank further into the water than it had done when empty, so it still leaked very badly which was very troublesome as well as dangerous. By the vigorous use of an empty tomato can, which we had put in for that purpose, we managed to keep it afloat until with a little more soaking and some more oakum and paint we finally stopped the leakage.

Our first, and what we thought would be our last, stop before crossing the broad Huron was made at Thunder Bay, which we reached the first night. We pulled our boat upon the beach, spread out a blanket on the bottom and lay down, then lowered the sail down over us and were soon sailing through dreamland. By turning over several times and using the palms of our hands very vigorously on the parts which had been next to the blanket we managed to get some sleep, and were also able to be up and at work long before union hours.

As soon as the shops were open we purchased what we thought would be an ample supply of provisions to last us to the end of our trip, also a small marine compass, a bottle of painkiller and a box of matches. The latter we put into a bottle and corked.

After partaking of breakfast we carefully launched our boat, hoisted the sail and laid our course for Presque Isle, near which we expected to sail, then to make the final dash straight across Lake Huron, a distance of about ninety miles, where we would enter the Georgian Bay. But alas for expectations. For the first few hours we had a nice sailing breeze, which drove our little craft along at about five miles an hour. As the sun rose the wind sank until long before noon we were in a dead calm which lasted for the rest of the day, and we had our first experience of being on the deep in a calm.

As we drifted by an old wreck of a large schooner, which was now high and dry out of the water and half buried in the sand, I thought of the great difference it must have been between the night when that old schooner was wrecked by one of old Huron's angry moments and the present when there was not wind enough to drive a small sail boat. I also wondered that if by any chance before our trip was over our little craft might come to the same end as the old schooner.

By taking a pair of oars and one rowing at a time, we reached the lighthouse some time through the night and on account of there still being no wind we went around to a small bay almost at the foot of the lighthouse and there pulled our boat on shore and went to bed as we had done the night before.

Whether it was because we were actually a little more tired or because we had become a little more used to our bed, I do not know, but the first thing we heard after going to bed was some children talking a short distance away and coming toward us.

Dick told me to pretend that we were still asleep and see what they would do.

When they came in sight of us they stopped and we could hear them talking among themselves and wondering who we were. They finally came a little nearer and from where they stood we could hear them counting us and wondering if we were asleep or dead. Then, at last, we heard one of them say, "We will go and tell father," and off they ran, but not without looking back several times no doubt to make sure that we were not after them.

When they were well out of sight we crawled from underneath the sail and when their father came a few minutes later we had started to make our breakfast. We found the old gentleman to be very friendly and when he had learned our story he was greatly interested in us and kindly invited us to his house for breakfast.

Strange as it may apparently seem I then and there met my first danger in a calm. Now, I hear my readers say, "Surely not from the kind old lighthouse keeper who had seemed to be so kind and friendly?" No. It was not to come from him. Then, it must come from this tall and rather wiry looking middle-aged lady whom the man had introduced as his wife, and who, after bidding us the time of day, had gone on with her work without saying another word to us. Yes, you say, that is it, you can see fight in her eye, just the right makeup you think, the kind with the masculine shoulders, a Roman nose and wears her hair piled high on top of her head, and her word is law to the whole household. You can just see her getting angry until she finally breaks out over some trifle and throws the pot or dish which she has been working with across the room. Then she severely criticises her husband for bringing strangers to breakfast when she

did not expect them, and it all ends up by our going back to the boat and cooking our own morning meal. You can see it all, can't you? Yes. Well, that is where you are mistaken for she was a very pleasant and most hospitable though quiet lady, which I will show you later. "Well, then," you say, "where did this danger in a calm come from? Su--y not from those little children, the eldest of whom was only in the early teens yet." No, not from them either. You give it up then, do you? I will have to tell you, and this is it.

She came daintily tripping out of another room neatly dressed in a nice muslin dress, with a pair of cinderella slippers on her feet, her hair done loosely and low down on the back of her head, and she had a pair of eyes which Cupid would have died for, a silvery voice which would have put David's harp to shame, and this vision of loveliness the old lighthouse keeper told us was his niece. Right there and then in those sparkling dark eyes, which were almost Southern in their shadowed softness, with a full blown rose on each cheek, I could see signs of a coming storm in regions which hitherto had been undisturbed by any earthly forces. As the light flashed from those eyes, and as soft and mirthful laughter rang out from her rosy lips, they raised such a storm that it could be felt, as it were, a thousand times further than the one which had put the old schooner on the shore so many years ago. I could truly understand one of the dangers that goes with a calm.

After breakfast the old lighthouse keeper offered to show us the lamps. We thanked him, and said we should be glad to see them. When we got to the foot of the stairs, I felt like refusing to go further for our fair companion was not coming with us. I stood at the door for a minute debating with myself whether or not I would ask her to come with us, or allow me to stay with her, but I think she quickly guessed my thoughts and offered to accompany us, saying, as she did so, that it would be a pity not to see the fine view which could be had from the top of the lighthouse.

By this time all the others had reached the top of the first long flight of stairs, so I held the door open for her until she passed through, then when I had mounted the first step I offered her my hand, which after giving me a quick glance she accepted with a very sweet "Thank you."

As we climbed the stairs we stopped to look out of the little windows, which were placed at every round; and she explained to me some of the sights she had seen through them. Then, I wished that the old lighthouse were a mile high instead of only one hundred and forty feet.

Finally, we reached the foot of the last flight of stairs where she suddenly dropped my hand and bounding upward like a rocket; she stopped at the top and looking down at me with a half smiling, half laughing expression; as much as to say, see, I could have come alone if I had wished to do so.

As I looked up at that beautiful face and graceful figure, which showed up so well against the walls behind her, I truly understood why it was said that man was a little lower than the angels. When we got back to earth again the wind had risen a little, so we thought it best to make a start.

We bade adieu to our kind friends, and were just shoving off when one of the children arrived from the house bearing a hamper. It was filled with fresh biscuits, a pie, some greens and a large piece of cake. This we wanted to pay for, but I think the dear old mother, knowing that we were some other mother's sons, had been thinking of these very things instead of talking, so had instructed the children to take nothing for them.

We sailed away very much in their debt, and once only, as I looked back I thought I saw the flutter of a handkerchief at one of the little windows which we had looked through, and then it, like its owner, went out of my sight for ever, and there was nothing left but a memory of my first danger in a calm.

The little breeze that had sprung up carried us out some six or eight miles and then died away. From then until evening we had to sit there under the burning August sun, which reflected from the water, burnt our hands, our faces, and lips until they cracked and blistered and were so sore we could hardly move or speak; but when the sun went down we got out the oars and by one of us rowing for an hour or so while the other slept we managed to get the night in.

A dreadful feeling would come over us as we sat there in the dark, knowing that we were out of sight or reach of land, and that one of those sudden storms might arise, to which the north end of old Huron is so subject and which would be too much for our little craft. We also knew that we could do nothing to help ourselves except to make slow headway by using the oars and even that, he knew, would take us further and further away from land until we had crossed the half way mile.

As I have said in the opening this calm was far more trying, and appeared to me to be more dangerous than any storm that I have passed through since.

Early the next morning the breeze began to rise again, and it sent our little boat gliding along so swiftly that in a few hours we had travelled further than we had on the previous day and night, and were soon beyond the lighthouse on the opposite side of the lake, among some of the beautiful islands which make up the grand Manitoulin.

Our breeze soon left us again and all we could do to make a little headway was to use the oars again.

The water was so calm and clear that when we were sailing down the north channel we could see hundreds of islands reflected in the water only to have them move or disappear altogether when we got to where we thought they were.

Though suffering from the heat and discouraged with not getting along as quickly as we would have liked, this part of our trip we enjoyed very much for there you see some of the most beautiful islands in the world.

Amongst these are the vases or flower pots as they are sometimes called. They are well worth going many miles to see. There are two beautiful rocks which rise perpendicularly out of the water and gradually swell out from a yard or so where they can first be seen until they reach a width across their flat tops of twenty feet or more, then as if to finish their vase-like appearance they have beautiful evergreen trees growing on their tops and the combined height of rock and tree must be fifty feet or more.

One day while we were working our way amongst these islands it was exceedingly hot, and as our legs were cramped we decided to go ashore and have a swim. We pulled into a little bay where the water was so calm and clear we could see the bottom twenty or thirty feet down, which was lined deep with empty clam shells, and gradually sloped back to the surface where there was a rod or two of clean washed beach; then, back of that, the evergreen hills which rise for two or three hundred feet almost perpendicularly and are thickly covered with rock cedar.

We thought we were regular Crusoes and had our little world all to ourselves, so had dropped our clothes along the beach just as we had taken them off piece by piece as curiosity led us around. We had swum back and forth accross the little bay several times and were trying diving for some extra large and pearl-like clam shells.

On coming to the surface once and shaking the water out of our ears we heard something splashing and on looking out to the entrance boat and in it, I think, was the half tribe of Mannasseh.

I was in the hopes that they would row by the mouth of the bay and we would see them no more, but whether it was an old camping ground of theirs, the quiet bay, or the white man, which at that moment after half an hour in the water were very white, I do not know, but I do know that when they got opposite the bay they turned and came straight down it. I first thought there must be some opening out of the bay which we had not noticed and they were making for that. By swimming around in the water until they had passed by we thought we would

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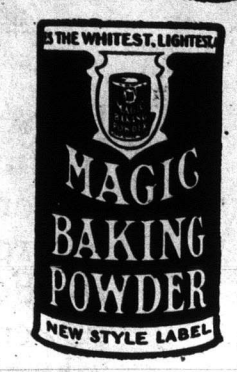

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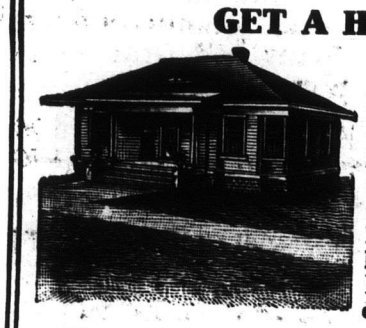

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be all right, but were doomed to disappointment and once more we learned that there could be danger in a calm, though it be in a small bay. When they were almost opposite us one of the men stood up and pointed to the shore, a few rods from our boat and at once their huge ark swung around and made for the beach which it had hardly reached before its human freight started to climb over its sides, and all my hopes were gone for there they were, from Abraham to Jacob's first born, at least four generations, old grandfathers and grandmothers, who had to be helped out of the boat.

Judging from the look of their smoked and weather-beaten faces they might be as old as the island they stood upon. Then, there were the fathers and mothers, cold and stern looking and of whom I was afraid, also their children. The men tall and straight as nature intended them to be, and as they stepped around so softly and easily I thought of some of the heroic deeds that some of their forefathers had done, and could well believe it all.

Then, there were their wives and sisters, some of whom I suppose I ought to call beautiful; if being fat and greasy with an abundance of long black hair, gaudy colored dresses and a faint glimpse of red rose showing through the tan of their cheeks would make them so, then I would say that they were handsome indeed. To me, however, who, was still in the water in danger of drowning, because I did not like to go ashore in the bathing suit which nature had given me and my clothes only two rods off their camp fires; and with the memory of Doris back at the lighthouse still so fresh in my mind, they were the most detestable of creatures. Then there were the children, fat and shy, who hung onto their mothers wherever they moved.

When I could swim no longer, I sat down in the shallow water and asked my brother to bring my clothes, he having left his on the opposite side of our boat, so he had his, but bring mine he would not. Instead, he sauntered off to the Indians and I believe told them of my troubles which made them watch me all the closer. By swimming out and around our boat until I got opposite my clothes; I then made straight for shore, grabbed them and ran, and if it be true that a good soldier never looks back when on the march, then I ought to qualify with honor.

When I got dressed I went over and watched the Indians eat dinner, which consisted of a stew, the contents of which were like some of their forefathers medicine, of doubtful and suspicious origin. Yet, unlike their ointment, judging by its odor, would not be sought after so eagerly by the white man.

This was being cooked in a kettle hung over a fire that some of the squaws had made while the men sat around and smoked. They also had some black bread and tea, the latter had the same high seasoned odor as the stew. One of the squaws, with ladle in hand, stood by the fire and at short intervals would dip out a few spoonfuls and taste it, but was careful to return the balance to the kettle.

When the stew was done it was lifted off which was a signal for the men to put away their pipes and come leisurely up to where there had been a few dishes laid out that were of many colors. Each man picked up one and had his portion served out to him with the ladle. Even in this semi-civilized people we found the spirit of the brotherhood of man, for while the contents of the kettle were being served, one of the old mothers walked over to us with a dish in each hand and said, "Eat."

But the visions of rabbit, bear, hawk, owl, porcupine and skunk floated through our minds all of which we knew were very dainty dishes for them. The knowledge of this caused us to decline with thanks, so we gave her to understand that we had already dined by first pointing to our boat, then to our mouths. Then, feeling refreshed and rested after the good bath, we left them and sailed away from a place where I had had one of my greatest trials in a calm.

One night after we had passed the Manitoulins and were somewhere between them and Miland, the day had been calm and hot and when night came without any breeze we soon felt like sleeping. We first tried it one at a time, while the other would keep at the oars, but, awake we could not keep, and would often fall asleep while trying to work the oars and were in danger of falling over-board. So after looking as far around as we could in the dark, seeing nothing we lowered the sail, and lay down one at each end of the boat, and were soon fast asleep, without needing the rocking of the deep.

There was no person to watch for coming dangers and there was not even a light out so that passing ships might see us, but there we lay on that wilderness of water, miles and miles away from any land. Yet, when we lay down we felt as safe as though we were on mother earth. But we were soon to find out that we were mistaken and even there in that calm and quiet spot, there was, what proved to be of more danger than any we had yet passed through.

How long we had been asleep I do not remember, when I was suddenly awakened by a pounding noise and on looking up saw what put me very wide-awake in a moment. My first thought was that we had drifted into some harbor and there was the town all lit up with a thousand lights not more than a quarter of a mile away; but on watching it a moment I knew that I was wrong, and because I could not make out what it was, I called to Dick, who, on getting his head above the sail, at once called to me in the bow to get out the oars and pull for my life.

In doing so I managed to get our little craft a few rods to port, when one of the big C.P.R. steamers flew by us and passed over the very spot where we had been laying and had we not moved, this story would not have been told. For even as it was, with the few rods we had succeeded in getting away, we had a hard time to keep our boat from being upset.

I had not known what it was when I first saw it, because it was coming straight towards us, therefore, I could not see it move, and with us being so near the water, the great steamer with its hundreds of lights looked as I first thought it to be like a good sized town, set on a hill. But now it was past and racing on its way to Fort William, and we were safe. Once more we had learned that there were dangers in a calm.

The next day we reached Carterville and after making our little boat safe, we walked inland the few miles to our home, and had hardly gotten our heads over the hill a quarter of a mile away when we were seen by our parents.

A friend of ours that we had left at Black river had written to them telling of our leaving in the little boat, and on account of us being on the way about twice as long as we had expected to be, they were very anxious indeed.

We were safe at home at last, and after a few good meals and a little cold cream for our sunburnt hands and faces, a night or two in what seemed to us the best bed in the world, we felt as if we had never known any dangers in a calm.

The Troubles of a Collector

A St. Louis merchant had made use of one of his young clerks in the stead of his regular collector, who was ill.

When the young man returned from his rounds, his employer observed that he looked rather down in the mouth.

"Had any luck?" asked the merchant.

"So-so," replied the young man, listlessly.

"How about that Jones' bill? I suppose you collected that. You said that Mr. Jones was a friend of yours."

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "I don't know whether to rejoice or not at my success with Mr Jones."

"What do you mean?"

"This, sir: When I went in and said, 'Mr. Jones, I called to speak about a matter——' he interrupted me before I could proceed further with, 'That's all right, my boy; she's yours. Take her and be happy.'"

Cheops in Calledon

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charles Dorian, Sudbury, Ont.

Splinkins built a jail and broke it. Diminutive men have been known to perform greater wonders, it is true, but Splinkins might have only broken his contract and lived in the jail happily ever after. This leads up to the story of how he did get there.

Splinkins had a past. A heap of money came to him that nobody knew much about. It might have descended in the regular line of a legal heritage. But it didn't. There was more than one killing up in the old Porcupine (not the Porcupine you hear about in these days) and Splinkins lived a luckless career for a long time up there and naturally drifted off the scene.

Exit Splinkins as camp cook in the Golden Summit camp where he left the body of Henry Holder in the most peaceful and inaccessible spot. The disappearance of Henry Holder must necessarily loosen the tongues of all good gossips and raise the fury of outraged mining men all over the North, because Henry Holder was the kind of man most sympathetically missed. Splinkins was missed, too, but no one knew why one or the other had not left traces of his being. Both had apparently left those regions quite preparedly without advertising their itinerary. A cap was found, said to have been Holder's, on the bank of the Porcupine near Golden Summit next spring, its lining clammy with ooze and what the experts who examine such things officially said had a meed of human corpuscles.

Splinkins just fled and then began to cover up his identity as camp cook by unlearning that profession. Forty thousand was enough to enable him to do it. Cooks with forty thousand and a surfeit of their trade do not haunt their accustomed places. Splinkins thought he might handle cement without making loaves out of it. Just because a man has accomplished a successful murder, gaining thereby a little fortune, is no sane reason why he should spend it all attempting to evade those bent upon murdering such as he in society's name. So Splinkins invested thirty-five of the forty thousand in the bowels of that body of earth known as the back yard of a desirable residence in the booming town of Calledon. Here he established himself as a builders' contractor and began the study of architecture.

Real estate men sold lots like hot cakes in Calledon, and Splinkins secured contracts for covering them with habitable buildings on which he stamped certain marks which earned for Calledon the high-sounding name of the "Classic City." It was all to be got out of the books on architecture, of course. His success advertised him; other cities sought him that he might impress his mark upon the fabric of their constitutions. But Splinkins was loyal. Calledon for the Calledonians and Splinkins art for its buildings was the heroic motto. The citizens acclaimed him a real genius and wherever his name was heard stories of self-made men were suppressed. Men of genius always have money to launch them upon their great achievements, you would hear, and there was none who asked, "Where did the money come from?"

Why did he not change his name? Why indeed? He was known up North as "Billy Peelings," and never resented the puns perpetrated upon that name either. Oh, yes, as Splinkins he was quite safe.

He designed the public buildings for Calledon one by one and whenever he would make a thousand dollars he would excavate the back yard. To bury it? Not he! He just made his deposit in the regular bank double!

Calledon always had a jail but it was notorious for the number of prisoners that escaped. Also it was an eyesore in "Classic Calledon." They must allow Splinkins to build one which would be simple and beautiful and burglar proof and unique. Calledon jail must be different.

Splinkins soared to Egypt in his dreams one night and brought back the design for the new jail. It would be of cement construction. It would be square at the base and taper upwards to a pinnacle. It would be Cheops brought up-to-date!

The council madly applauded and nearly jostled Splinkins in their hurry to have him set to work.

The convicts were removed to Oldfield jail and the work of demolishing begun. The old excavation for the foundation could be used and as soon as the debris was cleared away the forms were made for the cement filling.

This structure was to be the crowning achievement of Splinkins' life. Other jobs were given to assistants—this one he supervised himself. His staff of workmen was small. It was purposely so. The event of his Porcupine days weighed heavily upon his heart and brain. A murderer living in the glory of respectable society and honored while lesser criminals would work out dismal sentences within the walls he was constructing I am not saying that this was taken very seriously by Splinkins. He may or may not have been getting sentimental: he may have wanted to find a way in which to make reparation for that awful crime: or it may have worked out in his crooked brain that he was doing well and giving the people who trusted him the merry tra la! He could live luxuriously while waiting for his retribution and live that way he would.

Up went the walls of the new edifice—a four storey pyramid. It had four windows in each wall on the ground floor; three on the second; two on the third and one on the fourth. It looked at first like a lop-sided factory, but when the embellishments were made it looked just like a jail made out of Cheops.

The iron work was a feature second only to the masonry. The main door was like the door to an immense vault. The centre of the building was fitted with the usual grill in which an elevator ran. Oh, yes, Calledon jail had an elevator for prisoners, warders, visitors: the elevator operator had especial powers and was properly armed, too.

Calledon jail had all the modern trappings. A power station on one corner of the grounds supplied the light and this jail was well lighted. On the roof or apex was a searchlight which flooded the four walls with a blazing white light. The lookout's post was immediately beneath it in a kind of cupola. He could either stand or sit and scan the four walls—the floor of this watch-tower revolving slowly. The lookout was not exposed to the weather unless he chose to touch a button and allow the windows to drop.

At the formal dedication the whole town turned out and virtually camped on the lawn. There was no fence around Cheops—it stood in the centre of a two-acre lawn which had a fringe of young maples. Here swarms of people lounged and listened to the piping oration of Splinkins from the watch-tower. They cheered and cheered and the mayor stepped forward and bade them all be good and they'd never see the interior of Cheops. That was no inducement to be good so they just made a massed assault upon the building and for two hours they kept Splinkins and the mayor cooped in the watch-tower while they marauded freely and cheerily.

A lawn party was given with Splinkins the distinguished guest. It was a babbling success until two very rude young men pushed themselves forward to the very elbow of the honored guest and gruffly whispered to him that he was "wanted." Splinkins was unceremoniously charged with the murder of Henry Holder.

Murmurs, mumblings, vociferations, yells of dissent at this untoward proceeding swept through the crowd and Splinkins in bracelets was more hero than ever.

Of course he had to go to jail—his own jail. He begged no bounty of his captors, not even a choice of rooms. He was taken away from the crowd in a carriage and brought back two hours later and placed in one of the main cells on the ground floor. His door was locked on him; the warders were all on duty; the elevator ran merrily up and down all night; the lookout was at his post and wide awake—all the forces used by law to keep a prisoner imprisoned were utilized. And yet Splinkins escaped.

The Oldfield prisoners had not been returned and Splinkins had no neighbors—he was the only prisoner. A search was officially instituted next morning. His door was found locked: it had not been unlocked—every man on duty took oath to say so. Splinkins had vanished as a cloud vanishes except that no one appeared to have seen the performance.

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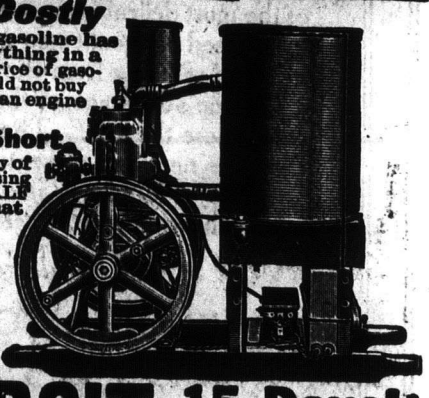

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Calledon had not recovered from its shock resulting from the murder charge when the tale of his escape went round. The police were commissioned to watch the exits while the people followed every small man in sight to see if it were Splinkins so that they might hear from his own lips that he was innocent.

And while the pursuit was hottest and the press was tearing off its red-faced extras someone paid a quiet visit to the home of Splinkins and was met at the door by a stalwart young man who informed the caller that Splinkins was laid up in his bed from an accident and could see no one. This young man was unmoved by the story the caller had to tell which the papers were screaming on the street. He was quite unaffected and told the visitor politely that it was probably untrue about the hero being guilty of murder, especially the murder of Henry Holder, because, the fact was, he was Henry Holder himself.

The visitor tripped over the rubber doormat while Henry Holder smiled bounteously upon the precipitate retreat. It was out in the Calledon "Sun" in twenty minutes that Splinkins was innocent of murder as a new-born babe. Henry Holder, it said, would himself testify that he was never murdered in his life.

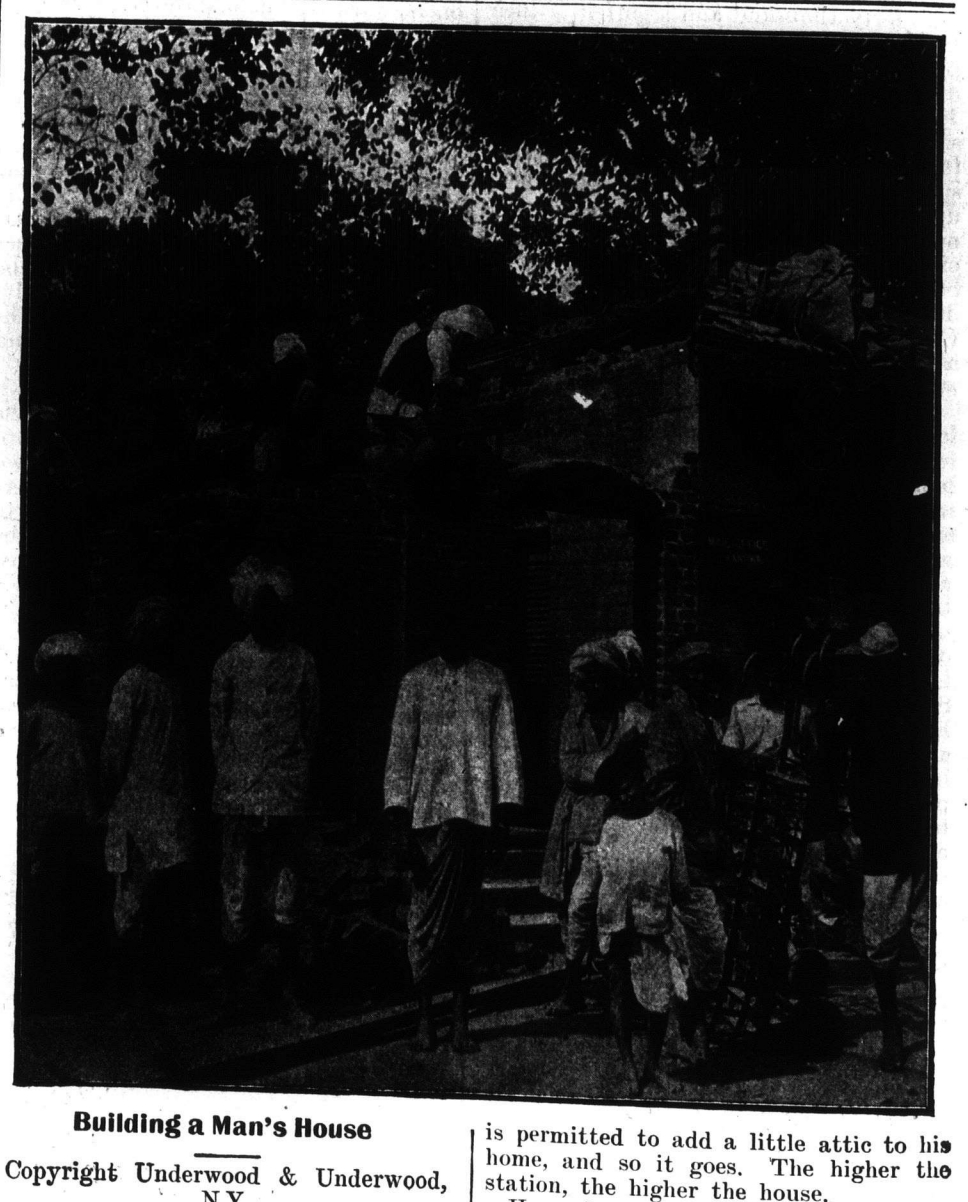
But the street slogan swung from all quarters: "We know he committed no murder but we want to know how he broke jail!" "Be patient," counselled the "Sun," "and read the 6 p.m. edition."

Meantime the reporter had kicked aside the rubber doormat on the Splinkins' veranda and begged immediate conference, however short, with Henry Holder. It was heartily granted.

"You may give it out that Mr. Splinkins allowed too great a space between the bars on all the jail windows, which he discovered by making a personal test last night in which he injured himself. He has allowed me to issue orders to his foreman to have the bars all removed and put up with less space between. Everybody concerned has been advised and the work will be done without delay. Mr. Splinkins is to be left here undisturbed until he is able to be around and it will not be necessary for him to go back owing to developments having taken place which exonerate him of the charge against him."

"And where do you come in?" asked the nervous reporter.

"I was in Chicago last evening when I saw in the papers what Mr. Splinkins was charged with. I came here on the first train to prove the absurdity of the charge. I arrived early in the morning and the streets were deserted. I had learned very much from the papers of the history of this interesting town and the part Mr. Splinkins had taken to make it what it is. I was passing the new jail and stopped to marvel at the unique design of it and became absorbed in the gyration of the lookout's chair. Every time he faced my way I could feel his eyes burn into me—so I can assure any doubters that he was very much awake. I had started to walk away when an object dashed from one corner of the building and dropped in the shadow of one of the maples—just as the face in the watch tower came round. I waited a moment and then went over to where the man had fallen. I felt quite safe there in the shadow for I could not see the tower through the foliage. I learned that the man was dazed and that his head was gashed and bleeding. I have a habit of carrying a small flask of water with me—distilled water when I can get it—and I found it useful in this emergency. But it was twenty minutes before the man recovered. Then he recognized me. It is not many years since I ran across him up there in the Porcupine. He has been blamed for certain evidences I left behind to show that I was probably



Building a Man's House

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Bombay, India.—The building of a man's house is always an interesting sight. As it rears its head above the foundation walls, it begins to tell the passer-by the characteristics of the owner, for a man's house typifies and mirrors to the outside world, his character or station, and, in many cases, both.

Here in the country of the poppy a man may only build his house as befits his station in life. A mere "nobody" is privileged to build himself a one storied domicile. His brother, who may have reached a little higher on life's foothold is permitted to add a little attic to his home, and so it goes. The higher the station, the higher the house.

House building in India is not so very different from building houses in any of our smaller citi that have not yet reached the "sky-scraper" stage. The natives are building an addition to the Khandwa Post Office near Agra, and the workmen are as skilled in the laying of beams and joists, and brick and mortar, as the men of the same trades in countries where "walking delegates" are on the job. Of course, the bricklayers of other countries where shoes are worn, have this advantage over their Indian brother, that a brick falling on their toes would not cause the same amount of damage as a brick falling on the uncovered foot of the Indian builder.

murdered. There is much to say about that—but not now. I had no difficulty in getting away from that part of the world unobserved. I went to Cobalt and only a few days ago left there for Chicago. It seemed but yesterday that I left the British Columbia gold fields when I saw the scarehead notice containing my own name. Yes, friend, you can say much to clear Splinkins of this crime—he is here yet and only escaped jail to do the community one more great service."

There was something else on the reporter's mind. Holder interpreted it.

"Better just say that Dr. Dixon is looking after him," he said, opening the door to bow the other out. "He was in half-an-hour ago and will be back," he looked at his watch, "in ten minutes."

Holder returned to the bedside of Splinkins immediately."

"Oh, I can't bear it a minute longer," wailed he, as Holder entered. "Henry, boy, I DID try to kill you up there in that lawless corner of the earth. I could strike nothing myself and it maddened me to see almost every one else leaving the land laden with wealth. You say you spent your money on fast living. Henry, boy, there was forty thousand of it stolen from you and I am the thief."

"I never missed it, Billy," objected Holder. "I spent hoodles of it on the boys and then went and found more to blow in the same way. When I came to—that time my head was dinged in, there was a roll of it in my bootlegs. I didn't miss any, I tell you, and I've dug out tons of it in the Cobalt since. Don't worry at all, Billy: I'll stand by you. You've done a noble thing in this town and I don't want to spoil the popular satisfaction."

"Oh, they'll find out; they'll find out," fretted Splinkins. "I'm a greater criminal than any who will ever occupy a cell in Cheops. God help me, they think me a benefactor when all these years I have planned this jail so that I could escape if ever this crime were found out."

"Yes, Billy—they think you a benefactor and so do I—let it go at that. I'll stay in Calledon and let me hear just one dissenting voice!"

"But I can't bear it. Oh, the simplicity of people!" He sat bolt upright in bed and stared at Holder, holding out both arms appealingly. "Henry, I'm crooked all the way through. I escaped from jail last night, not because the bars are too far apart but because some of them are made of rubber. For God's sake do not let it get out to the people. Tell Madsen, the foreman, to take down the bars himself and destroy the rubber ones. Madsen is true metal—God, they are all worthy but old Billy Peelings!"

"There's always a remedy," hinted Holder. "The getting of money by other means than personal sacrifice seems to be a common modern evil but you will find rigidly honest men who will give less in proportion of what they have. Principle develops even in thieves and honest men will fall—which goes to prove that none of us is absolutely honest while a thief can exist among us."

"That's it," mourned Splinkins. "What people think a great idea in jail building is really their blind expression of the town's corruptions. If I have done a noble thing for Calledon, why a jail? Just as I have told you—through the meanest of motives. This I can confess to you and yet I am afraid to let them know."

"And why should you? A mind that could evolve the plans which made this town what it is, can surely turn out a reform which will make a jail unnecessary," suggested Holder.

Splinkins' eyes brightened. The thought took root and his whole countenance became transfigured. The doctor came in in a few minutes and all three chatted comfortably. He left, elated at the success of his treatment.

Calledon has long since learned Splinkins' secret, Cheops no longer exists, and he is more respected than ever.

To Say and To Do

"Do you wish to go to church this evening? Father is going to preach, you know," the minister's fair daughter asked.

The young man considered.

"Um. The last time I went, he rather fell on some of my small failings. Do you know what his text will be tonight?"

"Yes; 'Love one another.'"

Undemonstrative

A wealthy gentleman living in a village in the north of Devonshire took a great interest in the church, and offered to give the choir a treat, deciding on the really princely one of taking them for a week to Paris. This he did, escorting them while there to all the places of interest and beauty in that charming city; but not during the whole of their stay, or even on their return, did any of the men say to him that they had liked the trip or had enjoyed themselves; so a few days after their return he asked one of the churchwardens, a farmer, whether he thought the men had enjoyed their time in Paris. The churchwarden cogitated for a moment or two. "Well, sir," he said at length, "I ain't heard no complaints!"

Rank in Kentucky

"Yes, sir," said the Kentuckian, as they sat by the stove, "you can tell a man's rank in this state thusly: If you see a man with his feet on top of the stove, he's a general; if his feet is on that rail about half way up, he's a colonel; and if he keeps them on the floor, he's a major."

"Ah, yes," said his companion; "that's good as far as it goes; but how are you going to distinguish a captain or lieutenant?"

"Stranger, we don't go no lower than major in Kentucky."

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A Quaker Couple's Experience

How many persons dread to eat their meals, although actually hungry nearly all the time!

Nature never intended this should be so, for we are given a thing called appetite that should guide us as to what the system needs at any time and can digest.

But we get in a hurry, swallow our food very much as we shovel coal into the furnace, and our sense of appetite becomes unnatural and perverted. Then we eat the wrong kind of food or eat too much, and there you are—indigestion and its accompanying miseries.

An Eastern lady said:

"My husband and I have been sick and nervous for 15 or 20 years from drinking coffee—feverish, indigestion, totally unfit, a good part of the time, for work or pleasure. We actually dreaded to eat our meals. (Tea is just as injurious because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"We tried doctors and patent medicines that counted up into hundreds of dollars, with little if any benefit.

"Accidentally, a small package of Postum came into my hands. I made some according to directions, with surprising results. We both liked it and have not used any coffee since.

"The dull feeling after meals has left us and we feel better every way. We are so well satisfied with Postum that we recommend it to our friends who have been made sick and nervous and miserable by coffee." Name given upon request. Read the little book. "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

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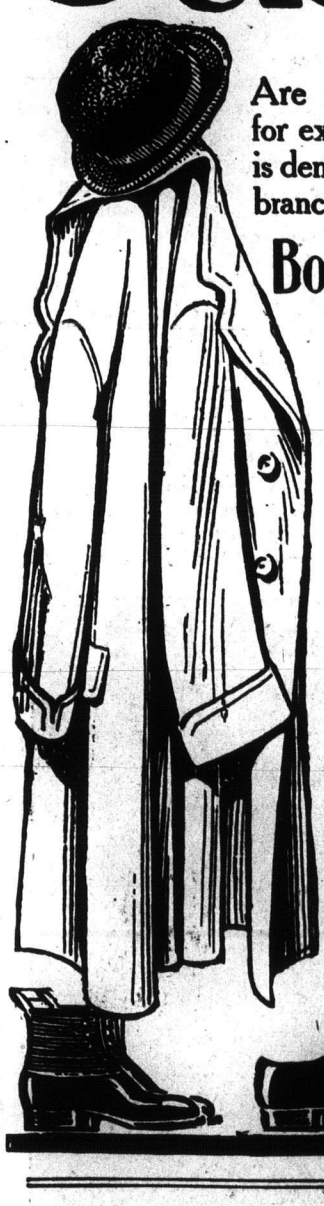

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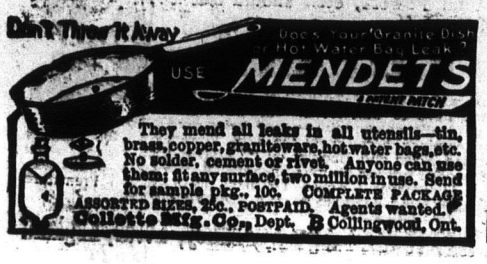

Fritz Afloat, or a Jaunt in a Motor Boat

By Bonnycastle Dale

WELL the catalogue says you can run for a cent a mile, and she will do seven of them in an hour, and if it rains any more this spring we need not stick to the rivers and lakes, we can just run anywhere, the air is just full of water. Thoughts like these crossed the lad's mind as he splashed his way over to the boat builders to see the 18-foot hull stored there. It looked good to him with its white glistening paint, its gilt "Mowich" (Chinook for Deer), on the bow. Varnished combing, blue ensign astern, and a white and red name pennant on the bow. The engine looked simple too. So simple that the salesman showed him all the ways to do it in about four minutes—Fritz found other ways for four hours later. The

A Fine Maskalonge

one and a half horse power engine certainly looked simple enough, although it promptly threw its starter whizzing for Fritz's head the first time he whirled it. "Bite me, would you, I'll tame you," the lad ejaculated between closed teeth, (he was thinking of his Natural History pets no doubt). The trial spin, with the maker at the bow, was a huge success, never a kick out of time did the little engine give. It just sat down and attended to business.

"It's as easy as running a sewing machine," quoth the man.

"I'd do well with the sewing machine, I don't think," said Fritz.

The carefully saved roll of bills was handed over, receipt pocketed, stern line thrown off, and out into the current of the river slipped the Mowich. One swift turn with the crank and "put, put, put," went the little engine, singing away like a teakettle.

"She's a duck," sang Fritz—Put——put—p-u-t—p—sang the engine, and died gently away.

"She's a lame duck," sighed the boy, as he seized the crank and slipped it on and whirled the wheel and drew it off—all in one swift motion—"Put-p———" sighed the engine.

"I'll put put-putter you, old girl, if you don't do better," cried Fritz as he cranked and cranked with little result. "Oh! I forgot to turn the spark on again." "Put-put-put-put-p———." "Well, that's better, Oh! bother, the gasoline is off too." Another tap was turned, again the wheel flew around before Fritz's impulse, and "Put, put, put, put," off she went right merrily. "Guess I'd better fill the oil cup, and the two grease cups." "Put, put, put," sang the engine. "Fine as silk," sang the lad. "Now, where's that smoke coming from; this is no coal burner! Phew! where's the old rags, guess the ship's a-fire." It certainly looked like it for a small cloud of black smoke was coming out from under the aft deck. "Well, my cushions are corkfilled anyhow" thought Fritz. Just then he saw a drop of solder fall from the muffler, "Golly, she's melting; something wrong." Another dense cloud of smoke made the lad turn off the spark. Not a moment too soon. The pump had been returning all the water to the river, instead of sending part through to keep the pipes and the muffler cool. It took a good half hour to get things cold enough to resume the trip, and the lad's heart went mouthwards every time he smelt burning oil, or grease on any joint.

Right ahead, was the dam, to the right, the locks. Out of the swift water in the calm of the "dead," the Mowich darted. The boat was all right, but Fritz pulled the side stearing gear, and sent her straight for the overflowed log guard that protected the left side. Instantly reversing he threw the gear right across and went "BUMP" into the good old solid limestone wall. It was only the big brass anchor line eye on the deadwood of the bow that saved her. She bounced back like a ball and, urged by Mr. Put-put-put attacked it again. Fritz at this instant threw off the spark and standing up put the oars in place and manhandled her into the lock. All this was done to the loud plaudits and hearty laughter of the locksiders. Fritz only pursed up his lips and ignoring the flood of advice, wiped and cooled, and attended strictly to business, with the result that the moment the lock gate opened. "Put-put-put-put" went the merry little engine, and off darted the Mowich in true deerlike style. All went merry as the proverbial marriage bell for several miles, every time she was hungry Fritz gave her oil, every time she seemed thirsty he gave her more water. "Keep her at 4½ and about 2," said the man, and you have a good mixture. I wonder what a mixture means thought the boy. Just then a passing motor boat man called out, "Poor mixture, sonny." Fritz looked at his exhaust, quite blue looking, while the passing boat sent out a purring cloud of steam-white moisture. "I have it," joyfully cried Fritz after many mysterious, and anxious moments. "Put-puff—put—puff p-u—" "Too much water," laughed the boy. New movement, "Put, put, put" as regular as clockwork, and for miles too, then suddenly she stopped dead, and no art the boy possessed would move her. "Row a mile," he laughed, and out came the "ash breeze." "I'll bet she's flooded," called a passing semispeed man, "turn her over twenty times and she'll go."

"Thanks," yelled Fritz. Ten times! twenty times! thirty times! forty times! that shining nickle handle spun. Drops of perspiration stood out on Fritz's noble brow. "Put." "Hurrah!" "put-put." "Hurrah! hurrah!" "Put-put-put" and off the little witch went for home, and all the way too, as if she had never given the boy a moment's trouble, all the day long.

"Old lady, I'm going to take you out fishing," said the boy to his boat. She curled the water from her bow in a laugh as she started, and off they went to where the wild rice beds hid the mighty maskalounge, the tiger of the fresh water lakes. Now, his lady did not like to travel at reduced speed, but with infinite care the lad soothed and coaxed her and finally got her running at a sweet little two and a half miles, just the gait to whirl the bait to interest the fish. Along many an island shore,

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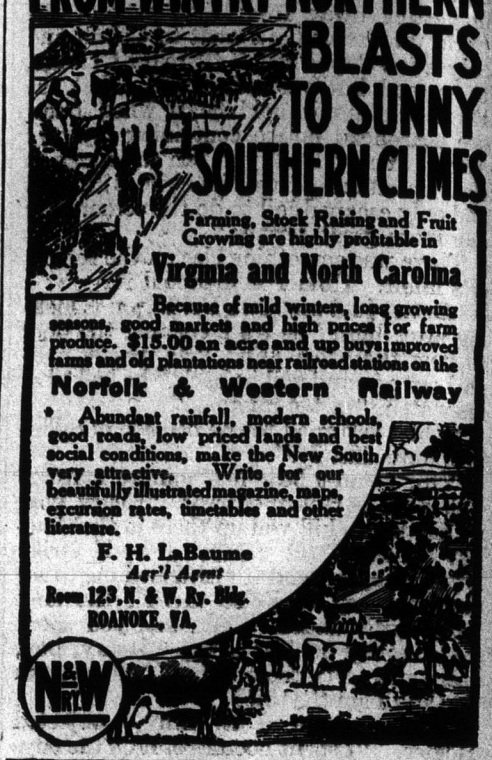

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WINNIPEG

The Mowich the Maskalonge and the boy

up and down the wild rice beds, in and out of the bays the dainty little boat slid noiselessly. Instantly responding and stopping like a lady, while the lad struggled with the great plunging thing on the end of his trolling line, a thing sometimes so big that it could pull Mowich, boy and all, stern first. Then came the swift overhauling, the mighty splashing, the rapid passing of the last few feet of line through the fingers, the outward reach and lift, and then the dull drumlike beating of the big fish's tail on the hot bottom boards of the

The Mowich on Ontario Waters

launch—or the great whacking "splash" as the huge slimy thing slipped over the combing and struck the water, free to roam its native element once more.

Or sugging on the gentle swells, the craft lay anchored off the point of one of the many islands in these northern lakes. Here, with steel rod and fine line, with crayfish or minnow, or frog bait, he lured for the active small mouth, or its more sluggish cousin, the big mouth bass. Many were the pretty fights the little propeller in the stern saw. Many the captive bass has hung beside the white walls of the little witch, wondering no doubt at their opaqueness.

Or, when the stars were out, and the Mowich opened her red and her white eye, and gazed into the summer darkness

Maskalonge and Ducks

through which she was speeding, he sat at the engine, and ran it by instinct and by touch, starting the wildfowl into clamerous flight, and making the blue herons go croaking and complaining off into the gloom.

Then, when the nor'easters blew, and the great waves were loosed, how each roaring rush of wind that struck the shack made him think of poor holding ground and the lantern twinkled down the path in many a midnight storm, for a fellow gets to feel a strong liking towards his boat when she is as true and obedient as the Mowich.

Musquash and His Neighbours

By G. W. Bartlett, Gladstone, Man

WHERE the sluggish little stream merged its waters in the marsh, the willows of a projecting headland cast a black blot on the glimmering moon-lit surface. The wavering edge of the shadows was cleft by a sudden wedge of waves as a dark form shot out into the open marsh, a hundred yards further, he made a parabola and curved gradually in to the reeds, through which he crept to the muddy flat, and dog-like proceeded to scratch his ear with his hind foot.

For two minutes or more he sat in the moonlight, intently alert, his nose working questioningly on the gale. He had need for watchfulness. Other night prowlers were abroad. A long, lean, fierce-eyed mink had of late appeared with perilous frequency among his favorite haunts where the lily roots grew thickest, on the south side. For this reason Musquash foraged tonight on the less attractive north shore. He chose for landing, a spot hemmed in by a dry, dense screen of rushes whose crackling would warm him of any hostile purpose of a certain shadowy gray lynx which had on other occasions beset his path.

As he sat alert to these enemies by land and water, some guardian angel of the wild must have warned him of the approach of another unseen foe. As he plunged, a shadow silent as moonlight, swept like a breeze across the rushes and struck the water. A splash—a flutter—and the great horned owl rose, with a drop of blood on one talon. Hovering over the water it marked with glaring eye the ripples which showed the path of the fugitive below the surface. These led to the densely willowed headland, whose tangled margin afforded shelter from the aerial pursuer. After two ineffectual swoops, the owl carried his depradations into other quarters, leaving the rat to nurse his mangled tail.

This he accomplished, quadruped fashion, by licking the wound till bleeding ceased. Never having heard of germs, infection, or antiseptics, Musquash was content to leave the rest to Dame Nature, to whose efficiency, his numerous long-healed scars bore ample testimony.

He had little appetite for another adventure on the marsh, even on the chance of a lily root; but he cared not to go to bed supperless. In these circumstances, he bethought himself of a grassy shallow a short way up-stream, where he might at least fill his stomach.

Here fortune smiled upon him. In his work among the grass roots he brought up two clam shells, which, from their weight could not be empty. Of course the bivalves refused to open up; but that was no great matter for one so richly endowed in the matter of jaws and teeth. Carrying his prizes to the shelter of an overhanging bank he laid one shell-fish where he could easily reach it, and proceeded to the solution of the other. This he soon effected with his chisel teeth; and the hunrgy rat regaled himself on the juicy mollusk within. The second clam soon followed the first; and Musquash crept off to his repose.

The Crow

Though normally and by tradition a vegetarian, Musquash was by no means narrow-minded in creed or practice. A change of menu in the form of shell-fish or crabs, was always acceptable, he had occasionally dined off the carcasses of dead fishes found in the water, and some of his kinsmen had even been accused, probably on flimsy evidence, of attacking young ducklings. Few rodents are tied down to any stereotyped bill of bare, least of all Musquash.

Full of recollections of his clam feast. the rat repaired, next afternoon, to the same reedy shallow. On this visit, his

HE SAID—"Few of us realize how much salt we eat. The fact that we put salt on all meats and vegetables—in bread, cake and pastry—soups and sauces—butter and cheese—shows the importance of using an absolutely pure salt."

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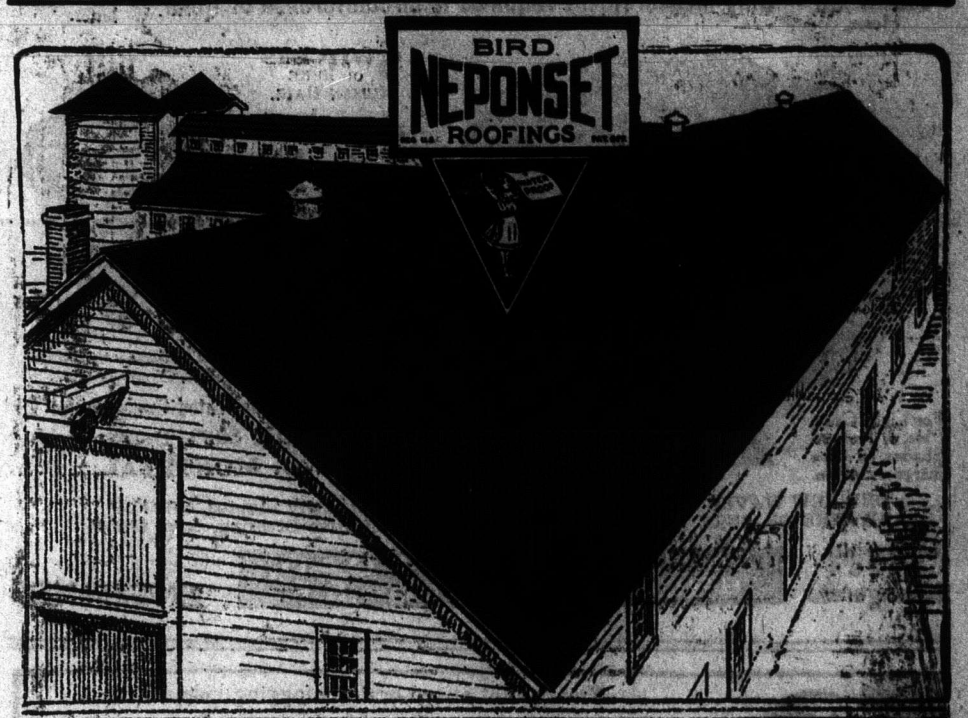

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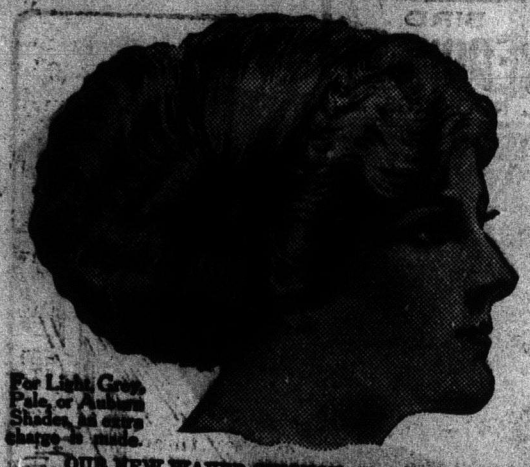

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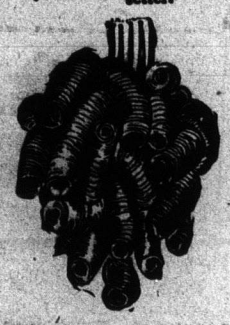

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diving, groping, and grubbing seemed all in vain. He found nothing but some empty snail-shells. Almost ready to abandon the quest, his quick ear caught a low "chip-chip" further up-stream. The sound did not suggest any known enemy. He cautiously proceeded to investigate.

On a gravelly bar some distance up, he spied an ancient crow, on the same errand as himself. The bird had met with better success, having just cracked the shell of a tempting clam. The sight was too much for muskrat stoicism. Musquash dived, came up under a willow six feet from the unsuspecting fisher, took his bearings and dived again.

The crow was enjoying himself, and completely off his guard. The furry creature which dashed at him from the water, looked at first startled glance, like a mink. No time for hesitation. With a startled "caw" the bird abandoned his catch. When from his airy vantage he learned that he had been frightened from his luncheon by a muskrat—a contemptible chewer of roots—his rage knew no bounds.

With a hoarse, throaty, "craw," the bird swooped. The rat gathered itself into a ball of bristling fur from which gleamed two black beady eyes and four white chisel teeth. The crow missed the eye by a hair-breadth, the rat leaped, narrowly missing the wing feathers at which he snapped. The bird wheeled and swooped again striking with beak and claw; the rodent dodged and countered.

The tactics of each were simple and direct. The winged antagonist instinctively struck at the most vulnerable spot—the eye. The furry foe sought a clutch on the bird, that he might drown him in the stream. The crow's strong vantage was the choice of time of attack, the rat's lay in heavy armor, strong jaws, and formidable teeth.

The foes closed for the fifth time when a dark form sprang out of the thicket, knocking the rat over and pinning the crow to earth. Musquash half leaped, half rolled, into the water and dived panic stricken. From the distant willows by the bend he witnessed the last flutter of his opponent, as Tom Henderson's Maltese cat carried his victim up the bank to dryer ground.

After waiting half an hour to assure himself that the coast was finally clear, the rodent returned, diving from clump to clump, to the sand-bar. Here lay the cause of the war, a clam with broken shell, ready for the feast. Tucking the luscious morsel under his chin, with his fore-paws, he removed from the dangerous spot to the friendly covert of some over-hanging dog-wood bushes, where he feasted in luxurious leisure.

The Mink

Clams were, for Musquash, an occasional luxury rather than a staple food. If he could obtain lily roots, he was happy; and lacking these he fell back on reeds and rushes. On his return from the clam feast, he towed home a supply of the latter for his wife and family. Dragging his forage after him he dived into the submerged entrance, passed up a long sloping water gallery and emerged into a maze of intersecting and intricate passages, threading which he came to a grass-upholstered, dome-shaped chamber with several exits.

Here he found his mate in a state of great excitement. She had just returned from the marsh, where she narrowly escaped capture by the mink. Exactly how much of her adventure she made Musquash comprehend is a matter of pure conjecture; but her extreme terror indicated some deadly peril, and there is little doubt that the first suspicion of his amphibian brain would turn to the mink. No land animal can follow the rat into his watery corridors, and no other water creature would make the attempt. But the mink—lithe, savage, relentless, is in his insistent pursuit of the smaller animals, the very personification of grim death.

The rats therefore moved about with redoubled caution. Father Rat succeeded for over a week in keeping clear of his enemy, but one starlit evening the latter came upon him as he sat not ten yards away in the rushes. Escape seemed impossible. In desperate flight Musquash ducked, dived, and dodged among the roots, but in this game he was at a disadvantage. The mink's slim body wound and threaded the openings and passages with the ease of a serpent. He doubled hoping to lead the pursuit on the back track, but the range was too close. His foe could see him.

The Mammoth Morraine at the Head of Moose Pass

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

In desperation Musquash struck out into the marsh, heading toward his old refuge on the north shore. The mink followed closer and closer. Soon he was within a foot of the game, another moment and the chase would be over. Musquash bared his teeth. If he must sell his life he would fight his foe under water, where the rat's greater endurance would more nearly equalize the odds. With this desperate resolve Musquash dived, turned suddenly in the water, and rose at his pursuer. His one faint hope was to secure a firm hold on the savage head or throat, and drag his foe to the bottom. This done, his superior power of continuing without air would enable him to hold on long enough to drown his enemy. But as he rose he discovered to his amazement that the mink was no longer on his trail. Gazing cautiously in all directions, he could see no sign of the assailant. Then in the upper air, he heard the snarl of the mink as if battling with some unseen antagonist. From under a lily leaf Musquash watched the writhing, biting fury, struggling in the clutches of the horned owl. The owl had, after many moons of stalking, seen his chance for a muskrat. He had swooped to catch a Tartar.

The mink seized the owl's leg, working upward toward a deadlier grip beneath the wing. Fang and talon made furious work; neither dared relax his grip. The combat drifted shoreward, wavered over the willow flat, and dropped from view in the meadow beyond.

Silently, fearfully, Musquash made his homeward route. How the battle terminated, he never learned. Both his enemies vanished, and the marsh which they had terrorized knew them no more.

Willie and His Valentine

A Story of Man's Shallying. Written for The Western Home Monthly by Lionel Kingsley.

IT was out in Alberta. A long, low range of hills sloped gently to some fair-seeming meadowland, brown soil washed at its edges by a small, swift creek of pure water. But the creek was not running now. At the touch of the Maker it had locked its murmurings within an icy garment, and the occasional wayfarer could now cross it dryshod. In the summer the stream took some wading, boots and stockings had to come off and acquaintance made with the cool water, for bridge there was none. On the slope of one of the gentlest of the hills stood a shack, low, ugly, and put up, evidently, by someone strange to the ways of the country. For here and there, in the quickly disappearing darkness of night, could be seen a drift of light, which, picturesque as it might look from the outside, meant knot holes and draughts of icy air within.

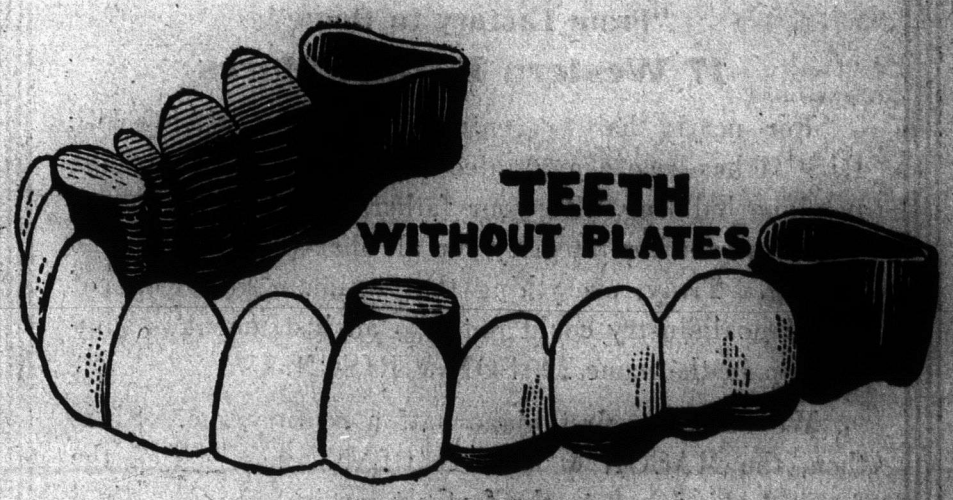
The door of the shack was thrown open and there appeared in the dull glow reflected from a fire, the figure of a man, young, presentable even. He gave a long look, a sad look. His thoughts were, seemingly, far away. He stood there, defiant of all the winds that blew—and they blew eerily in the Alberta hills; coming across the razorbacks of one or two of the sharpest defined of them; they cut like knives into the skin, hardened as it was by exposure. But he stood there regardless of discomfort. His eyes, clear grey eyes, wandered up to the skies. It was now early morn, and the stars were beginning to die out in the heavens. The light moon hovered on the edge of day, seemingly reluctant to go into its place over some other part of the globe. Nothing disturbed the silence; it was as if nature were brooding over its coming work in the spring, when the creek should rush its piling waters down to the big river, and the lowlands should bring the preparing for a harvest.

Suddenly the man wheeled around, and clicked his fingers loudly. A collie, a beautiful scion of a Scotch race of Kingdogs, came nuzzling his head into his master's eager hands. Master and dog were evidently good companions. Out in the hills companionship is appreciated and the one good thing about a dog, good friend as he may be, is that he doesn't answer one back, even if one is spoiling for a quarrel. "Come on, Bruce," said the grey-eyed man, "let us run over to the post office and see if there be any letters for Willie Macquarrie." Willie, it would appear by the warm glint that came into his eyes, expected something by the mail, and, as the month of February was getting towards its middle, one might have suggested that the glint was not unconnected with the idea of valentines. For Willie had always been a great one for this convenient way of delicately advising a lady that he considered her worthy of having money spent upon her. His reputation far away in Ross-shire, in the dear old Scotch hills, had been admirable in this respect and in that lengthy course, over which a young man's love affairs often range before he finds his right mate, many a Highland girl had received some little token of a wasting passion in the shape of scent bottles, gloves, or ribbons, daintily ensconced in a lace covered box, shot with Cupid's arrows, and such like frivolities.

The "run" to the post office meant six miles, but this distance means nothing to a lover, especially when he is mounted on snow shoes. So a few minutes later the pair were sliding over the white expanse, down the slopes over the low lands, heading, in the crisp sharp air, for the resting place of love's message—perchance, if the gods were favorable to his suit—the mundane post office. The man's thoughts were occupied with the delight of receiving—just as a girl's is more often with the joy of giving. His imagination transported him away ahead of his snowshoes. Perhaps that was why one of them suddenly broke, and let him describe a parabola with extraordinary fluency of speed—as one might say—landing him head foremost in a drift. Up to his shoulders in the warm snowy blanket the lover's legs waved for a moment or two picturesquely in the air, the astonished collie sniffing hard at this abrupt upending of one of the great humans. A mighty heave and Willie came into his rightful position, his snowshoes in the process, rendering the dog half unconscious. With a long yelp Bruce subsided on a snow bank. There were the pair, with "hors de combat" for a time, midway between love's resting place and the fires of home, yclept the shack on the hill. But everything passes, so off came the snowshoes. Bruce gradually became aware that he had worked the situation for all it was worth, and they struggled forward. A small collection of houses marked the township, the goal of the two adventurers. One of them had the temerity to dare the wintry air with the national flag. The air had, jealous of sundry wavings of the said flag, retorted by freezing it stiff, so that it now hung around the staff much like an umbrella which has seen better days.

No one was about as Willie and the dog stumbled into the one room which served as grocery store, post office, lounging place and all. To Willie the assortment of smells drifting about the heated place was sweet in his nostrils, and he sniffed long and luxuriously. He warmed himself at the stove, he melted the snow on his boots. He did everything but ask for his expected letters. He dallied with his sensations. He knew—or thought he knew—that he could, at any moment, receive what he expected across the counter. So, therefore, he considered, why not enjoy the pleasures of anticipation. For even Willie had lived long enough to know that the anticipation often far surpasses the reality. And, again, for the truth must be told, even about a Scotch laddie with clear grey eyes, Willie was a sad flirt. There might be one valentine waiting for him, there might be more. His feminine acquaintance in old Scotia

The Old Way



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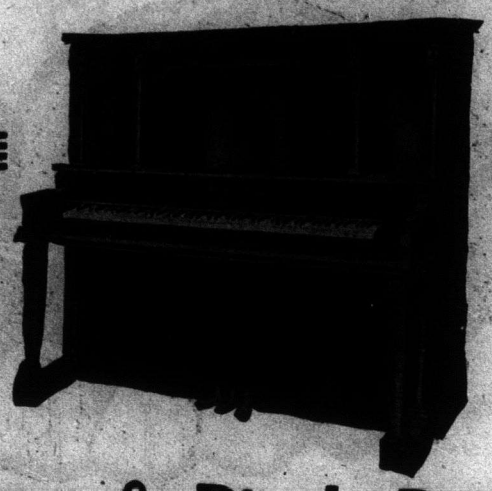

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was extensive, marked with good discrimination in the choice of beauty, and so Willie, fickle Willie, now that he was where pleasure could be had simply for the asking, thought lightly of the many girls at home. Would there be a remembrance from Mary, or Teenie of the Trossachs, or Belle of the mill or—. but why pursue his vagrant thoughts? Love, or man's idea of love, lists where it will—to a dozen girls in as many minutes.

There was no one in the store at this time of the day, not even the postmaster, so Willie and Bruce continued a process of toasting their several sides until they both began to steam like miniature boilers. These purely animal pleasures were rudely disturbed by the scrape of the door leading into the house part. It was a peculiarity of the settlement that all its doors scraped, warped, and then they did everything but close tightly.

A girl appeared in the opening, framed with a background of grey shadow which a closer inspector might have discovered as a stack of boxes. So the heroine of the story appeared, not romantically as a heroine should, but prosaically as the most matter-of-fact individual could wish. Willie showed no excitement, no pleasure, for this was not the particular girl of his heart. Just now he was wrapped up in a Scotch maiden—he was rather hazy who it was, but he knew very certainly it was one of three in a certain Highland village. Perhaps, to this impressionable young man, it was a composite girl formed of all the three. Still, for all this, Willie little knew it was fate that stared at him from the shadow of the doorway. Fate was a pretty girl, brown-cheeked, dark-eyed, and slim like a poplar, an eminently lovable girl. Willie was no stranger to her. In fact, he had been a pleading dweller with her in her maiden thoughts, and not unassociated with her dreams. In fact she was in love with him, and he, dense man, dreamt about far away girls who probably by this time had forgotten that such a man as Willie Macquarrie had ever existed—for absence makes the heart (a girl's) go wandering.

She ran behind the post office counter, and assumed the proper air of officialdom: "Now, Mr. Macquarrie, what for you?"

He sauntered towards her, and leaned carelessly against a box of crackers. He smiled, and as he smiled, she smiled too. Bruce also broke into a doggy grin. It was a mutually pleasant party. There was a silence. The girl waited expectantly. He began to speak at last. "Do you know, Lena—"

"Miss Mason, if you don't mind."

"Do you know, Lena," he insisted with a warming smile, "that it's Valentine's Day?"

She smiled roguishly. "Is it, ever?"

"Ah! Lena, pretty girls—"

"Oh, Mr. Macquarrie, you are too dreadful—"

"Know when Valentines are about?" She broke in, "Do you expect any?"

"I have a kind of suspicion," he began, stammering, "that there might be one from—er, my sister in Scotland."

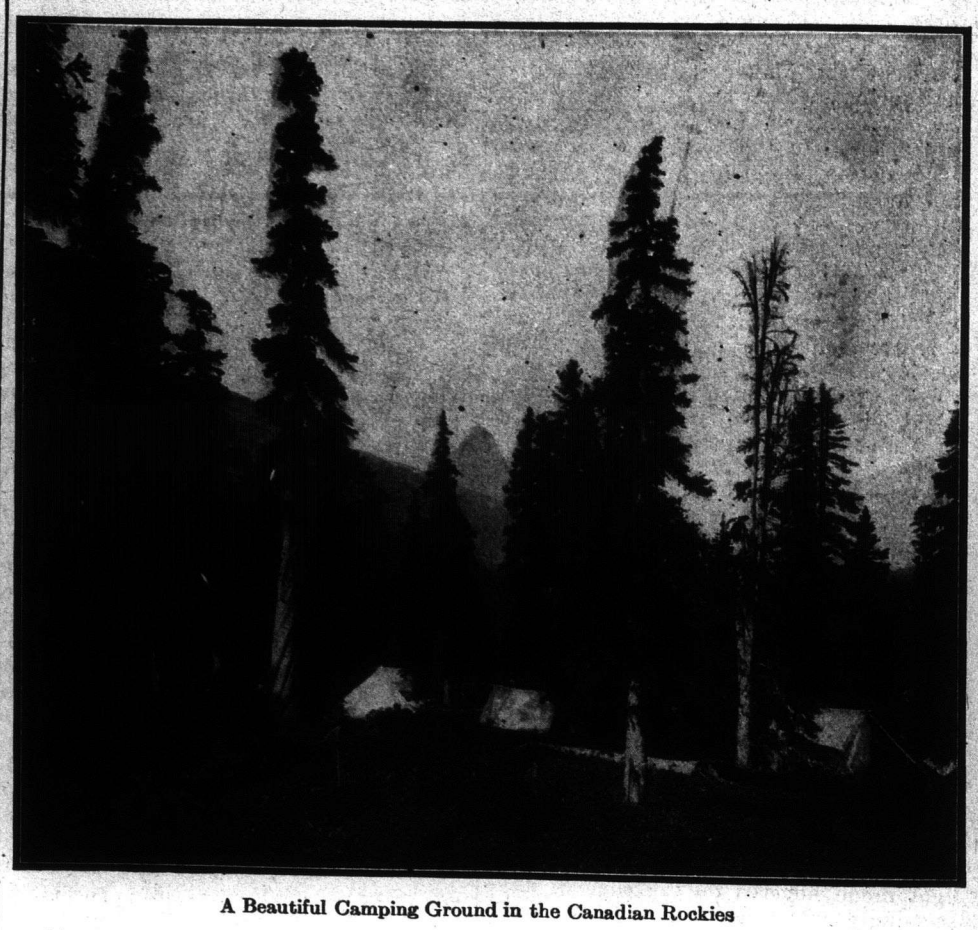
"Oh! Mr. Macquarrie," she coquetted, "your sister."

"Now, is there just one?" he pursued.

The girl went to a box on the shelf behind the post compartment. She knew that the slight effort she had to make to get at the foreign parcels displayed her figure to the best advantage. She did not hurry over her inspection of the parcels. She was playing her own game. She meant to secure Willie this Valentine's Day, little as he suspected it. And she had eyes enough to see that he was not quite blind to her slenderness and decided good looks. Therefore, she prolonged his opportunity to feast his eyes on rustic beauty. She turned at last and held up a small package.

"Here you are," she murmured "something from your sister."

He seized it, and retreated rather ungraciously to the stove. She seated herself on the counter, and watched him smilingly. She was in no hurry. She was playing a waiting game.



A Beautiful Camping Ground in the Canadian Rockies

He burst the string of the package, and eagerly took out the contents. His face grew downcast, and he stared unbelievingly. "Great Scott," he cried, "Who'd have thought it?" And a piece of wedding cake tumbled to the floor. The girl leaned forward. "Isn't that wedding cake?" she cried interestedly, "is your sister married?"

He smiled sheepishly as he handed the sweet candied morsel to her, "I'm afraid she is."

"Quite a surprise, isn't it?" she queried, elevating her dark brows, munching the wedding souvenir with relish. She half closed her eyes in rapture over a particularly nutty crumb, and he seized the opportunity to drop the package into the stove. She looked out of the corner of her eye as he closed the stove door—and smiled behind her hand, but she affected not to have seen.

"Quite unexpected, wasn't it?" she laughed at him. "Didn't know—" she broke off—it was too early in the campaign to aim her heavy guns. He glowered. "Is that all?" he asked.

"I think so," the girl replied. "But I'll have another look." She sprung easily off the counter and he began to open his eyes. Lost to all consciousness of him, seemingly, she burrowed again among the foreign mail. But she was acutely aware of his warm glances. Presently she gave a triumphant cry. "One more, mournful Willie."

He took the second packet and slith-

ered off the outer envelope. She resumed her seat. Her time was coming, and she wished to collect her thoughts, so that he could scatter his. Rip! and the contents of the letter was displayed —more wedding cake.

"Oh! Mr. Macquarrie!" she rippled, "more cake—more sisters!" Her dark eyes snapped with amusement. He read the card that accompained the cake, and dropped in a chair. She watched him lovingly—but also unsympathetically.

"Darn it!" he cried.

"Oh! Mr. Macquarrie!" The beauty shook her head. "Naughty! Naughty! To darn your sisters after they have darned your socks for you all—"

"Darn my sisters," he roared. "I haven't got any."

"Not any?" she whispered to him.

"No! these are from two girls who have turned me down. Two flirts!"

"But you couldn't have married either."

"Why should they hurry to get married at all?" he muttered.

"Oh, Mr. Macquarrie, I'm afraid you're the flirt. Writing to two girls at the same time." Her voice sounded severe, but in it could be detected a cooing note. She leaned across the counter, and her lips looked many things. "After all," she went on, "there's just as good fish in the sea as were ever pulled out."

He looked at her. Willie was fickle. Willie was impressionable. This was a good fish right before him, a particularly fine fish. Why waste time on girls thousands of miles away—especially girls who unfeelingly got married without thought of his lacerated feelings? He ground the second piece of cake under his heel.

"What shameful waste!" Lena shrilled. She ran around the counter, and prepared to pick up the crumbs. He leaned over her, and said "Lena!"

She looked up at him, and replied warningly, "Miss Mason." Her eyes were bright as diamonds. He took her hand and pulled her to her feet. What could she do but come? he was the stronger. Then this impressionable young Scotchman carried her to the counter. She expostulated. She coaxed. But he wouldn't let her go. Her eyes carried tears now, but there was a smile behind them. He bent her face and kissed her on lips that invited caresses. Then she fired up, and struck him.

"What do you mean?" she cried fiercely and tearfully. "You with your girls and your Valentines. Do you suppose Lena Mason is to be kissed by any homesteader who chooses to buy a two-cent stamp?" And she struck the astonished young farmer again. This was her idea of love tactics. A girl must not give herself away too easily.

He looked at her, then seemed to slough away his indecision. He threw his arms around her and rushed her, kicking, to the door of the street. He flung it open and pointed across the snows.

"Lena!" he said earnestly, "I'm only a shilly shally, but I've made up my mind. Over there is what I call my home, what can be a real home—if you will but come to it."

"You mean!" and her eyes shone like the Northern stars.

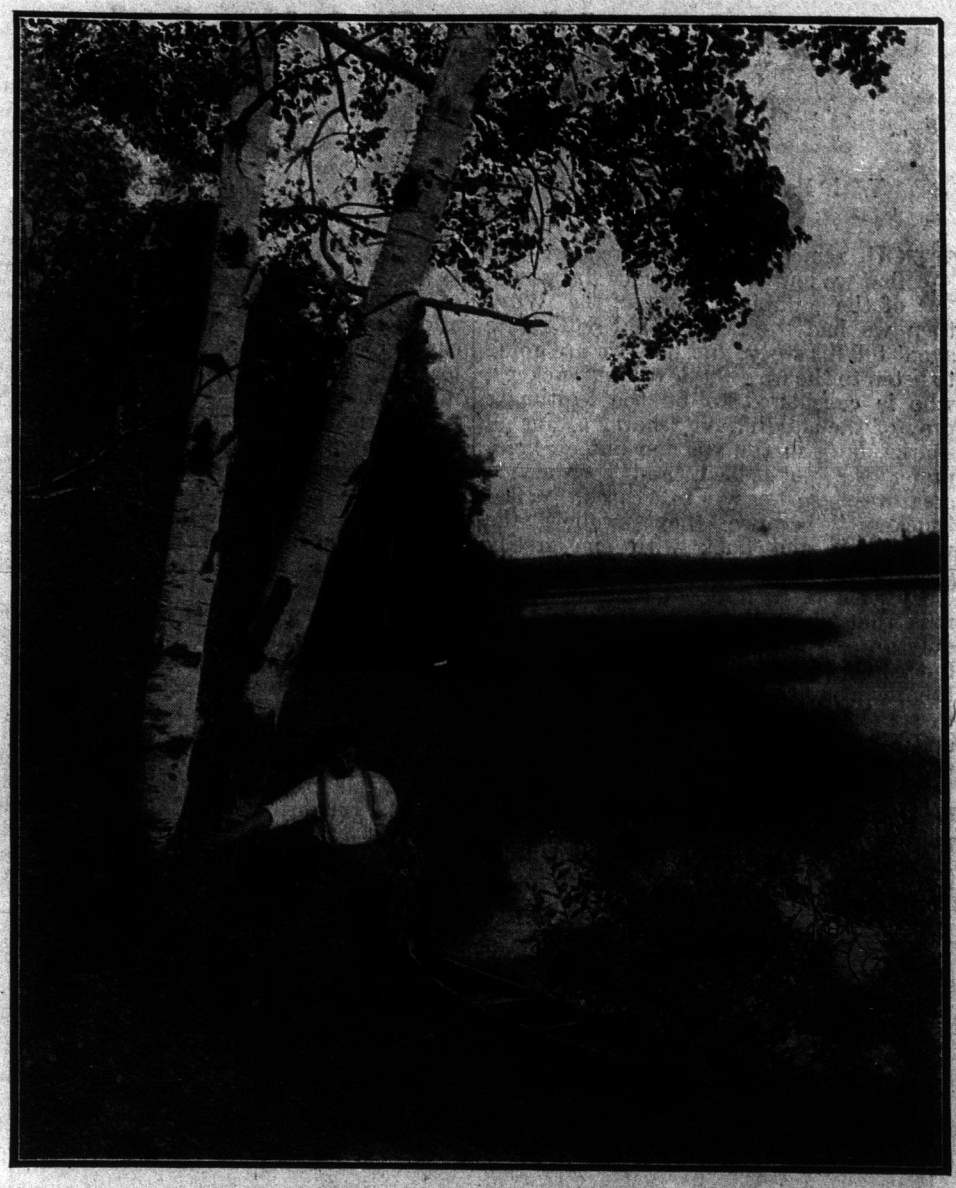
"I mean, will you be my wife?"

For reply she kissed him on the lips.

He went outside to cool—the young man wasn't used to proposals.

Lena ran happily behind the counter, and whispered into the foreign mail box. "If he but knew that I had opened his precious Valentines before he saw them! Why! he wouldn't have had them if they had been dangerous."

Such are the ways of a maid with a man—so do the wills of women entangle man into the narrow ways of matrimony.



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The Gambling Spirit of the West

With Particular Reference to Human Suckers. By J. H. Kenyon.

YOU remember, gentle reader, that first we had a preliminary discussion of the gambling spirit of the West, then we had the professional real estate agent tell his story, and now we are going to listen to the woeful tale of the "sucker", who is considered to be the legitimate prey of the subdivision "shark." For all sharks, both in the sea and out on land, prefer the pot-bellied, and soft-headed creatures, so easy to catch, called "suckers," because they swallow the whole bait and hook with one greedy gulp, without premeditating a moment. They rush to their doom with an eagerness that gives the prowling shark not only an easy time of making a fat living, but a jolly fit of laughter every now and then, whenever, in fact, he has any leisure to spare from his lifework of swallowing and digesting the fish that are as foolish as they are greedy.

But for all that, and more than all that, as Robert Burns did not say, the poor misguided innocent ones have a side to represent as truly as the guilty ones, and I propose to help them to express themselves in this little article. When innocence has lost its voice by hoarsely crying for its rights, it is high time—God Almighty knows, and a few wise men who try to keep close enough to Him to hear what He says,—to speak in its stead. And there is no doubt in my mind that this is the famous psychological moment to let the victims be heard, because they have really earned this privilege by paying too much for it, and yet have never been allowed it in the market place.

Let us be perfectly frank, for we cannot be truthful and secretive, especially in such a matter as this, and then we shall make far more progress in interpreting the poor man, who earns the money, that makes the real estate operator and agent both millionaires, while he is gracious enough to remain a hard worker for their sakes. Why is a sucker born every second? Because he cannot help it, you reply. Yes, but why is the crop still increasing, out of all ratio to the natural increase of the population of the country? One would think that with the tremendous fatalities of inordinate speculation, the next generation would contain fewer suckers. But statistics, on the contrary, prove the opposite. The victims strew the plains of the great West, as no battlefield was ever covered with the dead and the wounded, in the most bloody times. More money has been lost in the general gamble out here than would have given every able-bodied man a good farm, fully paid for, and equipped with all the modern machinery that would enable him to make a competence in five years of steady work. Lost, I said, and I mean it, for the money though put into circulation, more or less, is practically lost forever to the **makers** of it, the men and women who cannot afford to lose it, for the reason that their earning capacity is decreasing with each loss of their savings. Not only that, my alert critics, but the very loss of such hard-earned money means to the person who cannot afford to lose it, far more than it means to you who can afford to lose it, for it means a loss of hope, a loss of vitality, a loss of faith in man, a loss of interest in life, a loss of courage in the fight to get on top of the obstacle, which we cannot move out of our path, and a loss of the finer qualities of manhood and womanhood which are evoked by trust and love and honesty. So when you are estimating the real loss of a little money to a very poor man or woman, you must do something more than reckon up the cents and dollars; you must find out what that small amount of money represents to the person robbed, and by proper analysis, discover what the loss really entailed, and then, I have no doubt, you will agree with me that it is high time to let the poor suckers, as you stigmatize them, have a voice in the discussion of their undoing.

Watching the sun drop behind the mountain, Pyramid Lake, Alta.

The very first thing that a newcomer is told upon his arrival in our enterprising city of Winnipeg, is to be quick to get into the real estate game, for soon it may be too late. Even the slow Englishman is compelled by force of his surroundings, by the example of his friends who take pity on him for not being in the West long ago, and by the direct and indirect importunities of the thousands of real estate brokers who soon spot him in their neighborhood, to invest his savings in some lots. He simply has no chance to escape from the final inevitable, for he is made fun of if he resists too long, and keeps his money in the bank that uses it to enable it to pay those big dividends that make us all want to buy bank stock. Ten per cent is really nothing as a return on money invested in real estate. One hundred per cent is not much of a return here. For there are companies in this city to which church deacons belong, and they have told me that they are in receipt of from five hundred to ten thousand per cent per annum. Incredible! Who says that? Not a Westerner, if you please, for he can believe anythiug, and still not be a bit superstitious, just because he has seen such things before. Only the Easterner, or the foreigner, smiles incredulously at such a statement, and he curls his lip in scorn because he doesn't know any better. It may be the right thing to do in the old country, where realty values are declining, but it is out of place in a new country where realty values are being boomed and inflated by all kinds of

This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much, and I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, Lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

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So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the other every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on **a month's free trial.** I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save from 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

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Address me personally:
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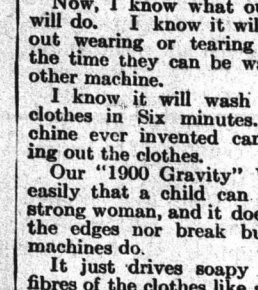

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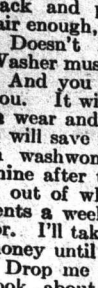

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adventitious and legitimate means. The fact is we don't know how high the so-called values of land will climb, and we don't care, so long as we are not on the top with our money when the big and final drop takes place. What we are all trying to do is to take our profit while it is there, and we are fearful to stay in the market too long, and just as afraid to get out of it too soon. In other words,—in real plain English,—we are all gambling on futures, quite as much so, as though we were trading in the stock exchange with insufficient margins. If we are not too late we shall win; if we are too soon, we shall have to wait for our profits. But everything depends on the general prosperity of the country, on lots of capital coming here, on the steady influx of immigrants, and on the business confidence that is always behind large enterprises. The intrinsic worth of the land we buy is unknowable, at least, this is what a representative real estate man told me after I cornered him into making a confession, and finally made him come round to my side of the question. He tried to argue that any price obtained for land was the value of it, and I contended that the intrinsic worth of land inhered in the rental possibilities of it, possibilities that allowed a fair rate of interest on the buildings erected on it. When I got him to figure a little, he concluded that I had the best theory, and let the matter drop.

After all, none of us care to take the trouble to find the real value of land we buy. All we want is a chance to make some money by buying and selling it before the reaction takes place, before certain dreaded events precipitate a crisis which will result in a wild panic, which will knock away the props from under the top-heavy prices, out of which we expect to make our fortune. We do not want to be disillusioned. It would irritate us to have our scruples aroused, for they would undoubtedly prick our conscience to do its duty, and then there would be no peace of mind for us. Just a little longer we want, a little longer of profits, and of opportunities to make more with the money we have gained, and then, the devil take the hindmost, we have won out.

It is this spirit that induces the newcomer to put his savings into lots for speculative purposes. He feels that he has to do it. Everything seems to demand it. And he wants to report to his old folks away off in the old country precisely what a new country means, how easy money can be made in it, and how quickly a competence can be realized with a little judicious risk. The quicker he can report big returns for a little capital and a little time and labor, the bigger the success he is supposed to have made, and the prouder his people are of him. Money is the great thing, the test of a man's mettle and the worth of a country to him, and the sooner he gains it, the quicker his old bad record is blotted out. You see the force of temptation is too strong for the ordinary man to resist. He makes money because it is the easiest thing to make, and the only thing he came for.

So he attends auction sales every Saturday night, and buys lots in towns he has not seen,—buys them because they are apparently cheap, as knocked down by the glib-tongued auctioneer. It is just what I did, and just what thousands of wise duffers are doing all the time, but we soon lose our loyalty to a salesman when we discover that he has sold us lots five miles away from a town that has no name and location, and the consequence is that other suckers must come forward to fill our empty chairs.

Then he begins to study the brilliant rhetoric of the sub-division salesman, and compare representations very carefully as though he knew what he was doing, and finally, as the result of a slight suggestion from a friend, who is, by the way, getting a commission for his casual reference to the subject, this lamb is driven again to the slaughter, with the greed in his soul.

In this wise, our young friend, coming from a respectable country that does not countenance gambling at all, becomes infected with the fever that takes possession of his whole being. He frequents real estate offices, as he does pool rooms and stock rooms, and tries to get tips from railway officials as to the location of new towns, so he can be first on the ground to select corners and desirable business sites. He spends his spare time in reading the newspapers, not for the literary or intellectual benefit he might derive therefrom, but for the purpose of learning about snaps in the real estate market. And, as he gains more experience and money, he buys Agreements of Sale, South African Scrip, and debts secured by farms, until he has no other thought in his mind than this one of taking advantage of the other fellow—the man in distress—who sells at a sacrifice, because he needs some ready cash to save him from ruin. From a small beginning, he goes on to a success which intoxicates him, and makes him feel that he is one of the lucky wooers of Fortune, unable to lose his stake in the game of life, because privileged by the favor of the gods.

Herein lies the bane of his success. Whether he wins or loses in the long run, he is spoiled for good work in the world. The easy and big money he has won in the real estate gamble sticks in his mind, and he will not do anything else,—something that he might do,—if he were to apply his abilities, for the good of the world. The whole West is filled with these ne'er-do-wells. They are obstacles in the way of real and permanent reform, and yet they cannot be utilized for even terrible examples, simply because the West at the present time, does not wish to be taught the evil of its prevalent habit,—the sin of gambling, which is really taking something for nothing, or stealing what belongs to the future and the unborn.

There is another type, the sucker who never becomes a shark, because his nature is opposed to the fundamental change. The young man "who made good," as the saying is, (and what a lie is often couched in this conventionalism) learned how to prey on others softer than himself, as so many of our citizens do. Indeed, to such an extent is this quick transformation act done that we cannot now count all the people engaged in the real estate business. It is seriously stated that we have more brokers engaged in real estate business out here in the West than all the rest of the world combined. And I am inclined to believe it, for girl, boy, man and woman, everybody, as far as I can determine, are more or less in the one pursuit, are all buying and selling lots of land, and are all eager to find more opportunities to get a hundred-fold or a thousand-fold for their investment. The new-born baby is presented with a lot instead of with a rattle, and he sucks the gilt from a prospectus long before he can chew its story. And the aged men and women, ready to drop into their waiting graves, are so unmindful of the nearing sweep of the scythe of time in their real estate preoccupations, that they are always taken unawares, and leave unrounded careers behind them.

The sucker that never wants to become a shark out here is rare, but he is representative of a class that should be represented fairly, for he is the ultimate prey and the last resort of all the hungry sharks, who seemingly cannot be satisfied. They have to be fed, so they say, and I really believe that they are grateful to an unknown Providence for the care that helps them to perpetuate their race. At least, they know that suckers are mercifully intended for sharks, and they ascribe the credit of it to a god of their own discovery, if not invention.

Now why should the shark have any mercy on the sucker, any more than the lion should be solicitous about the lamb? The victims are evidently foreordained, according to the theology or philosophy of the carnivora. But the lambs and the suckers have a different opinion regarding this matter of such supreme import to them and it is for this reason that I am trying to voice their views.

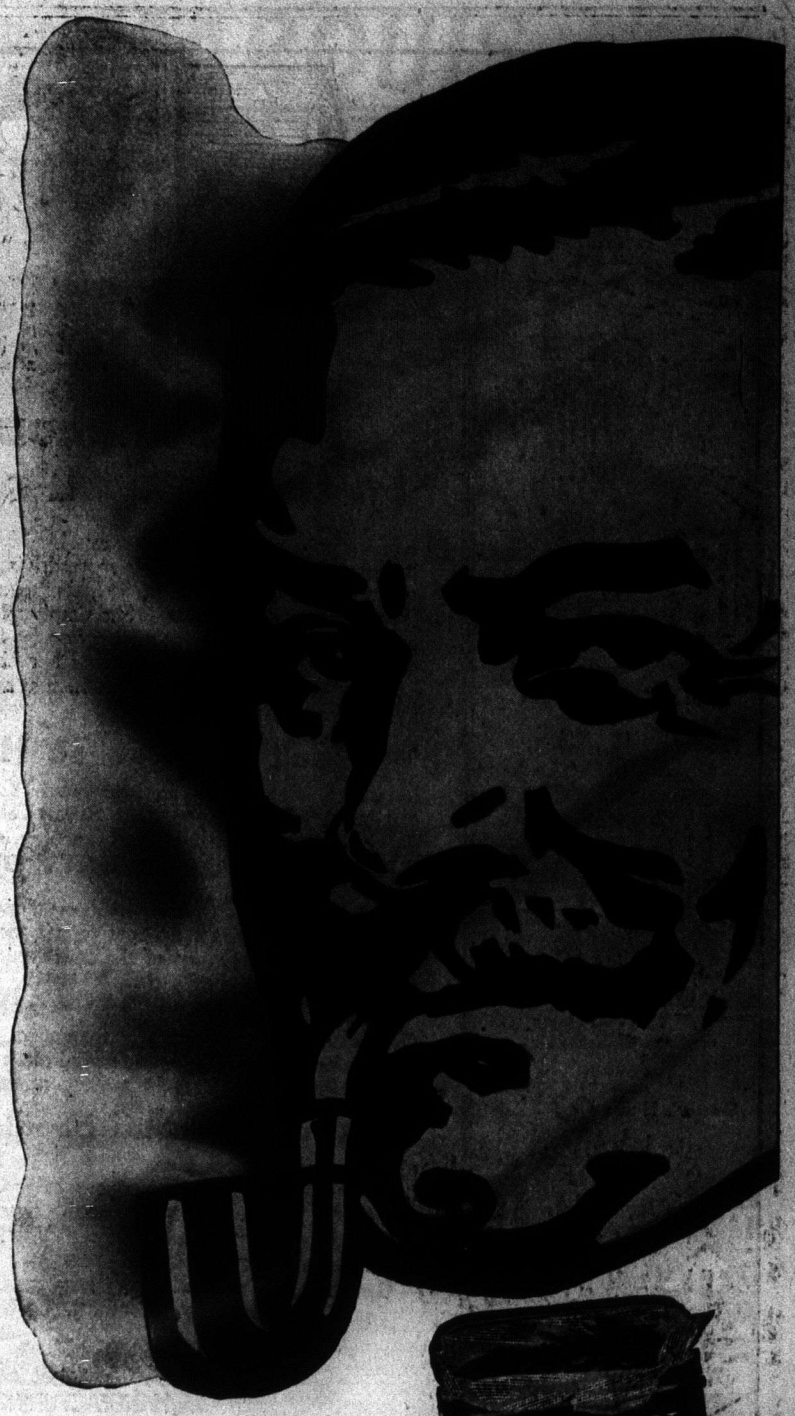
In the first place, the real suckers never can become sharks, and thus retaliate. They are not made for the work or the life, and having to follow the law of their being, they are forever imposed on by the sharp-toothed strong and hungry ones, who cannot have any mercy on their tenderness, because their philosophy prohibits the same. The sharks are, therefore, true to their nature, and for this reason, we kill them on sight, when we can. Wouldn't it be a good thing for the world, if the laws that sometimes make us less humane, would allow us to do with the land-shark exactly what we do with the ocean-shark? Then we might keep them under cover, and allow only enough to breed to supply our museums and aquariums with the best specimens that will provoke both our wonder and disgust.

Get this off your mind

Cut out the fret and stew about tongue-biting tobacco.

This applies to you, Mr. Pipe Smoker; also to pipe-shy men who have had their tongues broiled—and to men who never did dare smoke a pipe, because every puff was agony. Also to cigarette smokers whose taste has been worn out by *chaff* brands!

Now, gentlemen, for a short piece of change buy the 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert. Jam it into your pipe or roll up a cigarette. Light up! Smoke it hard, smoke it fast—red hot! Be as mean to it as you can. *Just try to make it burn your tongue!* It won't!



PRINCE ALBERT

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hits a high spot in pipe tobacco. There's some class to it. And stick a pin right here. *No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert, because it is produced by a patented process which we absolutely control!*

Try the imitations! We want you to know yourself just how much Prince Albert tobacco has on 'em all. Get the question settled—get it right off your mind!

G. T. I. Q.—which means "Go to it Quick!" Enjoy a pipe as you never enjoyed one before. Why, men, do you realize what it means to smoke four or five pipefuls at a sitting and never even have your tongue tingle?

Most Canadian dealers now sell Prince Albert in the tidy 2-oz red tin. If your dealer does not handle it, tell him to order from his jobber. Leading Canadian jobbers are now supplied.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

But, alas this much cannot be done yet. Perhaps we shall come to it in time. When we have reckoned up the total gain which must be so enormous that it will compel us to take action at once, we will pass laws that will conserve the wealth of the poor, and protect it against the trusts and sharks and other thieves that fatten upon the savings of the widows and orphans, and the lonely young men and women, who are vainly endeavoring to get a start in life. At present, we are far more anxious to protect the luxuries of the rich than to save the wages of the poor, and the people are getting aware of the fact. When they are all aware of it, there will be a change for the better, a system of laws that will safeguard the interests of the majority, and guarantee them fair play.

Now if the sucker loses his faith in the eternal righteousness of things, through his commercial mishaps brought about by no fault of his own, for one has to remember, all the time, that a sucker is a sucker, and that is the reason he cannot cope with a shark—then he ceases to be in harmony with the laws of his being, and consequently gets in the way of his own progress. This means, of course, that he does not do his indispensable part of work in making the world in which he lives better and better.

The result of this neglect is something awful to contemplate. For when a sucker does not do good, the good is left undone, I mean the good of the world, for only suckers are foolish enough to work for nothing, and as no good is ever paid for with money, you cannot call on the sharks to do the unpaid duty, so there is only the third class of people to rely on for the real work of the world, and as they happen to be too busy to attend to it, the devil gets busy and does it himself. This is the situation, precisely. Either we have to get rid of the sharks who feed on the suckers, or else we have to let the world go to the devil. For the representative men of business and professional pursuits, whether you call them ministers, professors, doctors, captains or generals of finance, politicians or even statesmen, are all too busy with their own affairs to bother with work that is left to be done by the people these shrewd and prudent ones term fools. Engrave it indelibly on your consciousness that the men who make the money are not the men to do the fundamental and spiritual work of the world, and they cannot be made to do it, because they see no money in it. What a world this would be without some dreamers, visionaries, poets, and spiritual philosophers, doing the unpaid work of educating the soul of man for the glory of the future.

Coal Unloaders at Fort William, Ont.

So I want to say a word for the sucker that feeds the Western and Eastern shark. Take his standpoint for a moment. Just look at him and estimate his worth to the country in which he lives. He certainly helps to keep money in circulation. His imagination gives us the so called "unearned increment," which has made thousands of big fortunes for private individuals and public corporations and which still forms the great and all-powerful magnet that attracts the fast-increasing crowd. He has grown so numerous, as a family, that he practically supports all the railways, and furnishes them with a profit that is difficult to reckon. He is the last to get into the sub-division that eventually becomes a town, and the first to get into the one that never becomes anything. For he is omnipresent, omnivarous, the beginning and the end of a country, the main support of its wealthy population, the delight of the money-lender, and the joy of the grafter. Canada, least of all nations, cannot do without the victim of the land-shark, since she is absolutely dependent on him for her present prosperity and her future permanence. She has no other class to rely on for the work of upbuilding the country, and for this patent reason, she should protect the breed that gives her being. Without plenty of suckers, the sharks would eat the only other class that lends respectability to convention, and affords us a chance to boast of the increase of Western millionaires. So we should be grateful to the sucker, and not treat him too roughly, and make him understand that he is not the laughing-stock of creation, but the real basis of our national and individual prosperity. For, after all, the secret of the sucker's folly is that he has a soul, and the shark has lost his long ago. But a nation needs a soul, as much as a man, and when it has lost it, it becomes a shark, which is soon killed by those it mistakes for suckers.

Promissory Notes.—The sounds from a fiddle being tuned before a performance.

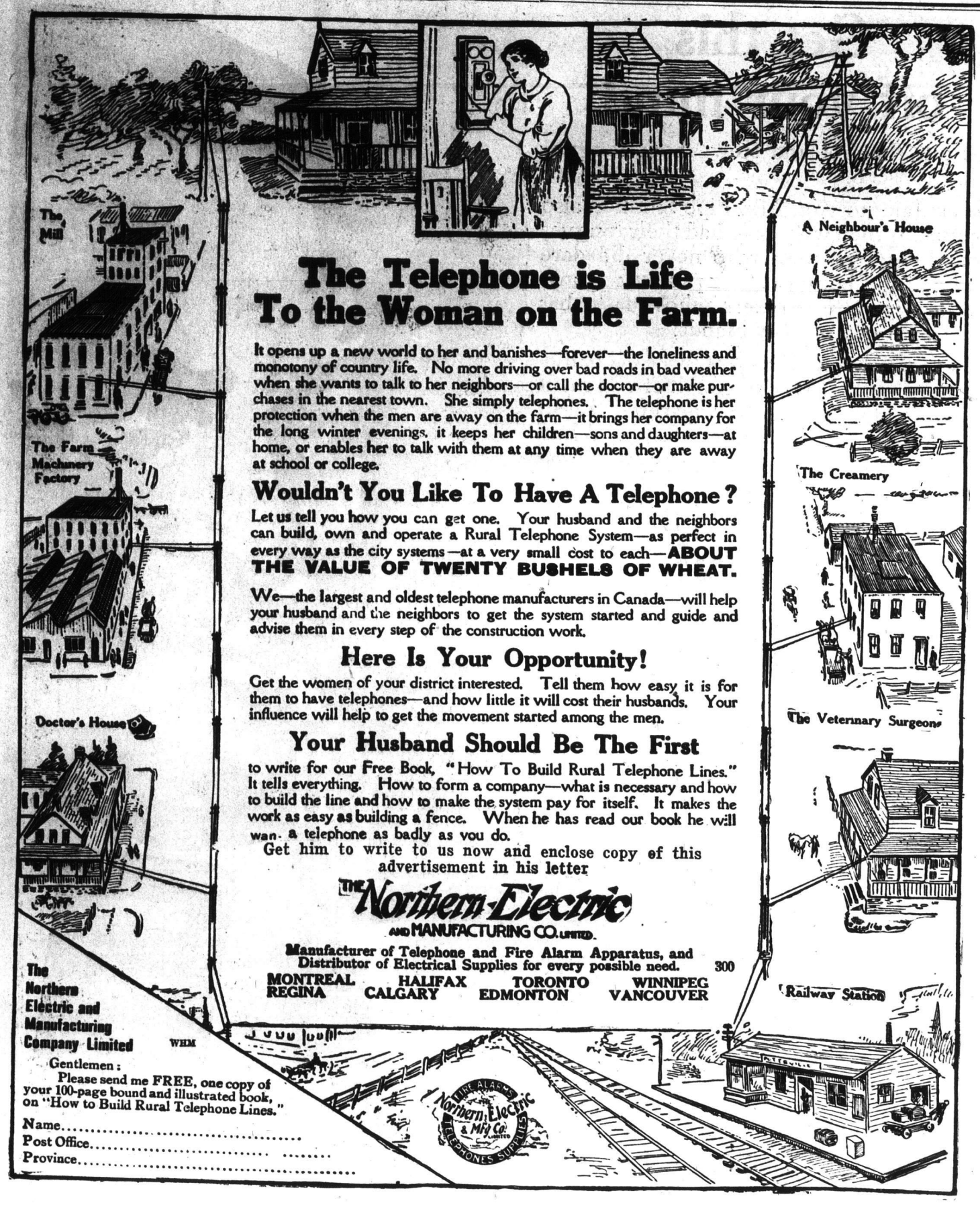
Complete Secrecy.—Nell: "Yes, George and I are engaged, but you mustn't say anything to him about it." Belle: "Why—doesn't he know it?"

Not What She Wanted.—Mrs. Smith: "Is my hat on——" Smith impatiently: "Yes, your hat's on straight. Come along or we'll lose the train!" Mrs. Smith: "If it's straight it won't do. Wait a minute till I go back to the house and tilt it on one side!"

The Constable's Retort.—A few months ago the police van was passing Newgate Prison, and a young man on the pavement, thinking to have some fun at the expense of the constable behind, called out, "Hi,, any room inside?" "Yes, just room for one," replied the officer. "Come on!" "What's your fare?" "Oh, bread and water—the same as you had before!"

An Unfortunate Error.—The editor of a New York journal once wrote an obituary notice on a man of some prominence and among other things said—"He was educated for the Bar,but was tempted away from the legal profession by love of letters." He did not read the proof, and the next morning was horror-stricken on picking up the paper to read in the obituary notice—"He was educated for the Bar, but was tempted away from the legal profession by a love of bitters."

After 10 Years of Asthma Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy proved the only relief for one grateful user, and this is but one cure among many. Little wonder that it has now become the one recognized remedy on the market. It has earned its fame by its never failing effectiveness. It is earning it to-day, and it has done for years. It is the greatest asthma specific within the reach of suffering humanity



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Salmon Fishing in the Gulf of Georgia

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By Bertrand Vogel Comox. B.C.

THIS is no description or monsters that have broken heavy tackle and smashed reputations for veracity, nor of great fish those who travel report in out-of-the-way waters, but only for the joy there is in a good boat, a fine morning, and a valiant little fish that will battle right lustily for life and freedom. And the place is the stretch of water, in this particular part about eighteen miles wide, which lies between Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia.

You would camp in the bay north of the Point and time yourself to rise in the small hours of the morning to row around to the reef. For the reef, long and narrow and covered with beds of kelp—a veritable garden of the deep—runs out from a mile below the Cape towards the opening between Texada and the nearer islands, where the water of the Gulf rushes out to the sea and flows in again with the returning tide. The best time is in July and August. Then the salmon come in from the sea and up the Gulf to ascend their native rivers in September and October. So while those other pleasure seekers who make up your party remain rolled in their blankets, you build your fire for an early breakfast, and watch for the first sign of the coming dawn. Surely the crisp breakfast bacon never tasted so good, and since cocoa is more quickly made you do not wait for coffee.

When the first light breaks in the East you drag your boat down the beach, for the tide is halfway out and the water will be getting low over the bar.

Pausing to see that your outfit is complete, that you have your gaff for landing and the club for killing your fish, you push off. In a moment you are in the beds of seagrass, where you get out into the shallow water that your boat will glide over them the better.

All the surface breaks into phosphorescence with the ripples from your boat and your feet carry down silvery bubbles that rise and trail out behind you as you go. The sand of the bar is nearly uncovered and you send your boat over with a rush and climb aboard to the oars and the long row around the point. The phosphorescence is still on the water and the wave from your bow is crested with pearly white, and with every dip of the oars it breaks out and flows off them in molten silver. It is a startling contrast, this white fire and the black water, lighted only here and there with shifting reflections and bounded by the black line of the wooded shore, still shrouded in darkness. It is very still, perhaps only the call of some solitary sea fowl far out on the water.

About the Point there are many boulders—great rocks that rise out of twelve or fifteen feet of water with their tops just awash and an ugly way of remaining hidden in the darkness when it is hard to judge distance, and the white face of the cliff that marks the Cape may be near or far.

But the dimness soon breaks into twilight and you row on with the freshness of the morning in your lungs, watching for the first light—which breaks out very high, showing that there are clouds over the mountains on the mainland, and you wonder what the day will bring.

Soon you are among the kelp. Long thin ropes rise from the bottom and end in thick knobby heads from which grow wide bands like leaves, three to five feet long, that lie on the surface and twist and curl as the water goes through them—for the tide is running now, and there is no little force behind it. Here and there a shorter kelp does not reach the surface, but stands like a slender torch with broad pale-brown flames that rise slanting with the current and seem to flicker up out of the lower stillness. A few more strokes and it becomes thicker and you force your boat through masses of seaweed where the long slender stems have twisted themselves into cables and the tops drag on your boat as you pass. In ten minutes you are out. The edge of the field of kelp is clearly defined—a slightly waving line that runs out about a mile at right angles with the beach. Your hook and spoon go over, attached to your line with many swivels—a silver spoon that spins swiftly as you draw it through the water—and you turn and row out towards the end of the reef where more and more seaweed shows as the tide goes out. Will they bite? Or will your morning be a blank? You have an hour yet of the ebb and the time is right. You let the line run out through your fingers as you row and the quickness with which your first salmon strikes when the line is hardly half out, sends a thrill right through you. The savage rush with which he takes up the line promises well for a lively run of fish; but he is only a small one and is quickly brought in and your spoon is soon spinning again. Out to the point of the reef and halfway back and almost out again, and you wonder if your hopes will fail.

It is quite light now and the East is red—the flush of a windy dawn, though the sea is very quiet. And then they come. Two silver beauties of medium

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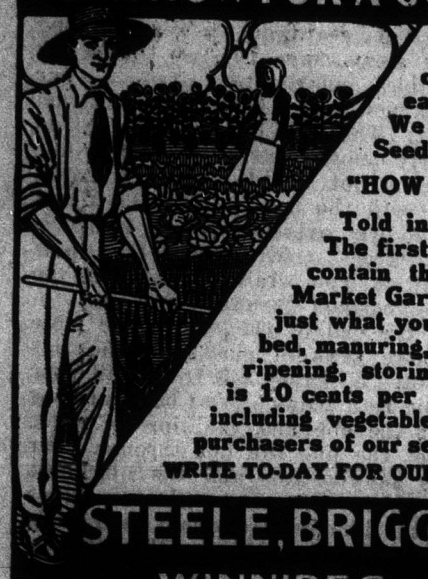

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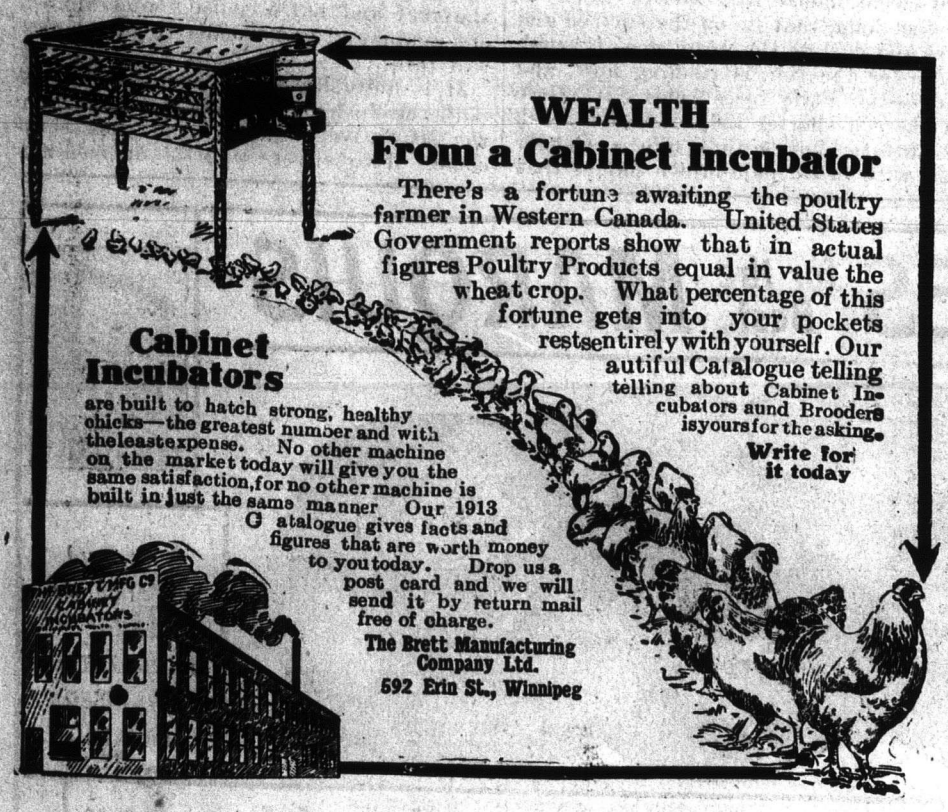

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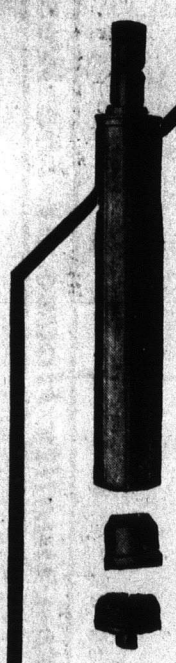


Talk About Simplicity!

Here are all the parts that go to make up the bowl of the

SHARPLES TUBULAR CREAM SEPARATORS

and with these three we guarantee Tubulars to skim 50% closer and to continue to skim 50% closer than any other separator made.

THIS BEING THE CASE—

Why should you have to wash up seven times this many pieces—twice a day?

That is a question that is easier to ask than to answer.

There has never a claim been made for Sharples Tubulars that could not be proven;—there has never a machine left our Factory that was not guaranteed *Forever.*

Mark that—not merely a year, or two years—or even five—but *Forever.* Look into these features before exchanging your old separator, or at the time you decide that there's money in selling the cream and keeping the skimmed milk on the Farm.

Write for our interesting Catalog 248 and arrange for a *Free test right under your own roof.* The people who ask questions are the ones who buy Tubulars.

THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.
TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.

Sharples 32 Yrs

size, one after the other, and you take them in carefully—not to lose one now would be a bad beginning. The current has carried you out to the end of the reef when you throw the spoon over again, and with every fish you take in your boat is carried out past the Point towards the Gulf and you row back again against the current. Here the water is getting shallow as the tide goes out and it rushes over the back of the reef with ripples and eddies like the current of a river. Right in the rush of the water over the bar the salmon are feeding as well as in the eddies, and every sudden tug, every grip on your line from the unknown world beneath you is enough to more than repay for the hours of hard rowing. They say there should be two—one to handle the boat and the other the line, but the greater the difficulty, the greater the risk of losing your big fish, the more excitement there is, and the prouder you are when you bring him in. You will generally find him in the very swiftest rush of water, for like your true fighter he loves the battle with the forces of Nature. You know by the grip he takes on the line that here is no ordinary fish. There is nothing like that thrill. It sends the blood to your forehead and the pulse pounding in your wrists. With a rush he leaps clear of the water, a silver flash against the deeper blue, and then, in a seething whirl of foam, he disappears. There is no strain and you take in the line frantically, fearing that he may come in too fast and have enough slack line to get tangled up in a bunch of seaweed—growing cold at the thought that he may be gone. But here he comes with the silver spoon in his mouth, cleaving the water without apparent effort in spite of the drag of the line. Right up to the side of the boat he comes until he feels the line again. Then the water fairly boils under the blows of his tail and he shakes the spoon like a hound that worries a rat. And with a dash he is away again, taking the line out until your fingers burn. With a sweep sideways he comes to the surface and bowing until his nose almost touches his tail he straightens out and the spring throws him into the air, and when he strikes it is like the slap of an oar on the water. Your wrist aches with the effort to keep up with his whirlwind of rushes. Coming in faster than you can take in the line, he sweeps under the boat, and your heart is in your mouth, fearing he may get a good jerk on a tight line across the keel of the boat. Two swift strokes of the oars bring you around to face him again. It takes so very little to lose him! And now he sulks, sullen and motionless, deep as your line will let him, and you draw him to you carefully that he may get no chance of a sudden snap on the line. Nearer and nearer, and then, with a few savage rushes he is away and it all has to be done over again. Only when he is thoroughly played out will he lie still besides the boat and you slip your gaff down besides him very carefully, holding the line free in one hand to let him have it if he makes another rush. With a sudden upward jerk you strike and have him safe at last, wiping the sweat off your face when you have lifted him in.

And now you are satisfied. The tide is law and they will not bite again until after it turns, and then not so well. There are sixteen in the bottom of your boat and you start for camp. The wind that the sunrise promised is already here and when the tide turns it will freshen. It is a long row back and when you reach the Cape the tide is running in and the waves are getting high. Here the wind drives almost directly on the rocks and it takes all your skill to row broadside to the waves in getting around the Point. Your arms ache and you are very hungry, but with the wind and the spray in your face you are supremely happy as you round the Cape and the tide helps to carry you into the comparative quiet of the bay.

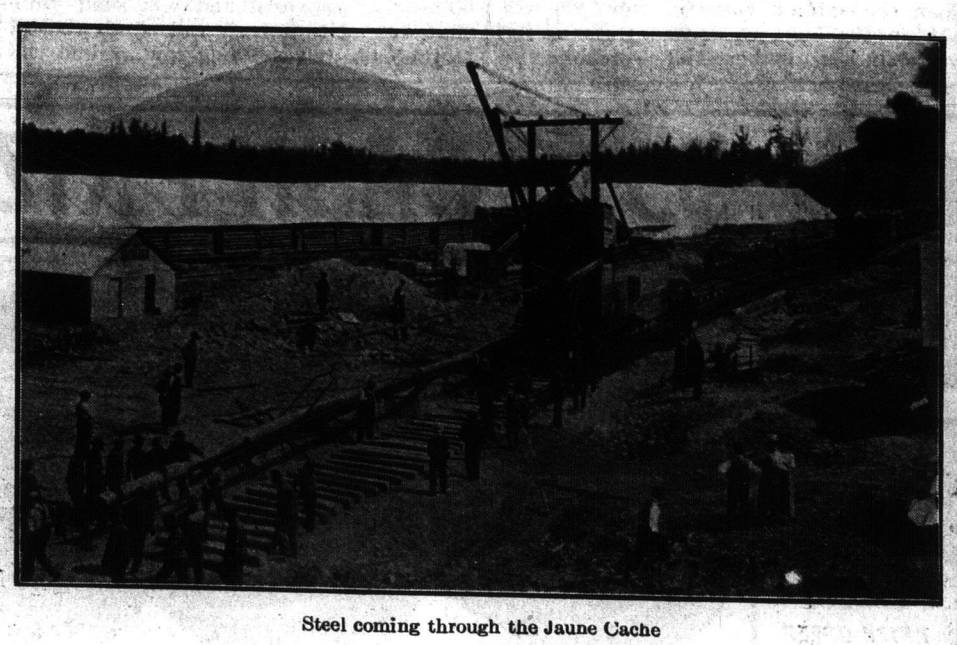
"Mama," queried four-year-old Nettie, "where do people go when they die?"

"I can't tell, my dear. How should I know?"

"Why, mamma, didn't you ever study geography?"

"I see from your letterhead, Bilkins, that you are the assistant treasurer of that company of yours," said Witherbee. "Have you got so much money it takes two of you to look after it?"

"No," said Bilkins. "We have so little it takes two of us to find it?"



Steel coming through the Jaune Cache

Handy Breakfast

Ready to Serve
Direct From Package

Post Toasties

and Cream

A dainty dish of toasted Indian Corn, brimful of sweet flavour and substantial nourishment.

Post Toasties in the pantry means many delicious breakfasts.

Direct to your table in sealed, air-tight packages.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

"The Memory Lingers"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co. Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario

An Epoch Marking Ceremony

Written for The Western Home Monthly by a participant.

OF all the sites chosen for trading forts by the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay, none was more ideal than that of old Fort Edmonton. They seemed to have an almost uncanny instinct, those who served the "Company," for laying the foundations of great commercial centres.

Fort Edmonton, overlooking the mighty Saskatchewan, and holding the key of the mysteries of the Great White Land, exerting an ever-growing allurement and interest, for:—

Still the horizon calls, the morrow lures;
Still hearts adventurous seek the outward trails.

was destined to be the centre of one of the most rapid developments the world has ever seen. The whitewashed walls of several long, low buildings were enclosed by a palisade, for the natives were not always friendly, and frequently only a minute line divided safety from direst peril. The most dangerous period was probably that between 1870 and 1886, for the terrible devastation wrought in the tribes by smallpox, the disappearance of the buffalo, and the disturbance and ill feeling for which Riel was responsible, had made Indians very difficult to deal with.

In the meantime, however, Fort Edmonton had become one of the most important forts of the North West; for the riches of the North were coming more and more into the coffers of the Hudson's Bay Co.

It was a memorable and never-to-be-forgotten night when the first detachment of Royal North West Mounted Police arrived. The chief factor's new home, the "Big House," had just been completed. It stood on a high hill overlooking the old site. The Indians and the traders and the hunters and the "coureur de bois" came for thousands of miles. From many a coulee of the southland, from many a wooded river of the northland, from the frozen expanse of the Great Arctic Circle, to view the Big House they foregathered. A small force of three hundred men in uniforms devoid of gold lace, but impressive with the scarlet tunic of the British Army, had come hundreds of leagues, first as soldiers to quell a rebellion and to rid the North West of the horrors of Indian wars; secondly, to clamp law and order firmly on the Territories.

Some are yet living who remember that three-day celebration when the Big House was thrown open freely to all. The walls were hung not with tapestry, but with furs of untold value, trophies of the hunter and the trapper were everywhere. Haughty Indian chiefs stalked through the rooms, remarked "How" as they glanced at the red-coated representatives of the Great White Mother over the Big Waters; factors, grown white-haired and bearded in the Company's service, impressive with the dignity of proconsuls, (for did not they stand for the Crown in the wilderness?) gathered in corners and argued the politics of half a century back. Women, who as delicate young girls, had graced court ballrooms in the Old Land, who then considered swooning their best accomplishment, had grown up strong and supple and fearless, and danced through the never-to-be-forgotten Big House Lancers as women of the highest type of heroine, women who would scorn to swoon, even in the face of the most harrowing dangers and trials.

But the Big House saw other scenes; and there were times when the dwellers in it dared not go to the river's bank for water.

During one of these sieges, the water famine became so acute that the Factor decided to dig a well within the confines of the fort. Over a hundred feet deep was the well when finished, but it saved their lives.

When the railroad came in, a new era commenced. The trading posts lost their old importance and need for being; and a day came when the Big House was but a memory. But Fort Edmonton became a great city, the capital of a province, and the home of thousands, drawn from all over the earth.

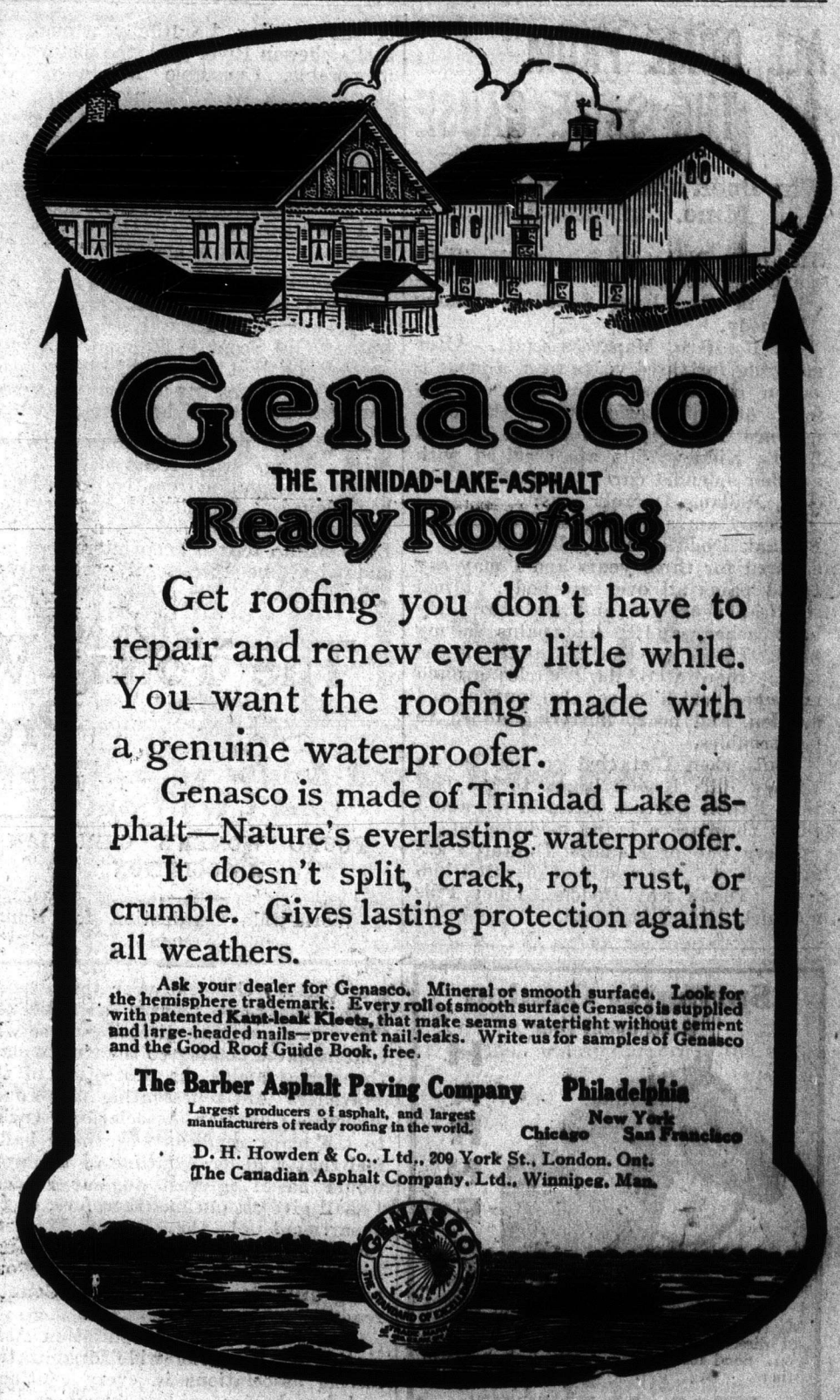
On Tuesday, September 3rd, 1912, a ceremony took place which marked with great historical interest another epoch in the North West.

A building magnificent from a structural and architectural point of view has been built on the site where formerly the Big House stood (in fact the central point of the massive dome is directly over the hundred-foot well of the olden days), overlooking a plateau 30 feet below and commanding a wonderful view of forest, plain and river. It is built on the impressive lines of the classical models, following the lines of the Corinthian order. In this building will the laws of Alberta be made.

To those of the older generation particularly the ceremony of opening the Parliament Buildings had a special significance. A cordon of helmeted police kept the road up Parliament Hill free for the carriages of Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia. Among those standing on the steps to receive them was the first Premier of Alberta, Hon. D. Rutherford, who goes down in history as the shaper of the destinies of the infant province. A guard of honor of the 101st Fusiliers and the Boy Scouts presented arms as the royal party arrived, the National Anthem being played by the band. There followed a historic scene, for it was not merely an official duty performed by the son of a hundred kings, but another imperial stake planted.

As the Minister of Public Works presented His Royal Highness with the key

A Happy Party on Buffalo Lake, Mirror, Alta.



ALL COME FROM THE SAME CAUSE

Why Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mme. Dufault's Ills

She Had Diabetes, Sciatica, Backache and Headache, but Found Speedy Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

St. Boniface, Man., (Special).—After suffering for three years from a complication of diseases, Madame Oct. Dufault, of 84 Victoria, Street, this city, is once more in perfect health and Dodd's Kidney Pills are credited with another splendid cure. Speaking of her cure, Madame Dufault says:

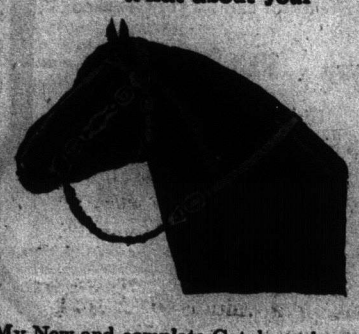
"Yes, I am again a well woman, and I thank Dodd's Kidney Pills for it. I suffered for three years and I may say I had pains all over my body. I had sciatica, neuralgia and diabetes. My back ached, and I had pains in my head. I was nervous and tired all the time; there were dark circles around my eyes which were also puffed and swollen, and heart fluttering added to my troubles.

"But when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I soon began to get better. I took thirteen boxes in all, and I think they are a grand medicine."

Every one of Madame Dufault's ailments is a direct result of diseased kidneys. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills so quickly cured them all.

Spring is Coming

What about your HARNESS



My New and complete Catalogue is ready. I sell direct to users at prices that will surprise you. Send for Catalogue and compare with others.

THOS. McKNIGHT
166 PRINCESS STREET, WINNIPEG

STEAM ENGINE FREE

This Stationary Steam Engine has brass lacquered boiler with safety valve, whistle and stack, steel fire-

box with spirit burner, fly wheel with speed regulator on metal pedestal, entire engine on wood base. We give it to you free for a few hour's work selling our beautiful Litho-Ar Post Cards at 3 for 5c. These comprise Valentine's Day, Love Scenes, Birthday, Views, Comic, Best Wishes, etc., and are fast sellers. Write us today for $4 worth of these post cards; sell them, return the money and we will send Engine exactly as represented by return mail.

WESTERN PREMIUM CO. Dept. W.H.M., WINNIPEG, CANADA.

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

AT YOUR OWN HOME

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Etc. Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense 2c. per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for **FREE** booklet which explain everything in full.

American School of Music, 2 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

of the building, beautifully wrought of Saskatchewan River gold, the picture was memorable. Constable Moore of the Royal North West Mounted Police was outlined against the sky line as he paced to and fro, guarding the Royal Standard; a long line of scarlet coated guards sat immovable on their mounts, with swords and guns ready for instant use if necessary, and the youngest of all, the Boy Scouts stood at attention in line.

Attached to the latter corps as A.D.C. to the Chief Scout, Ven. Arch-Deacon Grey, was Miss Irene Keane, the only trained Girl Scout in Edmonton, who is one of the best known of the younger Canadian writers, her articles and stories having received the highest commendation.

Besides her unique position as a Scout, Miss Keane, who received the most gracious recognition from the Royal Party, has played a prominent part in these ceremonies all her life; as a wee child Lady Minto took a deep interest in her, and when the Vice-Regal party visited Brantford, Ontario, she rode in their carriage, and presented flowers and silk copies of The Colonials and The Flag (the Canadian Empire Day Song, which was written and composed by her gifted mother, Mrs. (Dr.) Keane, for the Canadian South African Memorial Fund) while thousands of children sang it, the massed bands of the city regiments accompanying them.

When Lord Grey came to Brantford, she presented the flowers on behalf of the City of Brantford; hence it was when Lord and Lady Grey came to Edmonton, she was chosen as the only one who had previously been presented, and also because her mother's song was under the approval of His Majesty The King, as well as the personal patronage of the Governors-General, for a presentation, which marked another historic epoch in Alberta's history—the presentation in cap and gown of flowers to the Countess Grey and Lady Sybil Grey on behalf of the youngest university in the Empire, The University of Alberta.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

A World-wide Orgaization for Young Women

DURING the past year this department has printed a notice to young women directing those who contemplated coming to the city to place themselves under the protection of the Travellers' Aid representing the Young Women's Christian Association. Owing to the many applicants we have had I feel that a general outline of the work would be of interest to our readers. I shall give an outline, therefore, of the department of the Young Women's Christian Association that is most useful to young women living in the outlying districts and to our Old Country readers.

The Young Women's Christian Association is a world wide organization having associations in every continent and has half a million members. Its purpose is to give to all young women in every walk of life an opportunity through the various departments to develop them physically, intellectually, spiritually and socially. It aims to give such a physical development as shall fit young women everywhere for the wear and tear of life; to give such a social life as shall cause them to value the true worth of character wherever found; to give such an intellectual life as shall give them some degree of self-sufficiency and make them value a good place at housework over a poor place in a factory or shop; to give them such spiritual life as shall bring them into God's plan for the universe as children. This is the aim of the Association for all young women.

The growth of the Association work in the Dominion of Canada has been marvelous in the last few years. There are today thirty-three city associations, thirty-one student and four school branches with a total membership of 13,300. In Western Canada there are Associations at Winnipeg, Brandon, Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria.

The Association at each of these points invites young women throughout the country who contemplate going to any of these centers to communicate with them in order that the Association may be of assistance in meeting them at the train, finding them a comfortable boarding home and in obtaining a suitable position. The Travellers' Aid agents meet all trains, each agent wearing a badge the shape of the Greek cross on which are the letters Y. W. C. A. Any girl can feel perfectly safe in accepting any information or following any direction the Travellers' Aid agent may give.

For example—the writer of this department received a letter from a reader of the Western Home Monthly stating that she had sent a girl into the city and she would arrive at seven o'clock in the morning. Now this is before daylight. The girl was without money and friends. I went to the general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. and stated the case and she very kindly offered to have the Travellers' Aid agent meet her at the train and kept her at the Y. W. C. A. till I found the girl a position. The women in charge of the Y. W. C. A. were so kind to the girl that she goes to the Y. W. C. A. every time she has an hour away from her work. The organization is "home" to her and the general secretary, Miss Elliott, is like an older sister to her and the girl loves her.

The agents of the Travellers' Aid help girls in all the large cities of the world.

Suppose a girl in England contemplates coming to Canada and desires to be met at each place where she must change; if she writes to the general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and so on, these secretaries will see that she is met by a Travellers' Aid agent. I mention this because this department of The Western Home Monthly has had these requests from girls in England. I have also had such requests from young men in Western Canada whose sisters were coming to Canada and they, realizing the dangers on the way, wanted their sisters carefully protected.

I copy the following from the handbook I have regarding the Travellers' Aid. "The Travellers' Aid Society endeavors to guard respectable young women as they move from place to place in search of employment, from the dangers to which all young girls are exposed who have no natural guardian to protect them.

"It has workers in all quarters of the world, who are willing to befriend all girls who apply to them." On the steamer handbills this warning is in English, French, German and Norwegian.

"Young women going to a new neighborhood or a foreign country are most earnestly warned not to accept offers of help from men or women who are unknown to them, and not to go to any address given them by strangers. The objects of such persons may be to entice young girls to their ruin. Those who have no friends to meet them on their arrival are invited to write before hand to the Secretary, Travellers' Aid Society, 3 Baker Street, London, W., who will send them the address of some lady ready to give them information and help at the place to which they are going." (The address just given is for our readers in the Old Country.) If Canadian girls who contemplate going to any Canadian City will write to Miss Elliott, Gen. Sec. of Y. W. C. A.

Samoline Makes Housework Easy

Samoline is a great labor saver—it makes housework much easier. You'll be surprised when you see how quickly and easily it cleans and polishes silverware, glassware, mirrors, windows, furniture, woodwork, walls, ceilings, sinks, lavatories, bath tubs, metal surfaces of all kinds, marble, mosaic, tile, etc. Ask your dealer for a sample and a Booklet that tells its many uses.

H. S. & H. E. MUSSETT, Exclusive Distributing Agents for the Canadian Northwest, Scott Blk. Winnipeg, Man.

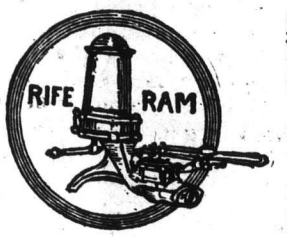
Cleans Everything Injures Nothing

Did You Invest in Saskatoon Five Years Ago and Clean Up a Fortune?

You are missing a similar opportunity now if you do not investigate our Edson values. We know that **the opportunities of five years ago are being duplicated in Edson today.** Let us prove it to you. Lots inside the town limits only $40 each on easy terms.

J. B. MARTIN
612 McIntyre Block
WINNIPEG

A RUNNING WATER SUPPLY



for all purposes is easily secured. THE LOW COST OF INSTALLING

RIFE RAM

is such that every man can have running water night and day. It operates with any fall from 2 to 50 feet, and will pump to a height 3 to 25 times the fall.

If you have a flow of 3 or more gallons per minute from a spring, artesian well, brook or river write for our free Catalogue and information.

RIFE ENGINE CO.
2136 Trinity Bldg., New York City

in Winnipeg, she will give them the names of the Canadian agents who will assist them. In this way the Y. W. C. A. organization is saving many thousand girls every year and every Canadian man and woman should give this organization hearty financial and sympathetic support. Last year Winnipeg's three agents met 4321 trains and assisted 2874 women and girls.

In Winnipeg, the Y. W. C. A. has outgrown its buildings. The homes are so crowded with young women that a room is difficult to get. Yet the General Secretary is so anxious to help every applicant that she sometimes places cots in the office.

There are three homes in Winnipeg. The Association Building is on Ellice Ave., one boarding home is on Hargrave St, and one on Martha and Logan.

There are classes in—Bible Studies under Miss R. Rodgers; Health Talks supervised by Dr. Mary E. Crawford; Physical Training under Miss Jessie C. Beidleman; a Teachers' training class under Dr. McIntyre; Literature conducted by Mrs. R. F. McWilliams; classes in Languages, Stenography, Elocution and Music; a course in Household Science under Miss Marie A. Peck is an important feature of Y. W. C. A. work. There are also classes in Art. In fact a girl may follow out her inclinations in any branch, so thoroughly equipped is the Y. W. C. A. educational work. The social, spiritual, and intellectual atmosphere of Winnipeg's Y. W. C. A. is inspiring to every girl who takes advantage of its classes and life. The General Secretary, Miss Elliott, is a young woman of rare personal charm and splendid executive ability. Any young woman living in the Y. W. C. A. must be most beautifully and spiritually influenced while in the presence of Miss Elliott. It would be impossible to find a young woman more suitable for her position and the Board of Directors are to be congratulated upon their wisdom in securing Miss Elliott. She is genuine, capable, dignified, and best of all she is approachable for she is thoroughly conscientious in her duties and consequently is admired and respected by all young women who know her.

Miss E. Grace Brooking, Extension Secretary, is doing a very great amount of work among the factory girls. Always forgetful of self she carries untiringly the message of hope and love to hundreds of girls in Winnipeg's factories. She has a large following of girls who love her.

Mrs. Edward Brown is the capable President of the Winnipeg Y. W. C. A. and she is greatly appreciated by those who are most closely connected with the work. We trust that Western Canada will give splendid support to this most worthy organization for Canada's future will be determined by the character of her present young womanhood.

* * * * *

THE GERMAN HOME-MAKER

Not long ago a German visited my club of girls and in a talk to them he exclaimed: "Oh, the German housewife, she knows just how to make a home! She knows just how far a dollar will go!" I admired his admiration of the German home-maker. Since then I have been studying the German girl in her home and I feel that girls of other nationalities might learn many lessons from her. If our girls were trained as are the Germans the "High Cost of Living" problem would be solved and there would be few divorces. In the first place she is taught how to keep her home tidy; she knows how to cook wholesome food—not the frills that run up bills; then she can make her own clothes and she does not adopt a style that dwarfs every organ in her body. She devlops into a happy, practical, sensible, healthy woman and this is the reason that Germany has produced a nation of intellectual giants in the realm of science, invention, literature, music and art. The German race is a strong proof of the power of genuine home-makers. The German woman in her home-work does not neglect the affairs of the day and her influence is productive in molding the minds of Germany's powerful men.

TO INTRODUCE THE

EVERSON "DE LUXE" PIANO

We Offer to the First 50 Buyers, This New

$400

STYLE FOR

$315

Here's a New Way, a New Plan by Which Every Home May Have a Fine New Piano

From the time of our first announcements of the Everson, the sales have surpassed our most sanguine expectations.

Scores of customers have given us unsolicited their written and oral testimony expressing their delight and satisfaction with the Everson.

Every salesman on our staff enthusiastically declares it to be the best moderate priced piano in Canada.

Its sweet singing tone, evenness of scale, responsive touch, prettiness of style and beauty of finish commend it at once to the investigating purchaser. We have repeatedly noticed that it takes less time to sell an Everson than any piano on our floors.

These facts backed by the proven durability of the Everson convinced us of the wisdom of adding another and more expensive style. One that might be compared side by side, by the most exacting critic, with the costliest makes. One that would harmonize with the most elegantly furnished room.

These added refinements have increased the cost but they have improved both the tone and appearance of the instrument.

The first samples of the Everson **"De Luxe"** have arrived and have passed our criticisms. Two carloads more are on the way.

BEST MATERIAL USED

This Piano is built with heavy full metal plate. The pin block is of the improved sectionally-built type, impervious to warping and an aid to holding the Piano in tune. The best German steel wire is used, the sounding board is first-quality white mountain spruce, stoutly ribbed to provide against cracking. The case is double veneered inside and out, the same as in the higher-priced Pianos.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

We are so convinced of the high value offered in this new style, that we have decided on a unique advertising plan believing that a satisfied customer is the best channel through which to secure other customers.

A CLUB OF 50 BUYERS

To participate in a fund of $4255.00 or a saving of $85.00 to each. The club member will also secure the following unique benefits.

FREE LIFE INSURANCE

In the event of the death of the purchaser we agree to give free to his beneficiaries a receipt in full for the unpaid balance in this contract, providing all payments have been promptly met up to that time.

FREE FIRE INSURANCE

In the event of the instrument being destroyed by fire, tempest or flood during the time of this contract we agree to replace it with another of equal value without extra charge to the purchaser, providing all payments have been promptly met up to that time.

TO BONSPIEL VISITORS

Those who are coming to the Bonspiel will have the opportunity of examining these instruments and satisfying themselves as to the value.

TO MAIL ORDER CUSTOMERS

Those who do not intend visiting the city can secure all the benefits by mail with freight allowed to any station in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

Surely this is the biggest and best offer ever made in connection with the Piano trade in Western Canada.

TERMS OF PAYMENT

Monthly Payment Plan	$25.00 Cash with Order 8.00 a month
Quarterly Payment Plan	$25.00 Cash with Order 25.00 quarterly
Half Yearly Plan	$50.00 Cash with Order 50.00 every six months
Yearly Payment Plans	$100.00 Cash with Order 100.00 in one year 115.00 in two years

Interest at 8 per cent per annum on unpaid balances.

We reserve the right to refuse terms to people who cannot furnish satisfactory credit references.

10 per cent discount for full amount in cash.

Now we ask you to make a comparison. You who want Beauty of Style, Elegance of Finish, Sweetness and Refinement of Tone with Power and Sustained quality, and the constructional scheme and high class craftsmanship that guarantees lasting quality and satisfaction in a country where the most trying climatic conditions exist.

You who want an underprice. Our guarantee is back of every word in this advertisement and the piano also.

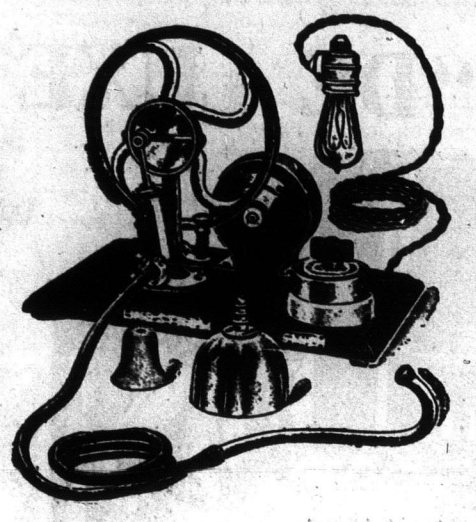
Send your order to-day while the club is open with cash payment and state your preference for walnut or mahogany

WINNIPEG'S BUSIEST MUSIC HOUSE

CROSS GOULDING & SKINNER LTD., 323 Portage Ave.

VICTROLAS PHONOGRAPHS MUSIC ROLLS

CATARRHAL
DEAFNESS
Can be Cured By
THE WHITE CROSS
EAR OSCILLATOR



For many decades the cleverest men of science experimented on the ear drum and searched in vain for a cure whereby hearing might be restored to the deaf.

PRINCIPLE

At the International Otological Congress, held in London, Eng., Dr. Charles Dalstanchi, of Brussels, was awarded the Lenval prize for the device of Otopneumatic massage. This invention was the ground work for what is known as Pneumo Oscillation, and which is todaythe only true known method of curing deafness. It consists of suction, compression and vibration by air. This treatment, as given by the White Cross Ear Oscillator, breaks up adhesions and restores hearing to all in which catarrhal deafness is the cause; and as shown by medical statistics at least **85 per cent of all deafness is caused by Catarrh.**

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This appliance is very easy to work, and with the charts and diagrams we supply free of charge with each machine, it is impossible to go astray when taking treatment.

The White Cross Ear Oscillator is built on precisely the same principle as those in use by all the noted ear specialists in London, Paris, New York, Chicago, and other big cities, where a fee of two or three dollars a treatment is charged.

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The Ear Oscillator can be operated on the farm by hand, or by attaching to an ordinary sewing machine. In this way precisely the same results are gained as in the city where there is Electricity. These appliances have done more in relieving head noises and curing Deafness than any other known method.

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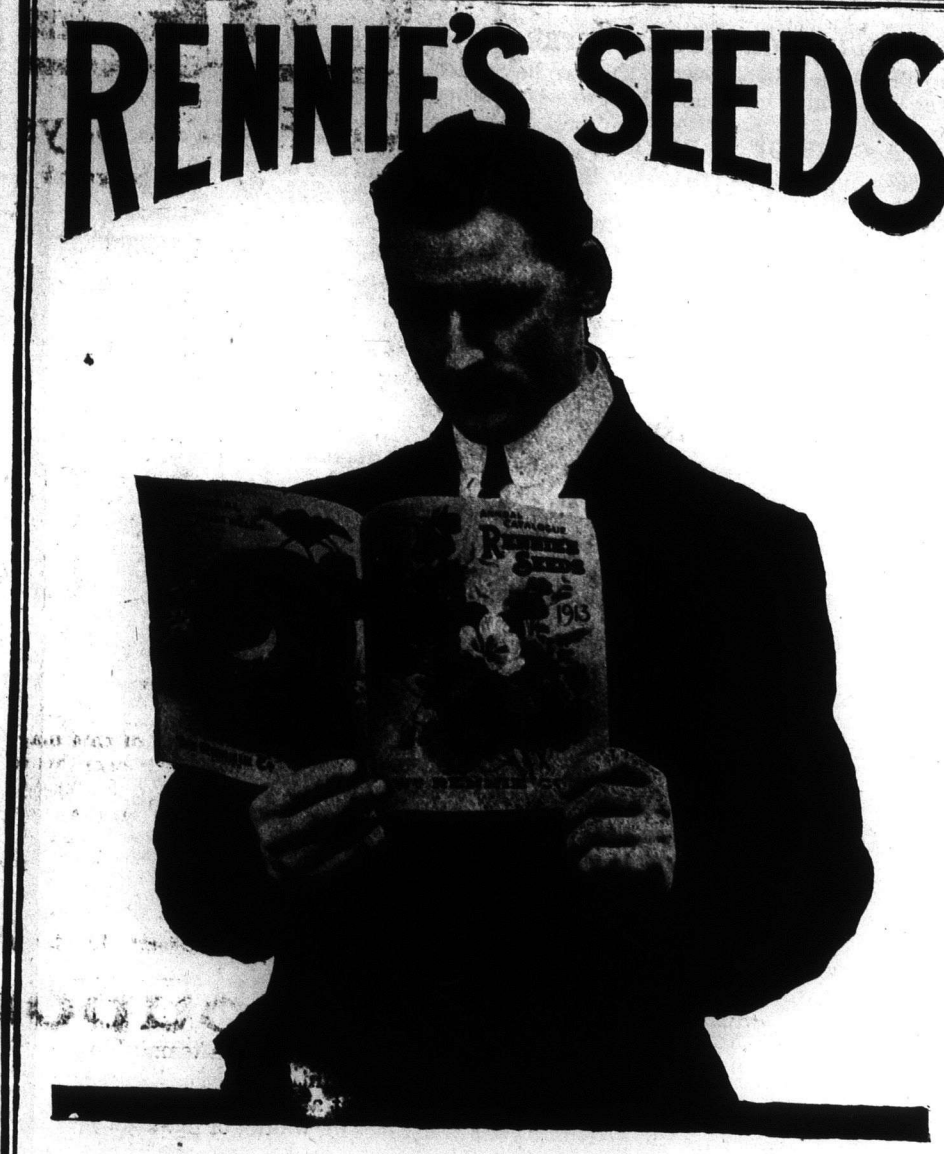

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The wife of Frederick who was Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, was a noble woman, unostentatious, amiable, refined and had decided intellectual ability. She was able to retain the love and admiration of her husband and he consulted with her freely on both public and personal matters.

Then there was Queen Louisa a woman whose equal no other woman has ever surpassed. One time when Berlin was occupied by the French and Queen Louisa was fleeing with her children toward the frontier of Poland, the carriage broke down and she and her children suffered from hunger. A field was close by and she sent William into it to gather blue corn flowers. With these she made wreaths for their little heads and thus made them forget their hunger. When William became Emperor he never forgot this and a conservatory at Potsdam furnished corn-flowers the entire year for a vase on his study table. He said that without the inspiration of their beauty and of the memories they awakened he could not do his work well.

When we study the lives of the German home-makers we are not surprised at the strength and power of Germany's men, for it was the German woman's influence that molded a Bismarck, a Von Moltke, a Goethe and the Emperor of Lower.

* * * * *

THE ART OF PLEASING

If a kind fairy should come to every

Miss Nellie Elliott
Gen. Sec. Young Womens' Christian Association, Winnipeg

one of my girl readers and say: "Have thy wish," what would it be? I fancy I hear many say: "I would be beautiful"; some—"I wish to be clever"; others—"I want riches, luxury and fine clothes."

Beauty, cleverness and riches are not the best gifts. I would wish first for the art of pleasing for then I would be serving others. The rewards in this life are given for service. The penalties in this life are given self-indulgence.

The world's greatest women have had this quality—the art of pleasing—highly cultivated.

Catherine II of Russia was an extraordinary woman; intellectually great enough to be called by a French philosopher, "The candlestick bearing the light of the age." She was every inch an empress yet she treated others with a simplicity which put them immediately at their ease; she was able to rule her empire well, though lovable and popular with all. She once said: "To tell the truth I have never fancied myself extremely beautiful, but I have the art of pleasing which, I think, is my greatest gift."

* * * * * *

EASY POSITIONS

Girls are continually on the quest for easy positions. Now there is not a woman living who has accomplished anything worth while who has attained her success by doing easy work. Anything worth while costs effort, struggle, sacrifices and fatigue. An inexperienced girl meets a successful woman and envies her the easy life she seems to have. If the girl could but peep into that busy woman's study she might see her laboring through the midnight hours while others are sleeping the time away or spending the hours in revelry.

A clever Canadian woman, who is loved by Western women and honored by Western men, is Miss Cora Hind. She is extremely clever intellectually and is brilliant in her line of work—in fact she is an authority in Canada's commercial field. Her clever, broad, sympathetic mind guides a pen that is touching the hearts of her readers in such a way that she is a power in moving women to action. Yet this woman who is so successful in great things is just as successful in lines of work that many girls regard as menial—for Miss Hind is an artist in the line of cooking and in home affairs. It is the fact that she is successful in little things that she is so capable in larger fields.

Probably twenty girls have asked me this question lately: "Mrs. Hamilton, do you know of an easy position?" Such a question disgusts me. I immediately measure up the quality of girl-force behind that question. "I want a position in an office; I do not like house work," she continues.

It is women who do not like house work who are largely responsible for the divorce cases. Lack of home-management and poor cooking drives more men to drink, financial ruin and to the "other woman" than any other cause. A good cook is the finest kind of an artist. This combined with good home-management will make most men happy and prosperous. A good wholesome loaf of bread is a better accomplishment than a perfect letter pounded out on the typewriter.

Instead of walking the streets for a position and discouragingly climbing up to the cold attic bedroom to lunch on soda crackers, take a position at housework for a while. The training is good for any girl.

Then do not look for an "easy position." When Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the greatest actress in the world, recently acted so marvelously in Winnipeg, some one asked her the secret of youth; for Mme. Bernhardt is sixty-eight years old. Her answer was: "Work! Work! Work! I have always worked very hard. Work is the secret of youth."

Yes, girls, and while you work keep the mind occupied with noble, inspiring thoughts. Someone has said that genius is one part inspiration and three parts perspiration.

* * * * *

THE DUST OF DAILY HAPPENINGS

At the end of the year the successful business man goes over his books to make an inventory of the yearly transactions. When he sees where he has failed to score a success he changes his methods in that particular part of his work.

In the same manner every girl should go over her books of the days and weeks and see where she has fallen behind in the business of living.

One girl comes to me in sad despondency over having been thrown out of her position. Her nerves have mastered her will and I understand why she has failed and will continue to fail until she is master of herself. The first quality necessary for success is good health. Many girls do not consider the little things that ruin their health, like wearing thin boots, low shoes, changing heavy underclothing for thin to wear under a party dress, wearing low necked dresses, and going out nearly every evening. A tired mind and body will not keep a position.

Frances Willard said: "There is always a market for good work. People will pay for what they want. Fill a want and you have a market."

This is a month when many girls are out of positions, and they wait until the time comes when they can do the thing they want to do. Opportunity often comes in the humblest tasks. Per-

haps that is the reason why so many fail to recognize it.

If, instead of sighing for the thing beyond reach, our girls would cheerfully take up the task lying nearest their hands, they would find success crowning present endeavor, and the way opening to the coveted position.

Last year an English girl came to Winnipeg and began work as a domestic. When I became acquainted with her I felt that she had a future before her. She was anxious to do her work well and capability was written all over her personality. It was not long before the head of that home realized that she would develop into valuable help in his office, so she went from the kitchen to his office. Now he is giving her an opportunity to study stenography and she is giving splendid satisfaction in his office.

It is true that the larger and more important positions are never offered until one has shown her fitness to do the smaller ones which lie close at hand. What hinders, helps when the soul is alive. Any labor or any task undertaken with the true womanly spirit does not degrade the worker. The worker may lift the labor to her level. If a particular kind of work is degrading it is because the workers have made it so. Labor cannot humiliate one so long as she keeps her self-respect.

Wherever we are there is opportunity of turning to gold the dust of daily happenings. The cheerful, optimistic young woman does not hunt in vain for a position. "We are all in the center of the same world and whatever happens to us is great, if there is greatness in us." Turn the dust of daily happenings into the gold of knowledge.

I know when a girl will become a failure or a success in the future if I can find out how she is doing her present work. If she leaves streaks on the dishes she washes and dust in the corners of her room, she will leave streaks of carelessness on business papers and dust of shiftlessness in the corners of her employer's business.

* * * * *

"MODEL" TRAGEDIES

In Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" we criticise Katherina for her ugly temper, her vicious tongue and her fiery feelings, yet we do not realize that these might all have resulted from a girlhood that was misunderstood. She had a "goody-goody" sister, and these sisters or brothers are often model tragedies. Often girls, and boys, too, who are endowed with a little more vivacity than others, are the victims of a continual attack of bitter accusations, simply because their disposition is not so tame as desirable. If these dispositions are directed with tact in the right direction, they make our most brilliant men and women. Katherina's perpetual punishment did not improve her. She was considered a domestic nuisance. She became the object of universal dislike and disobedience, yet she could have been reclaimed and made a comfort to everyone. Katherina was naturally high-spirited — full of vivacity — yet these form an admirable basis for character if directed properly.

It is dangerous to give a girl a questionable character for any particular fault; it too frequently fixes that fault. A girl hearing herself constantly called sulky, or indolent, or headstrong, or pert, will learn to consider herself so and act upon it. She acquires the habit of thinking and acts accordingly. Make her feel that you believe in her and fill her mind with good ambitions, awaken her gentler impulses. Reproach scatters evil and generates mischief.

There is such a thing as a tragedy of model people. Detectives will bear me out in the statement that model brothers and model sisters drive many boys and girls away from home. A mother who continually reminds a girl that she is not so good as her sister will make the girl worse. As a rule these "model" sisters are perched up on a brazen pedestal of conceit. Often those who pose as models of goodness have velvet paws that can put forth talons as sharp as razors when one thinks it least possible.

A good person does not need to advertise her goodness. Indeed, beware of the one who does. If one wants to conquer a haughty spirit, first love her. Through love alone, and its divine inspirations, are evil feelings eradicated and virtuous emotions planted in their stead. In some women their originally limited supply of brains dwindles down to a mere nothing in the round of trifles to which it is for the most part confined and they forget to love humanity; they worship self-passionate temperaments; are influenced by art.

Headingly Economics' Society

A meeting of the Headingly Economics' Society, was held on Wednesday, Jan. 8th, with almost a full attendance. The minutes were read and approved of, after which the business matters were settled.

A paper was then given by Mrs. D. McFee on "Profits of, and how to raise, Poultry." She gave us an excellent paper, and anyone who was at all interested in poultry, could certainly get a lot of information.

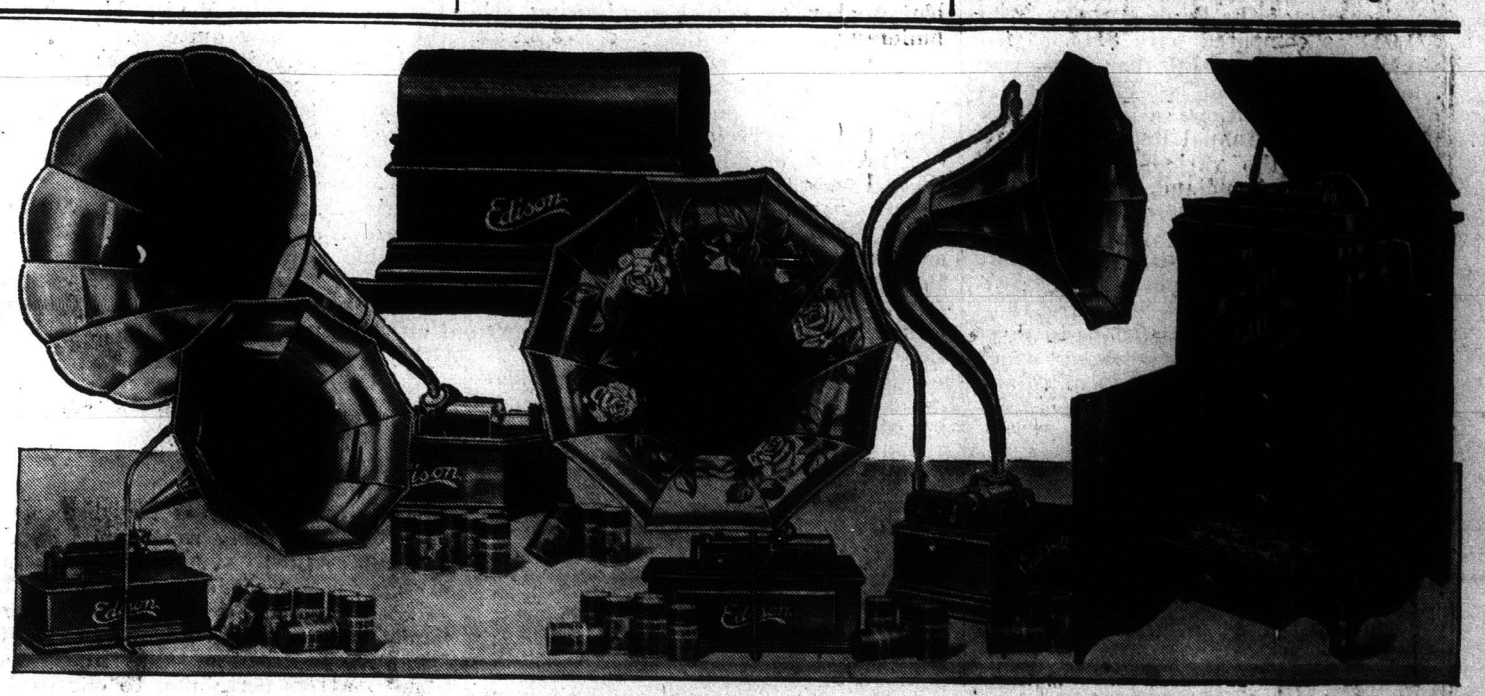
Mrs. McFee stated that she thought the high cost of living would be greatly reduced, if those having back yards that are bringing them no income would purchase a few thorough-bred fowls and each year raise some good poultry; they could bring down their meat bill greatly.

One hen with proper care will easily lay twelve dozen eggs in a year, and eggs, at an average of twenty-five cents, will bring $3.00, and eggs under present conditions will average more. She stated that the poultry products of the United States last year, reached the almost unbelieveable total of six hundred and twenty-five million dollars. This is more than all the wheat which was produced in the United States in 1908. All the wheat amounting to six hundred and sixteen million dollars, and the hen beat it by nine million. It is more than all the oats grown on the North American Continent in the same year.

I only wish I had room to give you more of her figures, but I am afraid it will be too much, but it is her opinion that the essentials to success are good stock, good food, good houses, good care and good common sense.

We have been holding ten-cent socials, from house to house, in aid of the Church of England cemetery, and have succeeded in raising quite a sum.

After the paper by Mrs. McFee, our hostess, Mrs. Barrett, served tea, and a social time was held before leaving.



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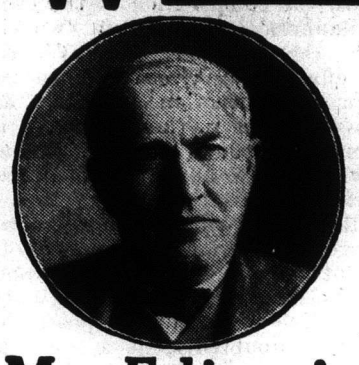

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Read this remarkable **free shipment offer** on the first lot of the new style Edison Phonographs—these new Phonographs to be shipped free on this special offer now.

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The Canadian Bank of Commerce

ANNUAL MEETING

At the annual meeting of The Canadian Bank of Commerce held in Toronto on 14th instant the statement presented showed profits for the year of $2,811,806.42, the best in the history of the Bank, which has grown rapidly during the past few years. During the year the paid-up capital of the Bank has been increased to $15,000,000 and $2,742,180 has been added to Rest, bringing that account up to $12,500,000. The total assets of the Bank are now $246,571,000 as compared with $113,683 five years ago. The Bank has this year adopted the plan of issuing a "Review of Business Conditions in 1912" as a supplement to its Annual Report. This review covers the various provinces of Canada, Newfoundland, the United States, Mexico, and Great Britain, in all of which countries the Bank now does business. It consists of a highly interesting series of reports and is written by trained bankers who are thoroughly familiar with conditions in those sections of the country about which they write. A copy will be sent to any address on application to the Head Office of the Bank.

After the reading of the Report the General Manager, Mr. Alexander Laird, addressed the shareholders, saying:

We have closed another year with a record of uninterrupted prosperity, and we take pleasure in submitting a report which will compare favorably with any previous statement in the Bank's history.

In reviewing the business of the early part of the year we have to note a steady development. Great industrial activity, accompanied by large orders for manufactured goods of all kinds, gave an impetus to business which at once arrested our attention and produced a feeling of concern lest we should have difficulty in meeting the requirements of our customers. There was apparently a sound and healthy basis for this activity, and the money market was for a time comparatively easy, but we had to look forward to the harvesting of a large crop and were naturally desirous of doing our full share in moving it. The necessity for a close supervision of credits was never so obvious, and this period, usually one of dull and inactive business, proved to be a time for the exercise of great caution.

We had expected the gradual return of better conditions in the great financial centres which, by permitting the marketing of a large amount of first-class securities, would enlarge the supply of available capital, but untoward events in Continental Europe and the uncertainty surrounding an exciting Presidential campaign in the United States made this impossible. The latter half of the year was therefore a time of great stringency and consequent high rates for money, and it became increasingly difficult to satisfy legitimate demands, notwithstanding the inherent soundness of business generally.

With the amalgamation of the Eastern Townships Bank our capital was increased to $15,000,000. The average capital employed during the year was $14,210,437, and the net earnings on this amount were $2,811,806.42, an increase of $506,397 over last year, being at the rate of 19.78 per cent. This result was attained after making the usual provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and a thorough revaluation of the entire assets of the Bank.

We are pleased to report that an examination of the accounts of the Eastern Townships Bank leaves us no reason to doubt the value of our purchase, and we record our appreciation of the zeal and the hearty co-operation of our associates in the difficult task incident to the adjustment of so important an acquisition.

We disbursed in dividends $1,568,622.43, being at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, and an extra bonus dividend of 1 per cent for the year. The policy of paying bonus dividends until such time as we are confident of being able to maintain a higher rate would seem to be a wise precaution, in view of the extraordinary development of our business and the desirability of making ample provision for any contingency likely to arise.

We have expressed the hope that our building programme could be curtailed, but the acquisition of the large territory covered by our eastern branches, and the continued growth in the West, necessitated the opening of a considerable number of branches requiring the building and remodelling of offices on an extensive scale. We have also a serious problem to face in the changes absolutely essential for the proper accommodation of Head Office and Toronto branch, our present premises having been for several years quite inadequate. Bank Premises account has been increased to $4,423,993.07, which includes premises, acquired from the Eastern Townships Bank, and we have written off $500,000, keeping the account at approximately 50 per cent of the value of our properties.

The increase of the staff, now numbering 3,000, required the appropriation of $75,000 for the Pension Fund. We have added $2,742,180 to Rest Account and carry forward a balance of $771,578.88 in Profit and Loss. The Bank's Circulation account showed important fluctuations during the year, the minimum reached in January being $10,403,322 and the maximum in November $16,660,709. We had occasion to take advantage of the emergency provisions of the Bank Act amendment of 1908 early in October, and we closed our statement with a circulation of $1,422,864 in excess of the amount of our paid-up Capital.

If the Bank Act introduced at this session of Parliament should be passed in its present form and a "Central Gold Reserve" established there will be no apprehension of a scarcity of currency at a time when the emergency provisions are not operative; for with the deposit of gold or Dominion notes in the custody of trustees the banks will have the privilege of issuing their own notes to the full amount thus deposited. This will undoubtedly be a very important step towards ensuring that the business of the country should not be embarrassed through lack of currency. It is evident, however, that there will be no profit to the banks in availing themselves of the suggested privilege, and as we have reached the time when the need of currency is beyond the present limts of the bank's power to supply, it is desirable that in addition to the adventitious aids so wisely provided in the New Bank Act, the banks should anticipate an increasing demand for bank-note currency by the issue of additional capital.

During the year our deposits increased $51,651,727. There was a considerable accessation of special amounts which will be withdrawn in due course, and we received $19,111,119 as a result of the Eastern Townships Bank amalgamation. The ordinary deposits show a very handsome increase. Current loans and discounts increased $52,753,347 and call and short loans $2,757,730, compared with last report. Investments in Government bonds, municipal and other securities were increased by $2,821,024 and cash resources by $1,625,271.

You will notice from the report of the Board of Directors the large increase in the number of our branches. We fully realize our responsibility in undertaking to control so many units in a great bank, and the importance of arranging for a complete organization of competent and loyal associates, with geographical divisions which thoroughly cover the field of our operations. We endeavor as far as possible to clothe our Superintendents and Managers with authority for a prompt discharge of the duties of management, and believe we have succeeded in perfecting a system which meets every reasonable requirement. The distribution of branches at the close of the year was as follows:—

Alberta	49
British Columbia	42
Manitoba	23
New Brunswick	2
Novia Scotia	13
Ontario	79
Prince Edward Island	5
Quebec	91
Saskatchewan	53
Yukon	2
Total in Canada	359
Newfoundland	1
London, Eng.	1
United States	4
Mexico	1
Total number of Branches	366

The number of the Bank's shareholders has increased during the year from 4,142 to 5,656, the increase being principally due to the taking over of the Eastern Townships Bank. The stock of the Bank is now quite widely distributed, not only in Canada but abroad, as will be seen from the following figures compiled as at the close of our year:

	No. of Shareholders	Amount held
Ontario	1,388	$4,087,500
Quebec	1,127	3,213,650
Maritime Provinces	702	1,544,450
Western Provinces	118	242,950
Great Britain	1,569	3,204,400
United States	669	2,549,950
Other countries	83	157,100
	5,656	$15,000,000

We have referred to the provisions of the new Bank Act for increased note circulation, and would like to advert to the proposal that is now being considered, of creating a system of independent audit to supplement what has always been regarded as complete and satisfactory in every well-organized bank. There can be no question as to the importance of a strict supervision of all matters pertaining to our banks, and we should welcome any plan which make for more efficient management and a proper recognition of the great responsibilties we are called upon to assume. We are disposed to believe that with the co-operation of the Canadian Bankers' Association working through the various Bank Clearing houses effective service could be rendered in the correction of abuses and the perfecting of methods for the encouragement of sound banking. We have possibly not taken advantage of our opportunities in this respect.

The Bank Act will probably sanction under proper liens and assignments the loaning of money to farmers and ranchers on the security of grain and cattle and other live stock in their possession. This will, undoubtedly, be a great advantage in many instances, and will at least legalize a practice already quite common, and probably tend to prevent hasty marketing of produce. As a matter of fact large advances are made to farmers on the security of notes, but actually upon what they possess in the way of products of agriculture and their reputation for honesty and ability, always an essential consideration when lending money. We have no hesitation in stating that our farmer customers are, almost without exception, satisfactory borrowers. Our aggregate advances to farmers run into large figures, estimated at $15,000,000 for the Western provinces.

Despite the money stringency during the closing months of 1912, and the fear that we may feel the pinch for some time to come, there are offsetting influences at work. The wonderful revival of trade in every branch, the bountiful harvests throughout the land and the consequent enormous increases in traffic on the railways, afford excellent grounds for the assumption that the unusual prosperity we are enjoying is on a sound basis. There is, therefore, some warrant for the belief that with reasonable care and judgment in measuring our commitments there will be a continuance of prosperous conditions for the coming year. We must, of course, reckon with the adverse circumstances prevailing abroad, for in conducting a world-wide business we are sensitive to these influences. We are hopeful that with the settlement of present difficulties in Europe and the return of trade to normal channels, any apprehension for the immediate future will be dispelled. We are likely to experience on the part of investors a very decided reluctance to pay fancy prices when we come to dispose of the securities now awaiting a favorable market, and we should be prepared for a revaluation which will probably mean a higher yield for the purchaser.

The adoption of the Report was then moved by the President of the Bank, Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O., who spoke as follows:

President's Address.

The area of Canada in which the Bank is directly interested has become so large that we have decided to present the information collected regarding its industrial position in a new form. We shall hereafter include in the statement made to our shareholders reports from those senior officers of the Bank who have charge under the General Manager of the various geographical divisions of the Bank and who are better qualified than we are to set forth the facts regarding such districts.

The year has been one marked, even in comparison with recent years of large expansion, by a continued increase in immigration, in building operations of all kinds, especially in connection with railroads, in foreign and domestic trade, in bank deposits, indeed, in almost everything connected with the prosperity of a country. Our object in stating what is so well known is that we may consider the causes of our rapid growth and whether in the methods of our expansion there is anything which needs to be checked. Our financial requirements are mainly determined by the volume of immigration. It is because of this that we must build so largely, and this also is the main cause of the excess of our imports over our exports. The immigration for the calendar year, December, being estimated, was 394,784, an increase over the record year of 1911 of 13 per cent. The immigrants came to us from forty-one countries and were divided as follows: British, 144,830; American, 140,456; from other countries, 109,498. In order to transport them to their inland destination 800 passenger trains of ten cars each, averaging 50 persons to each car, would be required. In the last two years we have added nearly 10 new people to each 100 people already in Canada taken as a whole, but as over half of these immigrants have gone to the Western provinces, the proportion of newcomers to these provinces in the same period has been about 20 to each 100. The population of Saskatchewan has increased five-fold in ten years. Clearly this is proportionately the largest immigration problem ever handled by any country. In order to house, settle, and arrange transportation for these people, we must borrow very largely, and as long as such streams of newcomers continue we are likely to be borrowers on a large scale, at least for many decades to come. In the excess of imports over exports and in the volume of our securities sold abroad in order to settle that difference, one can clearly see the strain put upon Canada by this enormous accession of new people. The total of our foreign trade for the fiscal year ending March, 1912, was $874,538,000. Our imports were $559,220,000 and our exports $315,317,000, the balance against us being $243,903,000, and the figures for the half year ending September, 1912, show imports on an even larger scale. The imports of iron and steel in various forms from raw material to highly complicated manufactures amount in value to $95,000,000. Almost all these articles are already being made in Canada, but not in sufficient quantities, or not of high enough quality, to satisfy our requirements. It is to the last degree desirable that such articles should be made at home, and to the extent of say $50,000,000 or $60,000,000 they clearly should be. With the exception of motor cars and parts to the extent of $7,387,000, and a few other items, the whole of this amount may be safely attributed to the erection of new structures or the opening up of new farm lands. It is this large difference between our exports and imports which causes us to send so many securities to the London market; and if it were true that we are ordering too many securities it would mean that we are importing too many goods or exporting too little, or both. Doubtless, some Ca-

nadian securities are offered which should not have been created, and doubtless our imports are unwisely increased to some extent by the extravagance of an unusually prosperous people, but the main cause each year is the same. We need more than ever new mileage of railways, vast quantities of new rolling stock, warehouse and port facilities, municipal expenditures in hundreds of new towns and an enlarged scale of improvements in all the older municipalities, the building of ordinary roads, bridges, etc., in many new areas of settlement, the creation of plants for new industries and the general increase of existing plants throughout all Canada, the erection of private dwellings in greater numbers, and of more permanent construction than in the past, and many other forms of betterment which need not be detailed. But while our needs are mainly measured by our immigration, we art apt to forget that it is the investor in our securities who has the power to determine finally the pace of our expansion. For every dollar we wish to fix in permanent improvements r mebody should have saved a dollar, and at this extragavant moment the borrowers throughout the world exceed those whose savings take the form of loanable capital. It is for us, therefore, to consider not so much our needs as the opinion of the investor regarding our securities, and the condition of the world's money market. If we do this we must conclude to restrict our building operations as much as possible for the moment, and we must expect to pay a higher rate of interest for our requirements. Men with business experience before entering upon building operations, large or small, assure themselves that the needed money is available. It is only our municipalities and reckless promoters who incur large obligations before they are sure of the necessary investor in the securities they propose to offer. Many of our towns and cities who have refused to consult the banks, find themselves embarrassed as a result, and improvements which may be wise and much needed, must be postponed for the moment. The existing securities will doubtless be absorbed in the near future, but at lower prices than heretofore in order to meet the investors' expectations of a higher return. Our municipalities, however, should seriously consider whether during periods of such rapid expansion the tax rate should not be largely increased. In the days of Western expansion in the United States 25 and 30 mills on a fairly high valuation of property were not uncommon rates. Again, should we not pay for local improvements in a far shorter time than we do? The Western cities of the United States make their local improvements by the issue of short term securities, the average life of which is usually not more than five years. Such securities often carry six per cent interest and do not appeal to the same class of investor as do long-term municipal debentures. We can easily see the bad effect on the credit of our municipalities of adding the heavy cost of local improvements, spread over long terms, to the ordinary general debt. Such a system as that followed in the United States would probably not find favor with the subdivision promoter because it would be a powerful check on all speculative real estate schemes. At least a year ago it became generally known that there were many Canadian securities in existence which had not been absorbed by the investor and that real estate speculation was proceeding at too rapid a pace. Undoubtedly the knowledge of these facts has exercised some restraint upon our people. Transactions in inside city properties have probably been larger than ever but the sub-division promoter has not prospered. Direct investments of British capital in agricultural lands to be re-sold have been made in both the East and the West on a large scale.

In common with the rest of the world we are living in a time of high prices, and the incidence of these prices on those who have fixed incomes or earnings is so heavy as to constitute the greatest economic difficulty we have to face. I shall not attempt to deal fully with a subject which is being studied by Government Commissions in many leading countries and which will, let us hope, be referred to an international commission. There are some forces which affect the general trend of prices, others which may cause any particular commodity to go above or below the line of the general trend, and again others which are local and produce such apparent anomalies as higher prices for foodstuffs in cities nearer sources of cheap production as compare with more remote centres of consumption. Without, therefore, discussing the effect of an enlarged and cheapened supply of gold, the enormous increase of credit partly made possible thereby, and the effect of many other forces causing a general upward trend of prices, we may profitably consider some local causes which put the people of Canada at an unnecessary disadvantage. One of the most powerful and inexcusable local causes for the high price of food is the condition of our country roads. It must be clear that if a farmer has to travel ten or twenty miles to a city to sell his produce, every hour of delay to himself and his horses and wagon, every bushel or pound less he is able to carry, every day lost in the length of the life of his horses and wagon, cause just so much increase in the cost of the article he has to sell. To the extent that this needless and cruel loss might, if avoided, partly add to the farmer's profit and partly lessen the cost to the consumer, the state of our roads is little short of a crime. If the bad roads around a city cause the price of food to be much higher than it need be, one of the results is to enable producers, hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles away, to enter into competition with the farmer in his own county, because the cost in transit over one mile of bad wagon road will cover the cost over many miles of good railroad. This competition may help the consumer by keeping prices from rising still higher but it will not bring the price below the point fixed by the extra cost from the bad local roads. It will not do any good for those of us who live in well-paved cities to blame the farmers for bad roads. They cannot be expected to build good roads entirely at their own expense, and good roads will not come so long as we wait for anything as unfair as this. It is not that we do not know how to construct good roads. We know fairly well what we should do, but we hesitate to do it. In the excellent report on Highway Improvements in Ontario for 1911 there is a sufficient abstract of the systems adopted by the various countries of the world and by thirty-three States in the United States; of these that are in use those in the State of New York seems to be the most complete. Under this system roads are classified as follows:

(1) State roads built at the entire cost of the state.

(2) County roads to which the state contributes one-half, the county 35 per cent, and the township 15 per cent. For maintenance the state collects from the townships $50 per mile per annum, the remainder being contributed by the state.

(3) Township roads, to which the state contributes one-third of the cost of construction.

Can the people of Canada be made to realize that every man, woman and child suffers from the evil of bad roads whether they use the roads directly or not? Have we not as much intelligence as the citizens of these thirty-three neighboring states?

Another cause of high prices is the general inefficiency of most kinds of labor. Employment is so easily obtained that the worker is apt to be so lacking in training for the particular calling it falls to his lot to occupy, that for this reason alone three men are often needed to do the work of two. The necessity of buying food for three families instead of two clearly raises the price of food and every non-producer of food in Canada therefore suffers from this inefficiency of labor. Still another evil, tending to high prices and growing rapidly in these extragavant times, is the waste in the use of food. As seen in a modern hotel or dining car this shocks most of us, but in countless families the waste is nearly as bad proportionately. If three animals are bought where only two are really needed, the price of meat is raised for everybody. I must apologize for repeating facts which are so palpable, but in our

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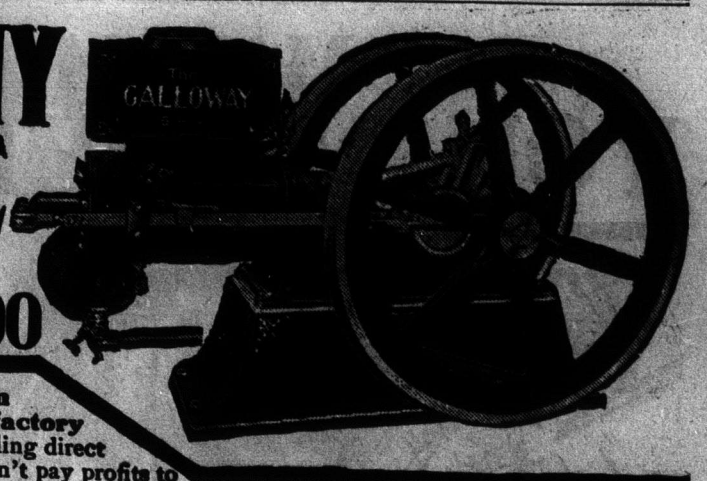

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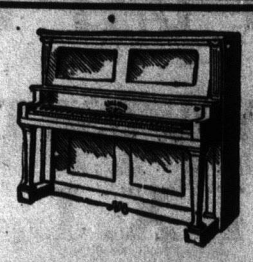

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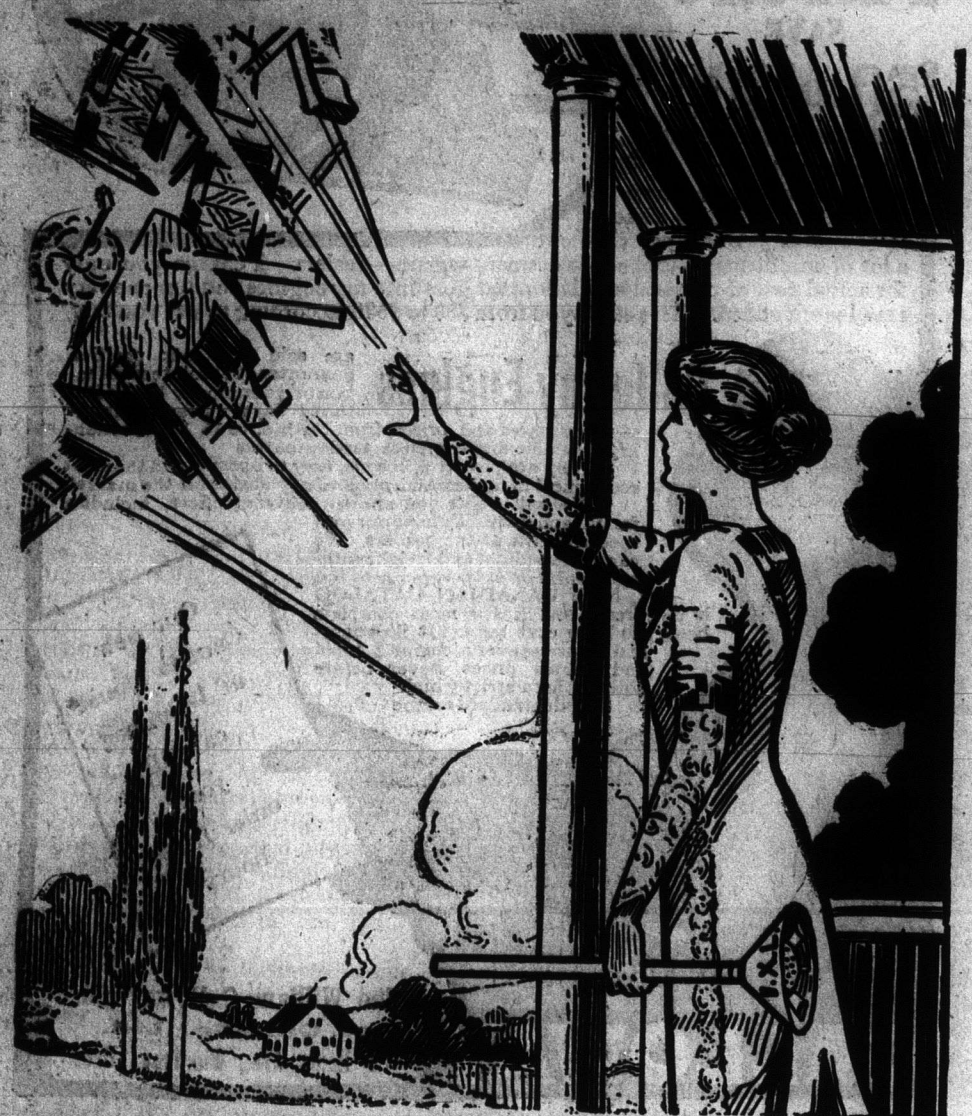

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desire to blame someone else for the suffering caused by high prices, we often refuse to see local causes which largely contribute to it and which we could at least moderate if we chose.

We have often spoken of the tendencies of modern life which increase the food consumers out of a proportion to the food producers, and it is pleasing to see some slight evidence of a return to the land which may help to correct this disproportion, but while the quantity of fruit, vegetables and cereals grown may immediately be increased so as to affect prices, the state of the cattle industry of North America is so serious that some years must pass before we may hope for a return of normal conditions. It looks as if the United States would soon cease to export beef, and unless we at once change our course we may be in a similar condition. We must increase the number of beef cattle, sheep and swine on the land very largely if our annual consumption is to be supplied without depleting the herds. We shall hope the Commission regarding our cattle ranges will produce good results, and that the assurance of high prices for meat for some time to come may induce mixed farming to a degree not yet accomplished. Since 1908, while there has been a small increase in the number of horses in Canada there has been a serious decline in the number of milch cows, beef cattle, sheep and swine. There should have been a very large increase and unless every possible effort to arrest the decrease is made, this class of food will grow steadily dearer in price. The falling off is most noticeable in Ontario, while the only important gains are in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The Clearing House statements again give ample evidence of our rapid growth. The returns of twenty Clearing Houses for 1911 made a total of $7,391,368.000, while for 1912 the figures were $9,146,-236,000, a gain of 23.74 per cent. Once more we have to record a gain in every Clearing House in Canada.

The building permits of the four chief cities were as follows:

	1911	1912
Montreal	$14,580,000	$19,642,000
Toronto	24,374,000	27,401,000
Winnipeg	17,550,000	20,475,000
Vancouver	17,652,000	19,388,000

Mirandy tells why Women cannot Vote

Says it is Because They were Born with a Wishbone Instead of a Backbone.

"De reason dat women ain't got de right to vote ain't becaze dey is lackin' in sense an' probusness," said Mirandy, "hit's becaze dey's lackin' in backbone. Dey ain't got no spinal column, and dey hain't to blame for dat becaze hit's along of de way dat de good Lawd made 'em.

"I ain't never had no trouble in believin' dat woman was made out of man's rib. What worries me is why de Lawd's choice fell on de rib, which ain't nothin' but a sort of rafter to hold up a man's chist an' swell hit out, an' make him look proud, but dat ain't nowise important in hitself, an' dat is about de easiest thing dat he can spare widout missin' hit.

"Co'se I ain't a-presuming to criticize de good Marster, but hit look like to me dat when he was a-creatin' woman an' had de whole man to cut of trouble ef he had have saved us a lot of troubde ef he had made Eve out of a few j'ints of Adam's backbone instid ob dat rib.

"Yassum, dat's so, for ain't a rib de easiest squashed thing in de whole human body? An' when you goes to de market an' wants to git de tenderest roast, don't you buy de rib roast?

"Yassum, dey torks 'bout de differerence between men an' women, but de biggest difference is in de matter of de backbone, an' hit's what keeps women good an' gives men de right to be bad, for dere ain't no foolishness dat a man will stand in a woman, an' dere ain't no foolishness dat a woman won't stand from a man.

"Dat's de reason dat we women can't vote an' ain't got no say 'bout makin' de laws dat bosses us. Ain't we got de right on our side? Yassir, we'se got right on our side, but we ain't got de backbone in us to jest retch out an' grab dat ballot.

"Yassir, we'se jest a ho'nin' for de franchise, an' we might have had hit any time dese last forty years ef we had had enough backbone in us to riz up an' fought one good fight for hit; but instid of dat we'se set aroun' a-holdin' our hands, and all dat we'se done is to say in a meek v'ice to men: 'Please, sir, I don't like to trouble you, but ef you'd kindly pass me de ballot hit sho'ly would be agreeable to me.'

"An' instid of givin' hit to us, men has kind of winked one eye to each udder an' 'sponded: 'Law'm, she don't want hit or else she'd make a fuss 'bout hit. Dat's de way we did. We didn't go after de right to vote wid our pink tea manners on. Co'se some day we'se got to give her her share ob de estate, but we'll hold on to it until she comes after hit wid hay on her horns. Den we'll fork it over to her in a hurry.'

"Yassir, dat's de true word, an' you listen to me de day dat women spunks up and rolls deir sleeves an' says to deir husbands dat dere ain't gwine to be no cookin' in dis house, nor darnin' of sox, nor patchin' ob breeches ontil dere is some female votin' doin', why, dat day de ballot will be fetched home to women on a silver salver. All dat stands between women and suffrage is de lack ob a spinal column.

"Yassum, most ob de trouble in dis worl' dat women has comes along of deir bein' born wid a wishbone instid of a backbone, but I 'llow dey can't help hit. Hit's all de fault ob de way dey was made. But whut I'd like to know is dis—why woman didn't get a show at Adam's backbone instid of his chist protector?"—Dorothy Dix.

Who Did It?

Among the successful smaller colleges of the country is the Western Maryland, located at Westminster. For years the president of it was the Rev. Dr. J. T. Ward. One night some of the mischief-makers stole the molasses cans from the kitchen, and poured streams of the treacle down the whole of the banisters that led from the sky parlor to the basement. Doctord Ward got up very early the next morning, and as he went down the steps he gathered a handful of the molasses. The faculty sat in solemn session, but not an inkling could they find as to the identity of the miscreants. Suddenly the humor of the thing broke upon the doctor, and he said: "Gentlemen, I may as well confess. I had a hand in it."

A Madhouse

When the late Lord Cairns was lord chancellor, he was an ex-officio visitor of lunatic asylums. He went down one Wednesday, when the peers do not sit, to Hanwell, knocked at the door, and asked to be admitted. "Can't let you in," said the janitor; "days for visitors, Tuesdays and Fridays." "But I have a right to go inside," said his lordship. "I insist on doing so." "Read the regulations," and the janitor pointed to them. "Do you know who I am?" asked Lord Cairns. "Don't know and don't care," said the menial. "I am entitled to admission at any and every hour; I am Lord Chancellor of England!" "Ah! ah!" laughed the janitor, as he shut the entrance gates in the noble lord's face, "we've got four of 'em inside already!"

Consistency

Mike and Pat were two Irish friends—and Democrats. One day Mike learned that Pat had turned Socialist. This grieved and troubled Mike, who said: "Pat, I don't understand this Socialism. What is it now?"

"It means dividing up your property equally," said Pat. "'Tis this way. If I had two million dollars I'd give you a million and keep a million myself—see?"

"And if you had two farms, Pat, what would you do?"

"I'd divide up, Mike. I'd give you one and I'd keep one."

"And if you had two pigs, Pat, would you share those, too?"

"Now, Mike, you go to thunder! You know I've got two pigs!"

Scotch Column

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary, Translater of New Testament in Braid Scots, etc.

The Poet

WHAT work are the poets doing?
Teaching men to see
God in Nature every hour,
Beauty in each leaf and flower,
Wonders wrought by sun and shower—
Winds, and waves, and sea!

What work are the poets doing?
Teaching men to love;
Drawing nearer man to man,
Doing all the good we can,
Working out the golden plan
Taught by God above!

—John Imrie.

An Accommodating Dealer. About the beginning of the last century a sign-board, which had stood for an unknown period, was taken down from the front of a shop. It read thus:

"Scotch cloths, bibles and ballads,
Spoons, lint, tow and cheese,
Sold here by James Fairservice."

Tramways. Between Stirling and the Bridge of Allan is now the only remaining horse tramway in Scotland. It seems to be paying its way very satisfactorily; but the directors are taking into consideration the question of "mechanical traction" for the future. The world moves!

To Practice Benevolence. Recently at our Carnegie's table in Scotland the subject of farthings came up. "Judge," said the host, "why do you British still issue farthings?" "To enable the Scotch to practice benevolence," replied the eminent lawyer.

Outside! A tract-distributor in Glasgow gave a girl some tracts, advising her to read them. Some days after calling at the same house he saw the tracts doing duty as curl-paper on the girl's head. "Weel, my lassie," said he, "I see ye're using the tracts. But, my woman, ye ha'e putten them on the wrang side o' yer heid!"

His Quest

Dark was the eve when the strong swell of Clyde
Roared loud and louder on the lover's ear;
Nor swerved he, man or steed, but swam the stream,
His one quest to the flood, "Make me your wreck
As I come back, but spare me as I go!"

— Prof. Veitch.

Right Kind of a Debtor. In the West of Scotland an unfortunate shopkeeper was compelled by stress of circumstances to call his creditors together and go into bankruptcy to the tune of about a shilling in the pound. One of the creditors proposed that they should not take the beggarly amount, but "gi'e John a tripe supper at Luckie Paterson's, gar him sing ane o' his Scots sangs, and gi'e him his discharge; for John was a decent fellow." This they did; and John sang "Auld Lang Syne" in his best style, the whole company joining in the chorus. John went into business again, prospered, and eventually paid every man twenty shillings to the pound.

Scots Proverb.

When I did weel I heard it never; when I did ill I heard it ever.

Ye'll neither dee for your wit, nor be drooned for a warlock.

The bird maun flichter that has but ae wing.

The cow may dee or the grass grow.

Scorn na the bush that beilds ye.

It's ill getting het water frae 'neath cauld ice

His geese are a' swans.

Het kail cauld, nine days auld; spell ye "that" in four letters.

John Knox. A contemporary thus speaks of John Knox and his preaching: "Richart and another servant lifted him up to the pulpit, where he behovit to lean, at his first entrie; bot ere he had done with his sermone, he was sae active and vigorous, that he was lyk to ding the pulpit in blads, and flie out of it."

The Highlands

Tis there, 'neath the tartan beat hearts the most leal,—
Hearts warm as the sunshine, and firm as the steel;—
There only this heart can feel happy and free:
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me!

—Evan MacColl

The Thick of the Coffee. My father used to tell of a Highlander who was capable of learning everything, but had everything yet to learn, who had enlisted in the army. He knew nothing of coffee; and after his first breakfast, complained to the petty officer that the cook had kept all "the thick of the coffee to himself, and only given him the 'bro'!" "I'll see, my man, that you get the thick o' the coffee next time," said the amused sergeant. And ever after, instead of calling him "Mac" something — they were nearly all "Macs"—he was called "The Thick o' the Coffee."

Good for Bothwell. At the beginning of this winter, two Bothwell boys who had persistently evaded school, were sought for by officers. The boys (aged nine and twelve) barricaded themselves in a room of the house where they were found. A man climbed a water-pipe, got in at a window, and admitted the officers. No one was in the room. After a little, a small chest was flung open, and a half-suffocated boy came out. One of the officers, looking up the chimney, caught a glim se of two bare feet, and managed to bring down the other lad.

Leap Year. Mr. Backward: "Well—er—yes, since you ask me. I was thinking of consulting a fortune teller. Miss Coy: "To find out whom you will marry, eh?" "Why—er—yes. I—" "Why not ask me and save the fortune teller's fee toward the price of the ring?"—Glasgow Herald.

Points of Scots Law

A woman who has got a decree of divorce may legally use either her former designation as Mrs. So-and-so, or her original title of "Miss."

A man cannot recover gambling debts by any process of law.

An undischarged bankrupt cannot be a member of a school board or of a town council.

A man meeting with an accident in getting off a train in motion, cannot recover damages from the company.

Furniture belonging to the wife cannot be seized for the husband's debts; but may be made liable for the rent of the premises.

The truth of a defamatory statement, if proved, is a bar to obtaining any damages on account of it.

"Again we see upon the northern shore—"
But he got no further; so he appealed for a line from his friend to finish the distich. "That's easy done," said the other:
"Kinghorn still standing where it stood before."

A Naval Project. The "Mid-Scotland Canal" is strongly urged by a naval authority, Commander Currey. The cost, £12,000,000, he says, should not be an obstacle. It is but a trifle in these days. The strategical gain to the United Kingdom would be immense. Commander Currey "is amazed" that no administration has yet taken up the project. It has lately begun to be much spoken of.

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What the World is Saying

A Superabundance of Advice

There is no body of men more overloaded with gratuitous advice as to how to run their own business by people who know nothing about it than the farmers are.—Strathmore Standard.

A Suggestion for Teddy

Several European princes having declined the offer of the new Albanian crown, maybe Teddy Roosevelt might be prevailed upon to accept it.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Kansas City Sarcasm

Nevada is going to require a year's residence instead of six months in order to get a divorce. The moral sense of the Reno tavern-keepers is thoroughly aroused. —Kansas City Journal.

The Japs as Beefeaters

The Japanese are now eating beef so that they'll grow tall. Maybe that's another reason for the high prices—it will take all the beef there is.—Hamilton Herald.

The Changed Map of Europe

Events in Europe and Asia seem to have made the geographies of two years ago considerably out of date. It would not be inadvisable, however, to begin revising them too soon.—Victoria Colonist.

A Thought for the New Year

How many of us will live better lives in 1913 than we have in 1912? And how many of us will live worse lives? These questions are important to everybody. —Lethbridge Herald.

Laws about Feathers

And now the deadly hat plumes? Los Angeles contemplates an ordinance restricting the length of feathers. Surely the stateswomen, when they arrive, will be as wise as such statesmen?—Buffalo Express.

The Troublesome Doukhobors

The Doukhobors are in trouble in British Columbia for refusing to answer questions in court. Contempt may be expressed by silence as well as by abuse. —Montreal Herald.

He'll Still Hammer Away

Rev. George Woods, of Earl Grey, Sask., has resigned his charge and become a carpenter. He will still have an opportunity for plane living and high thinking.—Macleod Spectator.

Groundwork of a Drama

An English playright is visiting the prairies to obtain local color for a new play descriptive of Western life. The drama will contain three townsites and numerous subdivisions.—Vancouver Province.

As to Turkish Tobacco

It is reported the war has stopped the trade in Turkish tobacco. It will be something of a surprise to users of the fragrant weed to learn that some of the Turkish tobacco does come from Turkey.—St. John Telegraph.

Vancouver Pushing Ahead

Toronto, Winnipeg and other eastern cities that are jealous of Vancouver's progress have another grievance. This city ranks second to Montreal in criminal population.—Vancouver World.

A Too Resourceful Hindu

Our Hindu neighbors are rapidly qualifying for citizenship. Cabul Singh recently appeared before a Vancouver justice charged with having forged the name of the Rat Portage Lumber Company to a cheque for $52.25.—Western Lumberman.

The Proposal for an Irish Senate

The provision in the Home Rule Bill for attaching of a Senate to Ireland's Parliament recalls the story of a Chinese tailor who imitated on a new pair of trousers a patch on the old pair used as a pattern.—Toronto Globe.

The Manx Way

The laws of the Isle of Man are read aloud once a year to the people. If this system were more general it might counteract the tendency toward prolific legislation.—Vancouver Sun.

What is Heard on the Streets

It may be true, as Judge Carman of Lincoln county, says, that Canadians speak the purest English in the world. But, at the same time, there are some frightfully vile examples of it heard on the streets.—Hamilton Spectator.

A Mistaken Suggestion

When Wallace Nesbitt, K.C., proposed that the immigration authorities should reach out for the 30,000 Panama canal laborers who will soon be out of a job, did he know that a goodly proportion of them are negroes from the West Indies?—London Advertiser.

Municipal Elections Before Christmas

It was a wise legislator who brought on the Western municipal elections at a time when they would not interfere with the good will of the Christmas season, though it must be said that, considering how severely personal the contest just closed was, there was very little really bad blood shown.—Edmonton Journal.

Old-Fashioned Preaching

The trouble with a lot of preaching is that it is mediaeval, ancient or palaeozoic. It is about as well fitted to modern conditions and necessities as an old-fashioned flail would be to thresh out the wheat harvests of Saskatchewan.—Belleville Ontario.

The Family Expenditure

It is said by one who has given some thought to the subject that woman spends 80 per cent of man's earnings. He might be better off if she spent the remaining 20 per cent also, taking him at his average.—Smith's Falls News.

Prosperous

A certain Canadian member of parliament, in giving a glowing account of Canada's welfare, said: "Yes, we are very prosperous in Canada just now. I am in parliament, my brother is in the post office, and my grandfather is superannuated."—Industrial Canada.

A Way to Check Spite Fences

Chicago has been trying to find some way to forbid the building of "spite fences," and at the last meeting of the aldermen someone had the inspiration to propose an ordinance requiring that every fence more than eight feet high be made cyclone proof. On those terms a spite fence would be an expensive luxury.—Toronto Telegram

The British Plan the Best

Speaking before the Lotos Club in New York on Saturday night, Mr. Taft said it would be a good thing if cabinet officers were given seats in Congress, there to answer questions and to defend administrative measures and policies. Quite right: that's part of the British plan.

Might Be Unfit for Publication

Compulsory voting is being discussed in France. An objection to compulsory voting is that you may not like any of the nominated candidates. Let it be understood that a man need not vote for any of them, that he may write any name or opinion he likes on a ballot paper. Then publish these independent ballots.—Toronto Star.

Mirrors for Street Crossings

London has adopted the novel device of installing mirrors at dangerous street crossings, so that drivers approaching the corner, on either street, are warned of danger. Such a device would have averted several fatal accidents in St. Paul besides affording facilities for inspecting the hang of that skirt.—St. Paul Dispatch.

The Twin Falls Jurywomen

Men opponents of women suffrage who may be inclined to scoff at the female jury at Twin Falls, Idaho, that insisted on adjournment at noon, should remember that the object of suspension of duty was to prepare dinner for the families at home. The jurywomen were moved by a noble impulse.—Montreal Gazette.

Bankers Should Take Note

If it were not for the agriculturists of Western Canada, the majority of the branch banks of the country would be put out of business, and it is time financiers were taught that the day may come when the farmers of the West will combine, establish a co-operative banking institution of their own, and refuse to have anything further to do with those financial institutions which, after all, are only fine weather friends, and which, when times of stress visit the farmer, close down upon him, not caring who sinks so long as they swim.—Calgary News Telegram.

Doctors Should Speak Sooner

The gospel of work is so fine a religion that its devotees perhaps fail to realize the importance of rest, recreation or whatever else it may be that is required to repair the waste of vital forces that goes on. The doctors can nearly always tell us what it is that has happened. We seldom hear of their recommending in time what would have prevented the happening. Perhaps such advice would not be well received.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Results of Intemperance

In France, as a result of the increase in drinking, the proportion of male insane has increased from 14 per cent to 47 per cent. in 40 years, while the increase in female insane has been from 2 per cent to 20 per cent. The figures speak more eloquently and more forcibly than words. The truth is being surely driven home to a thinking people that the abuse of liquor is a curse and its excessive use deadly and soul-destroying.—Kingston Standard.

Recognition of Civic Ability

The man of ability who makes himself known by coming forward when the public need his aid, who makes himself heard always in the public interests and never against it, who repeatedly stands up for public rights against corporate or private interests, who fights the fight of the people against open and covert enemies, will soon gain a recognition more potent to win public trust than is the personal familiarity secured through fraternal societies and other organizations.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Petticoat Colds

Dr. Guilfoy, statistician of the New York City Board of Health, is authority for the statement that the death rate among women has gone up noticeably since it became fashionable to discard petticoats owing to the vogue of the thin, tight skirt. Pneumonia, grip and bronchitis begin to reap their harvest among the tight-skirted, thinly clad women with the coming of the first cold snap, and keep on depleting their ranks all winter long.—New York Press.

Mr. Fieczewiecz Becomes Mr. Fitch

Dr. Finnie is bringing in a bill to change the name of a Mr. Fieczewicz to Fitch. One can imagine that the actual applicant for the bill may be put to a great deal of inconvenience in a community which is not well posted on the use of Polish consonants, but the fact, for all that, is just another of the innumerable signs of how the foreign populations are being assimilated. A few generations hence the descendants of Mr. Fitch may be looking among English family records for history of their progenitors.—Montreal Star.

Aerial Developments

Germany has an airship capable of carrying a crew of eighteen men on a four-days' trip. On her trial voyage she dropped a third of a ton of explosive on a huge raft and destroyed it. Adrianople has been set on fire by bombs from a Bulgarian aeroplane. Britain will soon have twenty aeroplanes capable of flying 70 miles an hour. In ten years or less the development of aircraft will make war unthinkable. The capital of no nation will be safe from "the terror that flies by night." —Toronto News.

Triumphs for Western Canada

The world's grand championship trophy at the International live stock show in Chicago has been won by Mr. J. D. McGregor of Brandon, with his steer "Glencarnock Victor." Western Canada has won distinction all along the line in all the great fields of agricultural endeavor. We have proven conclusively that we are raising the best wheat in the world. The oats of the Edmonton district carried everything before them as long ago as the time of the World's Fair in Chicago. Red Deer possesses the champion cow of the British Empire, and now the most prized trophy that is open to the beef-producer to win has crossed the border.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

The Members to Blame

Towards the end of every session of the Canadian Parliament an exceeding sore cry arises from the members about the length of the session and the amount of money they are out of pocket by the delay. What causes the delay which empties the hon. members' pockets? Is it not written in the columns of Hansard? Is it not these same hon. members who string out the session by talking, talking, talking? So long as the members turn the national council into a gabfest so long will the session be prolonged interminably until everybody is tired and out of temper, and important measures are rushed through without proper consideration by the members. Just now there is talk around the corridors of Parliament about increasing the present $2,500 indemity. There is no justification for doing so, and the public are in no mood for paying the members more just now, especially with so much useless talk going on.—Brockville Times.

EATON'S SEMI-ANNUAL SALE

In Our Semi-Annual Sale Catalogue There Are Many Attractive Values

If You Have Not Received a Copy Write For It At Once. Sale Closes February 28.

YOU never had a better chance to save money on general household and personal merchandise than now. Every article shown in our Sale Catalogue represents a big saving. There is no profit attached to this sale. Every article is being sold with only a slight addition to the cost of production; just sufficient to cover the expense of handling. Send us your order at once. Many of the more popular lines are sure to be exhausted before the end of the sale, and we cannot replenish our supply. **Do not forget the closing date, February 28.**

Here Are A Few Attractive Sale Items:

Priced Extra Low

Here is a petticoat value the like of which you seldom see. Thrifty women will buy it, even if they have to put it aside to be worn later. It is an extremely handsome garment; look at the illustration and judge for yourself. And remember, the illustration does not do it full justice.

Consider the price, and further, consider the cost of the material alone, without the cost of making. Better value than this you cannot get.

It is cut in the new style so as to fit smoothly over the hips. It is made of fine quality nainsook, with a deep flounce of real Swiss openwork embroidery. The flounce is trimmed at the top with a deep band of embroidered insertion to match, and threaded with silk ribbon.

Send us your order at once. Delay may mean missing your chance to get one. Lengths, 37 and 39 inches.

19-2802—WOMEN'S PETTICOAT. Sale price..... **1.98**

Fancy Dresden Ribbon

Here is a splendid bargain in ribbon. It is of generous width, almost five inches, and is pure silk. Can be used for hat bows, hair bows, sashes, neckwear and all fancy work. Buy a supply now; at our sale price it means a big saving. Colors: white, sky, pink, old rose, lilac. Special dark colors are: navy, myrtle, cardinal or brown.

9R2—FANCY DRESDEN RIBBON. Sale price, per yard.... **23c**
Sale price, per 18-yard bolt..... **4.10**

Heavy Taffeta Ribbon

This heavy taffeta ribbon is great value. It is four inches wide and suitable for children's and misses' hat bows, hair bows, sashes, etc. We would advise you to order at once. There is a great demand, and our supply may become exhausted before the end of the sale. Colors: white, cream, sky, pink, old rose, turquoise, mauve, olive, cardinal, brown, navy or black.

9R3—TAFFETA RIBBON. Sale price, per yard..... **10c**
Sale price, per 18-yard bolt..... **1.80**

Splendid Value in Scotch Plaids

For children's frocks and separate waists this material has no equal at our sale price. It is a value that we want all our Mail Order Customers to share in. The cloth is of the good serviceable kind, which will give excellent wear. It is closely woven from best quality yarns. Comes in combination shades of green and black, red, blue and white. It is 35 inches wide.

1R12—SCOTCH PLAIDS. Sale price, per yard..... **25c**

DO NOT DELAY YOUR ORDER SEND IT IN AT ONCE

THE **T. EATON Co.** LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

THE PHILOSOPHER

THE CIVIL SERVICE AND POLITICS

The report which Sir George Murray has made for the Dominion Government upon the civil service contains many excellent recommendations. Sir George Murray is an eminent member of the British civil service, and is highly qualified to conduct such an investigation as he has made into civil service conditions in this country and to make recommendations for their improvement. His recommendation that a Dominion Department of Public Health be organized is an excellent one. But most deserving of attention are his recommendations designed to doing away with the blight of the political patronage evil. It is only by such methods of reform that the Canadian civil service can be brought up to the high standard of efficiency which prevails in the civil service in Great Britain and in India. In addition to improving the civil service, the reforms suggested by Sir George Murray would improve our politics.

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

The more that is made of the coming Peace Centenary celebration, the better. It will be a worthy celebration. A hundred years of peace on a borderline three thousand miles long, for more than half of which distance the line has no more substance than posts a half-mile apart, totally unwatched, is something to be proud of. When we think of the enormous cost to the French and German peoples of keeping up and garrisoning the double line of forts that oppose each other across the borderline between French and German territory, and of the stupendous waste of time and energy by the men of France and Germany in their three years of forced military service when just in the prime of life, we see all the more reason for making the Peace Centenary a thanksgiving.

MOTHERS' PENSIONS

One of the most noteworthy and praiseworthy of recent developments in the United States is the establishment in several states of "mothers' pensions," and the agitation for the introduction of "mothers' pensions" in not a few of the other states. In Illinois, Missouri and California the pensions are paid on the recommendation of judges of the juvenile courts. The object, in every case, is to prevent the separation of children from their mothers whose only disqualification for bringing them up is poverty, their fathers being dead, or having deserted their families. In Missouri a "mothers' pension" may be paid to a convict's wife, who is deprived of her husband's support. "Mothers' pensions" mean the adoption of a radical, humane method for the care of dependent children. Instead of separating children from their mothers and committing them to the care of institutions, their homes are kept intact, wherever morally possible, and there the children stay. The home is the best agency for human welfare. "Mothers' pensions" are for the aid chiefly of widows who have had a hard struggle to care for their children. They are based on recognition of the fact that a mother who is doing her best to care for her children is rendering the country service of the highest value. No institution can begin to take the place of a mother who loves her children and will sacrifice much and toil long and hard to have them with her. But in the form of a pension, instead of charity relief, the payment of a regular amount is likely to maintain and develop the self-respect of the mother left with young chil ren to support, whom misfortune has robbed of their natural breadwinner. Such an arrangement is one which puts new heart and new energy in a mother left thus with a young family, in contrast to the discouragement and despair which follow so frequently on the separation of a mother from her children for no fault of her own. The subject is one which well deserves earnest attention everywhere. Both as a matter of plain right and justice, and as a matter of good business in the best interests of the general welfare, "mothers' pensions" must commend themselves to all who give the matter thought.

THE LOST "CANDLE-STONE"

Olive Schreiner, the writer of that wonderful book, "The Story of an African Farm," tells an incident that carries a strong appeal to the covetous—which means, more or less, pretty nearly everybody. She says that she and her brothers—one of whom, by the way, has since become prominent in public life in South Africa—had as one of their playthings a bright stone, which they called "the candle-stone." It was about the size of a walnut, she says, and would flash in a singularly brilliant way when it was held up to the light. That was before the identification of a pebble, found by a child on a farm on the banks of the Orange River, as a diamond, when it was taken to Grahamstown, led to the first rush of prospectors to the South African diamond fields. Not until the Schreiner children, whose parents lived on a remote farm, had grown up and their "candle-stone" had been lost for years, did they realize that, beyond question, it must have been a diamond. They had played with a jewel worth a fortune, and never knew it until it was gone. So may an old man, his years of usefulness over, realize that in his youth he had as a plaything a talent or capacity that might have made him great, or rich, or famous, if he had known it for what it really was and had made the most of it. Everybody has a talent or capacity for something. There is not a normal human being in the world who has not the capacity to develop by hard work and by sticking to it the faculty of doing some one thing well. That capacity is like the "candle-stone" the Schreiner children played with in South Africa.

FICTION, INDEED

Mr. Arthur Stringer, who is a leading figure in the group of Canadian magazine writers and novelists in New York, did this country a real service several years ago by exposing and ridiculing some of the "Canada fakers," as he termed them, who, to furnish readers in the United States with reading to their liking, or believed to be to their liking, were spreading misrepresentations about the Dominion. Such misrepresentations are now few and far between; this country has become too well known. Rarely, indeed, does one come nowadays upon such a paragraph as the following, which begins a story by Mr. Edward Lyell Fox, entitled "The Quitter," in last month's issue of a well-known magazine published in New York:

"Into the remote Calgary a newspaper had come. The Boston Globe it was, crumpled and torn, yellowish in damp spots, smudged with run ink—a vagrant cast down beside the tracks. Days before, some passenger had thrown it from the observation platform of the Vancouver express—thrown it when the engine, hot with thirst, had stopped at a lonely tank in the bush."

This is simply a display of grotesque ignorance, of course. It would be interesting to hear some energetic Calgary real estate man enlightening Mr. Edward Lyell Fox's ignorance.

THE DOUKHOBORS

Mr. William Blakemore, the special commissioner who was appointed by the British Columbia Government to investigate and report upon the whole question of how the Doukhobors should be dealt with, states in his report that these people are not altogether so perverse as they are generally believed to be—and as the doings of considerable numbers of them, it must be said, have repeatedly given what appeared to be abundant reason for believing them perverse. Since they moved from Saskatchewan to the Coast Province they have on several occasions caused trouble because of their peculiar ideas regarding obedience to the law in such matters as the registration of births, the giving of evidence on oath in court, and other matters. The report of Mr. Blakemore sets forth that there are grounds for considerable commendation of the Doukhobors for their devotion to agriculture, their industry and their skill. The blame for their troublesomeness is laid upon their leader, Peter Veregin, who has sufficient control over them, the Commissioner states, to compel them to observe the birth registration and school laws and the other Provincial ordinances which they have not been observing, if he has a mind to do so. In fact, the main problem of the whole Doukhobor question, according to Mr. Blakemore, hinges upon the future conduct of that extraordinary personage. The portion of the report which deals with Peter Veregin is couched in terms that suggest much caution on the part of the investigator. It is implied that if Veregin should fail to adopt an entirely Canadian view, it would be inadvisable to take steps with a view to compelling him to compliance, the reason suggested being that his autocratic rule is in so many ways beneficial that, on the whole, little harm is resulting from it, while much good is accomplished. The Commissioner believes that a gentle, yet firm, attitude on the part of the Government, with the substitution of a system of fines instead of imprisonment, will result in gradually educating the Doukhobors. However that may be, it is plain beyond possibility of question that the experiment which this country made in bringing in the Doukhobors is one that should not be repeated.

THE MANNER OF PRIMITIVE MAN

Every little while the scientists dig up the bones of a human being who lived thousands of years ago, and from them derive ideas about what our prehistoric ancestors looked like. The latest discovery is the skull found, while an excavation was being made, in Sussex, England. The last one preceding that was the skeleton of a stocky little man, long-faced, big-headed, and with primitive teeth, found in Colorado—he was shorter than the average man of today, and no doubt was a hairy individual whom it would not be pleasant to meet in the dark. He was not without a taste for art, and decorated his cave with pictures of the wild animals of his time, while figures of ivory and clay, found with his skeleton in his cave, show him to have been a sculptor of no mean ability. As for the Sussex skull, the most eminent anthropologists in England agree that while its brain capacity is human, the shape of the jaws would indicate that its owner could not speak. That is, he could think, but not speak, according to these authorities. How many people of the present time speak without thinking?

A MATTER OF AGE

California is encountering a curious sequel to a change made in the election law of the State when woman suffrage came into operation. To spare women the necessity of declaring their ages, that requirement was eliminated from the election law. That is to say, neither men voters nor women voters are required to declare their ages, as the California election law now stands. Consequently the State has now no register to show who is of legal age for other service, such as militia duty. But this condition is not likely to continue. The notion that a woman ought to keep her age a secret is a notion which the advocates of equal rights for women with men should surely work to do away with. What else does it imply than a fiction for the deception of men? By putting so much stress on it a wholly false conception of age has been created, not unlike the absurd notion that men are ready for the shelf when they get to be forty or so. If women were under no temptation to pretend to be under a certain age, the world would soon learn the good point of the ages now stigmatized as "uncertain." The effort at mystery merely has the effect of creating a prejudice which is wholly unjust, and which is the cause of much needless distress of mind and often of quite futile efforts at deception. The essential thing for a woman, as for a man, is not to hide one's age, but to keep health, vigor and freshness.

THEY KNOW BETTER

The New York Sun relates that a New York man, noted as a proprietor of gambling places, lately took a sea trip for his health, and that it was reported that on the trip he had won large sums at gambling. On his return he was asked about it, and he said: "I was much too seasick to play cards, and, besides, I seldom gamble. My business is to run gambling houses, not to play myself." The Sun's comment is as follows:

"Who does not know the clean-cut, well-set-up bartender who 'never touches the stuff!' The 'gambler' is like him. He knows too much about his trade to play. A longer warning against gambling could not be more convincing."

Some proprietors of gambling places have been known to risk their own money in gambling games not run by themselves, just as there are bartenders who drink. But the knowing ones in both occupations leave the gambling and the drinking to customers who have more money than sense. And the lesson of this fact is one that every youth should lay to heart.

MAKING PROGRESS HUM IN CHINA

The Philosopher has been favored with the sight of the issue of the Chinese newspaper published in Vancouver containing, as he was assured, the edict issued recently by the Cabinet of the Chinese Republic ordering a reform in the clothing of both men and women in China. The centuries-old styles in China are disapproved of by the new regime. The edict, it appears, calls upon the women of China, who no longer bind their feet, to abandon their floppy trousers for the Occidental skirt, and the men to give up their comfortable, loose clothes for the garments of the Caucasian. In regard to headgear for men, the edict mentions only the stiff hat, or "business derby," and the silk hat for men. Nothing is said in the edict in regard to headgear for women; Chinese women have never worn anything on their heads except hair ornaments. The edict has been published in all parts of China, accompanied by illustrations showing the sort of garments the men and women of the new China are expected to wear. A generation ago no one would believe in the possibility of the changes that the last couple of years have seen introduced in China. What will be the outcome? "China," wrote James Freeman Clarke, "is the type of permanence in the world. To say that it is older than any other existing nation is saying very little. Herodotus travelled in Egypt about 450 B.C. He studied its monuments, bearing the names of kings who were as distant from his time as he is from ours. But porcelain vessels with Chinese mottoes on them have been found in those ancient tombs, in shape, material and appearance precisely like those which are made in China today. These were imported from China. This nation and its institutions have outlasted everything. The dynasty has been occasionally changed; but the laws, customs, institutions, all that make national life, have continued." Is the great transformation begun at last? Or, are the changes only surface changes? Dr. Donald McGillivray writes from Shanghai that the shopkeepers there are using the old idols as "shapes" on which to show European clothing. The old order must be changed, indeed, in China.

The Whole Truth About Gopher Poison

There are three most common ways of killing gophers. Here is the truth about each method. It will pay you to know these facts. Read them now.

ANTON MICKELSON

The Man Who Makes Kill-Em-Quick

Anton Mickelson is a gopher poison *expert.*

For ten years he was a practical druggist.

Farmers came in and asked for a good gopher poison. Some bought Strychnine. Many complained about Strychnine.

There was so much dissatisfaction and so many *gophers* that Mickelson started an investigation.

He knew much about poisons. He found out much about gophers.

With his knowledge of medicine and his knowledge of gophers, he experimented.

Finally he got the right combination.

Now you can get Kill-Em-Quick, backed by a legal guarantee to refund your money if it fails to kill gophers on *your* farm.

HERE is what a gopher poison must be, if it is to be classed as a success.

First of all, it must have an attractive odor so gophers will be drawn to it—and so they will prefer it to the tender shoots of grain.

Second, it must have a pleasing taste so it will be eaten greedily.

Third, the poison must be deadly, because a *sick* gopher gets well.

For many years I was a druggist. Farmers came in for a gopher poison, I had none I could guarantee. So I set about to prepare a poison that I *could* guarantee. I made a ten year study of gophers—their haunts, habits, peculiarities.

But let me tell you first a few things I have learned about

Strychnine

It takes a great quantity of water to dissolve or "cut" a small amount of strychnine.

Then, of course, lots of grain must be used to soak up the water.

You can easily understand that the amount of poison in each grain is very small—hardly enough to kill a grasshopper.

So it is necessary that a gopher eat *a great number* of grains or kernels in order that the strychnine may take effect.

And that's where the "rub" comes. You see, strychnine is very, very *bitter* to the *taste.*

A gopher may eat one or two or three poisoned grains—and stop—just as *you* would stop eating anything that didn't taste good.

And one, or two or three grains will only give the gopher a *pain*—that's all. As soon as the pain is over out comes Mr. Gopher with a bigger appetite than ever—and away go your profits.

Even if you could buy strychnine for 12c an ounce, it would still cost you more than Kill-Em-Quick.

"Poisoned" Grain

I have heard many reports on gopher poisons. I was most interested and amused by the reports on so-called "poisoned" grain.

One farmer told me "it fattened the gophers up so they looked like rabbits." And so on. I didn't meet a single farmer who endorsed it. They tried it. They *know* it is a failure. This year they are all going to use Kill-Em-Quick.

Kill-Em-Quick

It has a very peculiar odor that *attracts* gophers. It has a very pleasant taste, so the gophers *eat* it.

And it is so *deadly* that a single poisoned Kernel is enough to kill a gopher "deader than a door nail." Kill-Em-Quick is *guaranteed* to kill gophers for less than 1c per acre. Here are the figures which show that no other gopher poison compares with Kill-Em-Quick in

Low Price

or efficiency. Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick contains 154 deadly doses to the ounce. A $1.25 package contains 26 ounces or over 4,000 deadly doses. 4,000 gophers will eat, destroy and store away about $400.00 worth of grain. Every pair raises from 20 to 30 young ones every year. Think of it! A box of Kill-Em-Quick selling for $1.25 is *guaranteed to kill 4,000 gophers, saving $400.00 in grain.*

Easy to Use

Kill-Em-Quick is as near ready prepared as a good Gopher poison can be. Mix it with your own clean grain—no noxious weeds. Soak grain in water over night. Early in the morning drain water off and mix thoroughly with Kill-Em-Quick—then spread the mixture in your fields early in the morning, when all the gophers are looking for breakfast. *For instant use, soak grain in hot water for ten minutes, drain water off and mix with Kill-Em-Quick.*

Insist on Kill-Em-Quick

It is absolutely guaranteed to give satisfaction or money will be refunded. See your druggist—be sure to get Kill-Em-Quick—sold only in boxes—never in bulk. Read offer below—and clip coupon now.

A Three Cornered Leather Coin Purse FREE

Made of real leather—most attractive coin purse you ever saw. In every package of Kill-Em-Quick you will find a coupon. Save two coupons and send with the one in this advertisement. Send the three coupons to us and we'll mail you free, postpaid, the handy, leather coin purse. Get two boxes of Kill-Em-Quick at once, clip the coupon in this "ad" and send us all three.

MICKELSON-SHAPIRO COMPANY
Dept. O , Winnipeg, Man.

This coupon, and two coupons from packages of Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick, entitle you to one Leather Coin Purse free. Send no money—just this coupon and two coupons from Kill-Em-Quick packages.

MICKELSON-SHAPIRO CO.
Dept. O Winnipeg, Man.

Some of the Druggists Who Sell, Recommend and Guarantee Kill-Em-Quick

SASKATCHEWAN

J. M. Holmes, Aberdeen
S. C. Kennedy, Abernethy
Alameda Pharmacy, Alameda
John T. MacKay, Allan
J. H. Purley, Alsask
J. S. Donaldson, Arcola
F. Woodhull & Co., Asquith
T. A. B. Ferris, Avonlea
A. E. Dewart, Balcarres
Kalbfleisch Bros., Balgonie
J. D. Nicoll, Battleford
G. A. McCuaig, Bengough
H. W. Fisher, Bethune
H. O. Langford, Biggar
J. P. Eley, Bladworth
G. A. Heron, Bounty
Christina Willey, Bredenbury
Bridgeford Drug Store, Bridgeford
A. W. Allingham, Broadview
W. A. Rife, Brock
Brownlee Drug Store, Brownlee
R. H. Porteous, Carlyle
W. T. Lockhart, Carnduff
J. F. Boylan, Caron
W. C. Sweet, Ceylon
D. M. Lewis, Conquest
A. C. Robertson, Craik
L. A. Grier, Creelman
G. M. Stuart, Cupar
People's Drug and Book Store, Davidson
F. J. Fear, Delisle
Geo. Boyd, Drinkwater
T. A. B. Ferris, Dubuc
F. E. Livingstone, Dundurn
F. C. Fowler, Earl Grey
Elbow Drug & Bk. Co., Elbow
G. N. Crawford, Elfros
A. Hanna, Elstow
C. L. Smith, Esterhazy
R. A. Porter, Eyebrow
R. G. Cooke, Fillmore
W. J. Hamm, Fleming
M. H. McDonald, Forget
F. A. Dunk, Fort Qu'Appelle
S. I. Cumming, Forward
H. M. Woodhall, Francis
W. T. O. Welsh, Glen Ewen
Govan Pharmacy, Govan
D. F. Patterson, Grenfell
A. G. Robertson, Griffin
W. W. Forsyth, Guernsey
H. M. Kelsey, Gull Lake
Morrison's Drug Store, Gull Lake
A. W. Hicks, Halbrite
A. E. Cantelon, Hanley
Red Cross Drug Hall, Hanley
Thomas Nuttall, Hawarden
Herbert Drug Store, Herbert
H. A. McDonald, Heward
E. T. Wallace, Humboldt
E. P. McCarthy, Indian Head
A. G. Orchard, Indian Head
E. C. Lawrence, Kamsack
H. E. Malone, Kelliher
C. L. Loney, Kerrobert,
M. J. M. McMullen, Kerrobert
J. W. Lord, Kindersley
D. C. Hart, Kipling
Cornelius Regier, Laird
G. A. McCuaig, Lang
A. G. Denmark, Lagenburg
L. Clark, Langham
Gordon McKay, Langham
G. A. Calvert, Lanigan
H. A. Ellis, Lashburn
H. S. Mann, Lemberg
Medical Hall Drug Co., Lloydminster
J. A. Monkman, Loreburn
Lumsden Drug & Bk. Co., Lumsden
P. L. Teetzel, Lumsden
Luseland Pharmacy, Luseland
Macklin Drug Co., Macklin
Alexander Mitchell, Macoun
Robert Bryans, Maidstone
R. W. Barclay, Maidstone
E. G. Hewitt, Maple Creek
F. C. B. Wilson, Maple Creek
H. Cochrane, Maryfield
W. J. Mawhinney, Mamont
R. G. Combe, Melville
R. B. Taylor, Melville
H. E. Koch, Midale
I. R. Atkinson, Milden
M. A. Elliott, Milestone
L. Blagdon, Montmartre
E. L. Colling, Moose Jaw
Moose Jaw Drug & Stat'y Co., Ltd., Moose Jaw
H. A. Davidson, Moose Jaw
F. W. Mariatt, Moose Jaw
C. B. Nicholl, Moosomin
Walter Pennington, Moosomin
J. A. Battram, Morse
A. E. B. Donavan, Morse
T. W. Bradley, Mortlach
R. W. Neill, Netherhill
R. H. Norris, Nokomis
Abbott-Wilson Drug Co., North Battleford
N. T. Brown, North Battleford
H. W. Wright, North Battleford
Ogema Drug & Stationery Co., Ogema
R. J. Barrett, Osage
G. F. Daintry, Outlook
E. A. Hewat, Outlook
J. P. Tripp, Oxbow
Paynton Drug Co., Paynton
A. L. Kean, Perdue
F. R. Harvey, Plenty
N. McMillan, Punnichy
W. C. Gordon, Qu'Appelle
Radisson Pharmacy, Radisson
G. S. Murray, Redvers
A. Duncan, Regina
E. A. Jolly, Regina
R. N. Kelly, Regina
Regina Trading Co., Regina
C. B. Mark, Rosetown
A. A. Beirnes, Rosthern
W. A. Harkness, Rouleau
James Brough, St. Aldwyn
W. D. Mitchell, Saltcoats
R. T. Chown, Saskatoon
The Saskatoon Drug & Stationery Co., Saskatoon
C. H. Stewart, Saskatoon
E. W. Wakelin, Scott
Wakelin Bros., Scott
John Carter, Semans
Sheho Drug Co., Sheho
Kenney and Trenholme, Shellbrook
V. J. Carson, Sintaluta
L. W. Brigham, Star City
E. Hull, Stoughton
J. H. Cavanagh, Strassburg
E. S. Agnew, Strassburg
Sutherland Drug Co., Sutherland
T. W. Hutcheson, Swift Current
J. P. Rooney, Swift Current
Swift Current Pharmacy, Swift Current
W. E. J. Ekins, Theodore
E. T. Jessop, Tugaske
J. H. Storry, Tuxford
Thos. R. Blaine, Tyvan
A. J. Tovey, Unity
O. S. Mitchell, Viceroy
Viceroy Drug and Stationery Co., Viceroy
A. F. Totske, Vonda
E. E. Macpherson, Wadena
J. A. MacDonald, Wapella
Thompson's Pharmacy, Wapella
E. W. Hixon, Watrous
The Watrous Drug and Stationery Co., Watrous
A. W. Staples, Sovereign
Watson Drug Co., Watson
T. G. Hayward, Webb
Welwyn Drug Co., Welwyn
H. S. Elwin & Co., Weyburn
O. S. Mitchell, Weyburn
J. R. Bird & Co., Whitewood
Lyle L. Richardson Wilcox
F. A. Sitter, Wilkie
E. S. Cody, Wolseley
S. J. Johannesson, Wynyard
Wynyard Pharmacy, Wynyard
W. C. Sweet, Yellow Grass
A. J. Logan, Yorkton
H. W. Paddell, Young
Charles Hudson, Zealandia

ALBERTA

G. H. Whitmore, Acme
W. E. Wallwin, Barons
Bassano Pharmacy, Bassano
J. H. Stiles, Bassano
Joseph C. Paulson, Bawlf
G. J. Anderson, Blackie
H. G. Bigelow, Blairmore
Samuel Perrin, Bowden
Bow Island Drug Store, Bow Island
G. B. Mills, Bow Island
P. W. McNab, Brooks
The Calgary Drug Co., Calgary
James Findlay Drug Co., Calgary
McClutcheon & McGill, Calgary
MacFarlane & White, Calgary
Wendell MacLean, Calgary
C. A. Wallace, Calgary
I. Z. Hills, Camrose
A. M. Sanders, Camrose
Cardston Drug & Bk. Co., Cardston
Carlstadt Drug Store, Carlstadt
Thomas Little, Carmangay
G. L. Brown, Castor
Castor Drug Co., Castor
S. L. Doriand, Castor
A. O. Brown, Cayley
Tom H. Saul, Chauvin
O. L. Reinecke, Claresholm
J. C. Calder, Coronation
W. J. McNeil, Coronation
J. H. Burrows, Daysland
J. R. McLeod, Ferintosh
S. J. Watson, Frank
Gleichen Pharmacy, Gleichen
A. R. Yates, Gleichen
O. L. Reinecke, Granum
Eddington Drug Co., Hardisty
Alta. Drug & Stat'y Co., Hardisty
Alta. Drug & Bk. Co., High River
Austin Francis, High River
Wm. Geary, Innisfail
Annie Simpson, Innisfail
A. W. Bethune, Innisfree
H. B. Armstrong, Irma
J. R. Fowler, Irricana
L. A. Murphy, Killam
W. Whillams, Kitscoty
F. W. Ham, Langdon
Gerow & Sutherland, Lethbridge
J. D. Higinbotham & Co., Lethbridge
Frank Hedley Drug Co., Lethbridge
Jackson & Co., Lethbridge
Kenny & Allen, Lethbridge
The People's Drug Co., Lethbridge
Barnes & McNay, Macleod
A. Young & Co., Macleod
Magrath Pharmacy, Magrath
S. K. Smith, Manville
E. M. Cawker, Medicine Hat
Charles S. Pingle, Medicine Hat
B. P. Souch, Medicine Hat
Suggett Bros., Mirror
Milk River Merc. Co., Milk River
Nanton Drug Co., Nanton
F. R. Brown, Okotoks
Olds Drug Co., Olds
D. L. McCrea, Pincher Creek
Mitchell Drug Co., Pincher Creek
Provost Drug Store, Provost
W. O. York, Provost
McDuffee Bros., Raymond
Gaetz-Cornett Drug & Bk Co., Ltd., Red Deer
Parker's Drug & Stat'y Co., Red Deer
J. L. McPherson, Ryley
H. L. Hunt, St. Albert
A. Purvis, Sedgewick
D. T. Crawford, Seven Persons
Ivan Dixon, Stavely
Dunlap Drug Co., Stettler
Palace Pharmacy, Ltd., Stettler
Stirling Pharmacy, Stirling
Frank Cowles, Strathcona
W. E. R. Lambert, Strathmore
A. W. Miller, Strathmore
Strome Pharmacy, Strome
Alberta Drug & Stat'y Co., Taber
Marshall Bros., Taber
C. E. Jamieson, Tofield
Red Cross Pharmacy, Vegreville
V. & V. Drug & Bk. Co., Vegreville
E. J. Kibblewhite, Vermilion
Fred C. Long, Vermilion
Viking Drug Co., Viking
D. C. Jones, Vulcan
Red Cross Pharmacy Co., Wainwright
R. A. Snyder, Wainwright
S. Cope, Warner
H. L. Higgs, Wetaskiwin
H. K. Ostway, Wetaskiwin

MANITOBA

W. S. Walker, Alexander
I. M. Cleghorn, Baldur
A. G. Lanigan, Binscarth
The Birtle Drug Co., Birtle
L. J. Carter, Boissevain
Central Drug Hall, Boissevain
D. E. Clement, Brandon
Spearin & Co., Carberry
D. R. Black, Cartwright
F. H. Fraser, Crandall
V. Allen, Darlingford
Malcolm's Drug Store, Dauphin
Cowan & Hays, Deloraine
C. F. Hasselfield, Deloraine
John Mooney, Elkhorn
G. N. Maynes, Foxwarren
J. T. Green, Gilbert Plains
N. B. Henry, Glenboro
G. D. Shortreed, Grand View
B. R. McNaught, Hamiota
E. W. Bailey, Hartney
F. Woodhull & Co., Hartney
F. E. Campbell, Holland
P. D. Evans, Killarney
C. C. Parker, Manitou
Mather Drug Co., Mather
J. W. Hewitt, Melita
M. Westaway, Miami
R. K. Chalmers, Miniota
R. T. Butchart, Minnedosa
The Minnedosa Pharmacy, Minnedosa
The Bruce & Hamlyn Co., Morden
J. W. Collins & Co., Morden
R. C. T. Collins, Morris
W. M. Hamilton, Neepawa
R. Kippen, Newdale
S. J. Kirk, Oak River
Pilot Mound Pharmacy, Pilot Mound
R. T. Hoskins, Rapid City
Reston Drug Co., Reston
Argue & Co., Roland
William Ledingham, Russell
W. E. Arens, Shoal Lake
D. M. Young (M.D.), Sinclair
J. S. Burnett, Somerset
Morton Drug Co., Souris
Sherrin & Co., Souris
L. W. Bringham, Star City
H. A. Patterson, Strathclair
R. L. Davidson, Swan Lake
H. H. Agnew & Co., Swan River
Geo. Graham, Treherne
S. J. Hall, Virden
Higginbotham & Son, Virden
W. E. Shields, Waskada

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

BE ALL THERE

Concentration is a big word. It means the application of personal force at one point. To be there and to be all there—that's the idea. As John Wesley said, in giving it a collective application: "All at it and always at it. Wherever thou art be all there." Bishop Simpson's great compliment to Mr. Spurgeon was that, when he heard him, he felt that Mr. Spurgeon thought himself "foreordained of God to preach that particular sermon, on that particular day, to that particular congregation."

THE MODERN FOOL

The modern fool is the man who "can drink or let it alone" but who always drinks. He has a skin like a Chicago hand, an eye like a smoldering ember and a breath like a street sewer. He is always at it—sip, sip, sip—soak, soak, soak. If his father was a physical giant, he may, by the law of inheritance, live to be sixty or seventy, otherwise he drops into the grave at forty-five. He is the modern fool. He lives that the brewers may prosper. Robert W. Chambers, in the last chapter of his recent novel, "The Danger Mark," puts these words into the mouth of a physician called upon to prescribe for a youth who has been ruined by drink: "This prescription is not going to cure you. Nothing that I can give you is going to perform such a miracle unless you help yourself. You ask for plain words. I will tell you this: alcohol is poison, and it has not—and never had—in any guise whatever, the slightest compensating value of internal use. It isn't a food; it's a poison. It isn't a beneficial stimulant; it's a poison. It isn't an aid to digestion; it's a poison. It isn't a life saver; it's a life taker. It's a parasite, forger, thief, panderer, liar, brutalizer, murderer. There isn't, and there never has been, one word to say for it, or any excuse except morbid predisposition or self-inculcated inclination for swallowing it. You can take your choice."

A TIGHT PLACE

Don't be afraid of a tight place. "A close fit" in circumstances is a good thing for the right man. He who is "between the devil and the deep sea" has a magnificent opportunity to drown the theological monster. Most heroes have been men, who, finding themselves shut in have fought their way out. A difficulty and a diadem are usually found in the same neighborhood. Charles Kingsley, one of the bravest, brightest spirits that this country ever had, said, "Lest I should play the coward I determined to put myself into a position from which I could not retreat," and that is what a good many will have to do before they will save their souls alive. "Here I stand, I can do no other."

HAVE A PROGRAM

Don't live from hand to mouth. Don't imagine, even for a moment, that "things happen." Don't believe in "fate" or depend on favoring circumstances. Don't "trust in the Lord" for any particular item of business which you can attend to yourself. If you will investigate you will find that the man concerning whom they say that "everything he touches turns to gold" can beat even the devil himself for hard work. Have a program! A friend of Roosevelt says: "Theodore Roosevelt has always had in him the qualities which recent events have brought most clearly into evidence; he has always had two sides and a great variety of ingredients; but the proportion of his ingredients has been altered. Years ago I said to Grover Cleveland, then Governor of New York, of Theodore Roosevelt, newly elected to the New York Assembly: "Isn't it a fine thing to see a man of such high ideals as this young Roosevelt devoting all his energies to the best interests of the public?" Grover Cleveland answered: "Yes, it is; but make no mistake; our young friend is a good deal of a politician."

THE CRIMINAL'S SERMON

Criminals work hard. They sit up nights working out a new scheme of iniquity. They have cunning enough for a detective, persistence enough for a general, resources sufficient for a statesman, and originality sufficient to crown a veritable genius, and, with it all, they land in the jail and end in the penitentiary. A few days ago two boys, says "The Christian Advocate," one nineteen and the other twenty, were arraigned in the police court in Hoboken for breaking into a store for the purpose of committing a robbery. The judge ordered the boys to stand aside for a moment until he should dispose of another case. A grizzled old offender was then called to the bar to answer to the charge of begging. He confessed that he had been a thief, but having lost his grip as a robber he had taken up begging as a means of keeping alive. The judge said to him: "You have had some experience and I want you to give these boys some advice. Tell them whether crookedness pays." And this is what he said: "I should advise them to let thieving alone and lead an honest life. I have been at it thirty years and there is nothing in it. Look at me. I have let many opportunities to live right go by and have brought only misery and unhappiness upon myself."

PILLOW SHAMS

Pillow shams are not absolutely necessary to sound sleep. Many a stout walking-stick never had a gold head wherewith to crown it. There have been powerful orators who lacked polish, there have been great editors who were not handsome, and great preachers who were rough in voice and awkward in gesture. The main thing is strength, utility and effectiveness. It is said of Washington that he commissioned General Morris when in Europe to buy him a watch—"not the watch of a man desirous to make a show, but of which the interior construction shall be well cared for, and the exterior air very simple—the interior well cared for, and the exterior air very simple."

A FOOL'S PARADISE

Whatever work you are engaged in—get at the facts. "A blind alley" is a poor place to select for a personal lodging—it is dark at one end and windy at the other. Never close your eyes to the things which are unpleasant. Don't hoodwink yourself or try and legislate against the day of judgment. Face the facts and conquer him. "J. B.," of English fame, is writing history when he says: "When Marie Antoinette made her triumphal entry into Paris no beggar was allowed to be seen on the line of route. The authorities swept into the side streets all the wretched and poor of the capital. The eye of the ycung queen was not allowed a single glimpse of the seething misery of Paris. All was made to appear prosperous and fair. And so the young queen and her husband lived in a fool's paradise, until the fury of the Revolution wakened them up to the tragic reality!"

NONSENSE

There is a lot of nonsense floating around just now about certain things being imaginary. I was told when I was a young fellow—by a philosopher who ought to have known—that there was nothing I could know with a certainty. He said that I could prove nothing—for instance, I could not prove that there was such a thing as "mind" or "matter." He suggested that the universe might be an "illusion." I noticed, however, that I had to pay my board that week just the same. I could not work off the professor's philosophy on my creditors. Nor could he. Beware of the things that won't work. A student of Doctor Witherspoon once came to him and said: "I believe everything is imaginary! I myself am only an imaginary being." The Doctor said to him, "Go down and hit your head against the college door, and if you are imaginary and the door imaginary, it won't hurt you."

DIGNITY OF LABOR

Whatever is necessary is dignified. The man who cooks a meal is just as good as the man who eats it. The man who makes a garment is just as honorable as the person who wears it. We are necessary each to the other and all work is honorable. To illustrate: After the inauguration of "Old Hickory," his successor, the ex-President, retired to his home in Quincy. At the town meeting, after the election of the principal officers by ballot, the moderator, proceeding to the election of the minor officers by "yea-and-nay" vote, said: "Who will you have for hog reeve?". A wag, by way of practical joke, responded: "I nominate John Quincy Adams!" A fellow-joker said: "I second it!" The nominee immediately stepped forward and said: "My fellow townsmen, from the beginning of my public life it has been one of my cherished principles to serve my fellow citizens in any capacity to which they may elect me. If elected to this office, I will serve to the best of my ability." The nomination was carried, and the duties of the office were faithfully performed. All swine, sheep, cattle and horses, straying in the streets, were duly impounded by the ex-President of the United States!

LOOK TO THE END

Be long-headed. Look far. Have some consideration for "the end thereof." Gamble not with the circumstances of life. Remember that while men may sin "two by two" they are punished for their sin "one by one." An exchange remarks: One of the most beautiful parks in America is that laid out by the federal government in the vicinity of Leavenworth, Kan. It comprises some six thousand acres. It embraces hill and dale, magnificent forests, and lovely meadows; but every roadway, however exquisitely kept, leads to the door of the penitentiary. Some years ago a prominent citizen of Chicago, after a long, fierce fight in the courts, passed through this paradise to this iron-barred gate, and later emerged—a dying man. Beautiful as these drives were, the end proved to be "the way of death."

REACHING THE GOAL

A sensible young man usually wakes up, about the time he is eighteen or twenty, to the fact that there slumbers in his bosom a great desire—a dominating ambition. If the inward conception of a great ideal is not exactly practical it usually leads in the right direction. In fact it is astonishing how many great men in the history of the world "came to themselves," mentally and spiritually, at a very early age. The whole life, at the end, seems to have been the realization of an early dream. Justin McCarthy somewhere remarks: I have no great complaint to make against Fate. "Which of us," asks Thackeray, "has his desire in life, or having it, is satisfied?" Well, I had three great desires in my early life: first, to live in London; next, to become a writer of books; and next, again, to be a member of the House of Commons. If, having these desires, I am not yet satisfied, the fault is surely mine, and I have no manner of excuse for railing against the destinies.

CLOTHES

Unless you are shallow, insignificant, and mean of soul, you will never judge a man by his clothes. As well judge a man by the color of his hair or by his lack of that becoming article as to judge him by cut of his coat or the motion of his body. Character is deeper than clothes. It takes more than coin, cuffs, collar and starch to make a man. An English preacher remarks: Robert Louis Stevenson once practised on the public by going through a suburban part of London simply attired in a sleeve waistcoat. Stevenson, one of the most charming and magnetic of men, welcome everywhere, confessed to a shock of surprise and a sense of something wanting. He said: "My height seemed to decrease with every woman who passed me, for she passed me like a dog. This is one of my grounds for supposing that what are called the upper classes may sometimes produce a disagreeable impression on what are called the lower."

KNOW IT

If your business is so small, unnecessary, useless and insignificant that it is of little importance whether you remain in it or not—then get out of it. Get into something which appeals to you. Have a hand in something worth doing and "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." An American business man of great success, says: "I was at a convention in Berlin, Germany, of two hundred salesmen. They did not understand anything I said and I did not understand anything they said, and so we got along all right. There was a man there who had carried off the banner for four successive years, and as we were distributing the prizes I said to him, 'Mr. Hoffman, will you tell the men why you have been leader for four years in succession?' He could not have given a better answer than he gave. He said, 'Gentlemen, I defy anybody in Germany to ask a question about my business that I can not answer.' That was the secret of his success: he knew his business.'"

PICK YOUR BOOK

Don't wear out your eyes reading trash. Read that which is solid and read in one particular direction. Read about Cromwell until you understand him. Read about Napoleon until you comprehend him. Read about Caesar until you find yourself imitating the strong points in his character. Read about Alexander the Great until you know the emptiness of mere success. Read until you can quote, recite and illustrat Remember the words of Thomas Carlyle: "Readers are not aware of the fact—but a fact it is of daily increasing magnitude and already terrible importance to readers—that their first grand necessity in reading is to be vigilantly, conscientiously select; and to know everywhere that books, like human souls, are actually divided into what we may call 'sheep and goats,' the latter put inexorably on the left hand of the judge, and tending, every goat of them, at all moments, whither we know; and much is to be avoided, and, if possible, ignored, by all sane creatures."

The West A-Callin'

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by an Eastern Business Girl

WESTWARD HO! How this call rings out loudly and insistently. We hear it and turn away, but ever and again it impels us to listen. It has called the men of the Old Land and the New. There is an optimism in the Western atmosphere found nowhere else. It is infectious. Today men in all classes are answering the call of the West. It is calling the young woman in business today. It calls her in all the various employments now open to her sex and great are the opportunities in the near future for the girl who is willing to prepare herself for some special line of work to which she seems particularly adapted.

There is an ever increasing demand for capable teachers and stenographers, and, for that matter, experienced workers in all branches into which women have entered. It needs no prophetic soul to predict the future of the West, and with the growth and development of that country, am I too optimistic when I say that shortly hundreds of positions will be waiting for the keen business girl. The phenominal growth of the past few years is not likely to cease, but to increase, new institutions will be opened up, business colleges, private schools, Y.W.C.A. institutions, domestic science schools, hospitals, etc., etc. And where shall we get the leaders with which to equip these various institutions if not from among the out-put from Old Ontario and other older provinces.

The demand for teachers already exceeds the supply. Nor is the demand for efficient office help less insistent than that for teachers; and the girl who prepares herself for the coming opportunity is the one who will capture the desirable positions. In spite of the oft-repeated statement, "Women is out of her element in the business world," woman is here in this business world and to stay; and nowhere will she be in greater demand than in the growing Western towns and cities.

Hitherto the exodus to the West has been chiefly among men—business men, farmers and real estate men. Now the desire to venture West has spread to the business girl, and in her particular lines of work is there not as great an opportunity for the alert girl to win out?

It sounds like treason to advocate the exodus of the best among our teachers, stenographers, etc., but girls are ambitious, and why not seize the opportunity presented? As an Easterner, it strikes me that our chance lies in the West. As it appears to the writer there are opportunities unexcelled for ventures into real estate. Not a few Eastern girls have been seized with the speculative germ which has affected Eastern business men today. The business girl has caught the fever and many are investing their hard earned savings, and to as good advantage as men. Sheltered as the women of the past have been, it surely must seem passing strange to our dear old mothers to see women mingling in the stock markets and real estate ventures with a freedom unthought of in her day of retirement and modesty. But the Western tide of speculation has caught us in full flood, and many girls are investing today in Calgary, Saskatoon and other Western cities with a recklessness quite rivalling that of the men.

"Such an unrest among the young people of today" is the cry that we hear everywhere. True, but would you have the young generation satisfied with the achievements of their parents and grandparents? "Just as good opportunities at home," is another argument used by older people. I can scarcely believe it. So many people are averse to making a change that the older provinces have many applicants for the one position, while out West there is a crying need for leaders. Many a good man occupies a secondary position here who, if he were given half a chance, would develop into an A1 business man. Out West he is given that chance and makes good. Why hold the young people back. Give them their chance.

"But girls should never start out on these ventures. Home is the place for girls." Having looked into the matter for ten years I have come to a few conclusions regarding girls in business. First and foremost, it seems to be a necessity for girls to make their own living. It it a good thing that so many opportunities are given them in which to make their livelihood. Their parents in many cases are not able to support them, and they are too independent to remain at home a burden to their parents. Then let them go out and meet success half way. The fact that our mothers never did these things is no argument that we should not. The frailer girls are out of the running, but the keen alert business girl will make good. We need however some encouragement in our projects. Women are naturally timorous mortals and need bolstering up. We ought to weigh well the pros and cons when making any new venture. But once we decide, bend every effort to success in the venture.

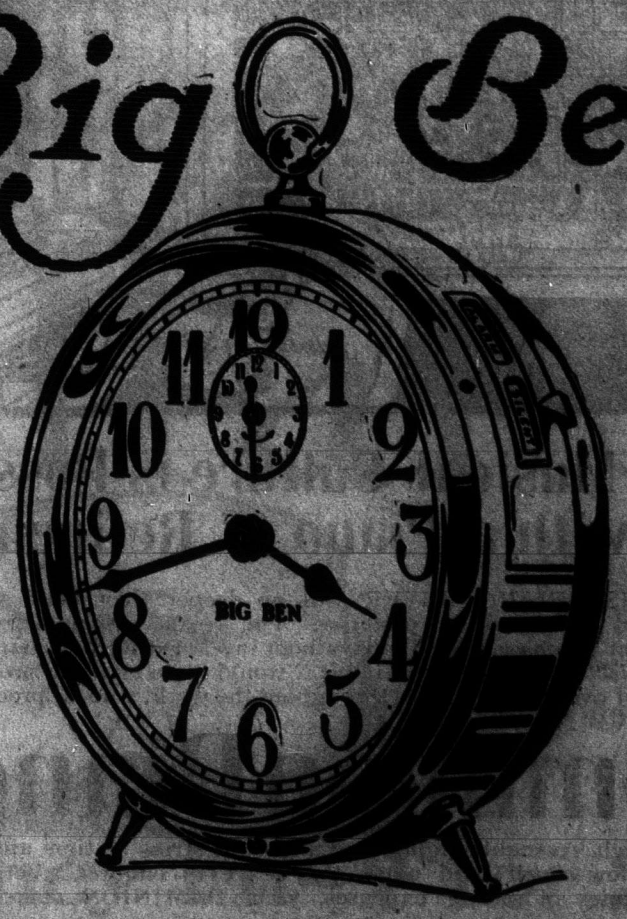
To an Easterner, there seems to be a subtle irresistible call coming from the West, and its call is no less insistent to the women than to the men. The call rings out with clarion distinctness and many will answer the call in the no distant future.

Buffalo Lake, Alta. At this point thousands of Buffaloes have been killed by the Indians who would round them up and drive them over the hump into the lake.

He regarded the round pink cheek approvingly.

"Suppose," he suggested softly, "that we let the old gentleman go preach, while we sit out on the porch and practice?"

Big Ben



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Big Ben is really three good clocks in one, two excellent alarms and a fine time-keeper to keep in any room and tell time all day by.

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Big Ben stands seven inches tall. He is triple nickel-plated and wears an inner vest of steel that insures him for life. His big, bold figures and hands are easy to read in the dim morning light. His large, comfortable keys almost wind themselves.

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hold their rich, resonant singing tone under the stress of time and climate no matter how much hard usage they have to endure. Yet, through rigid economies in selling expenses, your DOMINION comes to you

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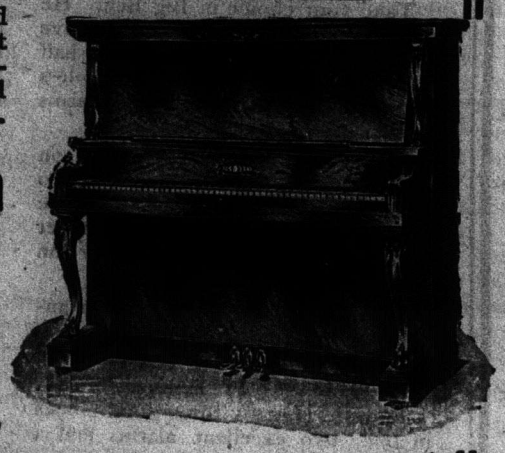

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WORK THIS PUZZLE! SEND NO MONEY!!

$50 CASH PRIZE

ALSO A PRIZE OF $10 for NEATEST SOLUTION. Somebody who sends for particulars of this Puzzle Contest telling us WHAT TWO CITIES ARE REPRESENTED by the above Two Sketches, will receive a $50 GOLD WATCH or .. .. ..

$50 IN GOLD MONEY! Try it at once. It may be you. Write the names of the Cities in a letter or postcard, giving your Name and Address plainly.

DOMINION WATCH CO., MONTREAL, CANADA DEPT. 15

The Women's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind.

AT the time copy for the January issue was called in, there was nothing definitely settled as to the meeting for women to be held in connection with the Conventions of Agricultural Societies, and when this notice reaches readers of the page the conventions will be almost upon us. The meetings for Manitoba will be held February 4 and 5 at the Agricultural College, Winnipeg, and the programme for both days promises to be both interesting and helpful. Even now the programmes are not printed and therefore it is impossible to give all the addresses, but this much is sure, Nellie L. McClung will speak on "Why boys and girls leave the farm"; Mrs. A. V. Thomas (Lillian Laurie) will take up "The Farm Help Problem"; your own editor woman will try to say something on "The Dignity of feeding the Nation"; Mrs. Dayton of Virden will speak on some aspects of the "Woman's Congress at Lethbridge." Mrs. Hamilton (Pearl Richmond) will deliver an address and there will also be a number of practical talks from the members of the Domestic Science staff of the College. Altogether it will, I feel sure, be a gathering well worth making an effort to attend.

Meetings for Women

It is more than half the battle in "mother" getting away, to have the family mind trained to the idea.

* * * *

While the Saskatchewan Grain Growers are planning for a woman's meeting, the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association is also awakening to its duties and responsibilities in connection with women. A year ago the Association passed a resolution in favor of Woman's Suffrage. This year they devoted an evening meeting to the question and invited speakers from the political equality league at Winnipeg to address them on that occasion. Mrs. A. V. Thomas (Lillian Laurie) spoke, and not only did the men give her an attentive and appreciative hearing, but they re-affirmed the stand taken last year by passing unanimously a strong resolution to work in harmony with the Political Equality league to secure votes for women. Following the meeting Mrs. Thomas had quite a levee of those who wished to express their appreciation and tell her she had converted them to the necessity of making women their political equals if they hoped to greatly improve their own condition.

Manitoba G. G. A.

* * * * *

Pyramid Lake and an unnamed. G.T.P. Route through the Rockies.

* * * * *

The various conventions, lectures and demonstrations will afford great opportunities for gaining light in knotty household problems and every woman who can attend one or all of them should certainly not miss a chance of doing so.

Great Opportunities

* * * * *

Saskatchewan has decided that for this winter, at least, the gathering of representatives of Homemakers Clubs will not be held in connection with the Convention of Agricultural Societies which will convene in Saskatoon, February 4 to 7. Mr. S. E. Greenway, who has this work in charge, called on me during the month and assured me that while the winter convention of "Homemakers Clubs" was being abandoned for the nonce they were planning for a splendid gathering for the "Homemakers" in June next when everything at the university grounds in Saskatoon will be in good order and it will be possible to give the delegates more attention than while a men's convention is in progress at the same time. The college extension section also hopes that June will prove an easier and more convenient month for the women to leave home, and in that case they might hope for a larger attendance than hitherto.

This sounds like a delightful thing to look forward to and let me suggest, it is not too soon to begin to plan for that gathering even now. Just mark upon the family calendar in good plain letters, "I am going to the Homemakers' Convention in June." In that way you will not only begin to plan for it yourself but all the family will unconsciously govern their plans for June accordingly, and there will be no trouble in getting away.

Homemakers Club

While the Homemakers will not gather in Saskatoon in February, Valentine month is not to pass without its woman's meeting, and this time it is the Grain Growers' Association which is planning a gathering for their wives, sisters and sweethearts at the same time as the annual meeting of the association is to be held; namely February 10 to 13. The Grain Growers' Association had its birth in the Province of Saskatchewan so it seems eminently fitting that the first meeting for women, under its auspices, should be held in Saskatchewan also.

The programme for this meeting is only in the process of making, but either Nellie L. McClung or Lillian Laurie will be there, and I think it is quite likely that the women who attend will have the pleasure of hearing both.

Grain Growers

* * * * *

Women are to have special quarters of their own at the Winter Fair at Brandon in March, and a course of talks on Domestic Science and other topics of particular interest to them. The Management of the Fair has set aside a large, well warmed, well lighted room for them on the ground floor. It is easy of access from all parts of the new building and also from the old building, where the poultry show will be held. This room is being filled with cooking stove, cupboards and other equipment, and here, during the week of the Winter Fair there will be daily lectures on topics relating to the home and daily cooking demonstrations. This will be a distinct gain for the women attending the Winter Fair and I hope sincerely the women of Manitoba will show their appreciation by turning out in large numbers.

Women at Winter Fair

There will be more particulars about

the programme in the March issue, but in any event keep the week beginning March 10 free and plan to come. It has not been fully decided, but it is likely that the cooking demonstration will follow somewhat the same line as those given in connection with the International Stock show at Chicago last December, namely the best methods of preparing and cooking the cheaper and coarser pieces of meat. This course was mentioned on this page in the Christmas number.

* * * * *

Daughters of Empire

The name of this organization, at least, will be familiar to many of my readers. The primary object of the organization is to foster the Imperial spirit throughout the Empire. There are many chapters in Winnipeg, and now a movement is on foot for these chapters to take up the truly imperial work of welcoming new settlers to Canada. A comfortable office has been secured in the Industrial Bureau and here a secretary will be installed to whom either women coming from the Old Country or coming into Winnipeg from country districts, may apply for information or advice. For example, supposing a young girl is coming into Winnipeg to attend Normal, to take a position as Stenographer or, in fact, any work. By applying to this secretary she would at once be put in touch with the Chapter of the order where there are the largest number of young women doing the same line of work, and who are largely interested in the same things. The stranger would at once find herself among congenial companions, who would take an interest in making her feel at home.

Another scheme in which the Daughters of the Empire will be interested is that of hostels for women.

A number of business men in Winnipeg have been aroused to the need of more and better accommodation for young women who are earning their own livelihood and who are away from home. They propose to build a number of hostels in different parts of the city to meet this need. The hostels are a business proposition and must pay their way, though the men who are going into the scheme do not ask for any dividend on the money invested. In order that these hostels may do the most possible good it is necessary to know in what parts of the city they should be placed and just what accommodation will be required in each. In this matter of securing statistics the Daughters of the Empire will assist. They will also be in charge of the arranging and running of these hostels when opened, though the final control will remain with the men who furnish money for their erection. This is a scheme with great possibilities in it and is one which should serve to bind city and country together to a very unusual degree. The order of Daughters of the Empire is not necessarily confined to cities, a chapter can be formed anywhere in country, town or district. The very fact that there are chapters in all the colonies of the British Empire, must give a peculiar feeling of sisterhood to all the members. Any reader who desires any further information may procure it by applying to "The Secretary of the Daughters of the Empire," c/o Industrial Bureau, Winnipeg.

* * * * *

Saskatchewan

It is refreshing to turn from conditions in England to the action of the legislative assembly of the Province of Saskatchewan. The discussion of the extension of the franchise to women was carried on with dignity and fairness by both sides of the house and while the motion was withdrawn the women of that province have been told in so many words that they can have the franchise whenever they get busy and ask for it. There is absolutely no reason, therefore, why they should not secure this at the very next session of the house. There is plenty of time to get the matter into shape in a year.

Just one word. Women in Saskatchewan are suffering for want of a dower law and a few other things. The easiest, simplest and sanest way to secure those much needed reforms is to get busy and secure the franchise while the matter is fresh in the minds of their legislators.

It would be a great triumph for the women of that great province to be the first in Canada to secure the vote.

* * * * *

In Lighter Vein

Since last writing for the page I have journeyed rather more than 3,000 miles, and among my journeyings I attended the great International Fat Stock and Horse Show at Chicago. A feature of this show will, I am sure, be of great interest to my readers. This was a demonstration carried on day after day by representatives from the Home Economics section of the different agricultural colleges on how to cook in the most appetising and economical way the cheaper cuts of meat. One of the ladies in charge for three days was Miss McKay from Ames, Iowa. Miss McKay is an old Manitoban who has made good in one of the largest of the colleges in the South, but she is Manitoban at heart still, and rejoices greatly in the winning of the grand sweepstakes by the Brandon steer.

In connection with these demonstrations a little book of directions and recipes was issued and I intend, from time to time to give some of these recipes. In the meantime I would suggest that women interested write Manager W. I. Smale, Brandon, and ask for a similar demonstration to be put on in connection with the winter fair at Brandon. The new building is finished and Mr Smale is anxious to do something for the women. This would be practical and very interesting.

Zookc Collars

A new model from London, for Fall and Winter. Slightly higher in WATROUS.

Has plenty of space for the larger ties now coming into favor again. 117

¼ sizes—They Fit—2 for 25¢

When We are Dead

Some years ago a biography of Longfellow appeared. The author sent a copy to Richard Henry Stoddard with a suitable inscription on the flyleaf. Mr. himself before the fire and spent two hours in going through the book. The work proved to be particularly strong on the anecdotical side, apparently not Stoddard, of course, interested in everything pertaining to the poet, seated altogether to Mr. Stoddard's liking. Reaching the last page, he turned back to the flyleaf, drew a pencil from his pocket, and without a pause wrote below the inscription:

Lives of great men all inform us
That, when we are safely dead
Liars large, immense, enormous,
Will write things we never said.

A Sure Cure

Congressman Powers, of Massachusetts, has a friend in that Commonwealth who was the owner of a fine horse that suffered from periodical fits of dizziness. In a quandary the owner sought the advice of an old friend having a local reputation for "hoss sense."

After an attentive listening the old Yankee shifted his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, and drawled out:

"Wa-al, Samuel, it 'pears to me that if the case is as bad as you make it out, the only remedy would be to take the animal some time when he ain't dizzy and sell him to a stranger, by gum!"

Milk and Cream Wanted

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ROBIN HOOD PORRIDGE OATS

(Pan-Dried)

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Our pan-drying process has been especially designed to give to Robin Hood Porridge Oats that old time Scotch flavor, heretofore only found in native Scotch Oatmeal. All good Scots will recognize the genuine flavor in Robin Hood Porridge Oats

Steam Cooked

Our steam cooking process makes Robin Hood Porridge Oats more digestible, it dissolves and breaks down the cell walls, thereby allowing the starchy substance to cook more thoroughly and evenly in the kitchen.

Directions
for Cooking Robin Hood Porridge Oats

Into three cupfuls of freshly boiling water, stir slowly one cupful of Robin Hood Porridge Oats, first salting the water to taste. Boil 20 minutes or more. A double boiler is preferred.

Another method which gives still better results is to mix in the same proportion as above with cold water in the evening and let soak over night, bringing to a boil in the morning and letting cook for ten minutes or more.

Serve hot in either case with sugar and cream or milk, or with syrup or fruit.

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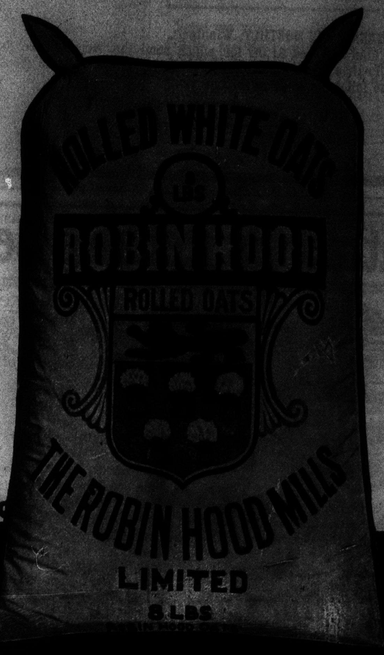

If you were asked the reason underlying the famed superiority of SCOTCH Oatmeal, you would probably answer, that the oats grown in Scotland possessed a quality which went to make the best oatmeal in the world. That would not be quite true. Western Canada Oat fields bow to no others. The real secret lies in the WAY OF MAKING.

We have put the elusive quality of SCOTCH oats, the old fashioned pan-dried kind, into Robin Hood Porridge Oats and have added the manufacturing refinements only possible in the Empire's newest and most modern mill.

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.....1913

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

Find enclosed $1.00 for which send the Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg, and The Western Home Monthly to the following address for one year.

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.....

Thousand Dollar Maggie

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Glenna Whitelock.

EASTBOUND, on my way to Winnipeg, I congratulated myself that I had been able to find such a comfortable seat.

In the midst of my reveries on the possibilities of real estate in Winnipeg, I was touched gently on the arm.

All in the time allotted for the twinkling of an eye, I sized up five people—a man with a sort of an iron look, leading a pretty little girl in one hand and a whining boy in the other. Behind them was a charming woman, evidently his wife, carrying a well dressed baby.

"I say," said the man giving me a despairing look, "how's the chances for putting my little girl in your seat? I've got to take care of this youngster," alluding to the whining boy. "There isn't room for me, there, in your seat, but I believe, if you'd be so kind, there would be room for a little girl. Wife and I think we can find a seat and by dint of crowding manage for us, but there'll be no room for Maggie I see that—just four seats ahead here."

"Sure she's welcome," I replied. "A fairy doesn't come my way very often"; and the little girl in pale blue, except for her black patent leather slippers, came into the seat, beside me.

After her parents had gone on, and after they had found a seat, the little girl looked a trifle relieved. Their shoulders and heads, only, could be seen by us, except when the whining boy stood up, on the seat. Then we could see his tear-stained face quite plainly.

While all this was going on, I was vainly endeavoring to recollect where I had seen her father. His face looked so familiar, yet for the life of me I could not identify him.

"What's your name, little girl?" I asked, finally, not unkindly.

"It's Maggie," she answered. "Don't you think that's a pretty name?"

I nodded that I did.

"I have a wonderful grandma out in Moose Jaw, where we got on, you know. Her name's Maggie too. She is dad's mamma."

"What is your grandmother's name," I asked, determined to find out, if possible, what was her father's name.

"Why her name is Maggie, I just told you about a minute ago," and she looked at me as if she thought I was silly.

"O yes, I forgot, Maggie."

I longed to ask, "Well—Maggie Smith or Jones or what?" but it seemed like quizzing an innocent child. My business is to quizz the criminal class of this world and not such angelic creatures as this child, Maggie.

"I presume your papa and mamma are looking forward to the time when you will be a wonderful woman like your grandmother," I said quite pleasantly.

"Dad says I'm wonderful now."

"What does your mamma think about you?" I questioned.

"She says I'm a wonderful talker—most too wonderful, I guess, she thinks, for a six-year-old. She says one good talker in the family is enough."

"And who is that?" I supposed she would say it was her mother, for she looked like an amiable woman.

"It's dad," said Maggie. "Mamma said he could talk a preacher into buying a brass band." And the child laughed joyously.

"How's that? What does he talk about?" I asked.

"About real estate," she replied.

"Ah! real estate man, eh? Good business!"

Then there was a pause when I tried again to recollect where I had seen her father. Then I began to think of her charming mother, of her sharp eyed father, of the richly dressed baby and then of the whimpering boy. Quite a remarkable looking family, I thought to myself.

"Aren't you proud of your people?" I ventured.

"Yes, I should say I am, only Benny—he whines so."

"O, he's quite a distinguished looking little chap, Maggie; I wouldn't wonder, but he's a born genius."

"Of course he don't look so bad from here, but when you get up close, you can see six warts on one hand, and a couple on his chin. He's all the time whining around and picking up toads and then tramping on them with both feet. I think his warts are his—oh well what he gets for tramping on them."

"You mean his punishment?"

"Yes," said Maggie.

"If he didn't have those warts, he wouldn't be so bad, but when he whines and has a lot of warts besides, why, it seems like he's got more than his share of troubles. I've tried everything," she confided to me in her motherly way. "Do you know of anything to do for them?" she asked.

I fumbled my hand in my pocket, as

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(Signed) ROBERT HAMILTON.
JAMES GUY.
Saskatoon, Sask.

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All of the above for $10.00.

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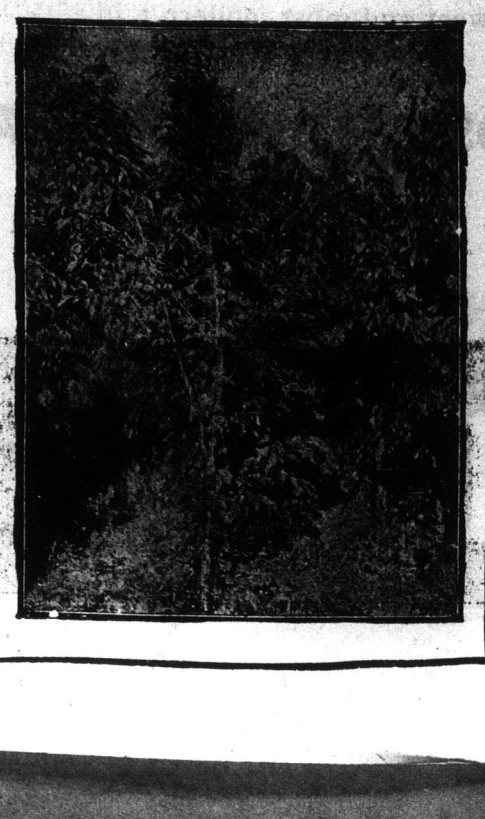
We have to offer this Spring:
200,000 Maples, 6 to 10 feet.
200,000 Poplars and Willows, 3 to 4 feet high.



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if trying to dig up some half forgotten childhood. "Yes, Maggie, I remember one cure, now that I think of it. You rub a chicken wishbone over the wart twenty times, then go and bury it under the eaves. Just as soon as rain falls on that buried wishbone, the wart will go away."

"I tried that," said Maggie, a trifle impatiently, I thought. "We must have a dozen buried under our eaves, in Winnipeg. Papa said that if we kept on, we'd have a regular grave yard, pretty soon. The only trouble with that cure is, that I have to count so many times for each wart and when he has so many warts, I get mixed up with the numbers. Papa said if I rubbed one wart, just once, it would do just as well. Do you think that just once would be all right?"

"I dare say your father knows, Maggie. It's been quite a while since I tried that cure, and a fellow forgets a lot, Maggie, but I believe it was only once, after all. But did you ever try the new moon wart cure, Maggie? where you look over the left shoulder at the new moon, and rub the wart with your finger nine times, never saying a word?"

"Yes, tried that too. The only place we can see the new moon, from our house in Winnipeg, unless you go up stairs, is the back yard. And you know, you don't dare say anything. Well, Benny's billy goat stays in the backyard, and when I'm about half done counting, that old goat has to rub his nose against Benny's other hand. Then Benny ups and says, 'Hello there, Billy,' and of course, it's all no good, then, and we have to wait till next new moon. So Benny still has his warts," said Maggie, resignedly.

Then we both watched Benny for a while, neither of us saying much of anything. Benny had thrown a peanut box and hit an elderly lady. This had brought down the heavy hand of the law, which, in this case, was a vigorous slap from his father. Then, after tearing up a magazine, and throwing out of the window his father's sports paper, the little rebel came down to our seat to see Maggie.

"We don't want you in here," said Maggie. "You're a bad boy. You go back to your own seat."

This remark of Maggie's, seemed to make the youngster want to stay more than ever.

"What did you hit that old lady for?"

"I didn't mean to. I was trying to hit that old man's bald head, what sets by her, and I hit her by mistake."

"Did dad make you 'pologize?" asked Maggie.

"Yes."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her, how I tried to hit that man's bald head, what sets side of her, and I missed 'im."

"What did she say?" asked Maggie.

"Well," said Benny, "she looks at the man, and then, they both of 'em bust out laughin'. Then the woman, she bought me another box of peanuts and whispered to me to try to hit him again."

"She must not like her husband," said Maggie. "Still, tho, I believe mamma would do the same thing, and she thinks heaps of dad."

"Say, Benny," said Maggie, "haven't you got dad's real estate book in that other warty hand?"

"Yes, dad give it to me, but I ain't a-goin' to let you have it."

The book looked familiar to me, and I believe I longed for the book as much as Maggie.

"Would you bawl if I took it away from you?" said Maggie, her eyes twinkling into mine.

"You ain't a-goin' to have it Maggie. I'll tell mom if you go to actin' smart."

"Here's some post cards, Benny—a whole lot—mighty pretty ones too. I'll give them to you."

"For keeps?" asked Benny.

"Yes," I replied, "for keeps, or for aye, I don't care."

Maggie leaned over and seemed to understand my motive.

Soon Benny dropped the real estate book and, fairly gurgling with joy, wabbled back to his parents.

Maggie picked up the book. "Do you like to look at pictures?" she asked.

"Always," I replied.

"There's dad's picture on the front page."

At last, I realized that this man was the same man with whom I had been corresponding a little, concerning Winnipeg real estate. However, I had not made any offers to him, but had studied his real estate book carefully. He had sent me one exactly like this in Maggie's hands.

"Dad built those houses," said Maggie. "I don't mean that he hammers the nails, or hauls the boards, or anything, but he gets a lot of men, and they do the hammering. Papa goes out in the auto, and sees if they're doing it to suit him. Sometimes he takes me. My, it's fun!"

"Those men did a pretty good job, Maggie." She looked pleased.

"There's one, in there, that's awful nice," and she leafed over to the page.

She did not know that away back in Moose Jaw my wife and I had carefully leafed through a book exactly like this one. Little did Maggie know that the house, which she liked best, was the house that my wife had declared was positively lovely.

"Papa asks seven thousand dollars for that house. He told mamma that it cost him five thousand, but, if he could get the sucker to give him six thousand dollars, you know, just give him the money, he'd take him too quick."

"Do you mean cash?"

"Yes," said Maggie, "cash. Cash is what papa said."

I smiled to myself. I had fully intended to pay seven thousand dollars, and cash at that.

"Maggie are you sure those figures are right? You got numbers mixed when you counted for warts."

"No, I'm sure, but I'll ask papa, if you like."

"No, no, Maggie, don't trouble him. He looks tired."

The next day, I walked into her father's big real estate office, in Winnipeg.

He recognized me immediately and the greeting was a cordial one. "You say you'll give me six thousand cash? Well"—he hesitated a moment. "All right, you're welcome to the house. It's a dandy, I assure you. It isn't often I come down a thousand on a house, but cash is irresistible. So the house is yours for six, even if it is listed for seven thousand."

The Kaiser and the Private.—This characteristic anecdote is told of the Kaiser. In the course of their usual walk in the neighbourhood of the Theirgarten, the Emperor and Empress were met by a private soldier and his sweetheart, a servant girl, neither of whom had noticed the approach of their Majesties. The girl was the first to grasp the situation. "Willy," she cried, "the Kaiser!" The soldier convulsively sprang into the road and drew himself up as stiff as a ramrod. The poor girl remained on the footpath, and the Kaiser turned to her laughing. "Go and fetch your Willy!" he said, and continued his walk.

A Vain Call.—Readers of Dickens may remember what a frightful muddle the criers in Bardell v. Pickwick made when Serjeant Buzfuz said, "Call Elizabeth Cluppins!" which got metamorphosed into Tuppins, Jupkins an incident that occured in the district court of Melbourne the other day. An Italian woman named Madge Bongiorno was summoned for obstructing the roadway. "Call Madge Bongiorno!" said the Bench. The clerk read out from his list the police version, "Babs Bonjonio," and the orderly echoed the name. The constable at the far end of the court was taken clean off his guard; the name was as Greek to him. However, his Irish quickness helped him to "save his face." He opened the door, and in a stentorian voice called down the passage, "Bedad, Banjo oh! oh!" It is hardly surprising that Madge Bangiorno did not answer the charge.

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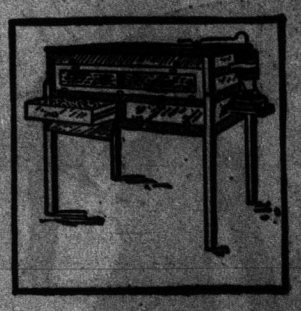

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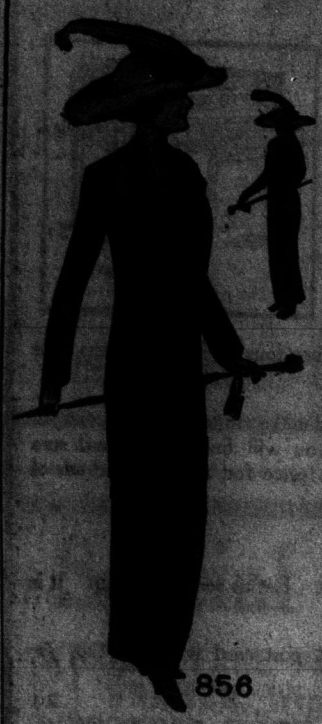

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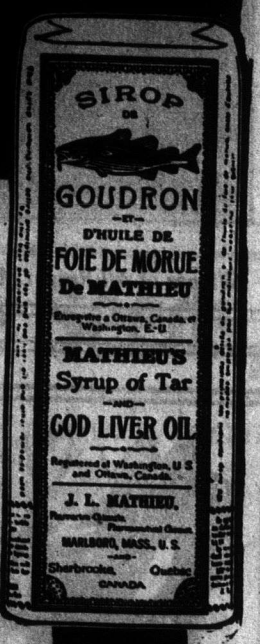

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Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Semi-Princesse Norfolk Dress

WITH four-piece skirt, with elbow or long sleeves, with high or low shield.

This illustration shows a very attractive semi-princesse dress which gives the Norfolk idea that is so smart this season. The blouse is just a simple one with set-in sleeves that may be finished in full or elbow length and with a sailor collar. The closing is made at the center front by means of lacings. There are box-plaits applied on each side

7657 Semi-Princesse Norfolk Dress for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

at both front and back over indicating lines of perforations, and these plaits extend below the waist line and are attached to the skirt at about hip depth. The skirt is made in four pieces and the front and back gores are lapped over the side gores. The closing is made at the left of the front under the box-plait. In the illustration, the dress is made of white serge with collar and shield of blue. The shield is cut low and the sleeves are finished at the elbow but, if preferred, the shield can be finished with a stock collar and the sleeves can be extended to the wrists. Blue serge with collar and shield of white would be very pretty, or the same material with trimming of black or blue satin would be serviceable as well as attractive.

For the 16-year size, the dress will require 6¼ yards of material 27, 4¼ yards 36 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 for the trimming.

The pattern of the dress 7657 is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

One-Button Semi-Princesse Dress

Every busy woman will appreciate the becoming morning gown that can be slipped on in a minute and held in position by a single fastening. This one is made with a quite simple blouse that includes separate sleeves that are stitched to the armholes and a five-gored skirt. The two are joined and the front gores are lapped one over the other to make the closing well to the side; consequently, the single button and button-hole or snap fastening will hold the gown in place. Most women will like to make such a dress from washable material, and linen, gingham, percale and the like suggest themselves, but it is quite appropriate for challis, albatross and similar wool fabrics. The fronts of the blouse are laid in a tuck over each shoulder that provides becoming fullness. Otherwise the dress is quite plain with only a few gathers at the center back.

For the medium size, the dress will require 7¾ yards of material 27, 5½ yards 36 or 4½ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 inches wide for the

7658 One Button Semi-Princesse Dress 34 to 44 bust.

trimming. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2¼ yards.

The pattern of the gown 7658 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Semi-Princesse Dress

With or without plaited flounce and panel on skirt, with round or high neck, elbow or long sleeves.

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sewed to it at the long shoulder line that is so essentially smart this season. The pretty little chemisette is becomingly full. This frock is made of flowered silk in combination with chiffon and lace, but any two pretty materials can be used together or the entire dress can be

7643 Semi-Princesse Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

made of one. The suggestion in the small front view is a good one for simple afternoon occasions.

For the 16-year size, the blouse and panniers require 4½ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 36 or 2⅝ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard 27 for the chemisette. For the foundation skirt will be needed 3¼ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36 or 44 with ⅜ yard of flouncing 18 inches wide for the panel, 5 yards 27, 3¼ yards 36 or 2¼ yards 44 for the plaited flounce and ⅜ yard 18 inches wide for the yoke when high neck is used.

The pattern of the dress 7643 is cut in sizes for misses of 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Semi-Princesse Gown

With three-piece skirt, with long sleeves that can be made with or without trimming or three-quarter sleeves, with or without chemisette.

The simple gown in semi-princesse style is such a useful, satisfactory garment that every woman is sure to want a number of them. This one can be made from charmeuse or messaline or similar material to make a dressy afternoon frock or it can be made of cashmere or albatross to be worn in the morning hours, and whatever the material is, it is always pretty, always attractive. The frills make a really dressy finish for the more elaborate gown and the plain finish is desirable for the simple one. The blouse is made without fullness in conformity with the season's demand and with "set-in" sleeves. These can be made in three-quarter or full length and the long sleeves can be made plain or finished with oddly shaped trimming portions. Both blouse and skirt are finished with box plaits at the front and through these plaits the closing is made.

For the medium size, the gown will require 8 yards of material 27, 5 yards 36 or 4½ yards 44 inches wide with ⅝

7672 Semi-Princesse Gown, 34 to 42 bust.

yard 21 for the collar, ½ yard 21 for the trimming portions, ½ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette.

The pattern of the gown 7672 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

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I'd Live My Life for You.
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In the Golden Harvest Time.
If We Were Alone.
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I've Been Longing Dear for You.
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In Dear Old Sweetheart Days.
I Want a Boy to Love Me.
I'm Feeling Blue, (Song).
I Love It.
I'd Give You All You Ask.
I Want a Little Loving Sometimes.
If You Had Asked Me Just a Little Sooner.
I'm Going Back to Work Down on the Farm.
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Let's Make Love While the Moon Shines.
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Mine, (High Class Ballad).
Mary Was My Mother's Name.
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Storm King, (March).
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Scarlet Lily, (Three-Step).
Sign of Roses, (Waltz).
Silver Spur, (Two-Step).
Scented Roses, (Waltz).
Strolling, (Song).
Silver Bell, (Vocal).
Sweetheart Waltz.
Sing Me a Song.
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Wedding Ring Waltz.
Wedding of the Fairies, (Inst.)
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Your Daddy Did the Same Thing 50 Years Ago.
You Can't Expect Kisses From Me.
You are the Ideal of my Dreams.
You and I and the Moon.
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Bess's Column

By Mrs. Todd, Cranbrook, Alberta.

Have Your Dinner Table Pretty

A table, even of the humblest sort, may look very pretty if tastefully set out, and if all the appliances are clean and well polished. The tablecloth may be coarse, but let it be as white as soap and water can make it, well ironed, and correctly placed on the table. It should lie perfectly straight with the hems to each end, and the fold evenly down the middle. Put something in the middle of the table, flowers and centre-piece. A plant does not cost much, nor does it need much care from the busiest housewife. Pretty art pots can be had from fifteen cents to hold it. A centrepiece under the flower pot will add quality to the look of the table and need not cost much except the work. It could be a small square of linen, hemstitched and openworked; a square of muslin, hemstitched and shadow-worked. These, to show up, ought to be placed over a piece of colored sateen, linen or silk. Even a square of colored linen, yellow, green, pink or Alice blue, hemstitched and with a bold design, say of daisies, worked on it in outline stitch, will look dainty and be profitable to wear, as it will wash times without number without losing any of its beauty.

Polish the Glasses

Brightly polish all the glasses and dishes. These give a bright, dainty, clean look to the plainest table, and it is an easy matter to give them a good rub with a clean glass-cloth just before placing them in their places on the table. Rub spoons and silver with a clean chamois leather just before placing on the table, and give the knives a quick rub over with a damp cork dipped in plate powder, a final rub with the chamois giving them brilliance.

Empty Salt Dishes

every second day. Remove the lumps of salt. They can be used for adding to the potatoes in boiling. Polish and refill. Do not put down the mustard pot with ragged edges of mustard over the edges, and perhaps half-way up the the spoon. Please! mix mustard in another dish, say an egg cup, with an old spoon, then pour tidily into the clean mustard pot. No one with any pretensions to cleanliness ever, under any circumstances, mixes fresh mustard in a dirty used mustard pot. If more mustard is required at table, rather put it down in the dish you mix it in than pour fresh mustard into the unwashed mustard pot.

Tidy the Other Dishes

Pack away bread after the meal is finished and polish the bread plate. This need only be washed once a day. Put butter down to each meal on a fresh plate; it is so untidy to see butter on a smeary, buttery plate.

When Using Serviettes

(and they are really an economy, as they save one's clothes from spots of grease), no not make them too stiff. yet they last no time clean if unstarched. Try this plan to hit the happy medium: When washed and dried, take a large, clean, soft cloth, dip it in hot water starch, and spread it out. Lay the serviettes stretched out on this, then roll up in such a way that there is starched cloth rolled round each serviette. Done in this way, they will be glossy and just stiff enough.

Using Up Old Linen

A great many housewives are often at a loss how to use up their nainsook or cotton under-garments which are often only worn in places. Night-dresses, for instance, are perhaps worn only at neck or under the sleeves, while the remainder is as good as new. It seems a shame to cut them up as dusters, which is all the use some people can make of them. Certainly, if one has to "hand sew" everything, it is perhaps not worth while making new things out of the old, as, of course, they do not wear for a great length of time. But if one has access to a sewing machine, the trouble of remaking is very little.

From a Nightdress

may be made a pretty underskirt. First cut off the yoke and sleeeves, then gore it into shape. Sew up sides and put a binding along the top, into which run a draw tape. By the way, have you found out that a safety pin makes a splendid "bodkin" for drawing in tapes anywhere better than a "bodkin," which only lets in tapes and ribbons of certain size. A safety pin is all accommodating, all and any sizes are the same. Simply stick the pin of the safety through the tape, fasten the catch, and run the pin through where you want the tapes to go. At the bottom of the underskirt sew on a frill of nainsook edged with lace, which can be new or can sometimes be manufactured out of the discarded upper portion. A chemise can sometimes be manufactured out of an old nightdress with very little trouble by shaping slightly, shaping the sleeves in it as that saves time, then stitching up and adding neck-band, and edging of lace at neck and sleeves.

Pretty Pinafores

can be made from an old nightdress. These only require a band of nainsook or insertion one or two inches broad, sufficiently wide to fit across the child's chest, the same cut into two for the back, and two bands to join same across each shoulder. Gather the nainsook on pretty full to these yokes and you have a dainty, soft, hanging "Liberty" at very little trouble or expense.

Pillow Cases

can be made from nightdresses with very little trouble or pillow shams edged with insertion and deep lace, also slips can be manufactured out of quite small pieces (with joins) to cover the "ticking" of the pillows under the pillow case. Covers for cosies can also be made out of small pieces. These can be shaped by laying the cosie on paper and cutting round it. Cosie covers ought to have a deep hem (hemstitched for preference) and a design or large monogram outlined in white on each side. Make a frill for the circular part out of hemstitched nainsook or lace. Small tray cloths can be engineered out of the best parts of old fine nightdresses. With simply a board hem, hemstitched these look very sweet, or that edged with cheap lace gives it a dainty finish. I have yet another use for old nainsook, and that is making

Handkerchiefs

for the children or oneself. The material having been so often washed, the threads of the nainsook are easy to draw. Get each handkerchief perfectly square by drawing threads all ways. Draw a few threads where the hem will turn down to, and you will find the hemstitching is almost as quickly done as ordinary hemming and so much daintier. Odd scraps of linen ought to be well washed and rolled up. Put these in your emergency drawer or medicine cupboard, they come in useful for cuts and sores.

William Jennings Bryan: It sometimes happens that more brotherly feeling is engendered by a lot of men eating together than could result from the exhorting of the same men to be brotherly.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught: In all nature the most notable fact is the reign of law. Human society comes nearest to the plan of its environment when law reigns. Probably the most important thing that the schools can teach is the principal of obedience and submission to law.

Woman and the Home

Worrying About the Undone

"IT wasn't the work I did that broke me down," said a certain minister who had suffered temporary collapse; "it was the work that I had to leave undone." So the great African promoter and financier, Cecil Rhodes, when dying, is said to have exclaimed over and over, "So little done; so much to do!"

Piled-up work unaccomplished is more wearisome, as every worker knows, than any amount of work which has been turned off. Many a woman, says a writer in the "Wellspring," goes to bed more tired with the thought of the tasks left over than with all that she has been able to do, which seem often dwarfed into insignificance in comparison with the thousand and one things which are awaiting her hands. The calls ahead of us, especially if we are "behind our work," are more wearing than answered calls. But the weariness of work done is good for us, and generally creditable to us, while this other weariness is often only a mark of weakness in ourselves. We really have nothing to do with the work which is beyond the present hour and strength. "Sufficient unto the day is," not only the "evil thereof," but also the day's tasks. More people are broken down by trying to carry tomorrow's load today than by the hardest kind of effort today. Let tomorrow alone; it is God's, not yours. Do what you can and then leave the rest with Him who can stay all our doing at His word. There will be plenty to do when you are gone, wherefore worry about it? It is worse than foolish, it is wicked to waste strength for doing by worrying about the undone. And the fruit of it is usually collapse and premature death. Worry about the undone means the undoing of yourself and your work.

The Calf Path

Published by Request

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should;

But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;

And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,

And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,

And many men wound in and out
And dodged and turned and bent about

And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;

But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,

And through this winding wood-way stalked
Because he wabbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;

This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,

Toiled on beneath the burning sun
And travelled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street.

And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.

And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about,

And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

They followed still his crooked way
And lost one hundred years a day;

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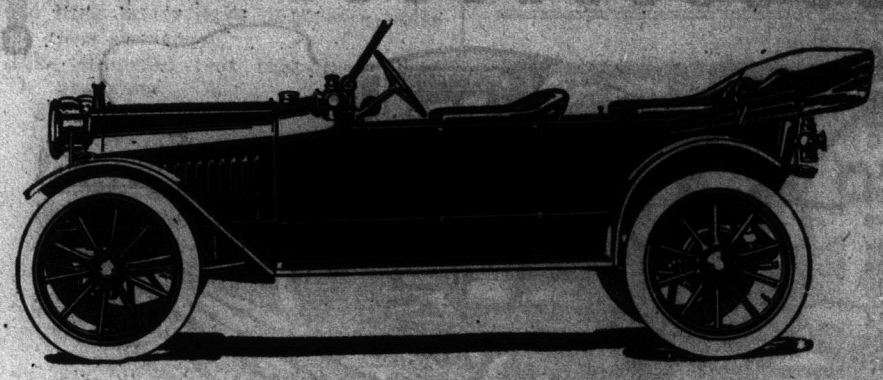

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For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach.

For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,

And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back.

And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.

But how the wise old wood-gods laugh
Who saw the first primeval calf!

Ah! many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

—Sam Walter Foss

What Shall Our Children Do?

During the farmers' institute work in Indiana this season I made it a point to visit as many schools as possible over the state. I wanted to learn if possible whether the school has a tendency to educate the child away from the farm. On entering the schoolroom slips of paper were placed on the pupil's desk and he was asked to state what he should like to be when he left school. Only a few minutes were given to the pupil to write the answer. In this way it was thought that the real purpose of the child, if he had any, would be given. Many said they had no choice of occupation. Of the 853 pupils that gave answers, 285 would be teachers; 189, farmers; 46, housekeepers; 17, doctors; 1, a missionary. The other 315 pupils wanted to follow various occupations from saloon-keeper to president of the United States. None wanted to be a preacher. The largest percentage of those who wanted to be farmers were of the smaller children. In the high schools only a few wanted to farm. This shows that either the school educates away from the farm, or that those who aim to farm do not reach high school. There were 48 teachers employed where this census was taken, and most of them are not thinking of giving up the profession as long as they can hold their positions. Where these oncoming 285 teachers are to get schools is a problem unsolved.

It is gratifying to see, however, that there is an awakening all over the country on the subject of better schools. Manual training, sewing, agriculture and domestic science are being introduced into many of the schools of this state. In one township a teacher is employed to go from school to school to teach music, manual training and agriculture. His work has proved very satisfactory and has awakened much interest in the schools and among the patrons. The manual training work is very creditable, and it is found that boys become so interested in it that they leave their games to work at the bench or a favorite piece of furniture. Coops for poultry were built and chickens were hatched on the schools grounds. The girls did some sewing and cooking. Moreover, all the parents became interested and co-operated with the teachers and pupils to make the school a great success.—Otis Crane.

Meals for the Indoor Worker

The scientific housekeeper to be strictly up-to-date must know something of food values and the application of these values in preparation of meals. It is difficult, however, to overcome the likes and dislikes of individuals.

The folly of man's judgment regarding food is proverbial. He eats that which pleases his palate and purse, and pronounces it good in the very face of his declining health; and while all men, no matter how situated, must live more or less according to the same rule, the selection of each one's food must fit into and harmonize with his occupation and environments. It is not this or that ailmentary principle that will sustain life, but several principles associated together, and unless these are arranged in harmony with ourselves and surroundings, defective nutrition results.

We all agree that the nitrogenous elements of meat are best adapted to the indoor man. The sedentary man must conserve his energies, hence lean meats —like beef and mutton—and eggs and milk, are best suited to his conditions. The question of elimination of nitrogen, on the other hand, is an important one, and unless he has sufficient muscular exercise to throw off these poisons readily, the accumulation will be dangerous. One day a week he should substitute fish; another day, nitrogenous vegetables; another, eggs and cheese, for the flesh of animals.

For the indoor worker dinner at night after the work of the day is finished is preferable. When this cannot be managed the noon dinner should be carefully chosen.

The first course should be a light soup—consomme, bouillon or a thin vegetable soup. Two necessary requisites for such soups are heat and palatability. They need not be nutritious; in fact, a cup of hot water will answer the same purpose. The object is to stimulate and draw the secretions into the stomach, which gives a restful feeling and prepares the stomach for the heavy food to follow. The next course should consist of one meat and two vegetables, one starchy and the other succulent. The choice meats are beef, mutton, lamb, chicken and white-fleshed fish. Pork and veal should never enter into the composition of a dinner for an indoor worker. Turkeys, ducks and geese may be used now and then, but as a rule these birds are over-fattened; during the cooking the fat melts and penetrates the lean flesh, which makes them difficult of digestion.

Avoid fried foods and bulky vegetables, as carrots, parsnips, kale and cabbage, and such heavy foods as baked beans, complicated sweets as boiled puddings, pies, cakes and greasy sauces.

Green vegetables should be simply cooked; or the salad may be served with the dinner in the place of an extra vegetable—not a rich meat salad, but one composed of a dainty, succulent vegetable, like lettuce, cress or

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chicory, dressed with well-made French dressing—vinegar and oil, or oil and lemon juice.

What to Serve for Supper

Supper, the most troublesome and unattractive meal of all, must consist of a light dish, in the winter a mince or perhaps a chicken croquette; in the summer broiled or baked tomatoes with cream sauce, or a delicate corn pudding, or a new pea suffle.

The dessert or supper sweet is the hardest part to settle. Fruits stewed with sugar, served with cream and cake, are deadly, think of it as you will. Fresh fruits, without sugar, eaten slowly, are desirable in warm weather. Chopped nuts, mixed with a little icing, spread on crackers, make a palatable sweet, and may be indulged in.

The indoor worker would be better without tea, coffee or chocolate. If he must choose one of the three let it be coffee. Chocolate and coffee are very apt to make one wakeful and restless during the night. Tea hinders digestion and produces constipation.

The Man Who Eats His Dinner at Night

When the indoor worker can take his dinner at night half the battle is won. The tissues are repaired at the end of the day. Each morning he finds himself in good, fresh condition. The internal and external labors have been performed at different times; there is no fatigue from either.

A moderately good breakfast without meat, a light, nutritious luncheon, and a good, substantial dinner, is the ideal method of living. Foods must, however, be carefully chosen; in warm weather substitute fruits and succulent vegetables to a certain extent for the starchy ones; cut off fats and use less meats.

If you are obliged to take your luncheon in a restaurant, or at a lunch counter, avoid heavy foods and heavy, complicated dishes. A bowl of cream soup, a whole wheat bread and butter sandwich, a pint of milk, a cup-custard, a rice pudding, a baked apple or a fruit sandwich are all desirable luncheon dishes, of course bearing in mind the change of seasons.

Finish Your Work, Then Eat Your Dinner

The indoor man must not have a meagre diet. It must be, however, small in quantity, but where the dinner is taken at night a full, well-regulated meal can always be eaten to good advantage, providing there is no mental occupation after it. Finish the day's work, and then eat. Take time before eating to sponge the face and hands, and perhaps to dress. This alone is a preparation to the digestion of the meal.

Men who do arduous mental work have learned that beef is the most easily digested nitrogenous food and most acceptable—that is, they get a greater amount of nerve force with less nerve expenditure. It must be used, however, but once a day.

What a Man Eats Influences His Work

Muscles are hardened and made strong by exercise, but after a time, if the exercise is beyond the natural endurance, there is a collapse. The indoor worker under these circumstances grows nervous and irritable, not because of his work, but because his diet has been illy fitted. Truly believing that every man performs his duties according to what he eats, the question must be viewed from a broad aspect. It is not a matter simply of existence, but what can be done with proper combinations to produce the highest state of development both mentally and physically.

The Patience of the Old

The patience of the old — a blest completeness
That crowns the tide of years when ebbing mild and low!
Unto life's latter days it gives a noiseless sweetness,
Like slippered feet that travel soft and slow.
For all the ties of life that bind them here
Have weaker grown from fleeting year to year;
The hearing gone, the eyesight dim,
And trembling seen in hand and limb!

The patience of the old — 'tis thus I reason:
Their grinding work in life is almost, almost done;
Their constant toil sustained through ev'ry changing season,
Their burdens borne in blinding rain and sun;
And then there comes the gentle, healing calm
Of vic'tries nobly won, a precious balm,
That smoothes the chastened, ling'ring soul
While life's remaining moments roll!

The patience of the old — ah, blessed token!
A life serene, at peace, it tells to me and you;
Of harvests gathered in, life's duties high unbroken,
And then the waiting for the last adieu.

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Conspicuous Nose Pores

How to Reduce Them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead, these pores collect dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

Begin tonight to use this treatment

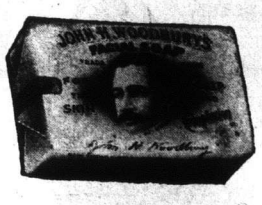
Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in **very gently** a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, **stopping at once when your nose feels sensitive.** Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes **with a lump of ice.**

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment with it strengthens the muscular fibres so that they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment **persistently.** It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment. Try Woodbury's also for general toilet use. See what a delightful feeling it gives your skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c. a cake. No one hesitates at the price **after their first cake.**

Woodbury's Facial Soap



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God's peace is like a river deep, 'tis said,
And they submerged from foot to silver head;
The soul made all in sweet accord,
This is the spirit of the Lord!

The patience of the old—methinks the singing,
The angel voices of the loved ones gone before,
Borne on the misty tide of years they now hear ringing,
And note above life's furnace blast and roar;
Entranced they sweetly listen as they stand,
As to a message from the golden strand;
These blessed accents of the past,
They hear above the raging blast!

The patience of the old — oh, grant it, heaven,
When earthly scenes grow dim my fading sight before,
To me may this contentment, e'en to me! be given,
And may it go with me unto the farther shore;
Then down the jewelled aisles I'll walk enraptured,
My new-found senses blest, my new heart captured,
And see at last no cloud between,
All wondrous patience and all love serene!

—Douglas Robbins

The Great Adventure

By Amy Nickerson.

Swift the seasons pass away,
All the roads of life lead wrong;
Yet, somehow, at close of day
All the roads lead to new song.

Time is flying fast away;
All too soon we shall be dead;
Oh, the dreams of yesterday!
Oh, the cruel words we've said!

Life's a sad adventure, dear;
Yet, for all its ups and downs,
Who would miss a single year?
Who forget its tears and frowns?

A Lady

I know she is a lady!
'Tis written in her face;
I read it in her high-bred air,
Her dignity and grace;
She will not lend her tongue to say
Unkind, malicious things;
Harsh judgments, idle, thoughtless words,
A bitter harvest brings.

I know she is a lady!
And never bold or loud;
Has no affected, silly ways;
Is too proud to be proud.
A lady dares to be sincere;
To God all hearts are known;
Our falsities and shams are read,
And judged, at Heaven's throne.

I know she is a lady!
Her dress is neat and clean;
In unbecoming, absurd styles,
I note she is not seen;
My lady's gowned within her means,
To suit where'er she goes,
But she can talk of other themes,
Than "Finery" and "Beaus."

I know she is a lady!
She will not stoop to pry;
She knows a deeper game in life
Than playing "O, I spy!"
She has a natural-born respect
For what her friends reserve,
And any given confidence
She strictly will preserve.

I knows she is a lady!
She draws no high-caste line;
She does not live as though this world
Was made for "I" and "Mine"!
True Christian charity means more
Than giving "easy" gold,
A word of sympathy is worth
A store of wealth uprolled.

I know she is a lady!
She stands the test of years;
Friendly to all, and slave to none,
No earthly judge she fears.
Disgrace comes only through ourselves,
Though slanderous tongues may cry;
But purity and truth will live
While stars shine in the sky.

And, O, this tender lady
Soul-narrow cannot be,
When everywhere, towards the gleam,
Men struggle gropingly;
With work-worn limbs and anxious hearts,
'Mid povery and care,
They raise rude altars to the God
Who keeps them from despair.

—Frances

Her Face

By Marion Francis Brown

Her face was such a lovesome thing to see—
Curved lips, soft eyes with love-light silvering thru
Like star-dust in the night—it seemed to me
'Twas likest God's of any face I knew.
Of any face? Nay, when I learned to know
Her grief-face framed in tears, the sighs that stir,
The moulded lines of tender, patient woe,
I knew 'twas then I saw God best in her.

The Gates of Paradise

Not here, but farther, lies the land
Whose beauties tongue cannot command;
There, in that land of brightest day,
Peace, truth, and right dominion sway;
And there, beneath those beaming skies,
They stand—the gates of Paradise.

There pain and sorrow never show
Themselves to those who here below
Seemed weighted to the ground with care.
That bliss eternal we may share,
If we would only will to rise
And seek the gates of Paradise.

So far away they lie, they say,
That we must travel many a day;
The months must fly, the years must go;
The journey's end we may not know;
Life's vista long before us lies;
Its end—the gates of Paradise.

The way is arduous, narrow, rough,
And difficulties come enough;
But, being such, it is the best;
Then onward go; pause not to rest,
Until behind each sorrow lies;
Before—the gates of Paradise.

Oyster Soup for Four Persons

Chop the rough outside pieces from one root of celery. Wash and cover them with a pint and a half of cold water. Cook slowly for half an hour. Drain and press; add to the celery water a pint of milk, and when hot stir in one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour rubbed together, a level teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Drain and wash a dozen fat oysters, throw them into the soup, and, when boiling, serve.

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The Home Doctor

About Tartar on the Teeth

By Louis Long, D.M.T.

WHAT causes tartar to form on the teeth?

The answer is: "Bad combinations of food."

Some authorities say it is due to imperfect digestion and to bacterial influence. That may be true in part.

Young and healthy persons manage, for a time, to dissolve naturally or to clean off artificially the tartar formed by nearly all the foods served at a conventional meal. But the fact is, tartar is formed in the mouth, independent of digestion.

Do you mean to say our refined way of cooking and mixing foods is responsible for the corroding deposits formed on the teeth?

Yes. That is exactly what I mean. It can be proved that the deposit of tartar is not limited to the teeth, but reaches every nook and corner of the organism. The hardening of the arteries and the degeneration of the kidneys may be due largely to that one cause.

In winter the urine of a person consuming a large amount of bread and butter, milk and oatmeal, beans, meat and pork, pastry and pancakes, deposits on the sides and bottom of the containing vessel a substance similar to the tartar on his teeth, when it is allowed to cool.

This explains how a chill may start a cold or rheumatism.

When the chemist wishes to make a cement insoluble even in boiling water he mixes cheese and lime. That is just what many eaters do in their mouth.

Cow's milk contains both casein and lime; it is richer in lime than human milk. In fresh milk the two substances are kept from forming "tartar" by the presence of natural solvents. Boiling changes the chemical combinations contained in the milk in a manner similar to that which takes place in the boiling of eggs. Some of the casein forms an insoluble crust on the surface of the boiling milk; another portion is deposited on the sides and bottom of the containing vessel and is so extremely adhesive that it is impossible to wash off the crust, taste and smell of milk from cooking utensils.

The particular Hebrew people reserve special pans and pots for milk. It is an excellent practice.

Oatmeal contains also casein similar to that of cheese and milk.

Bread and flour preparations contain gluten which resembles casein in its properties of forming an insoluble cement. They also contain lime. The better they are the more organic lime they contain.

The use of yeast and baking powder increases the tendency to form insoluble cement in the food and in the mouth.

When people eat bread, oatmeal, cheese, butter, grease, beans (cooked with fat), milk (especially if boiled), pastry and all imperfectly cooked flour preparations they eat the ingredients of tartar, and tartar, solid and diffused, is sure to be formed unless some foods are taken before, during, and after the eating of such tartar-forming foods, which act as solvents to prevent the formation of tartar. This explains the universal desire to mix different articles of food in the mouth.

But, very often, instead of eating the proper solvents, i.e. fruits, green vegetables, roots, both fresh and cooked, people take the very things which promote the formation of tartar: Grease, butter (baking powder in food), coffee, tea, milk.

In addition to the chemical reactions which bring about the liberation of lime, and its combination with casein, gluten, etc., we have the combination of lime and fat, also an insoluble compound, which may be taken up in the circulation and, under the influence of a chill, be deposited like tartar not only on the teeth but in the vital area of the capillaries.

The effect of mixtures of grease, flour, milk, bread, introduced very hot in the mouth, is the instantaneous production on the teeth and on the rubber of false teeth a grayish insoluble substance which resists washing. It has to be scraped off. Tartar!

Acids, vegetable and fruit juices, dissolve it. Alcohol seems to harden it.

In view of these facts it is easy to understand why vinegar and pickles are craved for by so many people, and also why white bread is preferred to whole wheat and graham bread by those who eat it with butter, milk, gravies, fat or grease.

Another reason for abstaining from mixtures of cereals with large amounts of butter, fat, milk, cheese, nut butter, is that these combinations check the flow of mouth juices so necessary for the elaboration of starch before it enters the stomach.

Wherever bread is eaten there is the desire to eat something with it as a relish. Butter, fat and milk are not the proper things to eat with bread because they help to form tartar. Natural instinct craves for a solvent.

One thing is remarkable; olive oil eaten with bread instead of butter helps to clean the mouth of the paste that hardens up as tartar.

Bread that does not taste good without any kind of grease or relish is not fit for use at all.

Corn meal, nuts, fruits and vegetables do not help to form tartar when combined with other goods.

A word to the wise is enough.

Practical Suggestive Therapeutics

By Mattie V. Mitchell

Suggestive therapeutics is a grand thing. To lead a person back to the lost road, to health, through the aid of cheerful thoughts, is a wonderful thing. But, although wonderful, it is none the less true. I suppose most doctors these days practice, or attempt to practice, the art of suggestive therapeutics. But, with some, the art is only an attempt, while with others it is a realized fact.

Let me illustrate what I mean: The doctor has a nervous patient (and nervous patients are, admittedly, of all persons most "suggestible"). The doctor, after inquiring minutely into his various symptoms calmly and gravely exhorts the patient not to worry. He is repeatedly exhorted not to worry, until he finally arrives to the point of realization that, as worry was evidently a prominent factor in the causation of his disability, it must also act as an effectual bar to his recovery (which it doubtless does). And he worries, then, because he worries. And, finally, becoming discouraged with the slow progress of his case, as well as a little tired of the monotonous advice of Dr. Gravity (that ought to be his name, if it is not), he seeks another doctor. After experimenting with several, he finally stumbles on Dr. Cheer. Does Dr. Cheer lecture him not to worry? Not a bit of it! Why, from the way Dr. Cheer laughed and joked with his patient you would almost imagine there was no such thing as worry. If the patient complained of "feeling bad," Dr. Cheer would say in his most consoling tone, "That will pass away." Dr. Cheer didn't make any big promises for the future, but he was always so full of smiles and jokes that the patient was inspired with hope, and almost forgot to worry about the future, and resolved, above all others, to stick to Dr. Cheer. How well the writer remembers good Dr. Cheer. Would that there were more of his sort in the world.

How well we all realize the importance of cheerfulness! And equally so the harmfulness of worry! The mother of a contented, happy family does not continually urge her children, "Don't worry" but she is so full of sunshine and good cheer herself that it is almost impossible for the children not to follow the mother's example. Would that we all could realize that it is only possible to chase away the gloom of despondency from our neighbor's soul by the answering cheer of our own, even as the glorious sunlight disperses the gloom of a cloudy day!

What is Sleep?

How many times I have heard this question asked and alleged answers on the same. Almost everyone gives a different answer. Let me try to give one.

The brain is composed of millions of brain cells known as neurons. The neurons resemble somewhat a spider with a small body and many legs, extending in all directions. They are so small that they can only be seen with the best microscope. Each neuron is reaching out,

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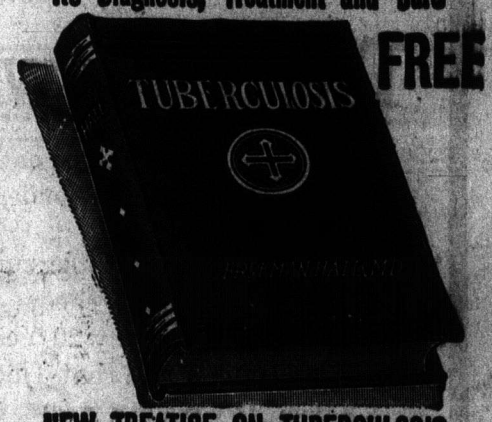

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By FREEMAN HALL, M.D.

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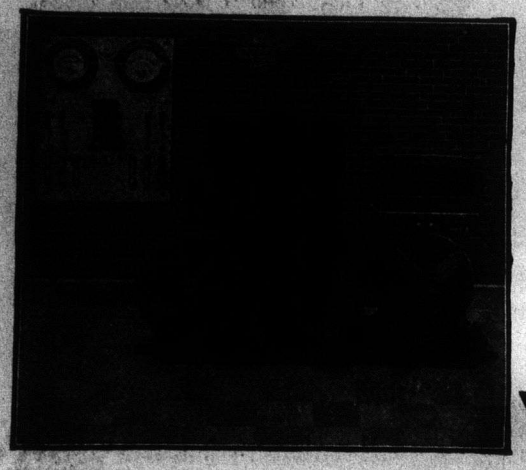

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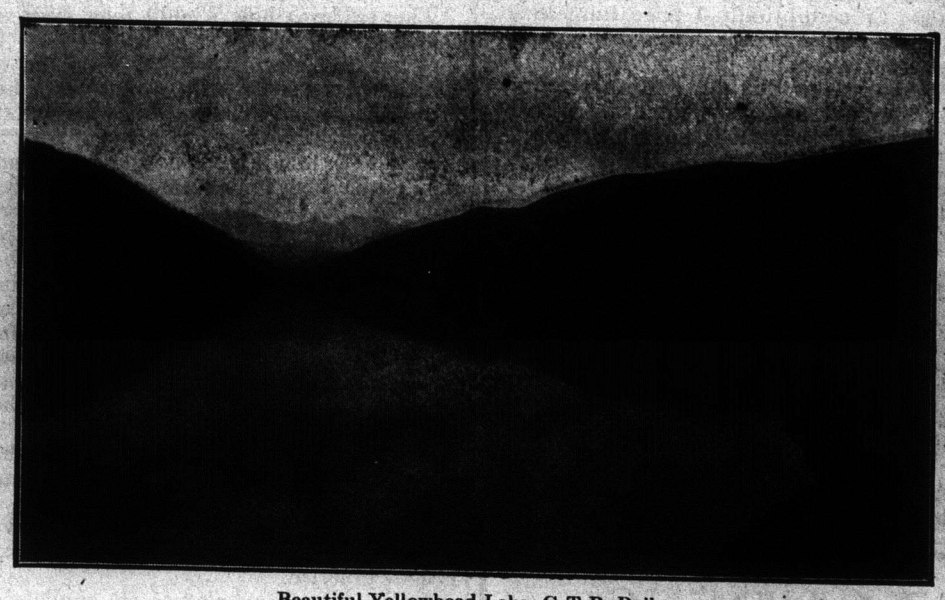
with its filaments, or legs, and touches its nearest neighbor. Thus it is that during waking hours the neurons of the brain are all linked together, each one hooked on to many others, constituting an endless chain spreading out in all directions. So long as the neurons remain hooked to each other, the brain remains awake.

During sleep, the neurons unhook their filaments from each other and each neuron lies coiled up all alone, without any connection with its neighbor. The vital currents can no longer be conveyed through the brain to the nerves and spinal cord, and hence all business is temporarily suspended. Waking up is simply the hooking up of the neurons again with each other, allowing the vital currents once more free passage.

During bad dreams, a few neurons hook up to each other, allowing a partial and sometimes an erratic movement of vital currents, producing strange, weird images and delusions.

A sleep walker or somnambulist is a state produced by the motor neurons being hooked up for business, leaving out only those neurons whose activities produce waking consciousness.

While the neurons are resting, the blood currents through the brain go on just the same. Thus it is that each neuron is able to recuperate during sleep. The blood circulates in the brain during sleep just the same as it does during waking hours. The neurons are simply resting, that is all, receiving nourishment, giving out no vitality.



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Sudden Transitions from Heat to Cold

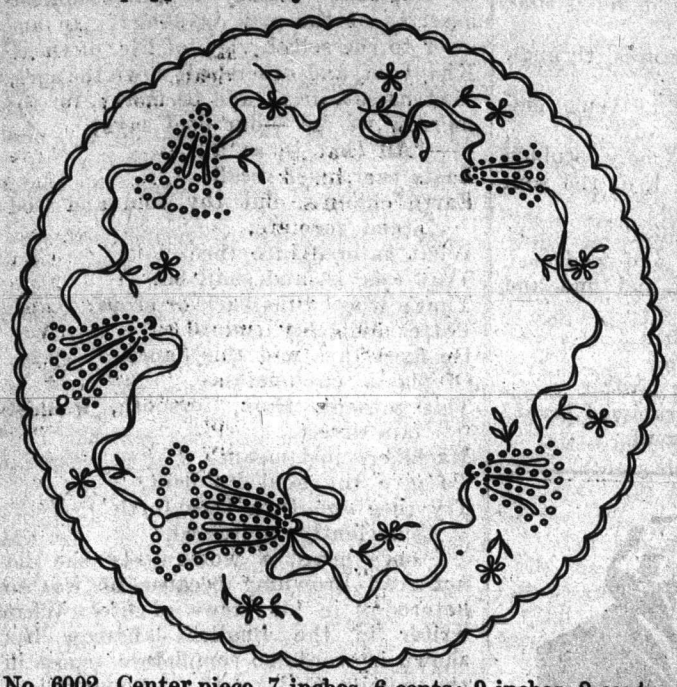
By Elizabeth Gregg

Perspiration is frequently obstructed by sudden transitions from heat to cold. Colds are seldom caught, unless when people have been too much heated. Heat rarefies the blood, quickens the circulation, and increases the perspiration; but when these are suddenly checked, the consequences must be bad. It is impossible for laborers not to be too hot upon some occasions, but it is generally in their power to let themselves cool gradually, to put on their clothes when they leave off work, to make choice of a dry place to rest themselves in, and to avoid sleeping in the open fields. These easy rules, if observed, would often prevent fevers and other fatal disorders. It is very common for people, when hot, to drink freely of cold water, or small liquors. This conduct is extremely dangerous. Thirst indeed is hard to bear, frequently gets the better of reason, and makes us do what our judgment disapproves. Every peasant, however, knows if his horse be permitted to drink his belly full of cold water after violent exercise, and be immediately put into the stable, or suffered to remain at rest, that it will kill him. This they take the utmost care to prevent. It were well if they were equally attentive to their own safety. Thirst may be quenched many ways without swallowing large quantities of cold liquor. The fields afford a variety of acid fruits and plants, the very chewing of which would abate thirst. Water kept in the mouth for some time, and spit out again, if frequently repeated, will have the same effect. If a bit of bread be eaten along with a few mouthfuls of water, it will both quench thirst more effectually, and make the danger less. When a person is extremely hot, a mouthful of brandy, or other spirits, if it can be obtained, ought to be preferred to anything else. But if any one has been so foolish when hot as to drink freely of cold liquor, he ought to continue his exercise, at least, till what he drank be thoroughly warmed upon his stomach. It would be tedious to enumerate all the bad effects which flow from drinking cold liquors when the body is hot. Sometimes this has occasioned immediate death. Hoarseness, quinsy, and fevers of various kinds, are its common consequences. Neither is it safe when warm to eat freely of raw fruits, salads, or the like. These, indeed, have not so sudden an effect on the body as cold liquors, but they are, notwithstanding, dangerous, and ought to be avoided. Sitting in a warm room, and drinking hot liquors till the pores are quite open, and immediately going into the cold air, is extremely dangerous. Colds, coughs and inflammation of the breast are the usual effects of this conduct. Yet nothing is more common than for people, after they have drank warm liquors for several hours, to walk or ride a number of miles in the coldest night, or to ramble about in the streets. People are very apt when a room is hot to throw open a window, and to sit near it. This is the most dangerous practice. A person had better sit without doors than in such a situation, as the current of air is directed against one particular part of the body. Inflammatory fevers and consumption have often been occasioned by sitting or standing thinly clothed near an open window. Nor is sleeping with open windows less to be dreaded. That ought never to be done, even in the hottest season, unless the window is at a distance. Mechanics frequently contract fatal diseases by working stript at an open window, and I would advise all of them to beware of such a practice. Few things expose people more to catch cold than keeping their own houses too warm, such persons may be said to live in a fort of hothouses; they can hardly stir abroad to visit a neighbor but at the hazard of their lives. Were there no other reason for keeping houses moderately cool, that alone is sufficient. But no house that is too hot can be wholesome, heat destroys the spring and elasticity of the air, and renders it less fit for expanding the lungs, and the other purposes of respiration. Hence consumption and other diseases of the lungs prove so fatal to people who work in forges, glass houses and the like. Some are even so foolhardy as to plunge themselves when hot in cold water. Not only fevers, but madness itself, has frequently been the effect of this conduct. Indeed, it looks too like the action of a madman to deserve a serious consideration. The result of all these observations is that every one ought to avoid, with the utmost attention, all sudden transitions from heat to cold, and to keep the body in as uniform a temperature as possible, or where that cannot be done to take care to let it cool gradually. People may imagine that too strict an attention to these things would tend to render them delicate. So far is this from being my design, that the very first rule proposed for for preventing colds is to harden the body by inuring it daily to the open air.

No matter how deep-rooted the corn or wart may be, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure if used as directed.

White Embroideries

THE popularity of all white embroidery is firmly established as it is most durable and effective. The colored effects, of course, are attractive, but the possessor of an "all white" luncheon set may rest assured that her table is equipped for any occasion.



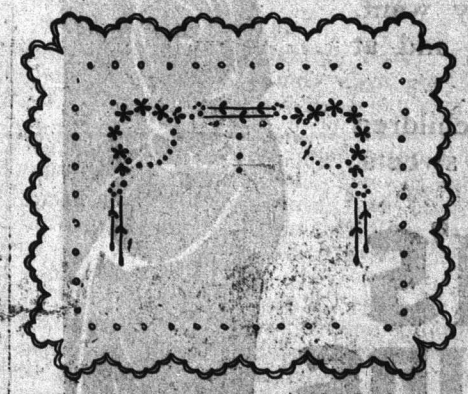
No. 6002. Center piece, 7 inches, 6 cents; 9 inches, 8 cents; 45 inches, $1.50.

Luncheon or supper sets usually consist of a 45-inch round centerpiece, plate and tumbler doylies, ovals or oblong trays, and, if preferred, small serviettes and tea cosies may be supplied to match, and to carry the idea still further it is possible to obtain buffet or sideboard linen complete the set.

The design illustrated shows an effective yet simple arrangement of eyelet and solid embroidery, and the design is sufficiently elaborate without requiring too much time to execute. Medium weight linen is a suitable material for this set, and Lustered Cotton, size C would be required for border work, E for eyeletting and B for the solid padded portions of the embroidery.

One of the most useful varieties of sofa pillows is illustrated here, this belongs to the lacing variety which is so practical, being easily laundered, and may be stamped on either white or colored linen, thus matching the furnishing of any room. These cushions are stamped on 24-inch squares of linen, front and back, and pretty ribbons run through the eyelets and tied into dainty bows on the corners are all the trimming needed to complete these pretty cushions. The tan colored linens are effective embroidered with colored silks.

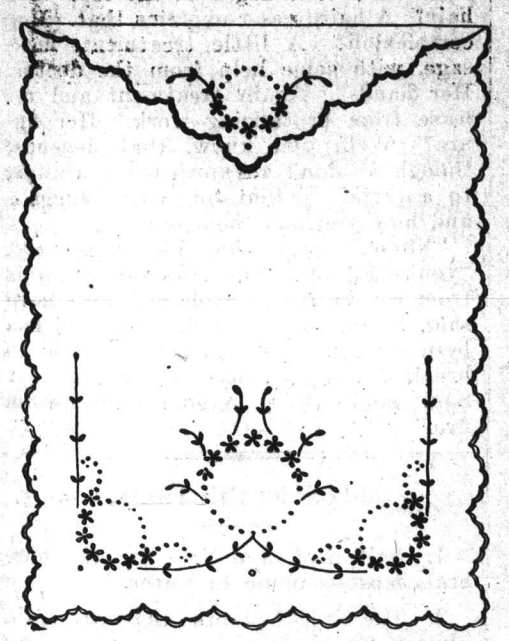
We are sure that everyone interested in babies will welcome the matched set illustrated here, consisting of an Afghan and baby pillow as well as the small



No. 8300B. Lacing Pillow, front and back either white or tan linen, 50 cents each.

articles which are necessary to complet the outfit of the little one. These articles may be either stamped on corded pique or linen, the former material is very satisfactory as it embroiders handsomely. If pique is used the embroidery should be done in solid padded satin stitch, but if linen is the material selected, a combination of eyeleting and solid work will bring out the design more effectively. Upon the material used will depend the size of the thread, corded pique will demand C for the buttonholing and D for the solid portion of the design, while the linen will require E for the eyeleting, D for the solid embroidery and C for the buttonhole edges.

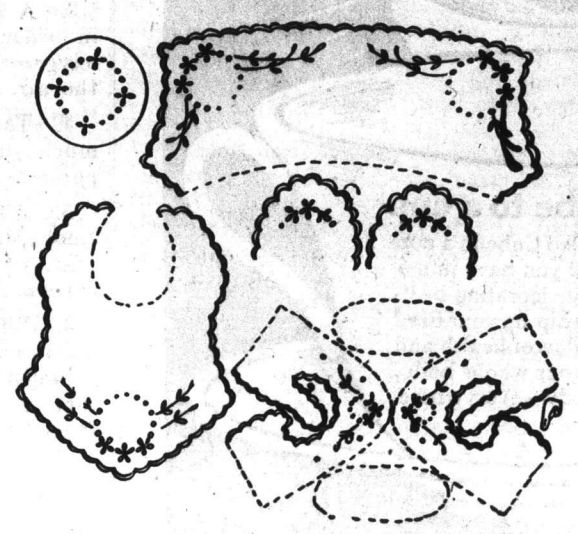
Time would be well spent in embroidering such a set as that illustrated, as these are expensive when purchased at the stores specializing on these dainty articles, and any of these make very attractive birthday or holiday gifts, sure to be appreciated by busy mothers.



No. 8300A. Afghan, 75 cents.

Pretty work bags are always useful, and those of embroidered linen have replaced, in a great measure, the more elaborate varieties of silk and ribbon which were so fashionable. These embroidered bags can be used for many purposes, as they fittingly complete a dainty summer toilet worked out in either white or colored linen. The edges are finished with buttonhole scallop, and long eyelets through which cord or ribbon is laced, draw these bags into shape. If these bags are stamped on white linen, white lustered cotton is the most satisfatory material for embroidering, if on tan colored, soft artistic shades of royal floss may be used for the embroidering.

Lustered cotton to embroider



No. 8300F. Cap. 8300E. Bib. 8300D. Bootees. Baby Set, 45 cents.

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we extend a most cordial invitation to visit our store.

You will find our salesmen most willing to show you round the store and glad to give you any information they can regarding Diamonds, Fine Jewellery or Silverware.

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The customer who buys furs at our present discounts makes a substantial profit, for values equal to our Bonspiel Specials cannot be obtained at any other fur store or at any other season of the year.

Those who cannot visit our store can buy satisfactorily by mail.

We guarantee our furs as willingly at sale prices as if sold at their real value.

LADIES' HIGH GRADE PERSIAN LAMB COATS
50 inches long, high storm collar and cuffs. Reg. $450.
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50 inches long. Reg. $150.
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LADIES' MUSKRAT COATS
50 and 52 inches long, straight back, extra deep storm collar and cuffs. Reg. $100.
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LADIES' MUSKRAT LINED COATS
Black broadcloth shells, natural mink collar and lapels. Reg. $115.
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MEN'S COON COATS
Full furred, evenly matched skins. Reg. $75.
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MEN'S CHAMOIS LINED COATS
Best quality tailor-made shells, dark natural otter collar and lapels. Reg. $105.
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MEN'S FUR LINED COATS
Muskrat lining, dark otter collar and lapels. Reg. $100.
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LADIES' HUDSON SEAL COATS
50 and 52 inches long, with high storm or deep shawl collar and cuffs. Reg. $200.
Bonspiel Special, $150

LADIES' BLACK RUSSIAN PONY COATS
Deep shawl collars, best grey satin linings. Reg. $75.
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LADIES' FUR LINED COATS
Russian otter and mink collar. Reg. up to $75.
For $44

LADIES' BOCHARAN LAMB COATS
52 inches long. Reg. $75.
Bonspiel Special, $50

MEN'S HAIR BEAVER COATS
Otter shawl collar. Reg. $275.
Bonspiel Special, $200

MEN'S ALASKA BEAVER COATS
Reg. $25.00.
Bonspiel Special, $18.75

MEN'S FUR CAPS
From $1.50 up.

MEN'S FUR COLLARS
From $3 up.

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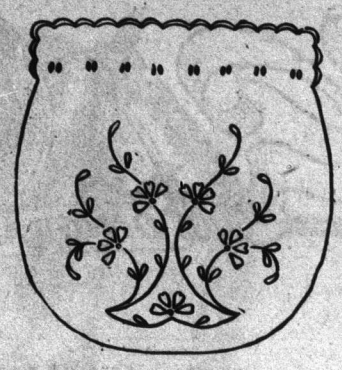
297-299 Portage Ave.
Toronto WINNIPEG Montreal

No. 6404. Range 1317
Work Bag, 25 cents each

any of the designs illustrated on this page, 30 cents per dozen, padding cotton, 5 cents per ball.

Any further information regarding any of the articles supplied on this page or relating to up-to-date art embroideries will be furnished on receipt of a stamped envelope.



No. 6403. Range 1317
Work Bag, 25 cents each

The articles illustrated on this and preceding page will be found on sale in the art departments of the best stores. If they cannot be obtained in this manner send the money direct, and the goods will be sent postpaid.

The Soul Set Free

Robert Browning, that seer of the soul's experiences, referring to this expansion of the soul in Dis Aliter Visum, says:

"Was there nought better than to enjoy?
No feat which, done, would make time break,
And let us pent-up creatures through
Into eternity, our due?
No forcing earth teach heaven's employ?"

Where can we find a more stubble commentary on the growth of the soul than in Rabbi Ben Ezra

"Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed and feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast.
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird?
Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?
Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids not sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain;
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, nor grudge the throe!"

What author outside Divine writ saw so deep into eternity as this "subtlest asserter of the soul in song?" In answer to the selfish view of life, of Omar Khayyam, and others, all down the ages, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die"—our poet says;

——"All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall:
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure.
What entered into thee
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops:
Potter and clay endure.
He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest.
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth sufficiently impressed."

I once heard a woman say she did not read Browning because he was so heterodox in his views of life. What writer in the English language has shown in words so complete a repose in the infinite God as the following lines express?

"So take and use Thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warping past the aim!'
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

The poem "Rabbi Ben Ezra" may be described as an exquisite mosaic out of which we have taken several parts, but the true beauty of the thing cannot be seen till read and studied in its perfection as a whole.

Ralph Connor in his new book makes two of his characters discuss the transformation in the heroine in the following words.

"Well," said the little nurse with deliberation, "let's begin at the top. Her hair? A hairdresser explains that. Her complexion? A little treatment, massage, with some help from the doctor. Her hands? Again treatment and release from brutalizing work. Her figure? Well, you know, that depends, though we don't acknowledge it always, to a certain extent on—well—things—and how you put them on."

"Nurse," said the doctor gravely, "you're all off. The transformation is from within and is explained, as I have said, by one word—soul. The soul has been set free, and has been allowed to break through. That is all. . . . Soul—soul—soul! A soul somehow on fire."

Six Scientific Facts.

1. Salt, iron and lime are the minerals most common in water.

2. The trees, plants and leaves, in almost their natural form, which are found in coal beds, prove that coal is of vegetable origin.

3. A draught to a stove is needed in order to supply the flame with oxygen, the fire-producing element of the air.

4. Tar and turpentine burn with much smoke because of the large proportion of carbon they contain.

5. Alcohol gives much heat and no smoke because it contains a large per cent. of hydrogen and but very little carbon.

6. Blowing on a candle flame extinguishes it because the surrounding air is cooled below the burning degree, and then often the flame is completely blown from the wick.

Many mothers have reason to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because it has relieved the little ones of suffering and made them healthy.

"Grandpa Says THESE Are Good for Little Boys!"

"GOOD" is right. Pure chocolate, pure milk and pure sugar—that's what Maple Buds are. They're not only good to the taste—they're nourishing and wholesome. The children may eat all they want. Maple Buds satisfy their craving for sweets and at the same time build up their little bodies.

Buy Maple Buds at your grocery. Teach the children to spend their pennies for these wholesome sweets.

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

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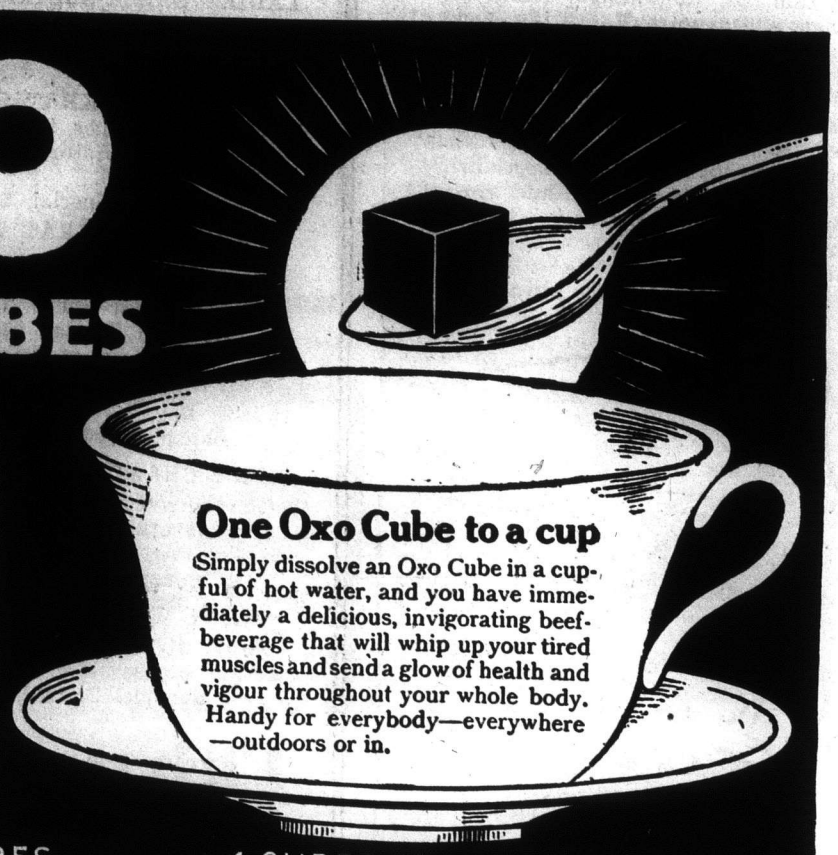
OXO CUBES

All the stimulating extractives of beef that tone up the nervous system, and aid digestion and the rich nourishing protein which feeds the body and builds up strength and stamina, combined scientifically in the right proportions—that's Oxo Cubes

THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN FOOD-INVENTION SINCE MEN BEGAN TO EAT & WOMEN LEARNED TO COOK.



One Oxo Cube to a cup

Simply dissolve an Oxo Cube in a cupful of hot water, and you have immediately a delicious, invigorating beef-beverage that will whip up your tired muscles and send a glow of health and vigour throughout your whole body. Handy for everybody—everywhere—outdoors or in.

TINS OF 4, 10, 50 & 100 CUBES.

4 CUBES 10c. – 10 CUBES 25c.

Temperance Talk

What Do You Say?

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By J. H. Kenyon.

SHALL we moil and toil for money
when the sun shines hotly down,
And the breezes in the parks can
cool our brow;
When the colors of the rainbow are re-
flected, like a crown,
By the flowers in the glory of their
Now?

Shall we think more of the dollars than
the beauty of the earth,
When the days of June are beckon-
ing us away?
Can we sit and figure profits and thus
increase our worth,
When our soul has been invited by a
fay?

Are we sure that life is golden when
we miss the moving show,
That Nature daily offers to our view?
Shall we never rise to wisdom, and
grow big enough to know
The panorama of the Beautiful and
True?

Is there not more worth in shadows
that flit across our path,
Than in all the dreams of wealth we
cannot use?
Are we not much more beholden to the
gospel of the wrath?
That overwhelms the practice of
abuse?

Can't we learn a bit from Nature and
enjoy the present hour,
The only time we know we have to
spend?
Won't we stop to watch the sunset,
and linger in our bower,
While the pictures in the sky come
to an end?

Can't we break the bars that bind us,
that keep our souls in jail?
Can't we labor for the freedom of
the Self?
Won't we see beyond our bellies and
hear beyond their wail,
Towards the destiny that has no use
for pelf?

Oh, I long for simple freedom, simple
freedom of the soul,
And a life as sweet as it is sound;
With an outlook more than human to
apprehend the whole,
And preserve us from the petty cares
that hound.

I want to kneel and listen to the
sounds of growing life,
And press my head upon my
mother's breast;
I need the love of Nature to hurl away
the knife,
That makes more wounds than sur-
geons ever dressed.

I want to claim my kinship with the
loveliest things that grow,
And vindicate my right to live as
one;
I only ask for Nature, beautiful Nature
in her glow,
That the daily sun is glad to shine
upon.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

"Please Mr. Man, can 'ou tell me the way to Heaven?" The words fell like a thunder clap on the ears of a bent, drunken, forsaken and wretched man. His clothes were tatte d and mud be-spattered, his hands begrimed, his face unshaven. Well might he start as his eyes for a moment rested on the little white face of the speaker and the little baby hand resting so confidingly on his arm.

He started to speak but again relapsed to quietness. Was he fit to speak to this little one? No passers-by were there at present for it was close upon dusk and the park was deserted. At last he mastered a few words—

"Why, my little girl, what are you doing here all alone?"

The tone frightened the little one and with tears coursing down her cheeks she piteously cried.

"Oh! please, Mr. Man. I'se run away from Nursie cause I'se so lonesome for my Mamma and my Papa's d'on away and Nursie says my Mamma is in Heaven and I se going to her but it's dittin' so dark and I c'n't find the way. Please, please, Mr. Man, tell me the way to my Mamma."

"The way to Heaven," ah, did he but know the way himself. What should he tell this little girl?

"Little one," he spoke again, this time in softened tones lest his rough voice should jar on her again and once more provoke the tears to flow.

"Little one, Heaven is far, far away, so far away that you cannot get there tonight. Tell me your name, girlie, and let me take you home."

"I d'ot lots of names, Mr. Man, Papa t'alls me Darling, and Nursie "Her wee Lamb" and "Sweetheart."

"But what is your Papa's name?" interposed her questioner.

My Papa is my Papa, Mister, and is course called Papa. What's 'our name Mr. Man? I like 'ou awful much. "With that she slipped her little hand reassuring into his."

What was his name? He had so many—Black Dick, Fighting Harry, Evil Jim; ah no, such names were not for her to hear. He must go, what should he do?

Just then a nurse came dashing up the walk: "My precious, precious, wee lamb," she cried, "thank God I have found you. Come home to Papa and us all, we have been so frightened for you."

"No! no! Nursie, I can't, I must see my Mamma." But after several minutes pleading the Nurse at last persuaded her to go back. As she turned away she once more laid her hand on the black grimy one and with childish simplicity said—

"Has 'ou any 'ittle gir· like me? I wish 'ou had. If my Papa goes away I'll be 'our little girl too, cause I like 'ou, Mr. Man."

The man watched her out of sight and as he turned to go to his home the words still rang in his ears—Has 'ou any 'ittle girls like me, I'll be 'our little girl too, cause I like 'ou, Mr. Man." What had this pure little one seen in him to like? Ah, had he not three little girls of his own at home but what timid little ones they were to this little one he had met. His own dared not speak to him for fear their words would be met with curses and blows. When he entered they shrank off into a corner as if frightened of his very presence.

It was a strangely silent man who sat down to his tea that evening. His wife gazed wonde.irgly at him. Was her Dick lost for ever; what a man he had been when she first knew him, but then had come the rush to the Klondyke for gold and he had come back rich. Yes, too rich, days of dissipation followed until all was gone and he now worked in a factory toiling all day and spending at night all that the day had brought him; while at home toiled his wife, day and night, washing and sowing, nursing and cooking, washerwoman, dressmaker, nurse and cook all combined making the little not nearly sufficient to keep the little ones with bread.

For that day, for one whole week, no one recognized Dick. He never spoke of any change but in that time his conscience was at work. If a little one could trust him then surely there was a God who trusted him and he could once more become a man. He became very gentle to his own little girls. How was it he had never seen what pretty eyes Molly had; what lovely curls Susie had, they would even curl naturally around his fingers but little Esther—she looked like the little one he had met. Her hand rested just as confidingly now in his as had that little one's.

Alas for the bar-room and for the loafers, they saw Dick no more. Many a war he waged in his own breast but

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"GREAT WEST" PLOW

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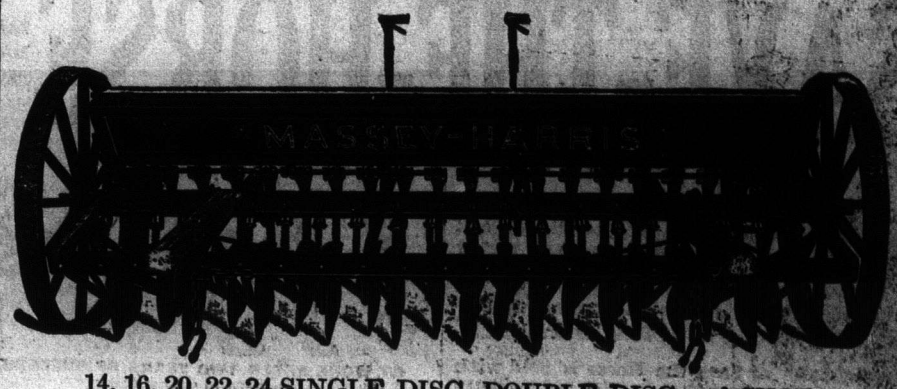
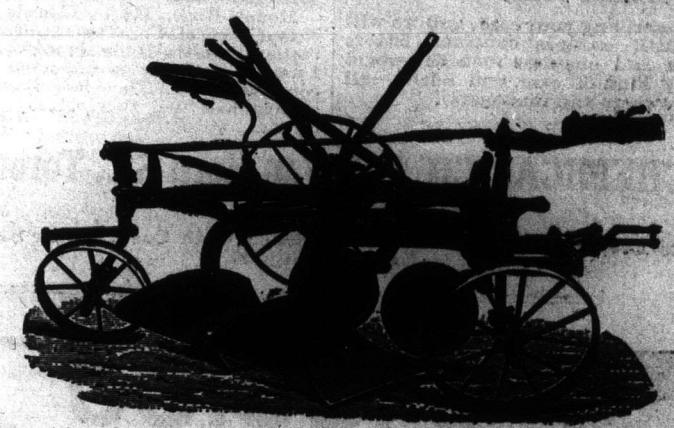
No. 11 DRILL



14, 16, 20, 22, 24 SINGLE DISC, DOUBLE DISC and SHOE

EXTRA STRONG FRAME .·. .·. .·.
EVEN PRESSURE .·. POSITIVE FEED
LARGEST GRAIN HOPPER BUILT .·.
BOTTOMS ARE INTERCHANGEABLE



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HEADS WELL BRACED
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A Knife Never Ends a Corn

Paring a corn takes off just the top layer. Then it grows, and you pare again.

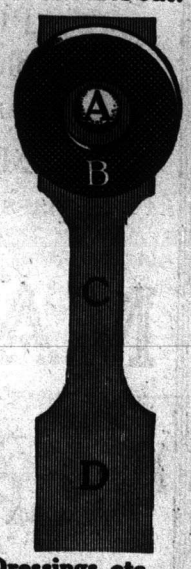
Month after month one goes on puttering with the same old corn. And there is always the risk of infection.

The right way—the scientific way—is to stick on a Blue-jay plaster. From that instant all pain is stopped.

Then the B & B wax in the heart of this plaster gently undermines the corn. In two days the corn comes out.

That finishes that corn. A new corn may come if you pinch the toe, but the old one is ended forever.

Sixty million corns have been ended in that way since Blue-jay was invented.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters. (254)

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SAVE-THE-HORSE

TRADE MARK REGT.

SPAVIN REMEDY

Isn't it better to use Save-the-Horse and get quick and permanent results than to struggle and stew for months, AND THEN PERHAPS FAIL?

It neither burns, freezes nor blisters. It is the most powerful, yet it is the most humane and successful remedy known. Horse works as usual.

Every bottle of Save-the-Horse is sold with an iron-clad contract that has $60,000 paid-up capital back of it, guaranteeing to permanently cure or refund the money; no matter whether it is Bone or Bog Spavin, Tendon disease or Puffs—nor how aged, serious or complicated the lameness or blemish may be.

OUR LATEST Save-the-Horse BOOK—is our 17 Years' experience and DISCOVERIES—Treating over 100,000 horses for Ringbone—Thoropin—Spavin—and ALL Lameness. It is a Mind Settler—Tells How to Test for Spavin—What to Do for a Lame Horse.

Covers 58 forms of lameness—Illustrated. MAILED FREE.

But write, describing your case, and we will send our—BOOK—sample contract, letters from Breeders and business men the world over, on every kind of case, and advice—all free (to horse owners and managers).

Write! AND STOP THE LOSS.

AT WORK AFTER TWO YEARS OF SUFFERING.
OAKWOOD STOCK FARM.

J. C. HARDMAN & SON, Proprietors. Valley, Neb., June 30, 1912. Troy Chemical Co., Binghamton, N. Y. — I have been threatening to write all spring about the mare I treated for shoulder lameness; she is entirely well and at work after being laid up over two years. You made us $150 by curing this registered mare. I will recommend you (for your square dealing) and your medicine whenever I can. H. B. HARDMAN.

GUARANTEED TO CURE ANY BONE SPAVIN.

W. Wallace Nutting, M. D., 360 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass., Aug. 12, 1912, writes: "I bought a horse in Bradford, Pa., after they had exhausted all the skill in that country on him, shipped him here, used one bottle of Save-The-Horse (he had a spavin) he went sound and was used and raced on our speedway. I am not in the horse business, but when I see a good one going wrong I buy and use it in my practice, and usually cure it. Have used Save-The-Horse for eight years, and have bought many bottles."

Mount Hope, P.E.I., Canada, Oct. 3, 1912. Troy Chemical Co., Toronto, Ont.—"I bought a bottle of Save-the-Horse six weeks ago for a spavin. I used it according to directions and lameness is completely gone. There have been different parties looking at it and they all say your remedy is certainly wonderful. Angus McDonald.

TROY CHEMICAL CO. 148 Van Horn St., Toronto, Ont.
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Druggists Everywhere Sell Save-The-Horse With Contract, or Sent By Us Express Prepaid

$150.00

COUNT THE DOTS

GIVEN AWAY

TO THE PERSONS COUNTING THE DOTS IN THIS "ARROW" AND MANY OTHER PRIZES ACCORDING TO THE SIMPLE CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST (which will be sent)

This is a chance for clever persons to WIN CASH and other PRIZES with little effort. COUNT THE DOTS IN THE "ARROW" (you may use a pin in doing so) and write the number that you count on a sheet of paper or post card and mail to us and we will let you know at once if you are correct. AN EXTRA PRIZE of $10.00 will be given for the neatest correct count.

BRITISH PREMIUM CO., Dept. 24 MONTREAL, P.Q.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

he never faltered and as he grew in his own esteem others saw the change in Dick. No longer the tattered individual but a well dressed man we see him once more sitting on a bench in the park. This time four little girls are about him; he is now a well esteemed citizen and the little girl whom we first mentioned in our story is a welcome visitor to their humble but beautiful little home. He is now in the employ of her father and a more respected and trustworthy man could not be found in that vast city than Dick had become.

Well may we echo the title of this brief story—"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

Use for Red Nose

An ex-politician, whose nose is of a brilliant red hue, was indulging in his besetting vice in a suburban bar recently, when an old acquaintance said, "Ekuse me, olde man, but there's a fly on your nose." "Leave it alone," snorted the barman, "it's only warming its feet." [The red nose, like the red face of the drinker, is now known to indicate a diseased condition.]

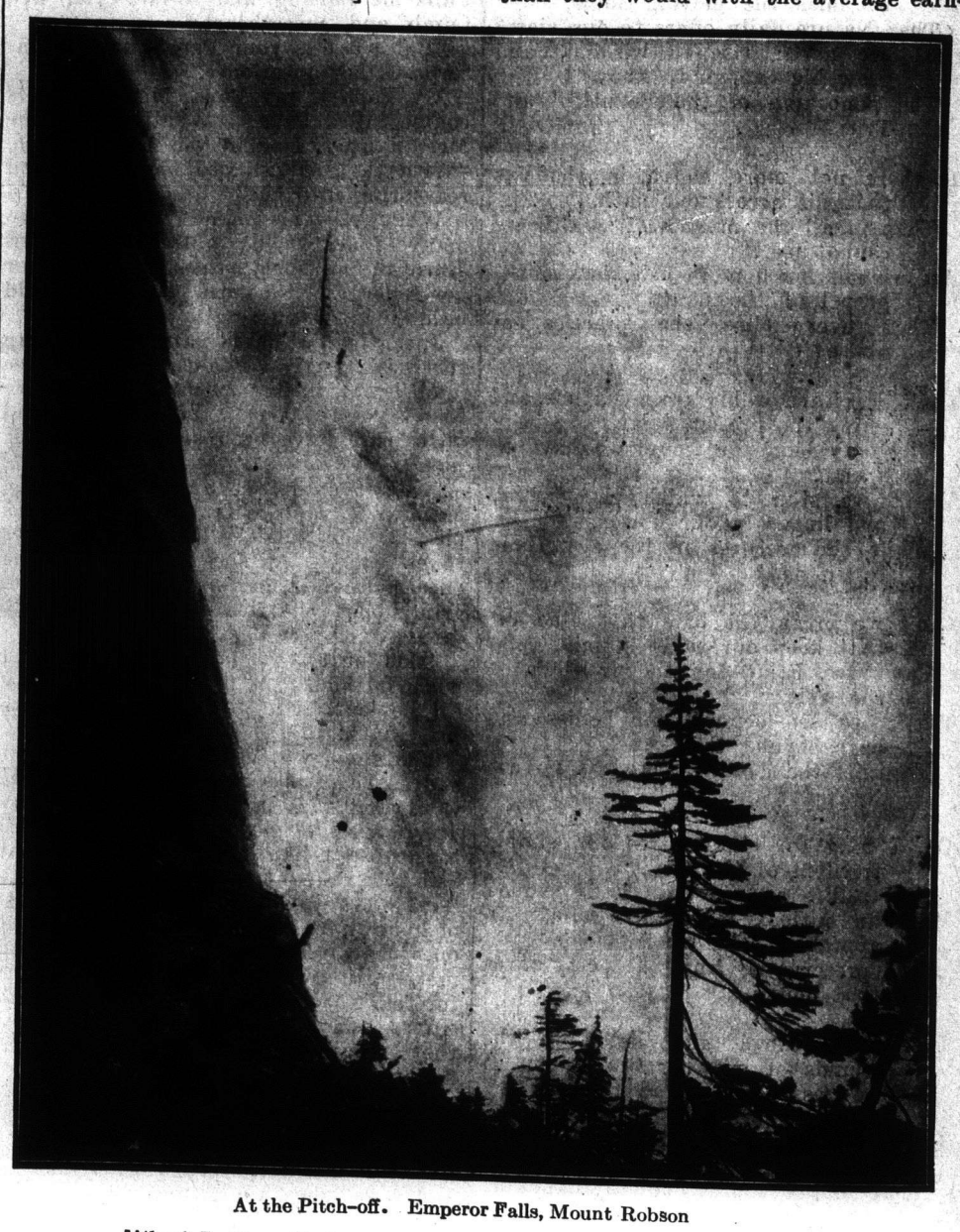
This unexpected and energetic attack so surprised the fighters that, suspending hostilities, they sat up and stared at their assailant in mute astonishment. Then the ridiculousness of the thing seemed to strike them. They burst into hearty laughter, and getting up, took their coats and went away, apparently quite friendly, while the old lady retired triumphantly amid the cheers of the crowd.

No License Ahead

The 23rd annual report on the statistics of manufacturers for the state of Massachusetts gives the average earnings for both men and women for each city in the state. The average earnings in the license cities are $498.28. The average earnings in the no-license cities are $540.67. This shows a difference of $42.39 in favor of the no-license cities. Multiply this difference by the number of workers in no-license cities, which is 96,369, and you will find that no-license workers receive $4,085,081.91 more annually than they would with the average earnings in license cities. Possibly not all of this increase is due directly to the absence of the saloon, but much of it can be traced to that cause.

But it isn't the earnings alone that are affected. The expenditures are hit a good deal harder than the earnings, under license. One saloon for each one thousand people means at least $12,000 in money spent annually for liquor. It is believed to be a fair estimate that not more than one-fourth as much money is spent for liquor under no-license as under license. This indicates a saving of $9,000 annually for each one thousand people. As there are 682,043 people in the no-license cities this would show a saving of $6,138,000 annually under no-license by keeping the saloons out. The saloon is doing more to make men poor and to keep them poor than any other cause.

A five-year comparison made by the Massachusetts No-License League shows that the average tax rates in no-license cities and towns of the state were $1.09 per $1,000 less than in the license places. No-license cities and towns are also spending more money for schools and streets than license



At the Pitch-off. Emperor Falls, Mount Robson

What Father Got

The other day, while a teacher was hearing a boy recite his lesson, the passage ocurred: "The wages of sin is death." The teacher, wishing to get the word "wages" out by deduction, asked, "What does your father get on Saturday night?" The boy answered promptly, "He gets drunk."

A Peacemaker

In the Bow Road, London, E., one Saturday evening, two men, the worse for drink, were fighting like demons. They were surrounded by an excited and yelling crowd, not one of whom attempted to interfere, and, as usual, there were no police to be seen. An old lady, carrying a cross-handled market basket, came upon the scene, at which the combatants were upon the ground kicking and punching each other in a most savage manner. The old lady paused only long enough to take in the situation, then she went to work and belabored the two men about their heads and bodies with her basket.

places. It is also found that the highest per capita indebtedness is in the license cities. Briefly stated, the receipts from license fees have not bettered the financial conditions of license places while the saloon has increased crime and poverty and reduced the earnings and savings of the people to a lamentable degree.

With such a showing as this made in the "model" license state of Massachusetts what reason can be advanced for any state to go into partnership with the liquor business by way of the license route? Does not sound wisdom demand that the people refrain from entering into any kind of partnership with such a traffic?

He Did What He Could

A party of Scotsmen had been having a "convival," and unsteady were the steps of the home-going in the morning. One fell by the wayside and called for help from another wayfarer. The would-be Good Samaritan tried to steady himself as he looked down on the fallen one and then settled matters by saying, "I canna help ye up, but I'll lie doon aside ye!"

What Whiskey Did

Stood on Ireland's soil a follower
Of great Matthew pere the good;
And around him, meekly listening,
Erin's witty children stood.
At the vice that ruins nations,
He, knight errant, thus did tilt:—
(In the noble Temperance battle
Not one drop of blood is spilt.)

"Shame on Erin's foul betrayer,
'Tis the whisky is her foe;
Whisky makes you slaves, not freemen—
Whisky deals a traitor's blow.
Whisky clothes your wives in tatters,
Leaves your children ragged and bare;
Whisky robs your homes of comfort,
Breeds disease and want and care."

Every listening man assented,
For their wits were far from dull;
Yet assenting, some lamenting
Each had not his bottle full!
For it is a mournful secret
Which bespeaks our nature's ill;
We may hold a brief for angels,
Yet be far from angels still!

Not appalled by facts so dismal,
Warming as he dealt each blow,
Fired by an enthralling passion
(That's the oil that makes things go)!
After taking breath, he thundered
"All these facts are known to you;
Is there one vile crime or evil
That the whisky does not do?
Whisky makes you shoot your landlords!
Is this so, I ask each one?"
"'Tis the whisky makes us miss 'em!"
Answered Ireland's truthful son.

Harriet A. Beavan.

Alcohol is Certainly Bad for Bones

Doctor Lane, of Guy's Hospital, London, one of the leading surgeons of Great Britain, has perhaps a larger experience in the treatment of bones than any other surgeon in the world. He has originated methods of treating fractures which have been universally adopted and have proved in the highest degree successful. One of his discoveries which has made it possible to deal successfully even with the very worst fractures so as to leave almost no deformity whatever, consists in the use of metal plates by which the fragments of broken bones are held together. These plates are attached to the bones by means of screws. Doctor Lane has observed that in the case of persons accustomed to use alcohol, the bone tissues are so soft and friable that the screws do not hold well. As he said to a representative of Good Health, who had the good fortune to witness some of his operations, "A drunkard's bones are rotten; they are not good for anything. Whatever alcohol may be good for, it is certainly bad for bones."

"Whisky," said Beecher on one occasion, "is a good thing in its place. There is nothing like it for preserving a man when he is dead. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whisky; if you want to kill a live man, put whisky in him."

The average man has no appreciation of the amount of unnecessary work which he imposes upon his kidneys. The use of tobacco, alcohol, tea, coffee, as well as of mustard, pepper and pepper sauces, and other irritating condiments, even the free use of salt, are ordinary means to get the kidneys over-worked and prematurely crippled.

The free use of butcher's meat is another means by which the kidneys are very commonly overworked, for one pound of meat contains no less than ten or fourteen grains of uric acid. A pair of sweetbreads, for instance, contain seventy grains of uric acid, and even worse poisons are formed by the rotting of undigested meat that remains in the colon. A natural dietary which excludes meat gives the kidneys the least work and guarantees them the longest life possible.

Health

By Elizabeth Gregg.

One of the first and most important duties that rest upon man is the preservation of his health. Yet how few there are who seem to pay any attention to it. The majority of civilized humanity appear to think that the stomach is a common reservoir, or place of deposit, for everything that the world calls "food," regardless of quality provided it is pleasant to the taste. It is a melancholy fact that in this country the physical powers and general health of our people are on the decline. Out of every ten persons, men and women, it is a difficult matter to find one that is sound and healthy. This may seem strange, but, nevertheless, it is true, as can be proved by actual statistics. A person who enjoys uninterrupted good health nowadays is almost a "curiosity". In fact, we have become so accustomed to look upon the poor, shriveled-up, pale-faced, tobacco-eating, whisky-drinking men of to-day, that when we do, by mere accident, come across a healthy, full-grown and perfectly developed man, we invariably "feel astonished". But why is the health of the people generally so bad? I believe that every sensible man or woman will agree with me when I say that it is owing to the unnatural mode of living which people have adopted. It seems to be a prevalent idea with the majority of mankind, that everything that nature produces, in the shape of organized existence, from a rat to an elephant, was created expressly to gratify the voracious appetites of men. "Slay and eat," and "live to eat," rather than "eat to live," appear to be the motto of all. I do not wish to tread upon the corns of anyone in particular when I say that most people eat too much for their own good. The stomach is a machine, and like most machines is liable to get out of repair if worked beyond its capacity. It is necessary then, that this important organ of the physical man should be kept in proper working order at all times if we would enjoy good health. It is not for me to say what is the best food for each individual, everyone should know what agrees with him or what does not, and have sense enough not to eat what is an injury to himself. A person who rises from the table when his appetite is half satisfied, will find himself in a much better condition for work, either mental or physical, than if he had eaten till it was a displeasure to eat any more, which seems to be the rule with most persons. Those who live thus will not be troubled with dyspepsia, head aches, doctors' bills, and a perverted appetite that craves nothing but hot cakes and hotter brandy.

Jane Addams: I have long made up my mind to take for granted the genuine heartedness of my friends, notwithstanding any temporary ambiguousness in their behavior or their tongues

WE INVITE
EVERY THIN MAN and WOMAN HERE
EVERY PERSON IN WINNIPEG AND VICINITY TO GET FAT AT OUR EXPENSE

Don't be the "Skeleton at the Feast" Sargol makes Puny, Peevish People Plump and Popular

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat, that hundreds of letters say puts good solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight.

How can we do this? We will tell you. We have found a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting in the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man and woman so sadly needs—a scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh making food may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Users tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear while old dyspeptics, and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two-year-old. This new treatment, which has proved such a boon to thin people is called SARGOL. Don't forget the name S-A-R-G-O-L. Nothing so good has ever been discovered before.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony, been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions of which you can feel justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 5-B, Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., today and we will send you you, absolutely free, a 50c box of Sargol to prove all we claim. Take one with every meal and see how quickly these marvelous little concentrated tablets commence their busy, useful work of upbuilding. Many users declare they have increased their weight at the rate of one pound a day.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried—who have been convinced and who will swear to the virtures of this wonderful preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:
"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes
"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.
"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they had ever seen me before, and father and mother are so pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy 'for me.'"

CLAY JOHNSON says:
"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine. I don't have that stupid feeling every morning that I used to have. I feel good all the time. I want to put on about five pounds of flesh and that will be all I want."

F. GAGNON writes:
"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:
"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package of these wonderful tablets. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, give Sargol a chance to make you fat. We are absolutely confident it will put good healthy flesh on you but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you what you may some day say was one of the most valuable packages you ever received.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE!
This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c in stamps in letter today, with this coupon, and the full 50c package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 5-B, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y. Write your name and address plainly, and, **PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.**

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS.

This beautiful solid gold filled ring in the latest style mounting for Young Ladies, Tiffany style, containing a beautiful Diana Diamond. Diana Diamonds are full cut with 32 facets and have no false backing. A sparkling gem with a Firey Lustre lasting forever—and THE GIRL'S MAGAZINE for (one year) starting with the next issue. Each issue of this Magazine is filled with clean fascinating stories and instructive articles, of intense interest to every girl. We guarantee that you will be more than pleased with the Ring and Magazine.

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Address.....

Mail this coupon today with 35c for Special Trial Offer DIRECT to:

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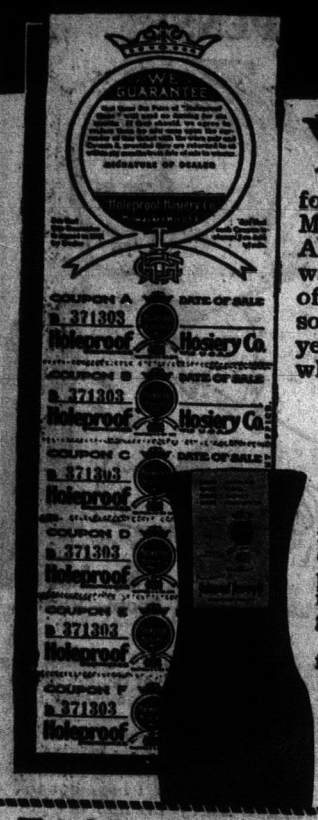
Send for Holeproof Hose Today

Six Pairs Guaranteed Six Months
25c to 50c a pair—Men, Women, Children
One Box Ends Mending!



YOU are wasting your comfort when you wear darned hose. Holeproof Hose for men, women, children and infants END darning at once and for all time. Get six pairs today. Wear them SIX MONTHS! If any wear *out* we'll replace them free. A definite GUARANTEE SLIP with six coupons goes with each box of six pairs. It covers EVERY STITCH of the stocking, not just the heel and toe. We have sold hose under this guarantee for the past thirteen years. Why worry with hose that wear out in a week when there are hose like these?

Soft—Light—Stylish—Silk or Cotton Guaranteed

We make Holeproof Hose in cotton for men, women, children and infants, six pairs $1.50 up to $3, according to finish and weight, guaranteed six months.

We make them *in silk* for men and women; three pairs for men, guaranteed three months, $2; three pairs for women, guaranteed three months, $3.

One Million People are today wearing "Holeproof" because of their wonderful quality, their softness, comfort, light weight and style. You ought to wear them.

We pay the top market price for our cotton yarn—an average of 70c a pound. Common yarn costs but 30c. We use silk from Japan, the best we can buy. There are no finer hose to be had.

Trial Box Order Coupon

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
146 Bond St., London, Can.

Gentlemen: I enclose $....., for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for..... (state whether for men, women or children).

Weight.....(medium or light). Size..... Color (check the color on list below). Any six colors in a box, but only one weight and size.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *Province*.....

For Men and Women—Black, Light Tan, Dark Tan, Pearl, Lavender, Navy Blue, Light Blue.

For Children—Black and Tan only—medium weight only. (370)

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Send Trial Order Now!

Send the coupon to your left for a trial box TODAY! See how *good* hosiery should wear—even the lightest weight—even silk hosiery. Note the style, feel the comfort, SAVE DARNING! Don't pay out good money for anything less. Indicate on the coupon the color, weight, size and kind you want. Send the money in any convenient way. Thousands buy from us this way. We guarantee satisfaction as well as the hose.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1903

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Limited
146 Bond Street London, Canada

Are Your Hose Insured?

Sunday Reading

My Creed

THE best I can, for God and man;
To swim, tho' e'er abreast the tide;
Work with my might for what is right
Nor grieve for what I am denied!
—Geo. W. D'Vys.

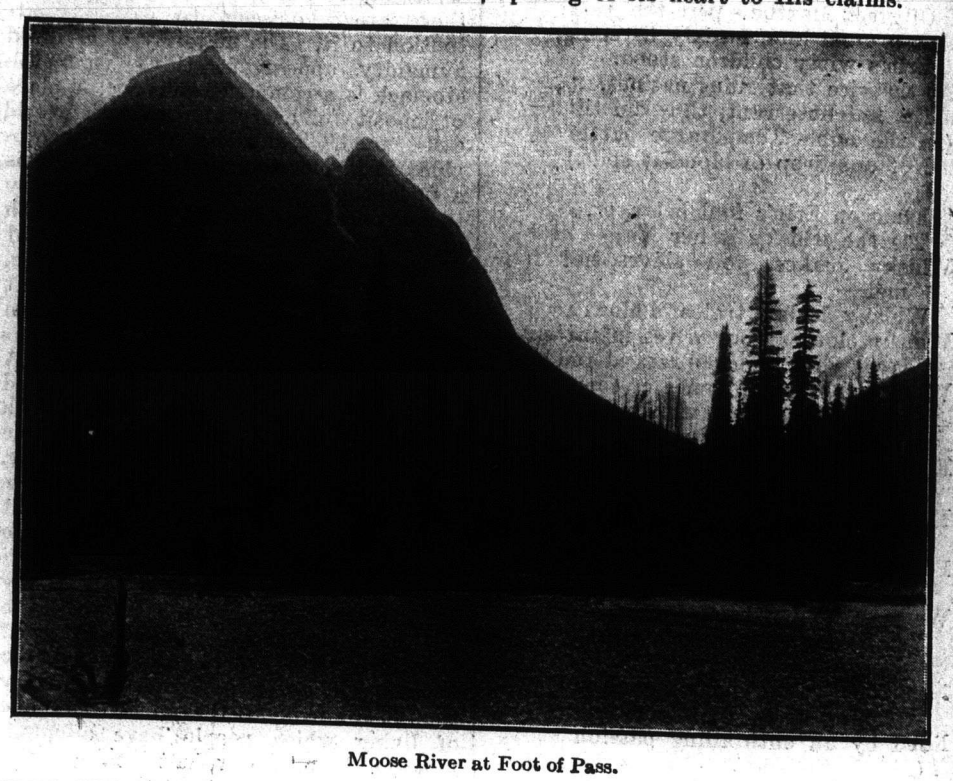
At Twilight Peace

Harry E. Kelsey

When day is done—
What reveries invade the soul when day is done!
For light is fading, and the night comes on,
And in the darkness I may not complete
The task I have begun;
And so I rest, and dream, and patiently await
Another day to come
—When day is done.

Politics vs. Religion

"Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." In these words Jesus did not pronounce a divorce between religion and politics, but announced their marriage. The union is indissoluble. "Man is by nature a political animal," said Aristotle; "Man is incurably religious," says Sabatier. Jesus affirms both. The one integral, indivisible man has two spheres of duty: what he owes to God, what he owes to society. Though different, the spheres are not separable; and those duties are not conflicting, but complementary. No sentiment is more irreligious than the one summed up in the saying, "Religion is religion and politics are politics." On the contrary, religion is politics, and politics are religion, or neither is the genuine article. —Henry C. Vedder, D.D.



Moose River at Foot of Pass.

Mohammedanism in India

Dr. W. A. Wilson of Indore, India, has given an interesting series of talks in "The Presbyterian" on the status of Mohammedanism in India at the present time. The following is an extract which will interest many Western readers.

"Without doubt, Western education as a disintegrating force has begun to act on Indian Islamism. A liberalizing process has begun. Among the educated, the arrogant religious conceit nd contemptuous pride of fancied religious superiority, so characteristic of ignorant Mohammedans, are giving place to a more tolerant attitude to the Christian faith, and a higher appreciation of its doctrine of God. The revelation of His character as given by the Lord Jesus Christ has begun to displace the conception of Him which the Koran gives.

In India contact with a Christianity more true to the Scriptures that that which Mohammedanism has met in most Asiatic lands has already done much in the thought of educated Moslems to substitute for the Allah of the Koran the heavenly Father of the Gospels. The teaching of the Koran regarding God and duty will be more and more subjected to the scrutiny of reason and the tests of historical investigation. When the inspiration of the Koran and the apostleship of Mohammed begin to be questioned, and inquiries as to the nature of God are earnestly pursued, the beginning of the end of Islam will have come.

The more the right of private judgment is exercised the more will faith in the Koran and in what it stands for be shaken. The cry for a regenerated Islam is a response to influences from the West, and among the most powerful of these are the moral and spiritual forces the Christ has brought into the world, and they cannot fail sooner or later to lead to a reconstruct n of religious thought in Islam, and to the opening of its heart to His claims."

Gossip

J. R. Black

Like some other words in the English language, the word "gossip" has suffered deterioration. Now the term "gossip" is used as descriptive of a person who talks glibly and unfavorably about people. And to have it said of one that he or she is a "gossip" is to set them forth as an utterer of slanders, or, if true, discreditable things. But the character of a gossip used to be other than this. Any person, who knew what was going on in the community, talking of these things without the motive of injuring anyone, or, indeed, thout saying what would injure, was a gossip. The talk might be concerning events, institutions or persons, but in every case onlv the kindest things were said, and that, too, in the kindest spirit. By so doing the gossip was a purveyor of interesting news that awakened the interest of people in one another, and in valuable things associated with their lives. But today the gossip seems mostly to see and hear the worst things in society and in individual men and women, and takes special delight in telling the bad into the ears of any found open to hear it.

But while much of the gossip in modern life is deprecatory of the subject with which it is occupied it is not all of this ignoble kind, and as a specimen of the better, I cite the case of a lady who talked volubly to all who would listen—and it was seldom she failed to find listeners—for though she talked much, her talk was invariably of

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Leading druggists sell it.
Accept no substitute!
LANMAN & KEMP
New York and Cor.
St. Antoine and
Chatham Streets
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Sale of Switches

This will give Bonspiel visitors an excellent opportunity of getting some rare bargains in hair goods. A 28-inch long switch which usually sells for $30 we are offering at $8. Other lengths proportionately low. Prompt attention given to mail orders.

Seaman & Petersen
New York Hair Store
283 Smith St., Winnipeg

BUST AND HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on" method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORMS

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

Write for illustrated Booklet containing complete line of Dress Forms with prices.

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Dept. S. 72-74 Pearl St., Toronto, Canada

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POSITIVELY CURED
by the use of
TOE-KOMFORT
at druggists and shoe dealers or send 25c for full sized box.
Satisfaction or money back.
FOOT-KOMFORT MFG. CO.
389 TWEED AVE.
WINNIPEG CANADA

the good points she had discovered in other people. If the subject of her remarks was a minister she spoke of the good she had received from his ministry in public; his sermons, she alleged, always contained something worth people's consideration; and in his pastoral work he was kind to the poor, and sympathetic toward the troubled. A friend was certain to have words of commendation in any refrence she made to him. Even where a person was known to have lapsed from virtue, she would plead for leniency in judgment, urging that the temptation to which the fallen yielded may have been more than ordinarily strong; and, anyway, none knew of the resistence offered before the downward step was taken. In this way she went about, thinking the best possible of the men and women among whom she lived, and endeavoring to get others to think likewise.

The prevalence and character of gossip are to a large extent, dependent on the treatment it receives from those to whom it is offered. If a person is found ready to listen to the recital of faults or vices, or both, in another's character, the person willing to recite these is encouraged. And where sympathy only with the rehearsal of excellenciés is manifested, those who would relate the opposite are discouraged; while those who recount the good elements are stimulated in their effort. And a little reflection will enable one to realize that this is the proper course to p e. For

The Shades of Night Falling Softly Around Mirror Church, Alta.

if a man's character is belittled by another in his absence, the person guilty of it would do the same to the hearer, and this personal danger should cause him to refuse to listen to the destructive criticism. Moreover, any person who seeks to lower a fellow man in another's estimation has a poor opinion of him in thinking that he would be pleased to learn of another's inferiority.

Without Fear

C. C. Wylie

The lad lived a mile and a half from the post office. At a bend in the road where it ran through an avenue of fine maples was the vilage graveyard.

The lad had been fed on old land fairy stories until there was a streak of superstition in his make up and a dread of the things he couldn't see. So when he made the post office journey after dark, as he came to the trees he would get into the very centre of the road and make trembling haste to get past where the tomb stones showed white through the swaying boughs.

But there came a day when the lad's mother, she whose hand touch had always brought back courage to his sinking heart, was carried down and laid at the far side of the graveyard.

After that the rustling leaves and glinting marbles had no fear for the lad. On the darkest night he would climb the fence and pick his way among the mounds until he came to her resting place. Her presence lifted the dread clouds and made him unafraid.

In the midst of the fear places of human life he who is conscious of God's presence has gained the victory.

Hair Breadth Escapes

By Rev. F. W. Boreham

Life has most wonderful escapes quite apart from pistols and precipices, from floods and flames. Mr. H. G. Wells contributed a very striking article to the Daily Mail, London, recently in which he emphasized the modern tendency to escape. "The ties that bind men to place," he writes, "are being severed; we are in the beginning of a new phase in human experience."

Mr. Well's article is the story of a great escape. Men do not now live like poor Tim Linkinwater, sleeping every night for forty-four years in the same back attic; glancing every morning between the same two flowerpots at the dingy London square, and convinced that nowhere in the world was there a view to rival that landscape! No; we have escaped, and we keep on escaping. It becomes a habit. Every holiday is an escape, often a hairbreadth escape. Every composure of a weary head upon a soft pillow is an escape, a breaking loose from the cares that relentlessly pursue, an immigration into the land of sweet unconsciousness or radiant dreams. Every indulgence in really refreshing recreation is an escape. Every pleasure is an escape. I noticed that the theatrical editor of the London "Graphic", in the issue that was crowded with pictures of the coal strike, headed his page: "A Way of Forgetting all About the Strike." "In all good deer forests," he wrote, "there is a sanctuary—to which the deer can retire with complete immunity—not because their lord and master is philanthropic, but because he knows that, if he shoots everywhere in his land, the deer will cross the border into his neighbor's demesne and probably not return."

Everybody Needs a Place of Escape

"At such a moment as the present—the great industrial war being in full swing—we all need a sanctuary to which we can retire from the rumors of war, from strikes, from newspaper jeremiads, and from all other depressing influences. The retirement is not an act of cowardice. It is necessary as a resuscitation. It helps one to get on the top of things, to see life in perspective, and with some commonsense." From a source, that passage is wonderfully suggestive. A way of forgetting! A sanctuary! A retirement! The man who has found this way of forgetting, this sanctuary, this retirement, has escaped—that is all.

Or think what an excellent means of escape a really good book represents. "Is your world a small one?" asks Myrtle Reed. "Is it small and made unendurable to you by a thou and petty cares?

Education

of a practical kind is needed by every young man and woman in Western Canada today.

If you can read and write we can train you for a successful business life. We have finer school rooms and more expert teachers than can be found in any other college in the West.

Our teachers will give you personal help and attention.

Save time on course and money on living expense. Begin any day.

Write for full information.

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Gone to Lunch Back in Ten minutes

Cramming down ill-chosen food, and rushing back to work, leads straight to dyspepsia, with all it means in misery.

Proper habits of eating, with a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, restore good digestion, health and happiness.

A box of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets costs but 50c. at your Druggist's. National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.
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GIVEN FREE FOR SELLING BOOKLETS

This large and beautiful doll is about two feet in height, and is dressed in the very latest style, direct from Paris. Her costume is made up of fine silk, trimmed with Irish lace, and she has a very stylish hat. We believe it is one of the prettiest dolls ever shown. Given absolutely free for selling only $3.00 worth of our high grade embossed and colored post cards at **6 for 10c**; including Birthday, Comic, Views and Valentine's Day. All our post cards are fast sellers. Write now for cards and as soon as sold send us the money and we will send Doll by return mail.

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SHILOH
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, and heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

An Object of Pity

That part of our nature which we call the emotional is much more highly developed in women than in men. They are more sensitive, more tender, more sympathetic, more pronounced in their likes and dislikes, more susceptible to the extremes of pleasure and pain; and these refined mental qualities, no less than beauty of form and feature make up the atmosphere of attractiveness and charm which always surrounds true womanliness.

The continued existence of these winning, engaging womanly characteristics depends to a very large extent on the regularity of the womanly functions and the condition of the womanly organs; and when these functions and organs become disordered or diseased the same mental qualities which are the glory of a well woman become the source of suffering and torture almost indescribable. Her cheery hopefulness is changed to a feeling of despondency, almost of despair, and she is haunted with forebodings of worse evils to come. Instead of being entertaining and companionable, she becomes moody and irritable, being unable to keep her mind from dwelling on her troubles. She becomes morbidly sensitive, imagining that she is being slighted or foresaken by her relatives and friends and she has a most humiliating sense of her miserable condition and her loss of her womanly attributes. If she is religiously inclined she is very liable to be oppressed with doubts and fears in regard to her spiritual condition, or to think that she is eternally lost. In addition to this, she has also to endure the most distressing aches and pains.

What makes the case still more pitiable, especially with married women, is the fact that few men understand or appreciate the extent of their suffering, or the seriousness of the troubles causing it. Many doctors even speak of these disorders as subjects for ridicule, and the poor sufferer often gets a reputation for being a crank or a scold when she more nearly approaches being a martyr.

As these disorders are due to a disordered condition of the womanly organs, it is evident that to effect a cure these organs must be restored to normal condition; or, in other words, the circulation which has become congested and stagnant in these parts, must be improved so that the waste matter will be expelled, and the nourishment so badly needed be brought to these suffering organs. It is the waste matter, or broken down tissue, which is held in the stagnant blood vessels in these parts, that causes most of the suffering by oppressing the nerves located in these parts.

The remedy known as ORANGE LILY will positively relieve this congestion and restore normal circulation in the disordered organs. It is an applied or local treatment, and acts wholly on these parts. It is absorbed into the blood vessels in these organs, and as it has powerful antiseptic properties, it immediately acts on the waste matter held there, and causes it to be discharged. As this dead matter is discharged the nerves are relieved, the pains and mental troubles become less, and the nerves and blood vessels become stronger. **ORANGE LILY** thus proves its merit by actual, visible results. It acts as certainly and as positively on all female troubles as anti-toxin does on diphtheria.

Winnipeg, April 28th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Currah,—I am very grateful to **ORANGE LILY** for the change it has made in my life. When I commenced its use eight months ago I felt I would be surely insane before the year was ended. The pain I suffered often made me wish for death, and besides I would have such fits of depression and nervous twitching that I would have to scream. I had doctored with three different doctors for over two years, and had also used both the Pierce and Pinkham medicines, but none of them seemed to reach my case. I felt some improvement after the first month's use of **ORANGE LILY** and have kept gaining ever since. I do not feel that I am entirely cured yet, but I am so much better than I was that I am sure I will soon be entirely well. I sleep well, and feel cheerful and happy, except that I am occasionally somewhat depressed, but these spells are getting fewer and milder. I have also noticeably improved in appearance. Enclosed find $3 for which please send me two boxes of **ORANGE LILY** and one of Cerate Massage. I might add that the matter which used to be freely discharged, and which looked like a chicken's gizzard, is becoming very scant, and I imagine that the circulation is pretty well restored. Am I not right in this? Your sincere friend, MRS. L. E. A.

Free to all Sufferers

In order to enable every woman suffering from any form of female disorders to test the merits of **ORANGE LILY**, I will send to every one who will send me her address, or the address of any suffering friend enough of the remedy for ten days' treatment, absolutely free. As this is worth 35c. it is only because I know that it must give relief that I make this free trial offer. Further, if any woman wishes expert medical advice, and will write me a full description of her case, I will submit same to the staff of the Coonley Medical Institute, Detroit, Mich., and they will write her direct without expense to her. **INCLOSE THREE 2-CENT STAMPS** and address **MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, ONT.**

Are the heart and soul of you cast down by bitter disappointment? Would you leave it all, if only for an hour, and come back with a new point of view? Then we open the covers of a book!" And we have all fallen in love with Mr. Edward Thomas' village scholar in "Horae Solitariae." He finds a refuge from the shadows of the world among the realities of books. He set his little cabin door between the restless world and himself, wandered across to his book shelves, and felt a supreme pity for plutocrats, plenipotentiaries and princes! — Australian Southern Baptist.

In every healthy heart there is something besides the spirit of good business economy: Love, that thinks of persons, not of their circumstances; Pity, that sees only need and forgets deserving; Kindness, that believes that laughter will heal better than admonitions; Helpfulness, that is blind to everything except destitution. And if there should be any doubting people who do not believe that many of this sort live, tell them to look about them and soon they will discover that the muster roll of kindly loving hearts counts into the thousands.

Robin Adair

Here is a pretty dog story, which is also quite true.

During one of the latest birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier, he was visited by a celebrated singer. The lady was asked to sing, and seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad of "Robin Adair."

She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and, seating himself by her side, watched her, as though fascinated, listening with delight unusual in an animal.

When she had finished, he came and put his paw very gently into her hand, and licked her cheek.

"Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is 'Robin Adair.'"

The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment, during the lady's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side while she was indoors, and when she went away, he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.—Scottish-American.

Education for Girls

This is a subject which has been much discussed, but which never loses its importance. An address upon this subject was given at the International Congress of Farm Women, by Mrs. J. Muldrew, of Alberta, formerly of MacDonald College, Que., who, because of her experience, is well able to speak along this line. While in Eastern Canada, Mrs. Muldrew addressed a number of Women's Institutes, and a few extracts from the address referred to will be of interest to our Institute members.

"We have, as a rule, used more wisdom with the education of our boys than with our girls. This is because we look upon our men as the producers of wealth. When a boy has completed the courses prescribed by our elementary and high schools, if we can afford to give him additional training, we try to make the added years bear direct on his vocation so that in whatever department of life he centres his energies, he can become a better producer of wealth. We have not used the same wisdom with our girls. Political economy has to do with the production, distribution and consumption of wealth, in fact it is concerned with the business of the nation. Our government statistics show that as much as ninety per cent of wealth produced is spent on the home or on the interest directly connected with the home. Thus, while men are producers, women as managers of homes become the directors of ninety per cent of the wealth produced. It is a well known fact that the majority of women, as high as ninety per cent in Canada, marry and become the directors of homes.

"Education as it is planned for the nation should meet the nation's greatest need. Our girls must be trained to live in a world and to live abundantly they must participate in all its phases. If their training has failed to develop executive ability, absolute honesty, and independence of judgment, what shall be the result when they are thrown on their own resources? In educating our girls today, we are reaching out toward the future of this land. Its future is in the hands of the women if they did but know their home influence greater to effect good than acts of legislatures.

"To have good homes we must begin early to implant a love of home in the growing girls and a familiarity with the requirements for such. If a girl has reached a marriageable age with absolutely no taste for domestic life and no ambition to learn, she has no right to place herself where she is responsible for a home and where she may have to assume the upbringing of children."

Reasoning with Children

Over and over again we are impressed with the fact that most disagreements between people—whether between adults or beween children, or between children and adults—are due to misunderstandings. It seems to be so hard to get inside the other person's head. As soon as parents resolve not to treat their children arbitrarily, that is, on the basis of their superior strength and authority, they adopt a plan of "reasoning" with the children.

Our reasoning depends very closely upon language. But every significant word that we use has a distinct meaning in the mind of the individual, depending altogether upon his experience. As the experience of the child is very meager, compared with that of the grown-up person, it is no wonder that our everyday remarks are constant sources of misunderstanding to children.

The little girl who had been frequently reproved for not using her right hand came to have a positive dislike for her other hand, which she naturally understood to be a wrong hand.

Children are apt to attach to a word the first meaning that they learn in connection with it. Only with the increase of experience can a word come to have more than one meaning.

And so with the question of reasoning, as with all other aspects of child training, it is a question of understanding, and of being in close and sympathetic relation with one's children.

The Kind of Woman I Married

It was not until I was twenty-one that I gave any thought to matrimony. My wife and I were chums from childhood, often meeting at parties, skating rinks, socials and dances, but the night that made me decide to ask her to be my wife was when driving home from a barn dance held at a friend's house some distance from the city.

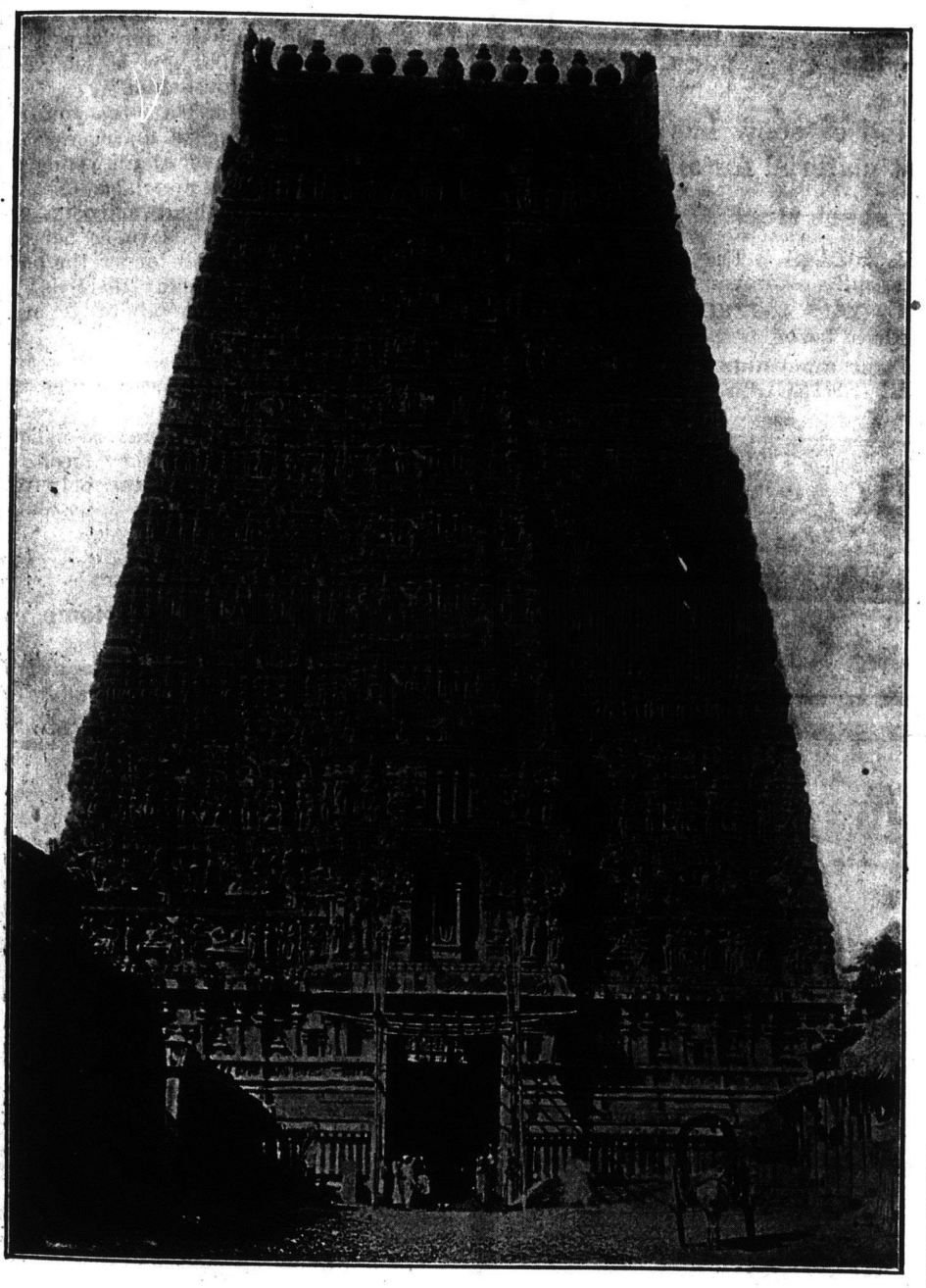
After we had gone some distance a thunderstorm that had been threatening, broke in all its fury, vivid flashes of lightning was the only source of light to enable our seeing our way. The thunder was the kind that sends the cold down your back and makes you wonder if the end of the world has really come.

A blinding flash of lightning, a deafening roar of thunder, then from the darkness came a cry for HELP. Then quick almost as the lightning, my wife (to be) called to me "You jump out and help, while I hold our horse's head." And she was out of the buggy just as quick as I was. Right then and there I made up my mind that if she would have me I would make her my wife, for she had proven to be made of the right kind of "stuff," and sure enough when we had given the necessary assistance to our fellow traveler I "popped the question" and she made me the happiest man on earth when she replied:

"Why, of course, if you want me I will marry you."

That was over thirty years ago, and our choice has proven satisfactory, and when first married we spent Christmas in the good old-fashioned way. Mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, all at the old homestead, the big fat turkey and plum pudding and presents, for every person.

I wish we could recall those days, but now we have children of our own to come for Christmas dinner to our home where many happy hours are spent. And not to forget the others who may, through sickness, not be in a position to have an enjoyable Christmas dinner we give to them, and in the giving there is even more pleasure than the partaking of the things which the good Lord has so bountifully provided us with. We have an old motto at home that says "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and even so, give from what you have and receive from Him the blessings who said "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me."



A "Skyscraper" of India

Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Kumbakonam, India.—Years before the American architect patted himself on the back upon completion of the plans for this country's first "skyscraper," 'way out in India, the land whose customs and civilization we probably under-estimate, "skyscrapers" were soaring cloudwards.

And what "skyscrapers" they are! Where in all America, with all its millions, with all its progress, with all its great knowledge, with all its engineering facilities and with all its ability to do the unusual thing, is there anything in the building line to equal this magnificent temple, the dazzling beauty of which cannot be described even with the aid of that past master of description—the camera?

Where in this country is there a building which we can show the visiting tourist and say, "The carvings on this building are equal to those of the Carangapany Temple at Kumbakonan, India," which is here reproduced.

If such there be, rest assured that we would not rest until the fact had been blazoned far and wide and advertised in the remotest quarters of the globe. Yet knowing that there is such a structure, we point with pride to our own futile attempts at sumptuousness in building construction and decoration, knowing full well that in the words of the street urchin "we can get away with it."

Twelve stories high it is, and so magnificent that it obliterates its squalid surroundings. Excepting for the ceiling of the lower story which is of stone, the ceilings depict Indian scenes in beautiful paintings. Stone carvings of which there are thousands upon thousands, whose beauty fills one with awe and amazement at the capabilities of the Indian, adorn the entire outside of the temple.

This beautiful "skyscraper" is attributed to one of the king's of the famous Bayak line of rulers, who reigned centuries ago. It is estimated that during the annual Mahamakham festival $60,000 is deposited here in this temple by the Indians who make the yearly pilgrimage.

Keeping School Children Healthy

My prescription for all children of the school age, is briefly; cleanliness, proper food and clothes, plenty of sleep, and reasonable exercise. Of course, this prescription must be mixed and administered by the parents of the child and it should be flamed with common sense.

In the space at my disposal I can set down only a few practical precepts, few if any of them new, but few generally observed.

First, sleep. For children who are well, there should be at least two windows open, day and night, with perhaps a screen to protect the sleepers from wind and rain and snow. The ideal room would require no heat save on a few of the very coldest winter days. Young children should have sleeping-bags, perhaps with arms in

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no matter how long standing their case can be safely and perfectly cured

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NEAL TREATMENT

No man, who is an habitual drinker or subject to periodical cravings for alcoholic stimulants, can hope to overcome this degrading habit by the exercise of his own powers.
The craving for Drink rises from alcoholic poisoning of the system, and the poison must first be removed before the craving will cease.
The **NEAL TREATMENT** is safe and harmless, leaving no after effects and in three days entirely removes all taste and craving for liquor or drugs **for all time.** There are no **hypodermic injections** included in the Neal Treatment.
Write today for full particulars. All correspondence strictly confidential. If you are a victim of the awful curse of Drink, a three days sojourn at our Institute, will send you forth a sane, sound man, absolutely freed from its enslaving influence.

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Special Advice for Men

Vitality Restored by New Method

MANLY MEN ARE THE WORLD'S POWER TO-DAY

The little book described below (which I gladly send free, sealed by mail, to any young or elderly man anywhere), contains in its 86 beautifully illustrated pages, everything a man need know with regard to certain strictly personal subjects, and as a guide through his entire life, from the delicate period of youth when wholesome advice is most needed, on through early manhood to a ripe, vigorous, healthy old age. Over a million of these books have been thus distributed by me all over the world. Therefore, please use coupon below and get YOUR free copy by return mail. SANDEN CO. DISTRIBUTERS.

Do you know, my friend, that there is a wonderful new way to apply a certain, great, natural FORCE to your body and by which you may, without effort, trouble or inconvenience, treat your own self in the privacy of your home for debility and lost vitality, without using a single drug or medicine? This great FORCE as a restorer of vitality and as a means to overcome those weaknesses which result from indiscretions and unnatural practices, is to-day being used all over the civilized world, and I give it as my honest opinion, based upon a vast observation and study, that any man anywhere, who leads a decent, manly life and who applies this marvelous FORCE in a scientific and rational way, can without employing a single drug, be restored again to a state of perfect, rugged health and vigor, without a remaining ache, pain or weakness.

As we all know, these various debilitating weaknesses handicap a man in every condition of life, while, on the other hand, a perfect specimen of vigorous, robust, lusty manhood is ever admired by both women and men alike, while, of course, it is certainly only such a man who can attain the really great successes of life. Therefore, I say to you, no matter what your size, whether you are small or large, no matter what your occupation, no matter whether you are a college graduate or working on the farm or in the factory, no matter whether you are young or elderly. It is all a question of your vigor and your vitality, and if I can give you a good, abundant supply of this same great power of VITAL FORCE, then it is easy to believe that I can completely restore your vigorous health, can overcome the evil effects of past indiscretions so you will be exactly the same in your influence over people, exactly the same in your manly bearing as other manly, strong-nerved, warm-blooded fellows of your acquaintance.

With an idea of attaining all this for you, I recommend you to investigate a simple little VITALIZING APPLIANCE of my invention, which I am now sending out in great numbers for use by men everywhere who need new manly strength. This little VITALIZER is very light weighing only several ounces, and can be worn without any one suspecting that you are wearing it. You buckle it on your body upon going to bed and take it off mornings. Thus while you sleep it sends its wonderful power which I call VITALITY or VITAL FORCE, into your blood, nerves and organs. Users say it takes pain and weakness out of the back upon one application, and further say 60 to 90 days' time is sufficient to restore a state of health, strength and vigor. I am not offering this VITALIZER here for sale, but want you to first send for my book that you may learn all about the whole wonderful subject, and why I get such quantities of testimonials from users everywhere telling of results after drugs completely and utterly fail. NOTE—With special attachments my VITALIZER is used by women as well as men for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, nervousness and general ill health. Please write for book to day, or, if near by, I should like you to call. Hours—9 to 6, Sundays excepted.

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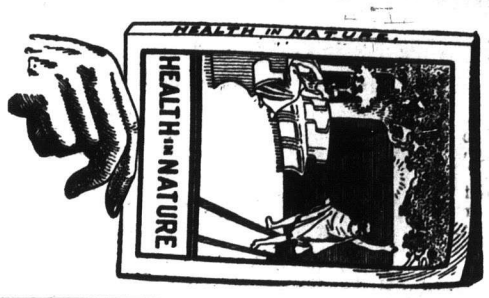

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your book, as advertised, free, sealed.

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them, or very abundant space and room. Winter is the time to sleep, for there are hibernating tendencies in man, who normally sleeps most in cold weather. The best cure for sleeplessness is a brisk walk or even a ride, if possible, in the wind. A long night's sleep seems to have been a slow evolution from an interrupted and imperfect series of sleeping states of primitive man: and the deeper sleep is, the higher the level and the greater the vitality of the waking hours will be.

There should be sun on the bed, if possible, and the strongest draft of air all day. Little furniture is needed in the room, and that should be simple. Dumb-bells, wands, chest-weights, clubs, a little gymnastic apparatus for mild exercise on retiring or rising may be provided if the children need them.

The daily bath is an institution of immense importance. For vigorous people, young and old, the hot or warm bath should be an exceptional luxury reserved for emergencies. The best bath, whether foot, sitting or complete, is a sudden, brief immersion in cold water without soap, occasionally with a flesh brush, and perhaps until the skin tingles and aches with the cold, and then hasty drying-off with a crash towel in a warm bathroom, all over in a very few minutes.

A little exercise is good after emerging from a bath, and only after a few minutes, when skin and surface reaction have had time to empty the blood supply they want and have completed their reactions.

Corns cripple the feet and make walking a torture, yet sure relief in the shape of Holloway's Corn Cure is within reach of all.

"Many a dollar is lost by putting off until to-morrow. Send for catalogue to-day."
—*The Philosopher of Metal Town.*

No building material like this—
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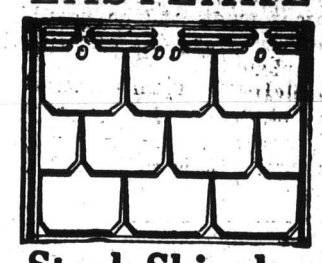

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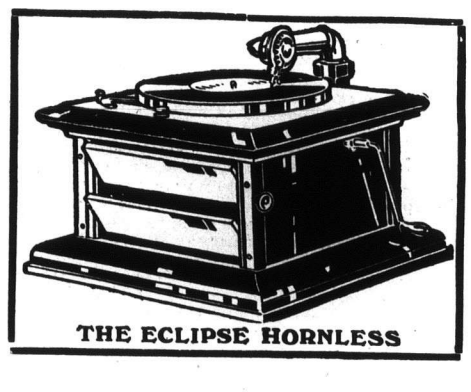

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Grandmother's Wisdom

When grandmother asked me what I was thinking about I answered straight out, for that is a way one has with grandmother.

"I was wondering, if Hubble should want to marry me, if I would say 'yes.'"

Grandmother looked at me strangely and I looked straight back at her.

"There seems to be only one answer to that and I can not understand the knotted brows. Do you love him?"

"I don't know."

"Then, of course, you wouldn't marry him." Grandmother sat down calmly in one of the big arm-chairs and opened the book she was carrying—

I couldn't let her dismiss the problem so coolly.

"How am I to know if I love him? I was never in love before."

"Until you are sure of your love there is no use worrying about it, is there?"

"Don't you like Hubble?" I asked in amazement.

"I like him very much and he would be a desirable husband for any girl. But for this particular girl he isn't desirable unless she loves him."

"Perhaps you think I am too young."

"Eighteen is young to marry in this generation, but it's not at all young to begin thinking about marriage. A girl should think a lot about marriage before-hand, for often it is to be her career. But since it is no longer the only occupation for a woman, there is no need for her to think about it anxiously.

"Nowadays nothing need matter but love. Girls marry not because it is the only thing for them to do, but because they fall in love and want to. They can afford to wait until they meet the man they can love with the only real love—love which is of the intellect as much as the heart."

The Value of a Happy Home

A Western railroad has decided to dispense with the services of all of its employees who have not happy homes.

This is a drastic exemplification of the truth of the Bible axiom that to him who hath shall be given, and from him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

Certainly it is tough luck on the man who has a shrewish and nagging wife and a slovenly home, to have his job taken away from him on account of his misfortune, and to be deprived of whatever peace and comfort he can get out of a long run that takes him away from the scene of his misery. Perhaps the reason that trains are so often late is because so many conductors and engineers are not in any hurry to get back home.

Aside, however, from the surface cruelty of such an order there can be no question of the wisdom of the railroad in making it, for happiness in his home life is an actual tangible asset that adds appreciably to a man's efficiency.

And this applies not only to railroad men, but to men in every walk and calling of life. Between the man who goes forth to his labor from a peaceful, cheerful, well ordered home, and the one who goes forth from a home that is a well of bitterness, and unrest, and strife, there is not only the difference between happiness and misery, but between success and failure.

Dr. Woods Hutcheson: A man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with sweet music.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott: Of all the passions, that which is the most unknown to ourselves is sloth; it is the most fierce and malignant of all, though its violence may not be perceptible and the harm it does may be deeply hidden.

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are completely cured by inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

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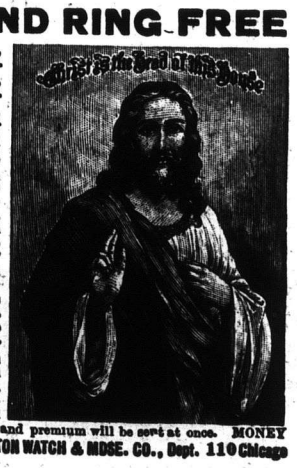

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Young People

The Adventure of One Leg

By Franklin Welles Calkins

SPEAKING once of the perilous life of trappers and hunters who had their headquarters at his trading post, McHenry narrated the adventure of "One Leg Pete" with a grizzly. "One Leg," as the crippled trapper was usually called, had fought in the Mexican War, and had lost a leg—cut off below the knee—at the Battle of Molino-del-Rey.

Why this veteran, who drew a good pension from the government, should have chosen the arduous life of a trapper and hunter the trader did not know.

"He kept his two boats at our fort," said McHenry, "and they were quite the finest skiffs in our part of the country. During the open season one or both of these were moored by chain and padlock in the mouth of a small creek, and the oars were stored with me. One Leg did all his hunting and trapping in one or other of these boats. He never left the river but to go a short distance up one of its numerous tributaries. When he could catch a steamer in season, he would engage passage and go up the river, sometimes to the head of navigation, and then drift down to us, trapping and hunting on the way.

"He escaped attacks of Indians, I think, by his friendliness toward them and by their respect for his crippled condition. A man demented or seriously crippled is seldom in danger from Indians unless they take him unawares; and that would not have been easy to do to One Leg. There was no more wary and alert camper on the upper Missouri. He usually walked with a crutch, but sometimes by a curious foot-and-knee hop.

"It was on the return from a wolf-hunting trip, about the middle of October, that this trapper met with his most thrilling adventure.

"In his larger boat, One Leg was drifting down river, three or four miles above the fort, when he saw some large animal swimming across in front of him. He plied his oars and quickly came up with the swimmer, which proved to be a grizzly. The bear was frightened, and snorted, pawing water and churning up foam. Perhaps this commotion of the water was the reason One Leg's shot was not more effective—for the trapper was an expert with the rifle. He fired an ounce slug at Ephraim's head, and the bear ceased threshing, and floated up, apparently dead.

"Being wholly unable to lift the carcass into his boat, the hunter slipped his boat-chain round the neck, fastened it with the padlock, and took the bear in tow. He had no more than reloaded his gun and taken up the oars, however, when Ephraim rolled right side up and began to wag his head, cough, and paw water. One Leg knew then that his bullet had glanced on the skull, inflicting only a scalp wound. He picked up his rifle, and was about to fire again, when the notion hit him that it would be novel sport to tow a live bear in at the fort! Chuckling with glee at the sensation he would create, he laid aside his rifle and took up the oars.

"For a time it was an open question whether the bear wouldn't drown, so One Leg drifted at ease while Ephraim fought back to his senses and blew the water out of his lungs. As soon as he had a steady head, the bear began swimming to get ashore, and pulled away from the boat in steady and powerful strokes. The trapper had a hard fight to hold his game at the center of the current, where alone he could hope to keep the animal afloat.

"At that season the river was always very low. At many points its navigable channel was not fifty feet in width, with shallows and far-reaching sandbars stretching on one or either hand.

"At each of these narrows the bear would make fierce exertions to reach the nearest bar. By hard pulling and adroit management, One Leg steered his catch clear of a dangerous landng, until at last, at a turn, he misjudged the depth of water, and the bear suddenly reared himself in the shallows.

"One tremendous pull at the chain as the boat bumped against a shelving bar, and the bear turned and attacked the skiff, half-capsizing it at the first stroke.

"One Leg had no time to take up his gun, so quick was the attack; and it would have fared badly with him had not the edge of the bar caved, throwing both bear and boat back into the current, which swept them past the danger-point.

"The trapper would now gladly have used his rifle, but it was at the bottom of the boat, with two or three inches of water swashing over it.

"He caught it up, put on a fresh cap, and tried a shot at the bear's head; but the weapon missed fire, and he thrust it into a 'cubby' under the prow of the skiff, and took to his oars again.

"For a time after this fracas the current was rapid and favorable to the boatman. Yet the bear's energy seemed inexhaustible, and at a sharp turn in a channel, where the run of deep water was no more than twice the length of the boat, the trapper's exertions wrenched an oar out of its open lock, and before he could recover, the bear had his feet upon hard sand. Instantly the grizzly lunged away toward a low bank, dragging the skiff in his wake. The drag was so light that the bear felt himself free for the moment.

"If the trapper had had two good legs, he would now have jumped out of the boat; but he could neither run nor swim, he did not know what depth of water was in front, and he feared to attract the grizzly's attention at such fearful disadvantage to himself. So he sat in his craft, being towed along rapidly. When they came upon hard ground the bear would find the going much slower, and there One Leg must depend upon his crutch for a quick escape.

"With this in one hand and his rifle in the other, he took the most exciting boat ride of his life. The bear did not make straight for shore, but kept to a line of rippling shallows, where the long point of a bar extended out into the channel. Thus his run was two hundred yards or more.

"As the water grew more shallow and the grizzly's big hulk of body was exposed, One Leg saw what a monster he had chained to his boat. It was a shaggy old male of the largest size. When the boat began to drag, the bear stopped two or three times to snarl and snap at the chain; and the trapper, stooping behind the boat's prow, believed that his time had come. The bear lunged on without seeing him, and when they struck dry sand, One Leg attempted to rise and jump. He was on his foot when the bear gave an extra yank, and threw him flat upon his back, not a little jarred in the fall.

"The yanks continued, and before the trapper could recover, the grizzly had leaped upon the low bank, where he was brought up with a short turn. With a roar of rage and fright, the animal wheeled, and swinging half-round, leaped to the slope below. One other mighty jerk, and the skiff rolled bottom side up, with One Leg underneath! Guessing what was coming, the trapper let go his crutch, and clinging to his gun with one hand, caught hold of a fastened seat board with the other.

"But the skiff was not dragged as far as he had expected. Its sharp prow digging into the sands, quickly brought the bear to a halt. Then the caged trapper for some minutes had reason to be glad that he was under cover. The bear fell upon the innocent craft tooth and nail, ripping, gnawing and roaring, while One Leg lay upon sand, trying in the darkness to prick powder into the nipple of his gun tube. Would the beast be able to tear the siding off the boat before he could get his rifle into shape? This was the momentous question he asked while he fumbled nervously and ineffectually, handicapped as he was by his cramped position and the darkness.

"But the skiff was of stout stuff, and

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The Man Who Makes This Offer

Listen—In my lifelong experience with medicine—with sickness—I have learned that Heart Disease destroys more human beings than any other things on earth!

That it is a stealthy, deceptive, deadly monster. That six people in every ten have Heart trouble. And you know as well as I that in lots of cases it creeps upon its poor victim unawares and strikes out their life almost without warning—often without their even suspecting that their Heart was weak or wrong at all. I have learned, too, that one of the worst things about Heart trouble is that most people don't know what the symptoms are—don't know what they mean when they have them. Another thing—a great many people are misled and deceived into thinking their trouble is something else and doctor the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, Nerves or Sexual Organs for some supposed trouble, when all the time it's the Heart that's causing it all. They are really treating the symptoms and not the disease itself.

And a great many people who do know that they have Heart Trouble think it can't be cured. Now Heart Trouble is just as curable as any other trouble. I have proved this fully, by successfully treating hundreds of cases. Many of these were the chronic, serious, complicated kind, in which other remedies and doctors had failed, and hope seemed gone. But this treatment acted quickly and permanently. In very many cases of Heart Disease the Nerves and Stomach are affected also, and one reason why this treatment cures is because it sets the Stomach right, removes Constipation, steadies and revitalizes the Nerves and builds up the whole system, besides strengthening, controlling and curing the Heart. I believe I can cure YOU! Anyhow, it's plainly your duty to let me try. And so I will gladly send you by mail, postpaid, without any conditions, without any restrictions and without any cost, a complete test treatment for your case, and a letter of clear medical advice. Also an illustrated book, that with plain words and pictures explains your trouble clearly, and so that you will understand it.

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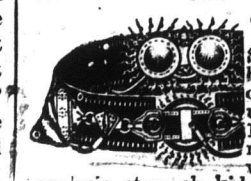
If you have one of these symptoms—Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching or Nightmare, Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart Short Breath, Fainting, Smothering, Choking, Numb or Sinking Spells, Dizziness, Nosebleed, Swelling Legs, Asthma, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade—your Heart and Nerves are surely wrong! Don't wait, for even now you may be facing sudden death. Please give your age and how long you have had the symptoms. Address: Directing Specialist Clearwater, Pres. Heart Cure Co., 641 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.



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the bear's fierce clawing at its prow failed to make an opening. Again the grizzly made a break for freedom, and rushing sidewise, wrenched the nose of the skiff free, whirled the craft half about, and was again brought up short, as its nose plowed into the sand. One Leg's arm was caught under a rail in this turn, and his gun was pushed into the sands outside. He peeled the skin off his arm in pulling in the weapon, but made an opening which let in more light. Hearing the grizzly tearing at some of his effects, which had been spilled, he made the opening larger, and peered out, to see that the bear had fallen upon a bale of wolfskins.

"The grizzly seemed to be wholly absorbed in this apparently purposeless havoc. Very possibly the strong, familiar odor of hated and thieving prowlers appealed to his instinct as the cause of all his trouble.

"Nothing that had happened yet had so stirred One Leg. In his fierce anger at seeing one hundred dollars' worth of fine skins ruthlessly ripped up, he forgot all other emotions. He tore at the sand, making a bigger hole under the edge of the boat, and in the light of this, primed and recapped his gun nipple. He had tried this when the bear was hauling him in the water, but the jerky motion of the craft had rendered it impossible. He felt reasonably certain now that the weapon would not miss fire, for the water had covered it but for an instant, and could not have soaked into its barrel.

"Determined to save a portion of his peltries, he put a shoulder to the bottom of his skiff, to heave it up for a shot, when the bear, seeing the movement, fell upon the craft, batting the side until the ribs cracked. With cocked gun, One Leg lay upon his back, ready to fire through the first opening which should give him a chance for success. But the boat was intact when Ephraim, leaping over it, caught his chain under an oar-lock, and rolled it clean over again, bottom up.

"Uncovered in this melee, One Leg found himself sitting across from the bear, and the bear still fighting at his boat. The trapper brought his rifle up as the grizzly made a fresh pounce upon the skiff. Then the gun cracked.

"When the beast had quit floundering, One Leg found himself standing over the biggest bear he had ever seen dead. He wanted mightily to bring in the whole carcass, but it was impossible to load it and so he contented himself with fetching away the pelt, head, claws and the choicer steaks. The skin came into my possession in the way of trade, and was one of the largest I have ever handled."

Fred's Presence of Mind

By Edward S. Ellis.

It is undeniable that in cases of peril, absence of mind is infinitely to be preferred to presence of mind; but, inasmuch as we are in continual danger, as may be said, life is often saved by that faculty, gift, or whatever it may be termed, which enables a person to do the right thing at the right moment.

All are familiar with incidents in which the coolest and most brainy of men have utterly lost their senses and been thrown into a panic as wild, resistless and senseless as that which often seizes the herds of cattle on the Western plains. For the time a person is irresponsible and as much a lunatic as anyone confined behind walls. It is unfortunate that it is so, but it is one of the characteristics of this curious human nature of ours.

I never knew a person whose presence of mind was more strikingly shown than that of Fred Belden. Fred lived on a farm a few miles north of Trenton, N. J., and on the bank of the Delaware River. We were both boys at school and became close friends, as we are today. He was bright, but in strength, activity and athletic skill was not above the ordinary run of lads of his age. He was an excellent swimmer, but did not acquire the art until a couple of years older than most of the rest of us.

When Fred was about twelve years old, he drove to church one Sunday with his mother and three sisters. The youngest, only six years of age, sat on her mother's lap, while one of the others was beside Fred on the front seat. It was a beautiful day in early summer, and the ride, something over a mile in extent, could not have been more delightful.

That section is very hilly. We have elevations which are dignified with the names of mountains, being several hundred feet in height. One of the steepest of these hills is back of Fred's own home, which is on the shore of the canal. This is separated from the Delaware beyond by a bank of varying width. The road over which Fred was driving makes a turn at right angles, so as to follow the course of the canal.

All were chatting pleasantly, when they reached the top of the hill to which I have referred. Fred drew the horse down to a walk and held the reins taut to prevent his stumbling while descending the hill. At that moment, the "hold back" strap broke, allowing the carriage to run against the hind legs of the animal. He made a plunge forward. Fred held the reins tightly and the carriage, now fairly

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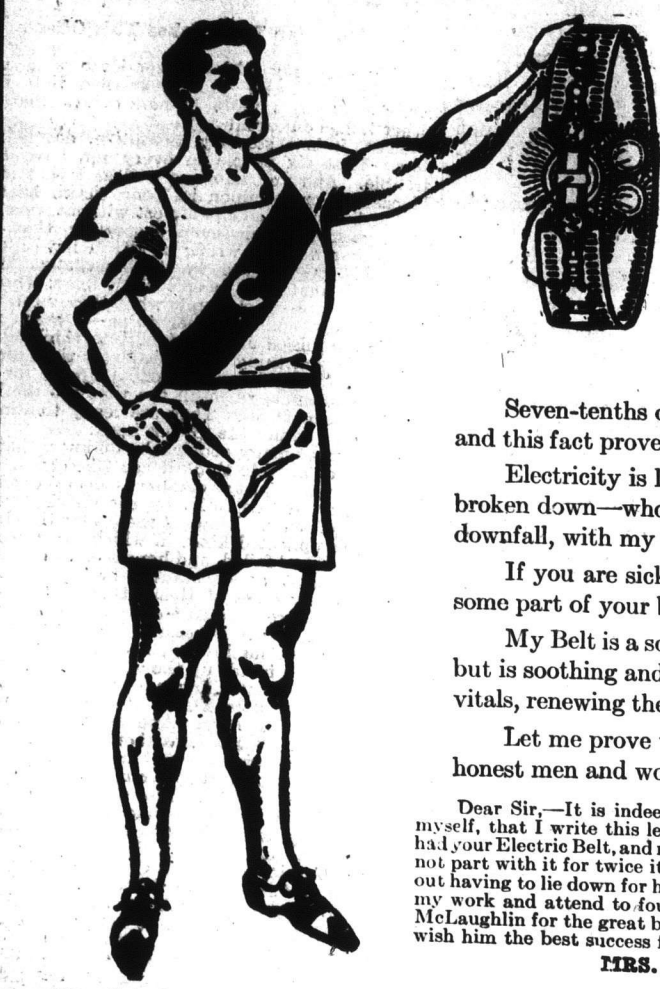

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Like the famous "Old Guard" of Napoleon, the vast army of men who are wearing my appliance are my strongest support : they are carrying the fame of my Belt into all the quarters of the world.

Men and women have come to me in all stages of nervous and physical breakdown, and I have cured them with my Electric Belt.

Seven-tenths of the people I cure have sought help through the use of drugs and other remedies before they bought my Belt, and this fact proves that it is a positive cure for hundreds of cases that will yield to no other remedy but Electricity.

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If you are sick or weak, if you have Rheumatism, Lumbago, or Stomach, Liver, Kidney or Bowel Trouble, it means that some part of your body machinery needs electric energy. My Belt will restore it.

My Belt is a scientific appliance for saturating the body with Electricity while you sleep. The current is powerful in its action, but is soothing and pleasant to the nerves. For hours at a time it sends the glowing electric fire coursing through the nerves and vitals, renewing their energy and giving to every weak organ the power to do its work as nature intended.

Let me prove to you that Electricity does all I claim for it. What better testimony could you ask for than the testimony of honest men and women whom it cured?

Dear Sir,—It is indeed with great pleasure, both from my husband and myself, that I write this letter to you. It is going on three years since I have had your Electric Belt, and must say it has made a new woman of me, and I would not part with it for twice its weight in gold. I could not do a day's work without having to lie down for half a day before I wore the Belt, but now I can do all my work and attend to four children without ever feeling tired. I thank Dr. McLaughlin for the great benefit he has given me through his Electric Belt, and wish him the best success for the future.

MRS. J. LAROQUE, Riverside, Sask.

Dear Sir,—It is some five years since I wrote you that your Belt had given me perfect satisfaction, and I am still as strong and hearty as any man could expect to be. It is certainly a godsend that such an appliance should be invented for the cure of the ailment of poor, wretched humanity. I can now eat anything that is eatable, and digest it well; no trouble worries me, and my nerves are very strong. I have been singing the praises of your Electric Belt for eight years and will continue to do so. I cannot say too much for it has made my body a pleasure to own. Believe me,

W. L. FLEMINGTON, Lumsden, Sask.

Dear Sir,—I purchased one of your Belts in December, 1905, and after using it as you directed, I felt like a new man, and I am pleased to inform you that I am just as well to-day and as free from pain as I ever was in my life. I found your Belt much better than was represented, and I have recommended it to many others, and shall always feel a pleasure in doing so. I am more than satisfied with my Belt. I followed your instructions and found it complete. Hoping you will have every success, I am,

TIMOTHY LEADBEATER, Lethbridge, Alta.

My Belt has proved a complete and lasting cure for Indigestion (Dyspepsia), Constipation, Headache, Drowsiness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Weakness of the Back, General Debility, Sleeplessness (Insomnia), also Inflammation, Bearing-down Pains and Dizziness. It improves the blood ciculation; it restores lost vitality; it corrects every sign of mental impairment and physical breakdown in men and women.

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Call at my office and let me explain my Belt to you. If you can't do this, cut out this coupon, send your name and address to-day, and I'll mail you, closely sealed, my elegantly illustrated 80-page book, which is FREE. My FREE BOOK for women is now ready. All men and women who are interested in recovering their health should read these books, for they point the way to Health and Happiness.

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started on its descent, struck the horse again. Never very gentle, the impact threw him into a fright, and he began galloping down the hill at full speed.

It was useless to try to hold him, for he had taken the bit in his teeth and was in a panic. The carriage bounded and swayed from side to side, as it went down the steep descent at a most dangerous pace. Seeing their peril the eldest sister on the back seat began screaming at the top of her voice.

Fred looked around and asked with the utmost coolness: "Mother, can't you close Bessie's mouth? She is scaring the horse."

But the mother was helpless with terror herself. She could only utter words of prayer and press her youngest child to her bosom.

"I'm going to jump out!" exclaimed Jennie, who was sitting beside Fred.

As she spoke she sprang up, and the next instant would have been under the hoofs of the horse and the wheels of the carriage, had not her brother shifted the reins to one hand, caught her by the arm and flung her back beside him.

"Sit there!" he commanded, "or I'll whip you!"

The frightened child shrank close to him and clung to his arm.

The mother was praying, Bessie screaming louder than ever, while Jennie was as weak and helpless as a rag.

All this took place in much less time than I am using in the telling. Meanwhile, Fred Belden was thinking fast. Had there been a long stretch of level road at the bottom of the hill he would not have been greatly alarmed, for he could have kept the horse in the middle of the highway and let him run until exhausted, or until he could have gradually brought him to a halt; but there was that change of the road at right angles, a few hundred feet away at the bottom of the hill, and in front of his own home. It was impossible to make the abrupt turn without hurling the carriage over, and throwing probably every inmate into the canal or fatally injuring some of them.

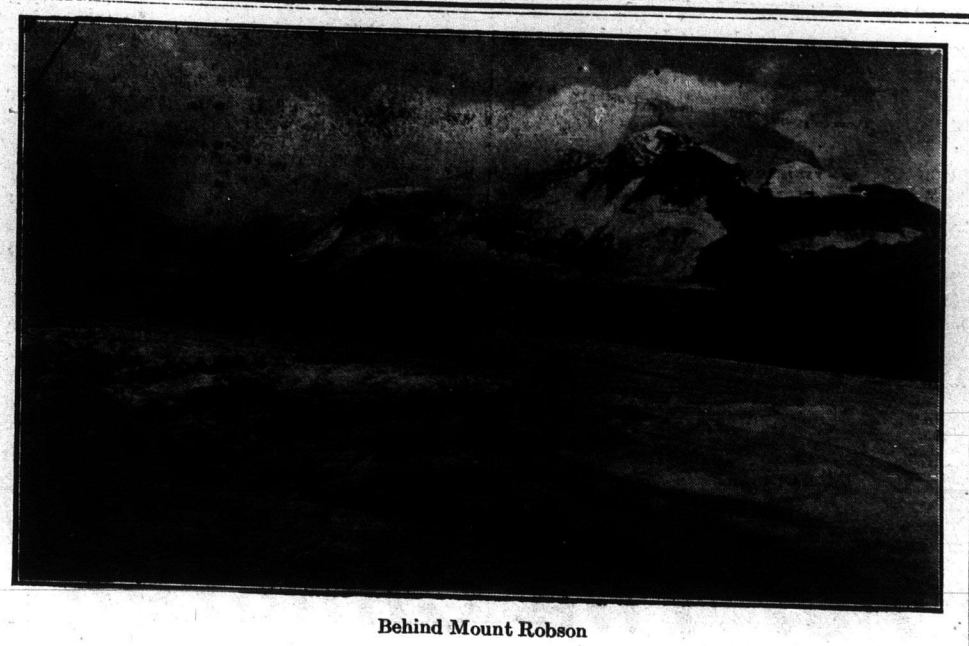
But Fred Belden avoided all danger, and brought himself and friends out of the fearful dilemma without a scratch by the simplest method in the world.

Keeping the plunging horse in the road, he waited until at the bottom of the hill, when, by a sudden wrench, he drew him partly to one side. He could not check him, and only slightly abated his speed. But he ran the hub of the fore wheel into the fence, where it caught fast. The traces snapped like twine, and, letting go of the lines at the same moment, Fred sat still on the front seat and saw the horse gallop out of sight with the harness flying at his heels. The occupants of the carriage were considerably jarred and nearly flung out, but not harmed in the least. What Fred did was done deliberately, and was clearly the result of his presnce of mind.

Strange it was that the same horse and the same load, with the exception of himself, was, soon afterward, the occasion of a more startling exhibition of remarkable presence of mind on the part of Fred Belden.

One summer afternoon he drove to the town of Lambertville, which is four miles further up the river. He took his mother and three sisters as before and drove the same horse. The day was warm, and since the way was hilly in many places the task was quite a hard one for the animal. Upon reaching Lambertville, Mrs. Belden and her daughters spent an hour or so in shopping, while Fred wandered down to the railway station. A freight train was about ready to start southward, and therefore would pass directly in front of Fred's home. The conductor was well known to the lad and was fond of him. He invited Fred to ride home, promising to slow up near his house, so he could leap off without danger.

Fred ran to where he had left his mother, and asked her permission. Inasmuch as the horse had rather a large load to pull, and she had often driven him alone, she made no objection. He brought the carriage up to the store, helped his mother and sisters in, and then hurried to the railway station and



Behind Mount Robson

clambered into the caboose at the rear of the train. It looked as if the start would be made within a few minutes of the carriage. At the "shops," a little way below the station, an unexpected delay occurred, so that the freight train was fifteen minutes late in starting. The conductor explained that, in order to reach Titusville on time, he would have to run unusually fast. That point was a mile below the home of Fred, who, instead of leaping off, would have to stay aboard and walk back from Titusville.

Two miles below Lambertville the freight train was running at the rate of forty miles an hour. This is prodigious speed for such trains, but necessity occasionally compels it for short distances. Fred was uneasy about his folks, whom he had left to drive home alone; for, though the road for most

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Dr. Tremain's Natural Hair Restorative will positively restore gray hair to natural color and keep it so. **IT IS NOT A DYE** and will not injure the scalp. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **Price one dollar.** Sent post paid. Address
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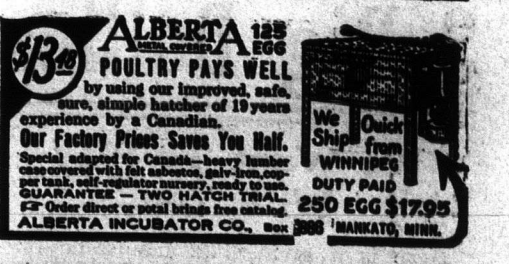
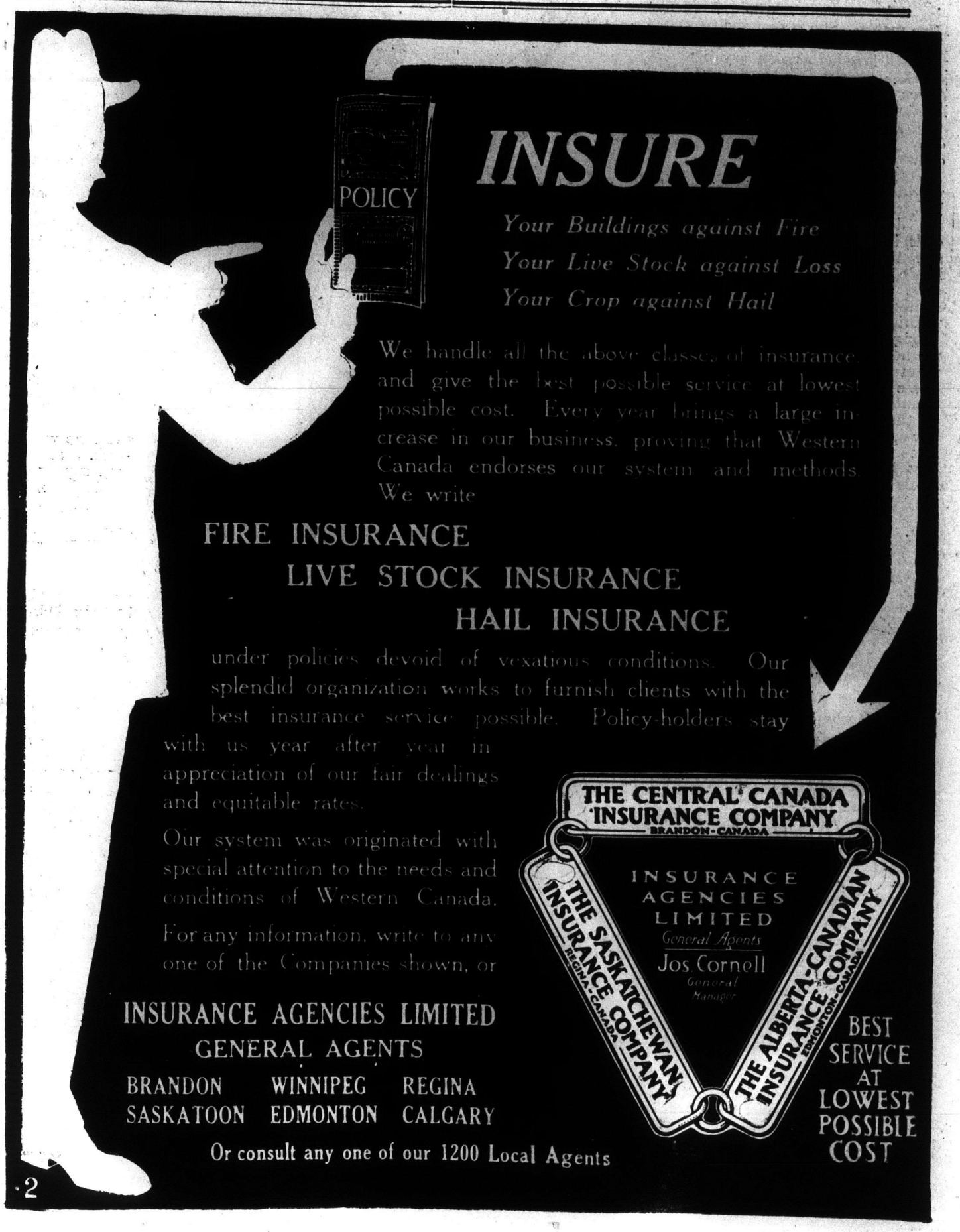




of the way is at a considerable distance from the canal, there are several places where it approaches to the edge. There was one spot which caused him more misgiving than all the rest, and, bracing himself on the front platform, he peered out against the gale created by their tremendous pace and watched until they should pass it.

The very thing he dreaded took place. The horse reached the place just ahead of the locomotive. Mrs. Belden, not suspecting the high speed at which the cars were going, believed she could get beyond and at a safe distance from the track before anything would happen. But the engine thundered by with such a roar and racket, with the box cars rattling after it, that the horse again became unmanageable, and, with a wild snort, dashed headlong into the canal, just at the moment the horrified Fred came opposite.

If there was any situation to try a person's nerves surely this was one. The conductor, who knew Fred's folks, almost fainted at the sight.

"Great heavens! we can do nothing!" exclaimed the brakeman, who was hesitating about leaping from the car, but he could not gain enough momentum to reach the water at a single bound, and would be instantly killed if he struck the ground at the terrific speed of the train.

But without hearing his despairing words, Fred stooped down, grasped the coupling pin, and quickly drew it forth.

This disconnected the car. Then he seized the brake and applied it with might and main. The speed of the car decreased so fast that in a few seconds it was safe for Fred to leap off. He did so, falling as he struck the earth, but received no injury. The conductor and brakeman were at his heels, for they were a considerable distance below where the carriage and horse had gone into the water. They worked desperately, and, leaping into the canal before they reached the spot, swam across and ran along the other side.

To their great relief they found that Mrs. Belden and her children were so near shore when the carriage was overturned that they were able to reach bottom, and thus escaped drowning. The mother had received a bad cut on the forehead, which bled a great deal and whose scar she will bear through life.

As for the horse he was drowned. He had become entangled in the harness and floated slowly down the canal with the current. Fred looked at the round body for a moment as it drifted away, and then heartily exclaimed: "I'm glad of it!"

Free Gifts For The Children!

3 Big Dollies

We Want To Play With You

Here is a great, big, handsome life-size doll, 27 inches tall, looking for a little mama. She is just the finest playmate any little girl could wish for and you will love her as soon as you see her pretty face and big brown eyes, her pink cheeks and light curly hair.

In addition to the great, big dolly, we also send two smaller dollies, making three dollies in all.

You will have lots of fun playing together and needn't be afraid of hurting the big mama dolly and her two baby dolls, because they won't break, soil their hair or lose their pretty eyes. These three dollies are stamped in bright colors on strong cloth and mother can sew them up on the machine in ten minutes. You can set these dollies down, bend their arms and legs and dress them up in all kinds of clothes and play all day long.

1 GREAT BIG DOLL, 27 INCHES TALL, AND

2 SMALLER DOLLIES, ALL READY TO CUT OUT, SEW UP AND STUFF.

Lots Bigger than a Baby

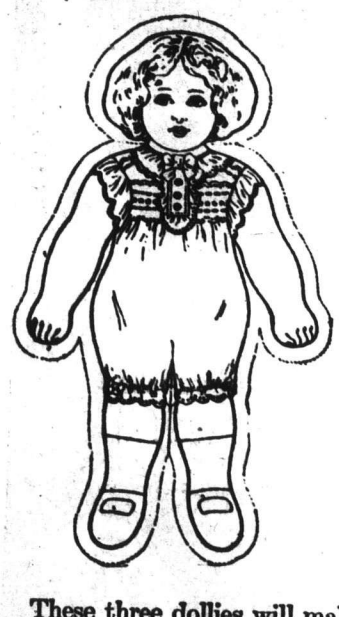
These three beautiful dollies will make any little girl or boy happy. They won't break and we believe they are the most popular plaything you can give your children or little friends.

Actual size of Big Dolly, 27 inches tall. It is so large that baby's own clothes fit it.

Every little girl wants a big doll. Think of the joy and happiness these three dollies will bring into your own home when the little ones see them.

All three dollies on one large sheet of heavy cloth, ready to sew up on machine and stuff. So simple any one can do it in ten minutes' time.

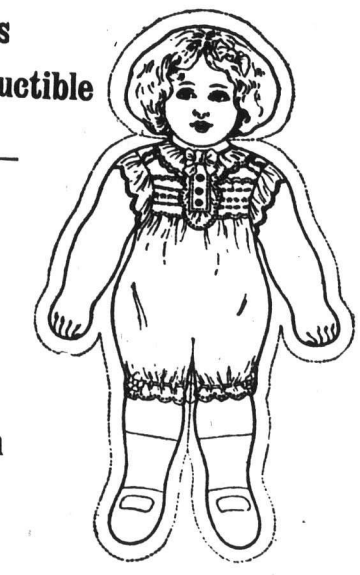
Thousands of little ones all over the country will be made happy with these three dollies. After your little girl gets her dolls all your neighbors' children will want dolls just like hers. The supply of dolls is limited and we will fill all orders as long as our supply enables us to do so.



The limbs are movable and the dolls won't break

Is Indestructible

No little girl has enough dollies



These three dollies will make any little girl or boy happy. If you are a little girl or boy, ask your mother or father to send for these dollies, or if you know some little friends whom you want to make happy you can accept the offer below at once, and give them the surprise of their life. Better order these 3 dollies early.

How To Get These Dollies Free

Send us a yearly subscription to The Western Home Monthly at $1.00 and these three beautiful Dollies—one big one and two smaller ones—will be sent to you by return mail.

Now, in case you do not get a NEW subscription, just get your papa or mama to EXTEND your own family subscription for one year. Send us this subscription, and by return mail we will send you the three beautiful Dollies. ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

Enclosed find $1.00 for "One Full Year's" subscription to The Western Home Monthly. Send Three Dollies to

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The Piper on the Hills

There sits a piper on the hill
  Who pipes the livelong day,
And when he pipes both loud and shrill,
  The frightened people say:
"The wind, the wind is blowing up,
  'Tis rising to a gale."
The women hurry to the shore
  To watch some distant sail.
The wind, the wind, the wind,
  The wind is blowing to a gale.
But when he pipes all sweet and low,
  The piper on the hill,
I hear the merry women go
  With laughter, loud and shrill:
"The wind, the wind is coming south,
  'Twill blow a gentle day."
They gather on the meadow-land,
  To toss the yellow hay.
The wind, the wind, the wind,
  The wind is blowing south to-day.
And in the morn, when winter comes,
  To keep the piper warm,
The little Angels shake their wings
  To make a feather storm:
"The snow, the snow has come at last!"
  The happy children call,
And "ring around" they dance in glee,
  And watch the snowflakes fall.
The wind, the wind, the wind,
  The wind has spread a snowy pall.
But when at night the piper plays,
  I have not any fear,
Because God's windows open wide
  The pretty tune to hear;
And when each crowding spirit looks,
  From its star window-pane,
A watching mother may behold
  Her little child again.
The wind, the wind, the wind,
  The wind may blow her home again.

Entertainment,

A Unique Box Social
Written for The Western Home Monthly By Mrs. J. E. C.

The young folk of our little town were all tired of taking part in programmes for our various entertainments so the ladies in our Aid Society planned something new. They desired to have a pleasant social evening, a programme instructive and humorous, and refreshments so arranged as to involve little labor.

Hence they announced a unique Box Social.

Posters caught the eye from different points around the room. At the entrance, one had this announcement: First Part, Question Box (Conversation). Second Part, Opera Box (Entertainment). Third Part, Lunch Box.

Home-made candy was sold in Boxes and the money placed in a Cash Box.

The entrance fee was dropped in a Contribution Box.

The tea-table was labelled Hot Box.

The lunch consisting of two sandwiches, two pieces of cake, and a cruller were put in a filler a Christmas and New Year Box.

Boxes were used for trays, tea was served in cups, and more sandwiches and cake passed around afterwards. The programme was fully carried out. The addresses of fifteen or twenty minutes' duration were given by prominent speakers of the town, all gentlemen, except the lady who opened up the Jingle Box, the rhymes referring to local events and people.

The programme consisted of the following:

Music Box, Selections—Gramophone.
Addresses by:
The Tool Box—A Machine Agent.
The Pill Box—A Doctor.
The Match Box—A Minister.
The Brain Box—A Farmer.
The Jingle Box.

The addresses were both humorous and instructive, and we added a goodly sum to our treasury.

Troubled With Weak Heart.

Was All Run Down.

Many people are unaware of having anything wrong with their heart till some excitement, overwork or worry causes them suddenly to feel faint or dizzy, and have an all-gone sinking sensation.

On the first sign of any weakness of the heart or nerves, you should not wait until your case becomes so desperate that it is going to take years to cure you, but avail yourself of a prompt and perfect cure by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

Mr. Thomas A. Stevenson, Harris Sask., writes:—"I was troubled with weak heart, and was all run down for a long while. I was almost in despair of ever getting well again, until a friend recommended me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. After the first box, I was much better, and three boxes cured me. I am now, as well as ever, and will highly recommend them to any one else troubled with a weak heart."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25.

For sale at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

KEEP THEM WORKING

A horse in the field is worth two in the barn. You can't prevent Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, or Curb from putting your horse in the barn but you can prevent these troubles from keeping horses in the barn very long. You can get

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

and cure all such ailments. For 35 years, Kendall's Spavin Cure has been the horseman's standby.

AULTSVILLE, ONT. MARCH 24th, 1912.

"I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for over 14 years curing two Bog Spavins, one Curb, one Bone Spavin and a Ringbone—all bad cases. Your medicine is the best in the world." JOSIAH REDICK.

Price $1 per bottle—6 bottles $5. Ask druggist for free book "Treatise on the Horse" or write direct to us 75

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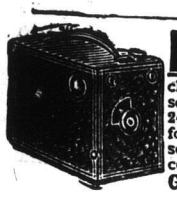
Means a saving of money to the farmer and his wife. The time and energy spent over the wash tub could be employed more profitably in some other way. It might mean more and better butter, poultry, fruit and eggs. The "Playtime" is adapted to either hand or power operation. In either case it eliminates the HARD work of washing and saves wear and tear on the clothes.

Ask your dealer to show you the "Playtime" or send to us for full information 109

Cummer-Dowswell Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.



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About the Farm

Speed the Old! Hail to the New!

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By Frances

The Old Year's tattered banners
Are drooping in the dust;
His armour, once so brilliant,
Is fleck'ed and stained with rust;
His hair is white, his flowing beard,
Floats draggled and untrimmed;
His brow is care-worn, and his eyes
With many tears are dimmed.

"My back is bent with burdens;
My heart is sad," he said;
"I see a waste of plenty,
While millions starve for bread;
Earth's sons walk close at Sorrow's side;
The gift of life brings woe;
My books are blotted, crossed and scored,
So clean twelve months ago.

"But, lo! there are some pages
That shine like burnished gold;
Entries that flash with diamonds,
The worth can ne'er be told;
And, read those sparkling, glinting lines
All pearl-encrusted o'er,
'A tempted soul refused the cup
That blasts forevermore.'"

An item wrought in silver—
My rapt attention drew,
"I thought of God and mother,
That sin, I could not do."
And then the Old Year lightly touched
These words in living light,
"A tiny gift and self-denied
But precious in His sight."

"Much evil is recorded,
For Satan has his toll;
But some white deeds will balance
And equalize the whole."
He closed the book; upon his face
A radiance seemed to shine,
That lightened up his features, and
Relieved each grief-stamped line.

The New Year's gilded pennons
Are flaunting o'er the way!
He comes! a brave, young gallant
A-thirsting for the fray!
And men press forth in haste to greet;
For while this life shall last,
The future calls us to retrieve
The errors of the past.

—Frances.

The Londoners on their Homestead

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By Lionel Kingsley

WE lived in London within sound of Bow Bells, and the grime of the city had begun to grow distasteful. The Lord Mayor's huge coachman interested us no more, and all was profitless. So, fired by the pamphlets that the benevolent Canadian officials rain broadcast, we decided to homestead.

The packing was a problem. We took all our furniture, including three bicycles—for one of the boys and two of the girls were enthusiastic cyclists—on reading from the railway guides to fortune that, "for miles the rolling lands are smooth for the aspiring plow, etc."

We arrived in the land of promise and in due course took up our homestead, 20 miles from a railway station. No more daily papers flying in to the breakfast table, no more postmen a dozen times a day. No! we had to buckle to. The younger ones soon found that cycling was out of the question. One could walk just twice as quickly, and nuts and bolts went everywhere. But ingenious minds turned them to use. The girls had mechanical bents and instead of having a gasoline engine they fixed their cycles on struts and run belts from the back spindles on to the churn, stone, etc. Instead of smoothly rolling over English roads they now sat stolidly in the barn and pedalled furiously. It was just like the "Home Exercisers" one gets at home. They got so expert at last at this new method of transmitted power that they could tell by the miles registered on their speedometers when the butter was done. So ingenuity rose to the occasion.

The piano came in a fearfully toneless condition. But our musician—greatly daring—bought a tuning key, an instructor (or destructor, rather) and bravely essayed to tune it. The result was that no one could ever play on it again. Pride went before a fall in this case.

It was when we got to actual grips with farm life that we went awry. It was all so strange to us. We had little pigs born to our great sow, 15 of them. They fed all the time, but, alas, they never grew. It was a strange case. At three months of age they were the wonder of the neighbors and of the agricultural colleges. Dwarfed specimens, but oh, so happy! With never a regard to us who thought only of the profitable side of them, they ruthlessly turned up for their perpetual meals. And then they began to die. Perhaps our reproachful eyes were too much for them. By twos and threes they went into the land of shades. So ended our first litter.

If our farm did not show much profit it provided good sport. Boar hunting was particularly gamey. We borrowed a neighbor's boar for breeding purposes, and conveyed it safely to our place in the wagon. Then it escaped, and for six long weary hours we chased it. Hour after hour it defied a hunting posse of five people. I vaulted over lumber, it slid between our legs, it grinned at us around corners. And all this just at the beginning of the thaw, the girls so aroused that they ran after it in the slushy snow in carpet slippers. Hunger alone tamed it, and then came retribution, for the sows would have none of it, and it eat not and slept not but under great difficulty, and with much tribulation of spirit. For Isabel, our pet sow, and Annabel the second best, cast not the light of their favor upon it, and somersaulted it, and harrowed it all over the pigsty. With such a father, and such a mother, how could the little dwarf pigs have turned out otherwise.

Cows were also a trial, but we soon got to take mishaps as part of the game, so that when one of the cattle fell down the well—its front legs in it and its hind uncomfortably resting on one edge of the well—we took it for granted that this was some of the routine of farm life, and cheerfully passed three hours in hauling it up. We almost sawed the brute's head off in our endeavors, but we did it eventually, and our joy was so great that we put it to bed at once with a hot mash. And the knowingness of that cow was so much that it actually fell down the well again next day. But it did not get a hot mash a second time, it got a hot smash.

Our ignorance was pathetic. Our splendid mare foaled as we were driving home with it in the shafts from a party. Foaled a half mile from home in the absolute darkness. Light had to be got and one of the girls ran to the house for lamps, and it was a sight to make cats laugh to see her endeavoring to run along with lighted table lamps under her arm. Every now and then the wind would catch her, and there would be an eclipse. Perseverance conquered, however, and mare and foal were victoriously brought safe to haven.

Take it all in all, we loved not homesteading. Our land grew crops principally of stones, which are not exactly profitable.

Still, it was a glorious time as long as we kept up the illusion that we were farmers. It took a lot to dampen our spirits—even the torrential rains could not do it for long. We had almost decided to evacuate our farm when something happened, and a glorious change came over our spirits.

The sun shone and our crops grew, actually grew. They didn't rot as hitherto they had done, but, in defiance of all the rules of ill-luck, flourished golden heads of corn up towards the Manitoba heavens, and such is the adaptability of human nature, that as we looked back at the comfortable house which by this time we had built, we decided that things might be worse, and that the free air of the prairie provinces

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In order to advertise and introduce their home study music lessons in every locality, the International Institute of Music of New York will give free to our readers a complete course of instruction for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Cello. Brass Instruments or Sight singing. In return they simply ask that you recommend their Institute to your friends after you learn to play.

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The International Institute has successfully taught others and can successfully teach you, even if you know absolutely nothing whatever about music. The lessons make everything clear.

Write today for the free booklet, which explains everything. It will convince you and cost you nothing. Address your letter or postal card to International Institute of Music, 98 Fifth Ave., Dept. Dept. 349D, New York, N.Y.

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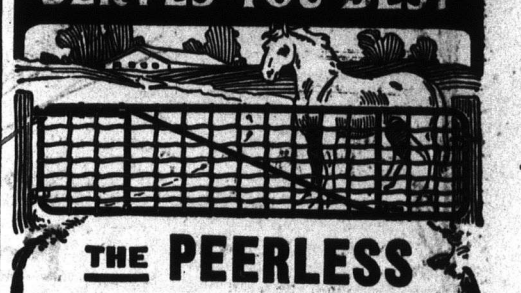

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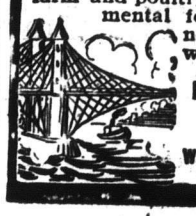
JUST as the engineer strengthens the points of strain in a big, mighty bridge, so we have designed braces, stronger than was necessary, to make our gates stiff and rigid. They can't sag—they can't twist—they are a great improvement over gates made the old way.

Peerless Gates

are made of first-class material. Frame work of 1⅜ inch steel tubing electrically welded together. Peerless pipe braced gates are all filled with heavy No. 9 Open Hearth galvanized steel wire—built for strength and durability—weather proof and stock proof.

Send for free catalog. Ask about our farm and poultry fencing, also our ornamental fence and gates. Agents nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in open territory.

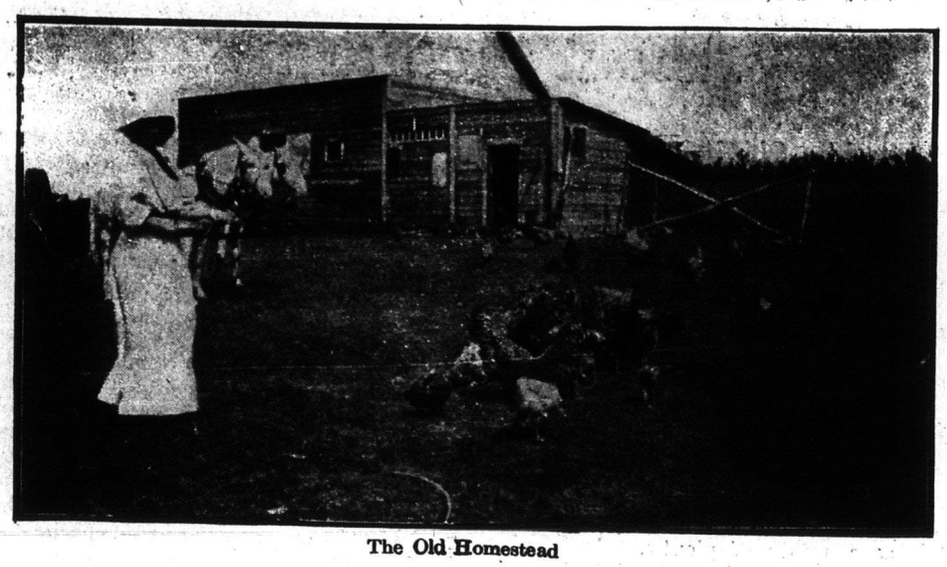


BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO. Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

was much purer, and certainly much cheaper than that of smoky old London. We began to discover new virtues in all that went to make up our little kingdom of 160 acres. Four miles away was the Lake Dauphin, and our boys brought home great lines of fish; blue berries, cranberries, and an infinite variety of other berries grew on the land; prairie fowls hopped audaciously on the roofs of the outbuildings, and last but not least, a moose actually—one winter's day, though, this was—hammered on our back door.

From being only what our neighbors had come to call us—"good sports" we had imperceptibly, but surely, developed into "good farmers." In othe words we had, to use the crisp Canadian phrase, "made good." It was very satisfactory to us now to laugh at our former amateur experiences. Not that, however, even now we did not make mistakes, many of them laughable in all truth. Not that the girls did not turn up their noses very often in digust at what they called the crudities of farm life. For instance, when our sow next favored



The Old Homestead

us with a litter, and two of the babykins were poorly, they were brought into the house for delicate treatment, and the smell of the tiny shivering pigbodies was not odorous to the nostrils of the daughters of the house. So that the said daughters bathed the said pigkins with lavender water—an expensive treatment, which lacks nothing on the aesthetic side.

We will not say but that we often during our period of being "broken in" despaired of success, and of ever wresting anything from the soil but those great stones. Nor that we did not lament ever leaving the Old Country. The long winter nights were our chiefest trial of all, the utter blankness of our detached life. not a neighbor within miles, and thrust back upon our worn-out resources. The inner furnishings of the large house which has taken the place of the former shack certainly helped to pass many an hour during times when snows had erected a barricade between us and the outer world. We discovered during this long season of nature's silence new pleasures in our books, our hobbies, but alas, never in our piano. It refused to sing the old songs, and the most we could persuade it to do was to lend an indifferent accompaniment to the Canadian classic, "The Maple Leaf for ever."

Such is the narrative of the Londoners and of their "making good" on the fertile lands of the great West.

Saving the Baby Pigs

In the early spring before the sows farrow, I grind two bushels of corn and four bushels of oats together. I grind the corn largely to get the oats ground, as it is hard to grind oats alone. I think the grinding crushes the hull and the hogs get more out of them, as unground may pass through whole. To this I add 400 pounds ship stuff, 100 pounds tankage, 50 pounds oil meal and mix all together. To eight gallons of this mixture I add 10 gallons of hot water and then 10 gallons of cold, and feed to 25 young sows.

I also feed shock corn. The hogs eat some of the blades and it helps them; it saves husking the corn, and the hogs do better than on husked corn. Some of the shelled corn works down through and the hogs work all day rooting after it, which gives them exercise. When hogs are fed on ear corn they eat and then lie down. The corn fodder keeps them clean. After a week you have a bed of stalks to feed on, and not only that, they are in the best possible condition in which to get them before farrowing. Some young sows I sold last winter had nine pigs the first litter and their dams had 12 and 13 for us.

I breed Poland-Chinas. These hogs are the easiest feeders and get equally as large as any of the other breeds; and when fed up they carry the style and beauty admired by all. Although in the show ring the competition is great, those that are not afraid to launch out and show where winning is worth while usually get the honor that is rightfully due them.

Hogs at Farrowing Time

At farrowing time I watch my hogs closely. At the 108th to 110th day I put each sow in a small pen by herself. I like the A-shape house the best, as the sows cannot lie on the pigs. When it is very cold I place a lantern in the top of the A-shape house and it keeps them warm. It also gives light. I do not think a sow will lie on as many pigs if a lantern is kept burning about three nights until the pigs can get out of the way of the sow. I find more pigs are killed at night than in the day time.

When the pigs first come I place them one by one in an old tub with old carpet in it and a piece over the top. I keep them away for two hours and then let them nurse. I am careful to see that all get an equal share and take them away again. I do this about three times, and by that time the sow will be very quiet; by so doing in this way I usually can save the whole litter. I do not feed the sow much for about three days. After that time she is allowed about all she will eat after the tenth day if the pigs are all right.

Sometimes a sow's feed will all go to flesh, and the little pigs starve. Care must be taken to reduce the fat forming materials and feed something richer in protein. After the pigs are three weeks old a run is made for the pigs. They have their little trough with skim milk and middlings in it.

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20

A Farm Lad's Training

Anna Marilla Johnson, A.M.

Farm or school, which shall it be? is the question usually presenting itself to the parents of a country lad as he enters upon his teens. The fond mother, dreading to lose sight of her boy, begs that he be allowed to stay at home and learn by experience how to care for the farm one day to be his. The father perhaps wishes for his son another, an easier lot. The child himself shyly looks with longing toward the wide world, yet shrinks from the effort of a flight from the home nest. Who shall decide that which must be decided

Contrasted arguments of apparent weight may be advanced, but the decision rests upon the family's ideal of success. Not until that has been success. For what, then, we ask, was the farmer's son born? Was it not for the reason any soul is allowed an earthly career, namely, to help on humanity, in other words, to make people broader, better, and, therefore, happier? The father who asks for his son only a "living"—food, companions, protection from the elements—is degrading the boy to a level with brutes. Cattle seek no more. A lad must develop mind and heart if he is to outrank the beasts.

No longer is the query, farm or school, answered simply in accordance with the parents interest but rather in accord with the plan of nature herself. For what has she fashioned that child? What are his native aptitudes? What does he love best? Brooks and pastures? Sowing, reaping, gathering into barns? Do the growing fruit and ripening grain fascinate him, or does the very breadth of paternal acres induce a sense of loneliness? Is the lowing of kine discord to his ear? and are sweet-scented fields

Residence of E. E. Law, Publisher of the "Progress," Qu'Appelle, Sask.

merely a source of hay catarrh? Does he sit up nights to fashion aeroplanes? Does he long for a paint brush or a violin? Nature has predetermined his choice of a career; to her the wise parent will give heed.

If the lad's bent at once declares in favor of farm life, must the original query still stand, farm or school? No; there is a third possibility that may well be considered—a blending of the two. Without the book knowledge now attainable in our advanced institutions, the young mind will live handicapped in ability and enjoyment. Both farm and farmer will gain from the school; yet no theory will insure success; there must be an application of what the lad has learned of physics, chemistry, botany, forestry and the like. This needful practice may be largely secured during a part of school vacations.

Even if the country boy finds his bent not farmward, but toward business or a professional career, the query, farm or school, may well be answered by the combination, farm and school, since "doctor, lawyer, merchant, priest" alike need manual dexterity, as well as the informing and inspiring help of progressive schools.

One caution should be offered before leaving the subject: no student exhausted with brain work can safely turn at once to severe physical labor. The depleted nerve force must be renewed by rest before the home-coming schoolboy has strength to load hay or even "do the chores."

The fact still remains that a vacation of several weeks affords the scholar opportunity not only to test his scientific theories, but also to make his physique more efficient in the service of mind and heart, while he learns first hand of nature's wondrous ways. In the education of our country lad, then, may we not escape from our dilemma as to farm or school by a happy, natural combination of the two?

How to Market Winter Poultry

By E. T. Brown, Editor of "The Illustrated Poultry Record."

The eye is the inlet to the soul, so it is said; equally true is it that the eye is the inlet to the pocket, and the sooner that the smallholders of this country realize this important fact the more likely are they to make their poultry pay.

Not only is this true of chickens and eggs, but it applies to fruit, vegetables, butter, in fact, to all the many different kinds of farm produce. The foreigners have long ago grasped the vital importance of this fact, and they have reaped the benefits. Moreover, they are still reaping them.

In many ways the winter markets are the most important of the whole year so far as poultry of all kinds is concerned. It certainly is with regard to turkeys and geese, for this is the period to which all aims have been directed ever since the birds were hatched.

In the case of ducks and chickens the winter market is not the best, for higher prices are procurable during the spring months. At the same time, the present is an excellent opportunity of disposing of all the surplus stock, and for good specimens quite satisfactory prices are obtainable.

What the Market Wants

Speaking somewhat generally, small birds find but a poor sale during the

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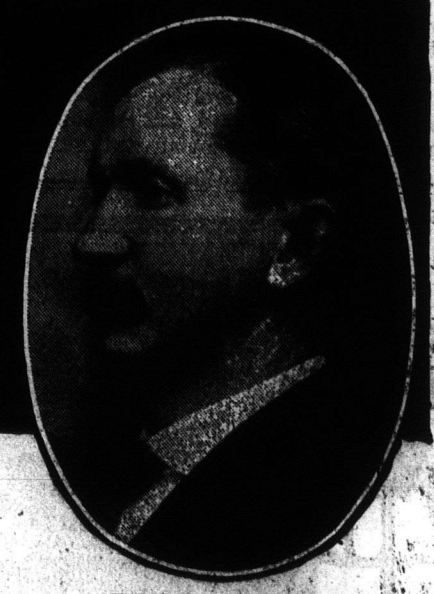

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Jesse Beery was a country lad, and was thrown upon his own resources at an early age. His love of horses and amazing insight into their natures easily got him work at once. His astounding control over unruly horses soon attracted such attention that vicious horses were brought from long distances to be subdued by the "boy wonder." His fame spread rapidly and demands for his services came from widely scattered communities.

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For years Prof. Beery traveled all over the United States and Canada, thrilling vast audiences everywhere. His marvelous skill in training horses and man-killing stallions won for him the title "King of Horse-Tamers and Horse-Trainers." Honors were showered upon him by admiring thousands. He has now retired from the arena with an independent fortune and is giving the world the benefit of his priceless knowledge.

Hundreds of his graduates are today making all kinds of money as the direct result of his teachings. You will find letters from many in the grand, free "Horse-Trainer's Prospectus."

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A. L. Dickinson, Friendship, N.Y., writes: "I am working a pair of horses that cleaned out several men. I got them for $110, gave them a few lessons and have been offered $400 for the pair."

S. M. Ryder, Mercersburg, Pa., writes: "I am making money buying 3 year-old kickers *cheap*, handling them for a few days and selling them, perfectly broken, at a large profit." So it goes. Everywhere Beery's graduates are making money as trainers and "traders," giving exhibitions.

Write and we will tell you about more of them. It's intensely interesting.

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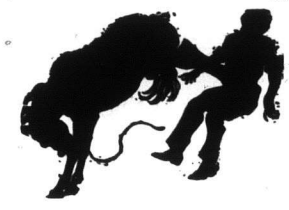


Maimed for Life

Never would have happened had the horse been properly trained

HONK! HONK! HONK!
This is what happens every day

winter season. The public demands large birds, and is willing to pay for its fancy. There have been certain modifications, however, during the past year or two, and I think the public is beginning to realize, very slowly it is true, that the smaller birds are invariably finer in flavour than the very large specimens.

The great majority of purchasers, however, still prefer the big, heavy birds. This refers to all kinds of poultry produce, particularly turkeys and geese. The size determines in a very large measure the price, for while a turkey weighing under 12 lbs. may fetch no more than 9d. per lb., one turning the scales at 20 lbs. or more may realize quite double this. The same thing applies to geese, and the large birds not only fetch more money, but sell better.

It is not so imperative for chickens and ducks to be large, but at the same time it is distinctly an advantage. The demand at the end of the year is not so much for chickens and ducklings as for fowls and ducks.

The Killing Process

Upon the careful killing, plucking, and packing a great deal depends. It is no use going to the trouble and expense of fattening poultry unless these final processes are carried out in a very careful manner.

It is extremely important to withhold all food from the birds for at least twenty-four hours before they are killed. In the case of turkeys and geese thirty hours is none too long, especially if the weather it at all warm or muggy.

This starving is in order to empty the birds' system, for if they are killed while they have food in their crops or intestines the quality and flavour of their flesh is injured, besides which they do not remain fresh so long.

There are two methods of killing between which there is little to choose. The most common in the case of chickens and ducks, and the best under ordinary circumstances, is by dislocation of the neck.

Few people are strong enough to wring a turkey's or a goose's neck, and knifing them is thus necessary.

This is quite a simple process. The bird is laid on its back on a table, the mouth opened, and the point of a sharp knife inserted into the brain through the roof of the mouth. This pierces the brain, and death is instantaneous.

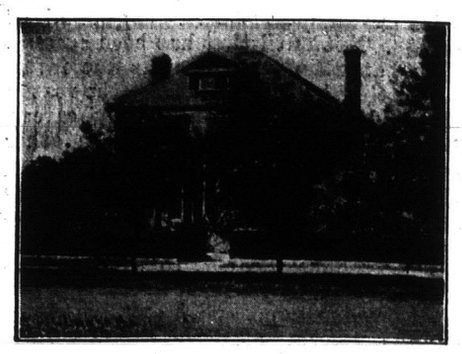
When killing by dislocation of the neck the operator holds the birds by the hocks and long flight feathers in the left hand; with the right he grips the back of the head between the first two fingers, and by a slow and backward pull he breaks the spinal cord.

Plucking and Shaping

All the time the feathers are being removed the fowl's head must be hung downwards in order that the blood in the body may drain away freely. Unless this occurs the flesh will be dark coloured and unsightly.

Plucking should begin as soon as possible, since a minute while the body is warm is worth five when cold. Not only do the feathers come out more easily, but there is less danger of tearing the flesh.

The feathers should be gripped firmly and given a sharp pull in the opposite direction to that in which they are lying. A slow dragging movement should be avoided. All immature feathers, known in the trade as stubs, should be removed, as they are unsightly. The



Residence of F. L. Davis, Neepawa, Man.

birds should be plucked clean, leaving no feathers save on the neck.

Nearly all kinds of poultry can be greatly improved in appearance by shaping, which should be done immediately plucking is finished, and before the heat has left the body.

A shaping board is necessary in the case of chickens; and this consists of two pieces of wood about 6 inches wide, nailed together almost at right angles, with end pieces. The chickens are placed within this trough, breast downwards, with the legs and wings tucked beneath them, and the head hanging over the front. On their backs a heavy weight is placed.

This gives the birds a square shape and adds greatly to their appearance.

Ducks and geese should be placed on a table, breast downwards, with a heavy weight on their backs. The chickens in the shaping board, and the ducks and geese on the table, should remain in this position until they are stone cold. It is not customary to shape turkeys.

Sending to Market

It is of the utmost importance not to pack poultry until it is quite cold. Probably more birds are damaged through the neglect of this simple precaution than through anything else. If the birds are warm when packed they deteriorate very quickly indeed, arriving at their destination flabby and discoloured, and with their value greatly reduced.

Although a little trouble, it pays to wrap each bird separately in greaseproof paper. The bottom of the hamper

Residence of Hon. J. W. Howden, Neepawa, Man.

should be well covered with sweet, clean straw, this again being covered with some softer material, such as woodwool or paper, in order to prevent the backs of the birds getting damaged. The birds should be placed on their backs side by side, and the spaces between filled in with soft packing, which should well cover the breasts.

Care must be taken to prevent the birds coming into contact with the sides of the hamper. It is advisable to pack quite tightly to prevent the birds shaking about during the journey.

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Keeping Hogs Cool

By H. T. Morgan

The necessity for providing shade and pure water in abundance for hogs in summer is overlooked by a majority of the swine growers throughout the country. It is astonishing to note the negligence of farmers in this matter. Hogs having access to a wood-lot or orchard will be amply provided with shade. Throughout the greatest hog producing states, however, these animals are pastured in open lots and there they will suffer greatly from heat unless proper artificial shade is provided. A cheap and efficient shade can be erected in a few hours and at no expense, aside from the labor involved, by setting six or nine forked posts in the ground to support some old fence rails which may be covered with a few armloads of brush and then covering the whole with a load of old straw. This makes an excellent shade and is preferable to one of boards, as the straw roof is far cooler than one of lumber. The shade should be open on all sides and should be built at the highest point in the field, in order to take advantage of every breeze. The loss of hogs from overheating is very great and such losses can be guarded against only by affording the animals a retreat from the sun in hot weather.

Right here a word of advice about treating an overheated hog: Never pour cold water on the animal; pour it under him. A hog that is on the ground, and not too far gone, will respond to treatment if water is supplied in this manner. Never attempt to drive an overheated hog. If possible, after supplying some water, erect a temporary shade, such as a blanket or sheet supported by a couple of poles. On extremely hot days it is an excellent plan to pour a barrel of water under the shade which has been built for the hogs and this will afford much comfort for the entire herd throughout the day.

The greatest care should be exercised in preventing the hogs from having access to streams which may have been subject to disease germs. Under no circumstances should hogs be allowed to run in fields opening on large streams. The almost universal prevalence of cholera last season has taught many a farmer the folly of courting disaster by allowing his hogs to water at a stream which may have watered a score of herds of diseased hogs. In supplying well water to the animals it is easy to make provision against their getting their supply filthy. There are a number of commercial hog-waterers which are inexpensive and are admirable. These may be attached to a water line or to a stock tank or a barrel. They are fitted with a float valve which automatically keeps the drinking vessel full. The drinking vessel is small and does not admit of the hogs getting their feet into it. Where a barrel is used for supplying the animals, it is advisable to add a handful of lime to the barrel of water, since this will render it more palatable after becoming heated by the sun. Stagnant water is wholly unfit for hogs, and it is unwise to allow them to have access to places where it exists.

Barnyard Manure

Its Importance to the Farmer—How to Care for and use Manure.

The manure problem is a fundamental problem for farmers of today and tomorrow. One of the most important lessons for them to learn is how to produce good barnyard manure; and then to care for it and use it rationally.

In many parts of Canada the manure is simply thrown away. In other places, notably in the West, it is burned; and in places where the manure has accumulated around the stables, the stables have been moved away, instead of making use of the manure. This means a great annual loss. At the present price of plant food, the amount of manure produced in the United States every year is worth nearly $2,500,000,000. In 1908, the value of the whole crop in the United States was only $1,601,000,000. These figures show the very great importance of manure production.

Value as Fertilizer

Manure is usually valued according to the amount of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash it contains. This method does not give any value to the humus, which is a very important part of the manure. It holds moisture which aids in bringing the plant food in the soil into soluble condition and makes the soil more friable and easily tilled.

Experiments at Rothamsted, England, during fifty years on land (1) unmanured, (2) manured continually, and (3) manured during the first twenty years only, showed a gradual decrease in the crop on the unmanured soil and a gradual increase from year to year on the manured soil. When the application was stopped there was a gradual decrease, but at the end of thirty years after the last application, the yield was still double that on the unmanured part.

Overlooking Fitzburg, Alta.

Sources of Loss

The greatest sources of loss are from allowing the liquid portion to run away, leaching by rain, and from heating or fermentation.

The liquid is much more valuable in plant food per pound than the solid. In cow manure the total liquid portion is about the same value as the total solid portion. Yet many farmers arrange their stables to drain off the liquid. Don't do it. From $10 to $15 worth of fertility can be lost annually in this way from each cow kept. Use some kind of absorbing material to prevent loss of liquid.

How to Apply Manure

Where possible, the manure should be spread on the field as made. It saves handling twice, and there is a greater tonnage then than at any other time. The effect of green manure will be seen for a longer time than rotted manure on account of the decomposition taking place in the soil. If this cannot be done, by all means have a covered shed where the manure is put and where it will be packed by stock tramping on it, and where it will be kept moist. If it is kept tramped and moist and if

The Mischief of Substitution A Warning

Have you met the substitutor? The man who consistently tries to talk you out of buying what you **want** for something which he says is "just as good." Have you thought **why** he is so anxious to do this? His motive is mercenary and he wants to take **advantage** of your confidence for the sake of a **few** cents additional profit. Your interests would be in safer hands elsewhere. It is solely for this reason that **some** dealers try to sell you a substitute when you ask for Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, which has **no** equal as a **cure** for Dyspepsia and Indigestion or in regulating the functions of the liver and blood.

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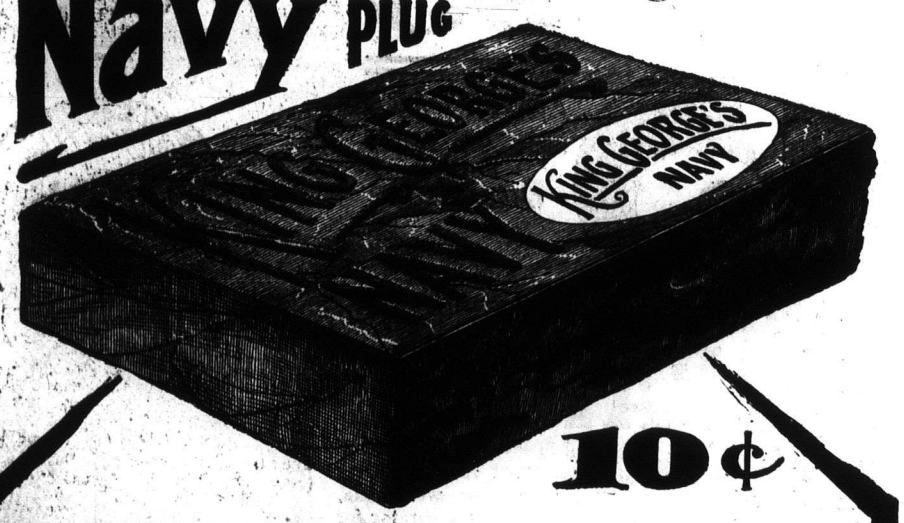

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the shed has a cement floor there will be very little loss.

Experiments in the West have shown that a very light application of barnyard manure in the spring after sowing, as a top dressing on soils having a tendency to blow, gives excellent results; not only preventing blowing, but giving increased yields from the added plant food.

Some Errors That are Common

People sometimes believe that it is impossible to rear chickens with success on the same ground for a number of years. Of course, it is preferable, if it can be arranged, to place them on new ground each year, but with proper care the ground may be used for any number of years successively. Strict attention, however, must be paid to cleanliness, the ground being well disinfected with lime at the end of each breeding season, so writes Mr. Albert E. Wragg, in the 'Poultry World.'

It is a great mistake to suppose that poultry can thrive without perfect conditions, and yet, what a number of poultry-keepers never think of supplying them! In places where fowls are kept in great numbers they generally clear the ground of all its natural grit, particularly if they are running chiefly on grass. Often it has been found that the want of these necessaries has prevented the birds from keeping in good health, and has hindered them from being a source of profit to their owners.

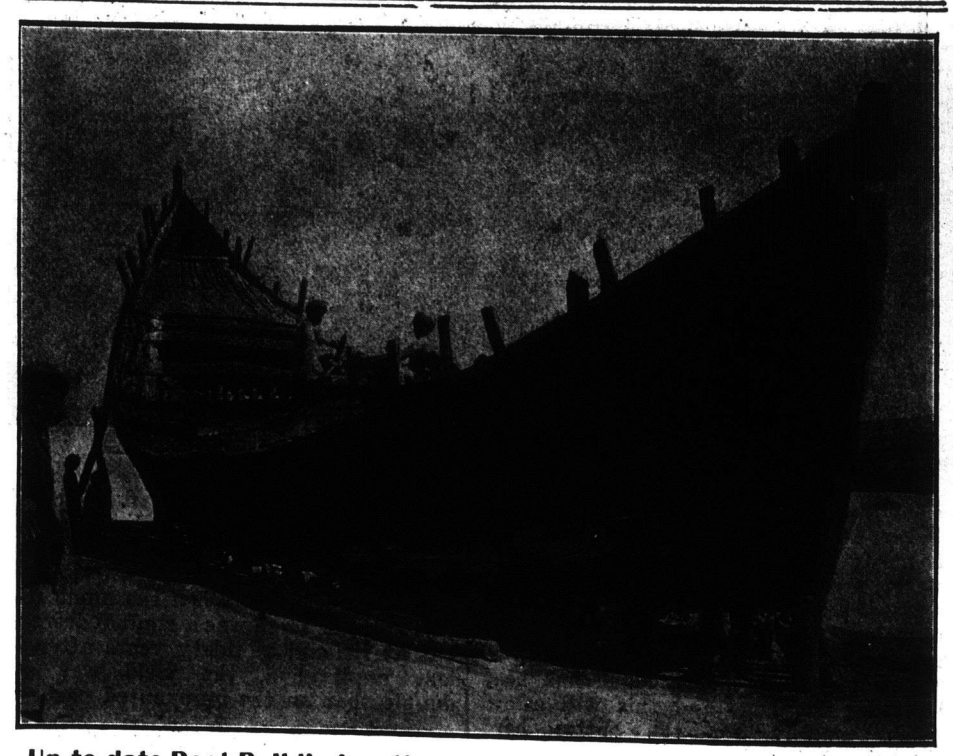
It need hardly be stated that some birds are much better situated than others for getting a natural supply of such material. When the ground is naturally deficient in sharp grit it ought certainly to be regularly supplied. Oyster shell or old lime rubbish is also required in order that the birds may have plenty of material wherewith to shell their eggs. Shell-less eggs are a sure sign that hens are short of lime. Good flint grit and broken oyster shell can now be obtained very cheaply, and every poultry keeper should have a stock.

The majority of poultry keepers are of opinion that egg shells given to poultry will teach them the bad habit of egg eating. No doubt they might if given without having previously been broken up. I have made a practice of always giving them to my birds, and have never been troubled with an egg-eater. The precaution, however, is always taken to well break up the shells, and it is found that they are always eagerly devoured, especially by such hens as are laying.

Another mistaken idea exists with regard to unfertile eggs. It is often supposed that when eggs have been set for three weeks and some prove rotten, that they are unfertile. This is not so, for the very fact of their rottenness proves that they have contained life; that it has been killed by exposure to cold or in some other way, and that putrefaction has ensued. An infertile egg will not be rotten at the end of three weeks and, when broken, will have no offensive smell.

Certain people believe that the sex of chickens can be foretold by the shape of the egg or position of the air-cell. I am of opinion that this is utterly impossible; and that, in fact, we cannot even tell whether the egg contains the life germ or not.

It is often supposed that hens will not lay so well if they are not running with a cock. I do not believe this to be true; for all the effect the male bird has is in the impregnation of the eggs. Hens lay and thrive just as well without a male bird.



Up-to-date Boat Building on the Spot Where Noah Built his Ark

Copyright by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

Bagdad.—"Make Thee an Ark of Gopher Wood."

So spake the Lord, centuries and centuries ago, as Noah stood on the banks of the Euphrates in lower Mesapotomia, almost on the very spot where the ark pictured here is being constructed.

The builders, with their coffee colored faces capped by a white turban, recall to one's mind vividly their forefathers who used the same methods in boat construction back in the biblical days, as do their descendents in the most enlightened and advanced century since the creation of the earth.

"Time and tide wait for no man"; but here along the Euphrates, time has moved with the pace of a snail, and even at the present writing, the mode of water transportation is either by raft or else by cufa. The latter is a doughnut shaped boat, whose skeleton framework is covered with goatskins. When in the water these cufas revolve like a merry-go-round. It is because of the portentousness of this Venetian Gondola shaped boat, being constructed almost on the identical spot where Noah built the ark that withstood the Flood, that interest is attached to its building.

A sort of low platform is made by driving stakes into the ground. Supported by cross-pieces resting on these stakes, the native workmen shape the rakish looking "Imporate" of the Euphrates river. The ribs of the boat, slanting upward and outward, are protected by nailing hand-sawed and hewed planks to them. The use of pitch is here unknown. In its place a bituminous stuff resembling coal tar, which sticks tight, is used to fill up the seams and cracks in an effort to make the vessel watertight. Along the Euphrates river there are many places where such bitumen is found in natural pits and ready for use, but the sun of the land has cooked the blood in the veins of the natives to a sluggish degree, and satisfaction is perched on the shoulders of the boat builders when their rough looking craft is shoved off the ways and wets its nose in the cool waters of the Euphrates river.

Spraying the Hen House

Any of the common coal tar stock dips may be used as sprays for the hen house with satisfactory results. They may be diluted with 50 parts of water. These mixtures may be applied with a large brush or with a spraying machine. A good spraying machine is quicker and more efficient than a brush. Great care must be taken to fill thoroughly every crevice in the wall, perches and nests with the liquid.

Two thorough sprayings should be made on the first day. The next day a careful examination should be made, and if any mites can be found alive, the house should be thoroughly treated again. Although these solutions will kill the adult mites, it is not likely that they will reach the mite eggs and prevent them from hatching. The poultry houses, therefore, must be sprayed twice again at intervals of one week. This will catch any mites that have hatched out from the eggs laid previous to the first spraying.

Feeding Green Foods

When fowls have free range they eat a considerable amount of grass or other green foods. It would appear to be desirable that where birds are confined in small runs during the summer, fall, or winter, some effort should be made to supply this food. Many foods are available, such as waste cabbage, mangels, turnips, rape, clover hay, clover leaves or green food, especially grown for that purpose.

Cabbage at times will flavor the eggs slightly and may cause serious digestive troubles. Both rape and cabbage make good green foods, but judgment must be exercised in their use. Mangels are a succulent food and relished by the birds during the winter. They can be fed either pulped or whole. Turnips may also flavor the eggs. They are not as palatable as mangels; in fact, some fowls will not eat them at all, but at the same time they have considerable food value.

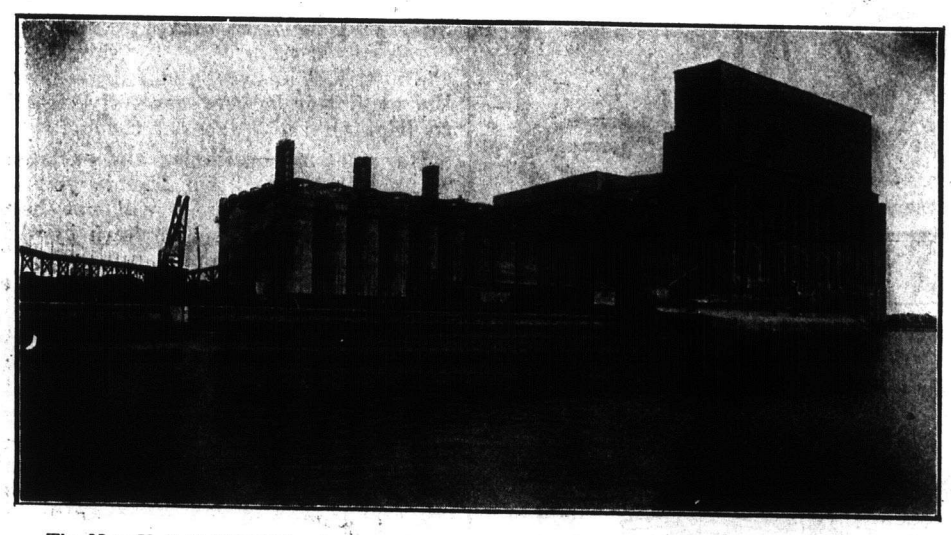
The growing of green food is becoming popular with many. The ordinary plan is to soak whole oats 24 hours previous to sowing. The ordinary greenhouse flat is useful for this purpose. Any box from three to four inches deep will answer. It is necessary that the bottom of the box should have sufficient holes to give good drainage. Place a little damp earth over the bottom of the box and then put in about one-half inch of soaked grain and cover this with about one inch of sand. Keep the earth moist. In a few days the grain will begin to germinate. Most feeders allow the grain to grow up to two or three inches in height before feeding it.

The Winter Quarters

Most poultry breeders are thinking just now of making things snug for the winter that is looming before us, and in most cases our ambition is to keep our fowls so cosy and comfortable that they will defy the cold and lay all the winter. A great deal naturally depends upon the available accommodation, and there can be no doubt that the amateur with a small, sheltered run in his backyard or garden has an even better chance of producing a regular supply of winter eggs than the more extensive breeder whose fowls are kept in larger and more exposed runs. Only keep the birds healthy by giving them plenty of scratching exercise, and feed well, but judiciously, on a moderately stimulating diet and the hens are pretty certain to lay. But beware of the artificially heated hen house. This is not comfort, but coddling, and birds kept in such places are more liable to take a chill when they go out into the cold air. If hens cannot be induced to lay in roomy, sheltered scratching sheds, with good food and management, it is pretty certain that artificial warmth at night will not do them any good.

The Housing Problem

In the first place the backyarder should consider the housing problem. The house that is intended for the flock should be built with a view to it containing more birds than it is actually intended to place in it. That is to say, if the prospective breeder intends to keep six fowls he should build a house with accommodation for twelve. Only by this means can the great danger of overcrowding (alas, often too prevalent!) be avoided. The building should be airy, with a window, and if there is room for a regular scratching shed, should be raised about two feet above the level of the ground, so that in wet weather the birds can go underneath and scratch. If possible the whole space devoted to the run should be covered in. The run should at least be twice as long as the stamped down flat and covered with a closed-in house. The floor should be suitable litter. This may be of any nature, but the most satisfactory is straw. The shed should be boarded for some three feet above the ground, as this prevents draught. The remainder is closed in with wire netting. Some sort of shutter to keep out the rain and snow in the winter is also a help.



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Maurice Maeterlinck: Perfect bravery and true courage is to do without a witness all that we would do with the whole world looking on.

Lord Morley: True eloquence consists in saying what is needed, and in saying only what is needed.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke: Happiness is in relish, not in things; it is by having what we like that we are happy, not in having what others like.

George Bernard Shaw: Nothing ought to lessen the satisfaction we have in ourselves so much as seeing that we disapprove at one time what we approved at another.

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The Bird Charmer

AS I wandered about through the Tuileries gardens in Paris one morning my attention was drawn to a curious crowd that was closely watching the movements of a man. There he stood, the center of admiring spectators, with pigeons and sparrows thronging around him. The birds perched fearlessly on his head, arms, and shoulders, pecked at his feet and looked up at him with their bright bead-like eyes filled with absolute confidence and trust. I realized that this must be the celebrated M. Pol, the bird charmer, whom I had so often heard of but never seen, simply because I had never chanced to cross the Tuileries gardens when he happened to be feeding his feathered pets.

I drew near, attracted by the pretty and wonderful sight. It was not long before an opportunity presented itself, and I was able to enter into conversation with the famous bird charmer, whom I found only too pleased to give me all the particulars of his charming. M. Pol revels in expatiating on the intelligence and many qualities of his little favorites. He himself is a curious character, clever and quick-witted, brimming over with the bright and amusing repartees of his countrymen. M. Pol for many years worked in one of the Paris ministerial offices, and it was in passing to and from his work through the Tuileries gardens that he first noticed the birds, nearly fifteen years ago. One morning he brought a small roll and threw the crumbs on the ground. The Parisian sparrow, like his prototype the French "gamin" or street boy, is not shy, and M. Pol was interested and amused to see the little things flutter at his feet and peck vigorously at the bread he had given them. He gradually got into the way of stopping morning and evening to distribute crumbs to the birds, very soon they became his one absorbing interest. He began to study their ways and life. Not content with being their friend and benefactor in a general way, he soon grew to know many of them individually, giving them special names that accorded with some trait in their character or some peculiar mark in their plumage. He mentioned to me as one of the most striking features of their intelligence that these birds remember a name given to them one day and answer to it the next.

This extraordinary man is now in such perfect sympathy with his birds that they obey his slightest wish when given by word of mouth or by a mere sign or wave of the hand.

"In fact," M. Pol confidently asserts, "I find these birds are no longer mere sparrows, but accomplished and talented people. To tell you the truth," and a merry twinkle lights up his eyes, "I consider my feathered friends are far better acquainted with the forms of outward politeness and courtesy than many of their supposed betters who bear the name of men and women!

"Would you like to be personally introduced to some of my little friends?" he asks, delighted to note the growing interest I show in his pets.

"Most certainly! I should be charmed." I answer, and I draw nearer the magic circle very carefully, fearing to frighten the feathered throng.

He notes my hesitation and exclaims: "I shall tell my little friends you are all right and that you will not harm them. They put absolute faith in what I tell them, so that, if you wish it, they will at my bidding feed out of your own hands."

Delighted with the novel experience, I stand quite close to the bird-charmer and extend him my hands, holding in each a tiny morsel of bread rolled out in a spiral shape.

"Come on, my children, fear nothing," the charmer shouts, and docile to the word of command the sparrows fly towards me and boldly peck at the morsels of bread I am holding.

"See, 'tis quite easy for anyone to be a bird charmer, if they only try," he laughs. "Now let me show you some of the talents of my pupils, for many of them are clever and wonderfully gifted.

"This is 'Cafe au Lait,' so named from the particular gloss of his coat, and called after a celebrated race-horse belonging to M. Bremont, well known on the English turf. 'Cafe au Lait, come here!'"

The bird so-named flies from the ground, soars above M. Pol's head and swoops down on the piece of bread held aloft.

"This is Mr. 'Joli-Coeur,' (Gay Young Spark), whose specialty it is to take a piece of bread from off the tip of my nose.

"Here comes 'Tape-a-l'oeil' (One in the Eye); he is an old friend of twelve years' standing; you see, as they grow older the birds' plumage turns blacker, contrary to the human species which grows gray with age.

"This little maid here is only three months old; her name is 'La Souris' (the Mouse); she was exceedingly shy when first her mother introduced her to me, but see, now I can rain down cuffs to within an inch of her head, and she does not budge."

He suits the action to the words and "La Souris" seems to smile up at him placidly.

"This gentleman I am rather proud of: 'Le Boer' is really the first French sparrow on record who has learnt English. Mark well, I make no sign to him, it is only what I say which he understands and responds to."

In fairly fluent English M. Pol calls out:

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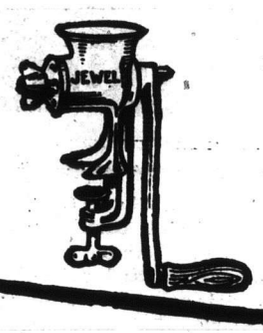

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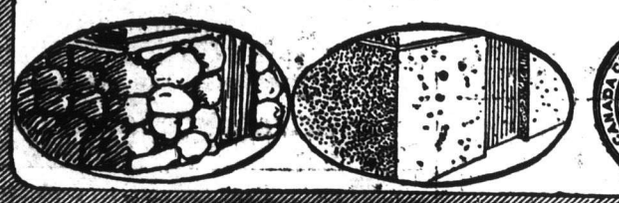

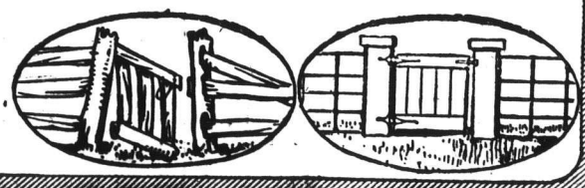

"Will you have some bread, my dear? Come here, old chap!"

As he repeats each phrase, "Le Boer" flies up from the ground and comes to perch on his outstretched hand.

"Here is 'La Mere Michel,' who, though an old lady in her thirteenth year, is also actually learning English. Ah! here comes 'Garibaldi;' now he is an Italian scholar."

The old man speaks in Italian to the last-named bird, which responds to each different call.

"Yes," continues the bird-charmer regretfully, "I find it a great drawback that I myself do not know many more languages; I should then be able to teach my birds and make regular polyglots of them. My ignorance stands in their way, poor things, otherwise they would shine even more than they do.

"This one here, 'Gugus,' has only just returned from his summer tour; he has been away with his wife and children.

"Ah! see this little lady, is she not a graceful little dancer, 'Mlle, Casque d'Or?'"

The old fellow starts dancing down the alley, and the sparrow he has just called "Casque d'Or" struts after him in comic imitation of his mincing steps.

"Is she not sweet?" He turns round to me. "It was 'Le Pere Joseph' who was her dancing master. See what a creditable pupil she is to him. Do you not think so?"

"'Le Pere Joseph!' and who was he?" I enquire.

"'Le Pere Joseph?' Why! he was one of the cleverest cock-sparrows that ever walked this earth, or rather, I should say, flew about. But he is dead now, poor fellow.

"Here comes 'Mme. Clara,' so-called at the earnest wish of a young American lady who was stopping at the Hotel Regina, and who wished to become the god-mother of one of my children.

"This now is my friend 'Nicholas;' he is the most faithful and devoted of them all. He comes every morning to meet me at the statue of Joan of Arc. And—would you believe it?—some time back, as I was walking down the Rue de Rivoli, my thoughts far away from my little feathered friends, I suddenly saw a bird circling in the air, high above my head, which, on seeing me, descended on my shoulders with a little chirp of delight at having found me. It was this gentleman here, 'Nicholas;' and I remember I felt so sorry I had not one scrap of bread to give him, and had instead to say to him: 'Awfully sorry, old boy, but I never thought I should have the pleasure of meeting you here, and therefore I am not provided with bread!'

"Now, just look at this one, 'Le Pompier' (the Fireman), how proudly he carries himself, because he has two white stripes on his feathers as an insignia of the honorable position he holds. He extinguishes all the fires which break out in the sparrow world."

"This rather solemn-looking chap here is 'Le Prophete.' He foretells what evil may befall his brother-birds, and what good may come to their lot."

As he enumerates the miraculous qualifications of the last two birds, the merry twinkle in the old man's eyes shows me he expects me to be amused by his drawing of the long bow, which I am.

"Here comes 'Coeur de Fer' (Iron Heart), the bravest of the brave. He would not flinch if I were to give him a blow such as would shake the Colonne Vendome to its very foundations!

"See this chap here, that is 'Le Diable' (Old Nick). He is simply marvelous—a regular Sir Isaac Newton; he has such a mathematical head. If he is standing on the wire rail in a row with other birds and I call out the order in which he happens to be, third, fourth, or fifth, he comes at once; he never makes a mistake.

"This fellow here is 'Scipio Africanus,' who receives thumps and knocks from my hand with such stoic fortitude that he recalls the courage of ancient heroes.

A number of pigeons were also fluttering round him, but these birds are not so clever and amusing as the sparkling "pierrots" and cannot perform any wonderful feats.

No matter what be the weather—hail, snow, or rain—M. Pol never fails to come and feed his little friends; it is more by his unerring punctuality than anything else that he has won their faith and love.

"I have no enemies," says M. Pol, "but if I had I should only have to teach some of my birds to go and tear out the eyes of those who had wronged me."

He tells me how often, on a winter's evening, the old and ailing birds, feeling they are about to die, come and lie at his feet; he understands their mute appeal and takes them back to his own home to die, stretched in the hollow of his hand.—Lily Butler, in the Girl's Realm.

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Clear Creek, Ont., Sept. 19, 1912.

W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Your "Royal Purple" Stock Specific is the best stock conditioner I have ever had in my stables, and am never without it. I had a brood sow that had milk fever very bad. Your "Royal Purple" saved her life. Put her on her feet in three days. I had three calves last spring that got scouring very badly. Could not get it stopped until I used "Royal Purple." It did the work O.K.

Yours truly, H. B. MOULTON.

Saskatoon, Sask., Sept. 20th.

The W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Canada.

Gentlemen,—Some months ago we bought some of your Royal Purple Stock Specific from Mr. Vogan here. We have been using it ever since, and we find it the best conditioner for driving horses we have ever tried.

H. F. McCALLUM, "The Palace Livery."

Scott, Sask., May 22nd, 1911.

The W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Do you want a man to represent your Royal Purple goods in this district. I am from Ontario, and have fed your Stock Specific—got it from Mr. J. Corbett, of Brownsville. My cows, while using it, made the largest average, and tested five points over average at C.M.P. at Brownsville. I know your goods are the highest class Stock Specific on the market, and take great pleasure in representing you in this district

NORMAN G. CHARLTON.

Royal Purple Poultry Specific

will make your hens lay in winter, as well as summer, and yet a 50c. package will last 25 hens 70 days, or a $1.50 pail or air-tight tin, containing four times as much as a 50c. package, will last 280 days. It prevents poultry from losing flesh at moulting time, cures and prevents all the ordinary diseases, makes their plumage bright, and keeps them in prime condition.

Port Colborne, May 11.

W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Canada.

Dear Sirs,—This is to certify that I have used one $1.50 tin of your "Royal Purple" Poultry Specific, and there is nothing that can equal it. I wanted yours again and your agent did not have any, so he gave me another brand, and I can assure you it was not worth carrying home, for my hens layed better without it. I have been from 12 to 15 dozen eggs short every week since I have not used your "Royal Purple."

CHARLES RICHARDSON.

Royal Purple

STOCK AND POULTRY SPECIFICS

A second from Mr. Richardson as follows:—

Port Colborne, Ont., Aug. 24, 1910.

W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Canada.

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed express order for $3.00, for which please send me two tins of your "Royal Purple" Poultry Specific.

C. RICHARDSON.

A third letter from Mr. Richardson as follows:—

Port Colborne, Ont., Aug. 29, 1910.

W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Canada.

Dear Sirs,—I received two tins of "Royal Purple" Poultry Specific all O.K. I have tried all kinds of specific to make my hens lay, and I find that you are the only ones that manufacture the genuine article. All the rest, I think, is a waste of time and money to bother with. As an egg-producer, I cannot praise your Poultry Specific high enough, for I would not be without it if I had to pay double the money.

C. RICHARDSON.

Sherbrooke, Que., Aug. 1, 1910.

W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Canada.

Dear Sirs,—I have used your Specific for one year, and have given it to my birds with good results. See my winnings at the different fairs, which will tell the tale.

MISS GEORGINA CAMIRAUD.

Royal Purple Cough Specific

During the last four years there has been an epidemic cough going through every stable in Canada, which has been a great source of annoyance to horsemen. Our Royal Purple Cough Cure will absolutely cure this cough in four days, will break up and cure distemper in ten days. Absolutely guaranteed. 50c. per tin; by mail, 55c.

Royal Purple Gall Cure

will cure all sorts of open sores on man or beast. Will absolutely dry up and cure scratches in a very few days.

MR. SAM OWEN, coachman for the Hon. Adam Beck, says: "By following directions, I find your Royal Purple Gall Cure will cure scratches and make the scabs peel off perfectly dry in about four or five days." Price, 25c.; by mail, 30c.

Royal Purple Sweat Liniment

will reduce lameness in a very short time. Mr. John M. Daly, coalman in London, says: "We have nine horses constantly teaming coal, and have all kinds of trouble with them being lame at times. I have used your Sweat Liniment for a year back, and have never known it to fail to cure sprained tendons, etc." Price, 50c., 8-ounce bottles; by mail, 60c.

Royal Purple Lice Killer

This is entirely different from any lice killer on the market. In order for you to understand the process of manufacture of this lice killer, you will have to send for one of our booklets, as we give you a full history of it there. It will entirely exterminate lice on fowls or animals with not more than one or two applications. It smothers them. Price 25c.; by mail, 30c.

Royal Purple Disinfectant (Sheep Dip)

In this line we give you the largest value for the money of any disinfectant on the market. A tin containing 1 3-8 qts. Imperial measure will cost you only 50c. Also put up in 25c. tins.

Royal Purple Roup Cure

Mr. Dulmage, the great breeder, of White Rocks, tells us that he has never used a Roup Cure that will give relief so quickly to hens suffering from Roup or kindred diseases. Our book tells you all about it. 25c. per tin; 30c. by mail.

Royal Purple Worm Powders

For animals. 25c. per tin; by mail, 30c.

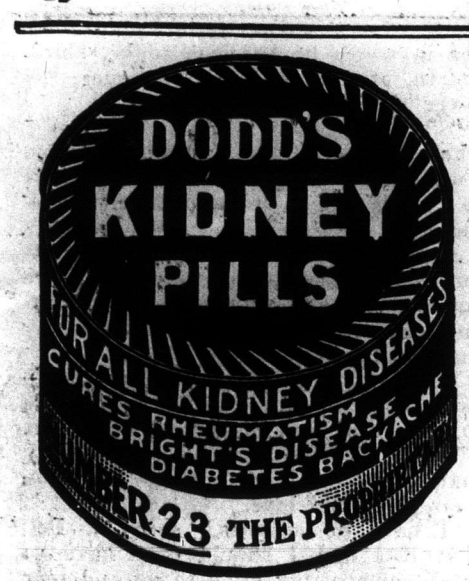
In using our Stock Specific, we guarantee you better results by using the ordinary food grown on your farm, such as good hay, oats and bran, and so forth, than you can possibly obtain by using any of the many patent foods on the market. In these the percentage of nutrition is usually very small for the amount of money paid for the same. You know exactly what hay, oats, bran, chop or any farm products cost you, and ROYAL PURPLE makes animals digest these foods properly.

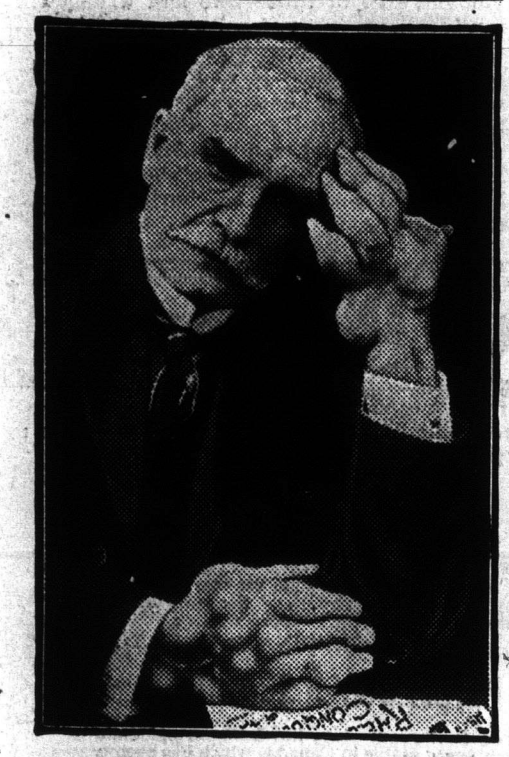
What we wish to impress on your mind is that we manufacture nothing but pure, unadulterated goods. Our booklet gives over 300 recommendations for our different lines from people all over Canada. While we give you above the names of a few who have used it, our best recommendation is for you to ask any person who has ever used any line we manufacture. 26

These Goods may be obtained from The Hudson's Bay Stores at Winnipeg and Portage La Prairie, Man.; Fort Qu'Appelle and Yorkton, Sask.; Pincher Creek, Macleod, Calgary, Lethbridge, and Edmonton, Alta.; Nelson, Vernon, and Kamloops, B.C.

W. A. JENKINS MANFG. CO., London, Ont.

AN ASSORTED ORDER AMOUNTING TO $5.00 WE WILL PREPAY.





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I took my own medicine. It permanently cured my rheumatism after I had suffered tortures for thirty-six years. I spent $20,000 before I discovered the remedy that cured me, but I'll give you the benefit of my experience for nothing.

If you suffer from rheumatism let me send you a package of my remedy absolutely free. Don't send any money, I want to give it to you. I want you to see for yourself what it will do. The picture shows how I suffered. Maybe you are suffering the same way. Don't. You don't need to. I've got the remedy that will cure you and it's yours for the asking. Write me to-day—S. T. Delano, Dep't 328F, Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New York—and I'll send you a free package the very day I get your letter.

LADIES A safe, reliable and effectual monthly medicine. A special favorite with married ladies. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of $1.00. Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.

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Goitre, Swollen Glands, Cysts, Varicose Veins, Varicosities anywhere. It allays pain and takes out inflammation promptly. A safe, healing, soothing, antiseptic. Pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into skin. Powerfully penetrating but does not blister under bandage nor cause any unpleasantness. Few drops only required at each application. ABSORBINE, JR., $1.00 and $2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 2 G free.

It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q.

Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; The National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary; and Henderson Bros. Co., Ltd., Vancouver.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mental development, and readers of The Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

A Plea for the Horse

December 20, 1912.

Dear Editor: I think The Western Home Monthly as a home paper is hard to beat, and I like reading the different topics discussed in the Correspondence pages. I live on my own farm, which is in my own mind a very pleasant life—one lives the open free life which God gave to all. I am fond of nature in every way. I take a great interest in all animals especially horses—man's noblest helper. I wonder what the West would do without the horse, and yet I have seen him abused in many ways, working in the hot sun with shoulders all raw, long hours and over work. Dear friends, just stop and think, horses are dumb and cannot tell you when anything is wrong. It is surprising to me how long some will endure so much hardship and still struggle on at a bidding—in most cases the horse will go till he drops, if so driven, which shows how willing he is, and all he asks in return is good water and food, clean bedding and proper attention; so friends be thoughtful and kind to your dumb friends—you will feel much happier when life's journey is over. I have also seen discussed in the columns, girls doing outdoor farm work. Of course, some girls may enjoy that kind of thing and are very useful to a farmer in case of necessity, but for my part I do not like to see girls doing outside work. I like to see girls have a little time for themselves, which is hard to get if they are going to do indoor work properly, and chores outside as well. I think if I had someone to do the inside work I would do my level best to do the outside part. I am English and would like to hear from someone who lived in the southwest of England. Yours Sincerely. True Blue.

From a Farmer's Wife

Sask., December, 16, 1912.

Dear Editor: The correspondents seem lost for something to write about, I have never been lost, but I have heard that lost folks travel in a circle, which accounts for them "not getting anywhere." Our circle seems to be a round of "hate dancing," "love dancing," "use tobacco for company's sake," "using tobacco is a filthy habit," etc. etc. Very few give reasons for, or against, any of the subjects brought up for discussion. Dancing is talked to death, I, for one more, dance and play cards, and have come to no harm through either amusement; but I do think that it is as dangerous in its own way as, tobogganing sliding in Winnipeg, or playing hockey, or a bargain sale in a close stuffy store. Show me something without "danger" tagged to it. I say the fault is with the people.

Will someone kindly tell me if I am right in thinking that there is "A Home for Working Girls" being built in Winnipeg. Or did I dream it? I have often thought what a good thing it would be. I used to be a working girl in Winnipeg in a close stuffy store, and I know what it is like to arise in a room like a refrigerator, and dress and perhaps go without breakfast to get to the store at 7.50 and the mercury froze up at 40 below zero. Ugh! Now I am a farmer's wife, glory be, and ten to eight, or ten to ten, sees me in bed, if I feel like staying there. We are not wealthy, but just as comfortable as the pigs in the straw stack, and maybe I don't appreciate it, well! yes. Which would you rather live with—a jolly not over tidy let-'er-slide, don't worry woman, or one who scrubs and scours and scratches and scolds, but is neat and the corners clean always? Everybody has experienced both kinds. I am of the opinion that there isn't a happy medium. The same applies to husbands. To the Ontario girls I would like to say, don't tell the Western bachelors any little fibs as to your skating, musical or singing abilities. He appreciates someone who can milk cows, feed the swine, water his horses and hitch them up to anything, make a suet pudding and a cake or two, mend his sox, cook for threshers, and see the good side of bad crops as well as fair crops; to say nothing of the old job of keeping house. If you can do only some of these things, you can learn the rest, and a half share of most any quarter or more of land is yours. What do you think, Mr. Editor? Winunla.

An Old Friend

Biggar, Sask., Dec. 19, 1912.

Dear Editor: I have been an interested reader of this valuable magazine for many years, and there certainly isn't any paper ever yet printed can take its position as this paper has. We always look forward to its coming, and only wish it was published every week instead of being a monthly issue. I see some very interesting letters in the Correspondence column, and I enjoy some of their arguments very much. The sports which may be seen in the vicinity of our city of Biggar are principally football and baseball. I am very fond of horseback riding, skating and music. Now girls, get busy and write. I would be only too glad to answer letters. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success during the coming year, I remain, Jolly Tim.

The Business Man—The Farmer

December 23, 1912.

Dear Editor: And readers of The W. H. M. I cannot express it on paper how I enjoy your magazine. I notice in your December number a letter from Viscount, Sask., from a man who calls himself "Farmer." He says the business man in the city works only for a few hours a day, and makes more than a farmer can in a month. Yes, but if he does and when night comes and the few hours of toil are over, can he say with a pure heart, "I have deceived no man and given value for what I have received?" He may do this some days, but if the city business man does not stay with his business more than a few hours it would not be for long that he would have it to stay with. He says the city man has his club, theatre and auto. Does the writer know what it means to belong to a club? Why not call it a party saloon where he can gamble a little, and the theatre to brighten him up and make him forget the night before at the club. As to the auto, there are thousands of farmers who could afford them, but they are contented and not a bit jealous of their city friend and his auto. I think if some people would lay jealousy and envy aside they would get along much better. He says the farmer has hard work and dirt. This man who calls himself a farmer must be one of the remittance men from — who prefers to hang around the hotel and talk farm, and drop the old man a line to say poor crops, hard times, another sub please. The farm is a poor place for a lazy man. A little soap and water providing the patient can exert himself will remove the dirt. He says he cannot see why the city man would leave the city for the country. The business

SUFFERED FROM

Catarrh of the Stomach For Thirty Years.

Catarrh of the Stomach is generally caused from some interference with the action of the liver, and is a malady that affects the whole body.

Some symptoms are burning pain in the stomach, constant vomiting, abnormal thirst, incessant reaching, etc. On the first signs of any of these symptoms Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills should be taken. They are a specific for all disorders arising from wrong action of the liver.

Mr. Michael Miller, Ellerslie, Alta. writes:—"I take pleasure in writing you concerning the great value I have received by using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, for catarrh of the stomach, with which I have been a sufferer for thirty years. I used four vials and they completely cured me."

Price, 25 cents 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.

$3.50 Recipe Free For Weak Kidneys

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches, the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath, sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this. Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

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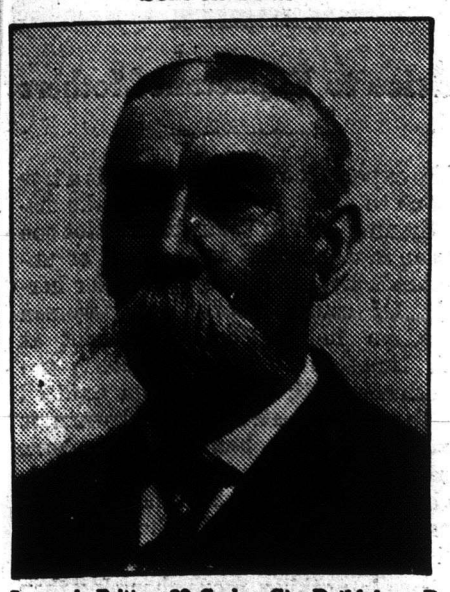
Don't wear a Truss!

Brooks' Rupture Appliance Will Cure You No Obnoxious Springs or Pads Sent on Trial

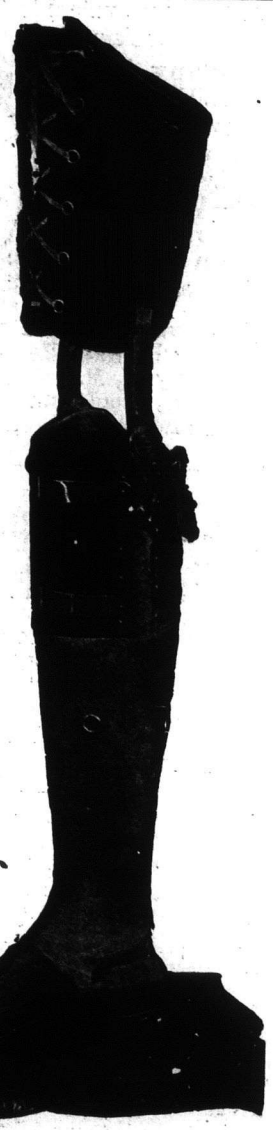


James A. Britton, 80 Spring St., Bethlehem Pa. U.S.A., says: "I was ruptured for six years and always had trouble until I got your appliance. My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your appliance."

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. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. Sent on trial to prove it. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Write me to-day.

C. E. Brooks, 94C State Street, Marshall, Mich. U.S.A.

Artificial Limbs



To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON
357 Notre Dame Avenue
WINNIPEG MAN.

How to Conquer Rheumatism at Your Own Home

If you or any of your friends suffer from rheumatism, kidney disorders or excess of uric acid, causing lameness, backache, muscular pains; stiff, painful, swollen joints, pain in the limbs and feet; dimness of sight, itching skin or frequent neuralgic pains, I invite you to send for a generous **Free Trial Treatment** of my well-known, reliable **Chronicure**, with references and full particulars by mail (This is no C. O. D. scheme.) No matter how many may have failed in your case, let me prove to you, free of cost, that rheumatism can be conquered. **Chronicure** succeeds where all else fails. **Chronicure cleanses the Blood** and **removes** the **cause.** Also for a weakened, run-down condition of the system, you will find **Chronicure** a most satisfactory **general tonic** that makes you feel that life is worth living. Please tell your friends of this liberal offer, and **send today** for large free package, to **MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box R. 86—Windsor, Ont.**

man of the city knows how much more independent the farmer is than he is. The farmer is the most independent man on earth, he has not to bow down to any man. The business man must be civil and take a calling down and meet it with a smile for fear of losing a customer. I was born on a farm in Scotland, and I have been hired man on farms all over Canada, and have worked on farms of my own for sixteen years yet I do not know any too much about it. It does not trouble me to see my city friend pass in his auto. I must admit that the farm is a poor place for a lazy man who is all the time worrying about hard work and long hours. It will be 20 years in June, 1913, since I arrived in Toronto from the Highlands of Scotland with $7.50 in my pocket and pretty hard times it was in Ontario in those days. I am an independent farmer today, thanks to Canada for it, but I was never afraid of work or long hours.

Scottie.

On a Fruit Ranch

Hope, B. C., Dec. 23, 1912.

Dear Sir: My first appearance, so please let me introduce myself. I'm another of the bachelors, living in the Fraser Valley with a fruit ranch to be cared for, not my own but one on which I am employed—you know the kind of thing. The country round is O. K. for scenery, fishing, big game unsurpassable. Pardon, but I'm sidetracking, to get back to my description, fair, blue eyes, ahem, and so forth. Now girls, it is only fair for you to write first, so am expecting you every mail. I wish you all a happy and prosperous New Year. Mountainite.

Two Jolly Girls

Brandon, Man., Dec. 12, 1912.

Dear Editor and Members: Well, here we are for a chat, this is my first letter to the club although my father has taken your magazine for a number of years. A girl friend of mine is staying with me now so we planned to write as one. As everyone is discussing card playing and dancing we will have a little say in it too. As for card playing we see no harm in a quiet game but gambling is simply out of the question. As to the tobacco question we do not mind seeing a man enjoy his pipe but we think chewing is a dirty habit. Well, readers, what do you say about a name for the Club, how would "The Young People's Club" do? Forget-me-not suggests "Westerners' Club" but that sounds as though the Easterners' letters would not be appreciated. Well, bachelors, we suppose you are looking forward to a long and lonesome winter. Cheer up, boys, and girls you get busy and write and keep the boys reading. Would be pleased to hear from any of the members. Our address is with the Editor. Wishing all a happy New Year, we will sign ourselves, Blue Eyes and Brown Eyes.

The Country for Billy

Saskatchewan, Dec. 14, 1912.

Dear Editor: Will you please save a little space in your happy corner for one who would like to join your Club. We have taken your paper for over four years, and like it better than any other magazine we have. A letter in your December number written by one who calls himself "Farmer" has induced me to write on this subject "Country Life v. City Life." I cannot see the object of Farmer running down the country and its people for, as he says, it must be the fault of the country or the people. Now if Mr. Farmer has been farming for six years, and must farm for some time yet to get off the farm he must be a very poor farmer. I don't suppose Mr. Farmer ever owned a business in a city nor do I ever suppose he will if he is that sort of a farmer. Now as for city life, I don't think it has any advantage over country life. Where do the city people get their fresh air which is the main factor to good health? The business man sits in a stooping position all day in a dingy half-lighted office and sometimes

MAN AND THE SOIL.

Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, author of the Common Sense Medical Adviser, says "why does not the farmer treat his own body as he treats the land he cultivates. He puts back in phosphate what he takes out in crops, or the land would grow poor. The farmer should put back into his body the vital elements exhausted by labor, or by ill-health induced by some chronic disease." Further, he says, "the great value of my Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is in its vitalizing power. It gives strength to the stomach and purity to the blood. It is like the phosphates which supply nature with the substances that build up the crops. The far-reaching action of

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

is due to its effect on the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Diseases that begin in the stomach are cured through the stomach. A bilious spell is simply the result of an effort made by the liver to catch up when over-worked and exhausted. I have found the 'Discovery' to be unsurpassed as a liver regulator and rich blood-maker."

Miss Lottie Knisely of Perth, Kansas, says: "I will here add my testimony of the effectiveness of your remedy upon myself. I was troubled with indigestion for two years or more. Doctored with three different doctors besides taking numerous kinds of so-called 'stomach cures' but received no permanent relief. I was run down, could not sleep at night with the pain in my chest, caused by gas on the stomach. Was weak, could eat scarcely anything although I was hungry nearly all the time. About one year and a half ago I began taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and after having taken several bottles am nearly cured of stomach trouble. Can now eat without distress and have gained fifteen pounds in weight.

I thank you for your remedy and wish you all success in your good work."

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."

If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, drained away your strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESSES

It is Time for You to Stop.

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort, ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life. This invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Breakdown and a

Giving Out of the Vital Forces

long before the average period.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed NOW. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience.

It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with special chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage.

Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

Address—**CHARLES GORDON, No. 100, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks., England**

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SEQUARINE

You can take it with confidence because it is prepared by Messrs. C. RICHTER & Co., one of the best known and oldest firms of Manufacturing Chemists, under the supervision of qualified Chemists and Doctors.

Try a Bottle and see for yourself how it Conquers Weakness

"SEQUARINE" is obtainable in two forms: as an injection (for use by the doctor) at $2 per Box of 4 ampullae and in the Bottle Form for the general use of the Public at $1.75 from all Chemists, Stores, &c., throughout the world.

Six, twelve, or more bottles can be had cheaper on application to—

The Lyman Brothers & Co. Limited, Toronto

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Sequarine can be obtained in bottle form by the general public at $1.75, and for injection by doctors at $2 per box of four ampullae from Lyman Bros. & Co. Ltd., Toronto.

"PAIN COMPLETELY LEFT ME"

So Says Thomas Stephenson after Taking GIN PILLS

TO those who have suffered, year in and year out, from the dragging misery of Kidney Disease, anything that will relieve the pain is a blessing indeed. That is just what a well-known resident of Lachute Mills, Que., and his wife both found in GIN PILLS.

"Lachute Mills, P.Q.

"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Disease, and a friend told me to take GIN PILLS. After taking a few boxes, I was greatly relieved, and after finishing the twelfth box, the pain completely left me.

My wife is now using GIN PILLS and finds that she has been greatly relieved of the pain over her Kidneys.

I can safely recommend anyone suffering from Kidney Trouble to give a fair trial to GIN PILLS. THOMAS STEPHENSON."

Would you welcome such a relief? Then take GIN PILLS. They go right to the spot—ease the pain almost at once—neutralize the Uric Acid which is causing all the trouble—strengthen the kidneys so that they will be able to keep the blood pure—and quickly take away that weakness and tenderness of the back which undermine the energy and vigor of manhood and womanhood.

Don't pass GIN PILLS without a trial. Every box is sold on the positive guarantee that if six boxes, used according to directions, do not help you, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. Free sample if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 158

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, **free** of any charge, my **home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure — **you**, my reader, for **yourself**, your daughter, your mother, or your **sister**. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at **home** without the help of a doctor. **Men cannot** understand women's sufferings. What we women know **from experience**, we know better than any doctor. **I know** that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhoea** or **Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement** or **Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty** or **Painful Periods, Uterine** or **Ovarian Tumors** or **Growths**, also **pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar** to our sex.

I want to send you a **complete 10 days' treatment entirely** free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that **it will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address**, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and **I** will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. **I will also send you free of cost**, my book—"**WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER**" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should **have it, and learn to think for herself.** Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. **It cures all, old or young.** To **Mothers of Daughters, I** will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, **I** can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really **cures** all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address**, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the **book.** Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 - - - - WINDSOR, Ont.

A $50 GOLD WATCH

CAN YOU WORK THIS PUZZLE?

GIVEN

W	O	I	A			
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R	O	G	I	A	G	E

FREE

AWAY

Will be given according to conditions of Contest to somebody who succeeds in arranging the letters of the above three lines so that they will spell

THE NAMES OF THREE STATES IN THE UNITED STATES

ALSO A PRIZE OF $10 FOR NEATEST SOLUTION

TRY IT AT ONCE. IT MAY BE YOU.

Write the names of the States on a postcard or a letter, giving your Name and Address plainly.

IMPERIAL WATCH CO., Prize Dept. [42], MONTREAL, CANADA

OR $50 IN GOLD

half the night—of course such people as Farmer do not see this. And as for his auto, why most any farmer can afford one nowadays, only those that do poor farming can't. Why do we not see that healthy looking class of people in the city that we have in the country? Will leave the answer to you. Now if any of your readers care to write me I will try to answer all letters. Bouncing Billy.

Prosperity v. Poverty

Duff, Sask., Dec. 16, 1912.

Dear Editor: I have been a constant reader of The Western Home Monthly for six years, and always look forward to its coming with the eagerness of a child, and being of the same opinion as S. X. Lad that dancing, smoking and card playing were getting to be rather of a bore, and that we should look around for new topics to discuss, and seeing that the letters were mostly from young people I thought the topic suggested by him quite a timely one to discuss. "Shall marriage wait for prosperity, or shall love laugh at poverty." Now for myself, and perhaps I might say any other liberal minded young person, I would say they should weigh these two questions well in their mind before they take the important step in life. Are they doing all in their power to make each other happy before taking these vows, and tying the knot with the tongue which cannot be undone with the teeth. I think it is selfish of a fellow to win the love and esteem of a girl, and then ask her to try and be contented in a little lumber shack about fourteen by sixteen feet, and into the same place she must combine parlor, dining-room and kitchen, and try and make herself think that she is really happy and contented. Would it not be just as well if the struggling sweetheart were to wait another year or two until he got a little better fixed? I fancy I hear some of the boys cry out, "What and let another one win her." Now I do not profess to be full of wisdom, but don't you think, boys, that you would be far better without the young lady who is so easily won over. I earnestly believe if you find the right one that she would be quite willing to wait a little longer while you made a happy little home. For myself, I wish to make my wife a companion and not a daily drudge as some of them appear to be. In my travels up and down the country I have seen so many young women who have undertaken to brave the hardships of the first year or two on the farm with their husbands, only to find that when they are quite comfortable they have got out of the social circle and are contented to stay at home hard working as ever, with their freshness and pretty ways all gone, and such a sight should, I think, make us all careful. Now, pardon me, I do not wish to be misunderstood, I do not mean all for I know young men today who thank their wives for braving the hardships of this country. But this is the point boys. Is the game worth the candle? I myself am content to wait until I can give my future wife a little comfort and some of the worldly goods, for I am a great believer in that old saying, "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window." I will sign myself, The Crank.

Canada all the Time

Grand Forks, B. C., Dec. 13, 1912.

Dear Mr. Editor: Here is another girl wanting to join your Correspondence column. This is my first month of your paper, and I like it very much. I am Scotch and have been in this country about two years. I think Canada is a marvellous country. It does not require a particularly vivid imagination nor a long residence for anyone to find that out. Look at her large mountains, vast forests, magnificent lakes, miles and miles of wheat fields, her illimitable sources of wealth and industry. She has her traditions and is proud of her sons. Under her flag all nationalities live and work peacefully side by side. Surely a lesson to those scaremongers who are eternally trying to

MOTHERHOOD SUGGESTIONS

Advice to Expectant Mothers

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this but I send it entirely free.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.

The acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty The genuine bear the signature of WM MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine . No lady should be without them Sold by all Chemists & Stores

MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist. **SOUTHAMPTON ENG**

A COLD
However Slight
MAY TURN INTO BRONCHITIS.

You should never neglect a cold, however slight. If you do not treat it in time it will, in all possibility, develop into bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or some other serious throat or lung trouble.

On the first sign of a cold or cough it is advisable to cure it at once, and not let it run on for an indefinite period.

For this purpose there is nothing to equal Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, a remedy that has been universally used for the past twenty-five years.

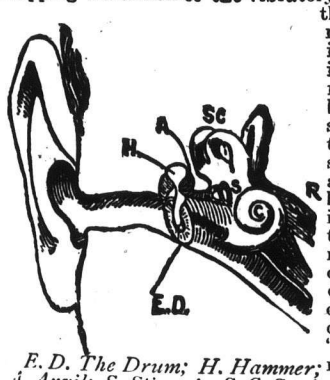
You do not experiment when you get it.

Mrs. Louis Lalonde, Penetanguishene, Ont., writes:—"When my little boy was two years old he caught a cold which turned into bronchitis. I tried everything to cure him, even to doctor's medicine, but it did him no good. One day I was advised to give Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup a trial, and before he had half a bottle used, he was cured. I would advise all mothers to try it, as good results will follow. My home is never without it."

See that you get "Dr. Wood's," as there are numerous imitations. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, 3 pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25 and 50 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Deafness and Catarrh
Successfully Treated By "Actina"

Ninety-five per cent of the cases of deafness brought to our attention are the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passage become clogged by catarrhal deposits stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed relief is impossible. The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying, hence the inability of specialists to always give relief. That there is a successful treatment for most forms of deafness and catarrh is demonstrated every day by the "Actina" treatment. The vapor generated in the "Actina" passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear, making them respond to the vibration of sound. "Actina" is also very successful in relieving head noises. We have known people afflicted with this distressing trouble for years to be relieved in a few weeks by this wonderful invention. "Actina" has also been very successful in the treatment of la grippe, asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds and headache and other troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh.



E. D. The Drum; H. Hammer; A. Anvil; S. Stirrup; S. C. Semi-circular Canals; C. Cochlea.

"Actina" can be used with perfect safety by every member of the family for any affliction of the ear, throat or head. A FREE TRIAL of the "Actina" is given in every case.

Send for our FREE TRIAL Offer and valuable FREE BOOK. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84C, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful

MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it

If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

create bitterness between Britain and Germany, and between other nations. Thousands of people have left the dear homeland, and found work and wealth within her dominions. I have got along very well since coming to Canada. My first place was Ottawa, I stayed a year there, but the wild and woolly West held some fascination so could never rest until I got here. I have a great notion to work on a ranch and learn horse-riding. These two I hope to do some day. I often think about "Bonnie Scotland" but never really wish to be there. Some day, of course, I intend taking a holiday to see the "Auld fokes and the auld Hame," but would never stay there for good. You will think I have struck a rather funny subject, but, when one is a stranger and wants to "butt in," I thought by giving my opinion of your country I would feel more at home amongst you. I think I will close by wishing your paper every success for the coming year, and will sign myself. A Scotch Lassie.

An Early Bird

Rocky Mountain House, Dec. 14, 1912.

Dear Editor and Readers: I am a new subscriber and perhaps a little early with a letter, but when a letter such as "Helen's" of the December issue comes before us I cannot keep still. "Helen" seems to criticise the pleasures so many indulge in. While I never play cards (but know how), I see no harm in a social card party, but when it comes to dancing well I am a victim. I think everyone should try to enjoy themselves to the utmost. As for Literary Societies, no community, however small, should be without one. I wish the W. H. M. every success and I will sign myself. Alberta Bill.

Is Now Batching

McConnell, Man., Dec. 21, 1912.

Dear Editor: May I join your merry crowd to help me pass these long winter evenings? I think the columns are helpful and amusing. I don't quite agree with "Farmer of Viscount" on his views of the farm, but we will have to overlook that for he would likely be in a better mood if he had someone to cheer him up a little. I know how lonely these long evenings are on the homestead with no one within three or four miles of you. I have been all over Western Canada and B. C. and have lived in the City, but am always glad to get back to the farm as I think a farmer lives an independent life. I am 22 years old and am fond of dancing, but dont' care for public balls. I own a good half section, and am going to try my hand at batching. I must close wishing Editor and readers every success. Rover.

The Hired Man

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Dec., 1912.

Dear Editor: Being a reader of your valuable paper I have read with interest the different subjects under discussion in the Correspondence column. It is on one of these subjects I would like to express my opinion—the hired man and the farmer, after reading a "Farmer's Wife's" letter which was sensible enough to the word, though I think she did not make her opinion clear enough. She seemed to class all hired men one and the same—in this she is wrong as I will try and prove to you. Now it is a well known fact that there are men, and men, in this world. We have not all got the same disposition, the same feelings, or the same intellect, therefore we differ from one another in many cases. When a farmer or anyone else hires a man, he knows what he hires him for, and he knows what (or should know what) a day's work is, but there are a good many people hire men, farmers in particular, who do not know what a day is; this I know, not from hearsay but from personal experience. Farmers as a rule know when they start a day's work, but some of them never know when to stop. They get up at five o'clock, at least their men do, get the chores done up before breakfast, they are hitched up and on the field by seven, at twelve o'clock they stop for dinner, back to the field by half past one, and they stop at—yes, when do they stop for supper? Well they stop sometime, and after they have supper what is there to do? There are cows to milk, calves to feed, pigs to feed, horses to do up, and if it be springtime, oh, we must clean some grain for tomorrow. All this, I must say, cannot be done in the course of a few minutes, and by the time all is done, it is perhaps ten or eleven o'clock—a good day's work. Now there are other farmers who have a time to start and a time to stop, but that is different to the above mentioned. They keep regular hours, do all their work in the day time, yet they seem to get just as much work done, in the course of a year as does their neighbor who is continually going. There are other things too, I must say a few words on; first the different ways of people, and their different ways of farming, this I say on behalf of the greenhorn. He is working for a farmer, who learns him his method of farming, he leaves this farmer and hires to another, and his work this farmer does not approve of. Now can the greenhorn help not doing it right, when it is the only way he knows how to do it. Perhaps the farmer will dismiss him, and he gets work with some other farmer, who, if he happens to know where he was working last, will ask the other one what kind of man he is. This is where the greenhorn's character gets blighted. Oh he is no good, he cannot do this and he cannot do that, and of course the farmer hears all his bad points, but anyhow he gives him a trial, perhaps, only to find he does all right, and he wonders how he did not suit the other fellow, yet it's plain to be seen, it's the different ways of different people. Next comes a matter, which is nevertheless true, of how farmers work to one another's disadvantage, and that is "neighbor meddling." When a farmer hires a man, his neighbors mostly all know about it, and sometime or other, before the man has been there very long, he gets into conversation with different ones, who will give him a very bad opinion of his boss, telling him he will be working all hours, etc., etc. Now why do they do it, is it jealousy or is it because they have had a misunderstanding, or something between them, or what is it? I hardly think it fair, either to the farmer or to his man to do this. It causes ill-feeling and sometimes something that they are sorry for afterwards. And last of all, a little bit of advice which may be useful both to the farmer and man—study one another's nature—treat as you would like to be treated; do as a man ought to do; take and give good friendship; for there is nothing in this world like human understanding. I hope I have not taken up too much valuable space. Anyone wishing to correspond with me will find my address with the Editor. Jack.

"Prairie Land"

Saskatchewan, Dec. 14, 1912.

Dear Editor: Have you room for another letter in your waste paper basket? I hope you have not as I would like mine printed. I have been an interested reader of your paper for some time, and enjoy it very much, but have never written before. Now I come to ask a favor of some, or one, of the readers. I saw in the November number a song named "Prairie Land," someone I think from Saskatoon sent it in. Unfortunately that part of my paper has been torn off and lost. Would the person who sent it, or anyone who knows it, kindly send me a copy? My address is with the Editor. Wishing the readers a happy New Year.

Prairie Maid.

On the Railroad

Manitoba, Nov. 30, 1912.

Dear Editor: This is my first letter to the Correspondence column, so I will be brief. I have read your magazine for a number of years, and always look forward to its arrival. I enjoy the "Young Man and His Problem," and would advise every young man to read

HEAD NOISES
How to Cure Buzzing Ringing Sounds in the Ears

Do you have buzzing, ringing noises in your head and ears? Is there a snapping in your ears when you blow your nose? Then you have Catarrh in your ear passages, and your Eustachian Tubes—the passages from the throat to the ears—are closing up. You may have no discharge from the nose or throat, but the disease is reaching the delicate inner parts of the ear. Those irritating noises show how dangerous the trouble is becoming. As they grow worse they sometimes worry people into nervous prostration and insanity. **There's one thing certain—Head and Ear noises are often the forerunners of loss of hearing. Neglect the trouble in your ear passages and deafness is too likely to result.**

Get rid of your head noises and be happy. Write today to Deafness Specialist Sproule, the famous authority on ear troubles. He will give you

Medical Advice Free

on this trouble. It's just the help you need. He'll tell you without any charge whatever how to drive away the noises and have clear, distinct, perfect hearing. Answer the questions, yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and mail it at once to DEAFNESS SPECIALIST SPROULE, 117 **Trade Building, Boston.**

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON

Do your ears throb?
Do your ears feel full?
Is your hearing failing?
Do the noises trouble you at night?
Is the sound sometimes a buzzing one?
Is the sound sometimes a ringing one?
Are the noises worse when you have a cold?
Do your ears crack when you blow your nose?

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ADDRESS .....

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C. & G. KEARSLEY'S ORIGINAL

WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS

Prompt and reliable, for Ladies. The only genuine. AWARDED CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at the Tasmanian Exhibition 1891. 100 Years' Reputation. Ordered by Specialists for the Cure of all Female Complaints. Sold in Bottles, 40c and 75c. Agents: THE GORDON-MITCHELL DRUG CO., Main St., Winnipeg. Mfrs.: C. & G. Kearsley, 42 Waterloo Road, London, Eng.

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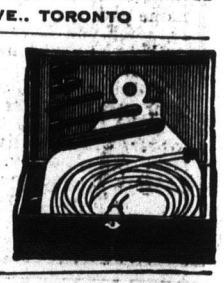


TRUSS WEARERS

FREE attention: The PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pubic bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work and conquered the most obstinate cases. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal. Process of recovery is natural, so no further use for truss. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely **FREE.** Write TO-DAY.

TRIAL OF PLAPAO

Address, PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Blk. 231, St. Louis, Mo.

Psoriasis All Over Body

Doctors Said Incurable, But Now There Is No Sign of Disease, Thanks to Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mde. N. Massey.

Psoriasis is one of the most dreaded of itching skin diseases. It is a sort of chronic eczema. The itching it causes is almost beyond human endurance, and doctors are accustomed to give it up as incurable.

But here is a case that was given up and pronounced incurable. The result proves that Dr. Chase's Ointment almost works miracles in curing the worst form of itching skin disease imaginable.

Mrs. Nettie Massey, Consecon, Ont., writes:—"For five years I suffered with what three doctors called psoriasis. They could not help me, and one of them told me if anyone offered to guarantee a cure for $50.00 to keep my money, as I could not be cured. The disease spread all over me, even on my face and head, and the itching and burning was hard to bear. I used eight boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I am glad to say I am entirely cured, not a sign of a sore to be seen. I can hardly praise this ointment enough."

The soothing, healing influence of Dr. Chase's Ointment is truly wonderful. Eczema, salt rheum, barber's itch, ringworm and scores of such torturing ailments are relieved at once and as certainly cured if the Ointment is used persistently. Mothers find Dr. Chase's Ointment invaluable in preventing and curing the skin troubles of babies, such as chafing, irritations of the skin and baby eczema.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered, as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. If, after you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer, when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 306 Alhambra Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

Central Business College

Wm. Hawkins, Principal. Winnipeg.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

the page. I also enjoy the Correspondence column. I find the letters very helpful and instructive. I agree with "One who knows" in her letter of September published in November. I think the country is by far the most beneficial and healthful to live in. I am at present in a city of about 7,000, but I prefer the country every time where one can have all the pleasure that "One who knows" mentions. I don't know what more we want. I am a railroad man being with the C. P. R. since 1903 as section foreman. I am a widower with two bright little boys. If any of your correspondents care to write to me I will always reply. Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable time, and wishing your magazine a bright and prosperous future, I am.

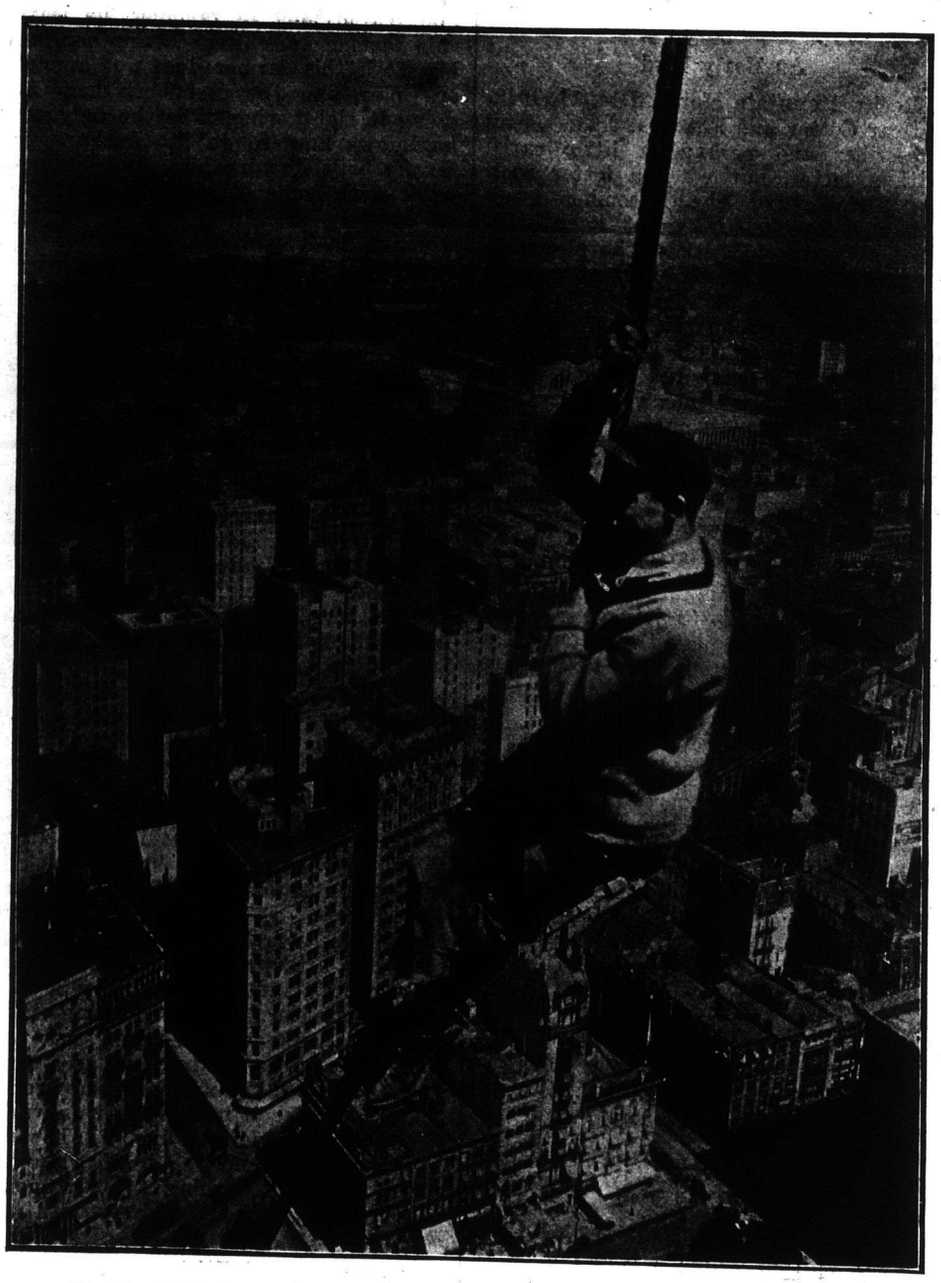
Lonely Jack.

Follow a Good Example

Eyebrow, Sask., Dec. 11, 1912.

Dear Editor: Enclosed find one dollar for renewal subscription to W. H. M. with which I am well pleased. It contains a lot of good reading—the stories are short and bright, and the correspondence pages are quite an attraction. When any person comes to my place asking for reading, I always gather up all the back numbers and pass them around, and they all say they are good reading; even the threshers when they were at my place read the W. H. M. and they were well entertained by its goodness. This is my first letter and I hope it will appear in print. I am a farmer on a farm of 320 acres of good land in the district of Eyebrow, where there has never been a crop failure—always a good average crop. I am one of the pioneers of the district. I first homesteaded on a small scale and now I have everything up-to-date, good buildings inside and outside, and as fine a bunch of horses as there is anywhere to be found. I have taken them to the fair every fall, and always carried away my share of the prizes, and I can strongly advise any person wanting to farm to come to this district, for there is lots of good water, and the soil is of a rich clay loam and will grow anything in the line of vegetables. Now a word to the fair sex, I am a young bachelor, and I always have lots of good things to eat as I think this is the first thing to look to to preserve life. My address is with the Editor, and I would like to get some letters.

Happy Hooligan.



Working 500 feet above New York. An ironworker descending after his day's work.
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A Farmer's Opinion

Senlac, Sask., Dec. 26, 1912.

Dear Editor: May I, once more, have the use of the Correspondence column; as I would like to tender my sympathy to our brother Farmer at Viscount, and try and cheer him up with a few of my trials and tribulations. The poor man gets his share of old clothes and long hours whether in the city or country. I paid $2.00 per bushel for seed flax last spring, it cost me 25c per bushel to have it threshed, and they gave me 57c per bushel at elevator. Oats are 18c per bushel, and the barley they don't take in. I was too indignant, as it were, to offer them the wheat. Have had a car ordered for a month past. One kind man tells me the only way to get a car is to be there when there is one in. Fancy a man sitting in town a month waiting for his car. The implement man demands instant payment, rightly so, after carrying a man over two years crop failure, but to crown all, a widow of my acquaintance left with two children to support and many debts to meet which were contracted by her late husband, who was "Also a Farmer" has to bear the insult of a notice by telegram from a certain Bank manager to meet notes less than $300.00. "Boys and girls go West and grow up with the country" is a common expression with us all. The lady in question left an elaborate home and good parents and a good position to come West with her husband and make a home for themselves. Unfortunately her husband was accidentally killed just when everything looked most promising. Can hear someone say, "Let her sell the land the husband left." She has it on the market, and will be

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Any person who is the sole head of a family of any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

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In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

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W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

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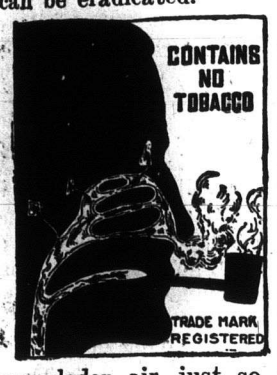
Writes long letter with one filling. Always ready. No coaxing. No blotting. Best for ruling, manifolding and constant use. Fine or medium points. Sent postpaid, 16 for 20c, 3 doz. 40c, 6 doz. 75c. Postal Note or Money Order. Money back if wanted.

Address Dept 8, A.D. Hastings, 393 Hargrave St. Winnipeg.

Harmless Smoke Cures Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.



It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and can not reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple but scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh, will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 151 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

He will, also, mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

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"No nurse can afford to be without the course."
—*Martha E. Bare (portrait)*
Harper, Kan.

WOULD you adopt the most attractive profession open to women today—a profession that will be of advantage to you, whether you practice it or not? Then let us teach you to become a nurse.

Thousands of our graduates, without previous experience, are today earning **$10** to **$25** a week.

Write for "How I Became a Nurse" and our Year Book, explaining our correspondence and home practice method; 370 pages with the experiences of our graduates.

48 specimen lesson pages sent free to all enquirers.

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Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price $2.

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Sold by the Ultra Druggists, Winnipeg.

Shiloh 25¢
The family remedy for Coughs and Colds
"Shiloh costs so little and does so much!"

very glad to stop more telegrams. So you see brother Farmer you have not all the troubles. I still think the prairie has a few advantages and shall stay here one more year if possible. With best wishes for a bright and prosperous New Year, I will sign myself,

Try Again.

The Most Instructive

Carnduff, Sask., Dec. 19, 1912.

Dear Editor: I thought as the winter is now setting in I would like to join your Correspondence circle. I have been a subscriber to the W. H. M. for some years, and although I take several of the leading papers of the West I consider it the most instructive and the best money's worth of all. I like very much to read "The Young Man and His Problem." I think that "Farmer" wrote a good letter in the December issue. If a city merchant ever went to the country to live it would be to wear out his old clothes for he certainly would not think of giving them away or burning them. I have been farming for a few years, in fact I was born on a farm in good old New Brunswick, and I find it a good deal as he says, for a man generally has notes to meet at this time of the year, and unfortunately for him, the grain men know that too, so they fix a price to suit themselves. I see a great many different ideas on the tobacco and card playing questions (not to say anything about dancing). Well, for my opinion, I would say that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and it would be a funny world if we were all alike. I wonder what has become of the Doctor. Can't you give your ideas on the new topic of S. X. Lad's in December issue. I think that a man should not figure on living on love, but should have a fairly good start before marrying. Of course circumstances alter cases, for maybe her father is rich or some other rich relative of hers is getting old, but I would say, don't wait for dead men's shoes for they may be worn out. On the other side of the question, I have heard of fellows who have had to borrow money to buy the license and who are "well fixed" today, but they had ability and good luck. Wishing the Editor and readers a good and happy New Year.

Yours Truly.

An Alberta Story

A live grasshopper will eat a dead grasshopper. An Alberta farmer mixed Paris green and bran together and let a grasshopper eat it. It died, and twenty ate it up, and they died. Four hundred ate those twenty, and they died. Eight thousand ate those four hundred, and they died. A hundred and sixty thousand ate those eight thousand, and died, and the farmer was troubled no more.

In its flight from the far West, the name of the statistican of this story has become seperated from his figures, but the fact that the incident occurred in Alberta is regarded as evidence of its possibility.

The Aptness Was Too Much

A minister, a man of great vigor and vehemence, while preaching one Sunday, bent forward and shouted out with great force, the words of his text: "The righteous shall stand, but the wicked shall fall."

Just as these words escaped from his lips the pulpit broke from its fastening, and he fell out and rolled over on the floor before his congregation. Picking himself up he said:

"Brethren, I am not hurt, and I don't mind the fall, but I do hate the connection."

Unappreciated Luxuries.—A quaint old Scotch gillie who was in the service of a well known baronet once contracted measles. His employer, with his usual kindness, sent him some choice hothouse grapes and a pineapple, and later asked him how he liked the fruit. "Weel, sir," was the answer, "the plums was good, but I didna think much o' the turnip!"

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Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience, the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

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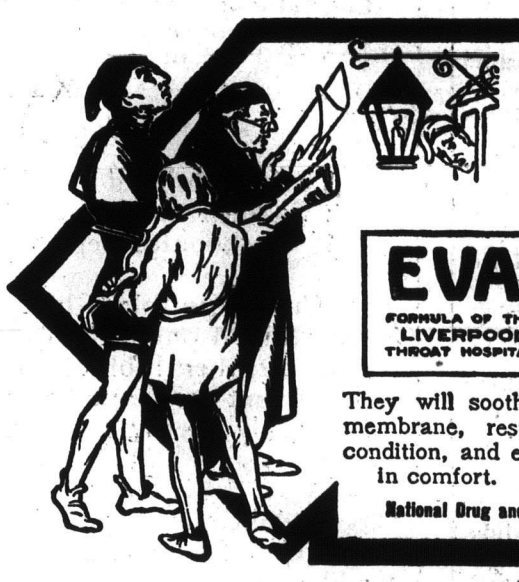

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FORMULA OF THE LIVERPOOL THROAT HOSPITAL

They will soothe and heal the irritated mucous membrane, restore your throat to a healthy condition, and enable you to enjoy your smokes in comfort. *For A Free Sample, Write* 173

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Overseas Daily Mail	The London Magazine	The Strand Magazine
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Quotations on other periodicals on request.

Address: **THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,** Winnipeg, Man.

Household Suggestions

Buttermilk—a Delicious Dainty

By Jane E. Clemmens

HERE is to buttermilk, beverage fine;
Drink that beats booze many ways;
Better than brewery products or wine,
Worthy of bountiful praise:
When you are thirsty, it goes to the spot,
Instant relief to extend,
Cooling the throat that was parching and hot,
Acting the part of a friend.

All of the doctors who know A. B. C.
Give it their warmest O. K.
Say that it's better than bitters or tea.
Any old time in the day;
Swear it is one of the healthiest drinks
Man has discovered, and much
Better than mixtures induced by a win'.
Under the soda clerk's touch.

Fresh from the churn in a gold-speckled flow,
Flavored with nothing but ice,
Brimming tin dipperful, bound to bestow
Blessings that come without price.
Drink of it daintily, taking your time,
Sip it in soulful repose,
Getting away with it makes you feel prime
Down to the tips of your toes.

Here's to the health-giving drink of the gods!
Ho, for the buttermilk spree!
Holding its devotees, giving no odds,
Just get the habit, and see,
Leaving next morning no brown, fuzzy taste,
Causing no riots nor strife,
Leaving no record you wish to efface
Or make one tired of life.

Buttermilk is the very best of drinks for well people, and often agrees with invalids when other nourishment cannot be retained on the stomach. French physicians prescribe buttermilk for babies when sweet milk does not agree with them. Butermilk is of inestimable value to persons afflicted with gout, rheumatism or liver troubles, and as a beautifier for women, used internally and externally, buttermilk and lemons head the list for good results.

Buttermilk also forms an important part in many delicious recipes a few of which are given below:

Buttermilk Bread.—The evening before baking bring to boiling point one quart of buttermilk, and pour it into a crock in which one-half teacupful of sifted flour has been turned. Let stand until cool, then add a fourth of a cupful of yeast, and enough flour to make a thick batter. The longer the sponge is stirred the better will be the bread. In the morning sift some flour into the bread bowl, pour the sponge into the center, stir in some of the flour and let stand an hour. Then mix well, kneading for at least one-half hour. The more kneading at this time the better; let rise and when light mold into loaves, this time handling as little as possible and bake as you would any bread.

Buttermilk Corn Bread.—Take one and one-fourth pints each of buttermilk and sweet milk, one-half pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, two rounded teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one even teaspoonful salt, one and one-fourth pints each of cornmeal and flour, mix well and put on range over cold water, bring water to a boil and keep boiling constantly for three hours. Serve hot.

Nut Cakes.—While your lard is melting to boil your cakes, mix two cups of buttermilk and two cups of rich sweet milk, with three well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of soda and cinnamon, or nutmeg to taste. Add flour enough to roll. Handle as little as possible, cut out and fry as dough nuts.

Old Fashioned Breakfast Cakes.—Take one quart of buttermilk; three eggs; butter the size of hen's egg; a little salt and a scant teaspoonful of soda. Stir in fine Indian flour till of a proper batter consistency. Turn into buttered pans an inch in depth and bake in a quick oven.

Buttermilk Biscuit.—One cupful of buttermilk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of soft butter and sifted flour enough to handle, cut out and bake in a quick oven.

Recipes

The following recipes come from a Scotch housewife who says they are favorites in the land of the thistle, her own family having used them for many years. Scotch housewives take special pride in the preparation of wholesome broths and soups, one of the famous ones being 'cockie leekie.' Any fowl, teuch (tender), youthful or middle-aged, may be used, but if one does not possess a fowl, beef may take its place, though the dish may not be so delicate in flavor. For four quarts of soup use two or three pounds of meat, eight or nine large leeks and pepper and salt to taste. Wash the leeks thoroughly, and if they are old scald them for a few minutes in boiling water. Take off the roots and part of the heads and cut them into pieces of about an inch in length. Put the meat and half of the leeks into the pot and allow these to simmer gently for about half an hour; add the remaining leeks and boil them for three or even four hours. Skim carefully and season to taste with salt and pepper.

For stewed oxtail cut the tail at the joints, discarding one or two pieces at the extreme points. Put them into a stewpan with just enough water to cover them. When the water begins to boil, remove the scum on top and add a sliced onion and two carrots. After covering let the meat simmer gently for two and a half hours. Melt an ounce of butter in a little pan, stir in gently half an ounce of flour and some of the strained liquid from the meat. Allow this to boil for five or ten minutes. Add a tablespoonful of catsup and a little lemon juice. After browning it slightly pour the sauce over the tails, which should be arranged with the vegetables on a dish. Serve at once.

To broil, or in Scotch parlance, to 'brander,' a steak in Scotch style, have the 'brander,' or gridiron, very hot, and the fire clear and bright. A little salt sprinkled over the fire will keep down the flame. When the brander is hot, rub it all over with a piece of suet. This prevents the steak from sticking. Cut the skin that lies along the edge of the steak in several places and flatten slightly with a rolling pin. Lay it on the gridiron and turn it every half minute with steak tongs. With a double gridiron it is of course unnecessary to use the tongs, but in shifting the meat about while on the gridiron steak tongs are useful. A fork should never be put into the meat while it is cooking. Have ready a very hot dish and when the steak has been turned for ten minutes lift it up and slip it on the hot dish. Put on a cover and set it into a Dutch oven. Let it stand for ten minutes. Lacking a Dutch oven, the housewife will have to content herself with her up-to-date gas range. The steak is then lifted on to the hot gridiron and turned for five minutes more. Serve on a hot platter after spreading lightly with butter.

'Howtowdie' is a unique Scotch dish. Truss and stuff a young fowl. Put it into a saucepan with three ounces of fresh butter and two gills of good mutton stock. If this stock is not at hand the same amount of water may be used. Add two or three little onions, a few sprigs of parsley, half a teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of pepper. Simmer the fowl till tender. When half cooked add a little more gravy. As soon as it is done, place the bird in the middle of a big, hot platter, and surround it with poached eggs. Just before serving pour over it the gravy in the pot, after thickening with a little moistened flour in the usual way. This dish should be served as hot as possible.

To use up cold beef or mutton cut the meat in thin slices, spread them on both sides with a little chutney and heat them in a pan. Serve piping hot.

'Hotpot' calls for a pound of stewing beef, one pound and a half of potatoes, half a pound of onions, half a pint of water and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Cut the meat, after trimming, into square pieces. Clean, peel and slice the potatoes and onions. Place a layer of the meat in an earthen pudding dish. Cover with a layer of vegetables after seasoning and alternate in this way until beef, one pound and a half of potatoes, should grace the top. Pour the water over all and bake for two hours. A moderately hot oven is the best. Should the water evaporate add a little more. Fifteen minutes before serving remove the paper and let the potatoes brown. Serve immediately, while very hot.

Carrots and turnips mashed and served together are used as an accompaniment of beef and mutton. Peel a large turnip (the peeling should be thick), cut it into squares and drop them into cold water. Scrape three large carrots, cut into chunks and drop them also into cold water. Boil them moderately in an enamelled saucepan for two hours and a half, using slightly salted water. Lift them on to a colander and let them drain till free fr m superfluous moisture. Then mash them well, adding as you do so a small piece of butter rubbed in flour, and a little white pepper. After beating well, serve with mutton or beef.

Molasses Fruit Pudding

Free half a pound of suet from the membrane, chop it rather fine and add half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, and then mix in three cupfuls of flour. Dissolve one level teaspoonful of baking soda in two tablespoonfuls of water, add it to one cupful of New Orleans molasses, then stir in one cupful of cold water. Mix these with the flour, beat well, and add one cupful of raisins, floured. Turn into a greased pudding-mould or kettle, and boil or steam for four hours.

English Plum Pudding for Four Persons

Shred and chop sufficient beef suet to make a cupful. Mix a quarter of a pound of raisins, a quarter of a pound of currants and a quarter of a pound of candied orange peel, and dust them with four tablespoonfuls of flour. Add the suet, a cupful of dry breadcrumbs, a quarter of a nutmeg, grated, the grated rind of a lemon, an orange and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix well and add the juice of the orange and lemon, and three eggs well beaten. Work until the ingredients are moistened, and pack in a mould or kettle, cover and boil or steam for eight hours. Make this on ironing or baking day when you are going to have a long fire. Uncover to cool, then cover and keep in a cool place. Reheat at serving time.

Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published on this page each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference

SPANISH STEW

1 rabbit, jointed — ½ lb. bacon
2 Spanish onions — ½ teaspoonful savoury herbs
½ teaspoonful pepper — 1 teaspoonful salt
½ pt. water

Cut bacon, place half of it in small slices in bottom of pan; slice 1 onion thinly over it and sprinkle a little pepper and salt, then rabbit; dredge flour over the savoury herbs, the second onion and bacon; pour over ½ pt. hot water. Put lid lightly over and stew very slowly 2 hours.

SHEPHERDS PIE

A delicious supper dish when made of corned beef or any scraps of bacon or sausage. Put all through a mincer and add stock or gravy and seasoning to taste; cover with a good thick layer of mashed potatoes; level and score crisscross with a fork. Dot top with bits of butter and brown in oven.

SAUSAGE ROLLS

½ lb. sausages — Pepper and salt
Rough puff pastry

Put the sausages in cold water; bring them to the boil and cook for 5 minutes; drain them; take off the skin, and season each with salt and pepper; roll out a piece of rough puff pastry, cut into squares; wet each square round the edge and lay a piece of sausage in the centre; fold first one side over, then the other, and press them well down at each end. Brush over with beaten egg and cook for ½ hour in a quick oven. Mince can be put in place of the sausages.

TONGUE LOAF

Boil tongue in salt and water for 4½ hours; let cool in water in which it was boiled (first skimming before cold); take 1 can tomatoes; put through sieve or collander, season to taste and add 1 tablespoonful vinegar; put on stove and let come to boil; stir in 1 box Cox's gelatin when hot; roll tongue, put it in a round dish and pour sauce on tongue, allowing it to cool. This will form in a mold.

It is easier to prevent than it is to cure. Inflammation of the lungs is the companion of neglected colds, and once it finds a lodgement in the system it is difficult to deal with. Treatment with Bickle's Anti-Consumption Syrup will eradicate the cold and prevent inflammation from setting in. It costs little, and is as satisfactory as it is surprising in its results.

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TO BE PALATABLE
MOONEY'S BISCUITS
ARE THE FRESH BISCUITS

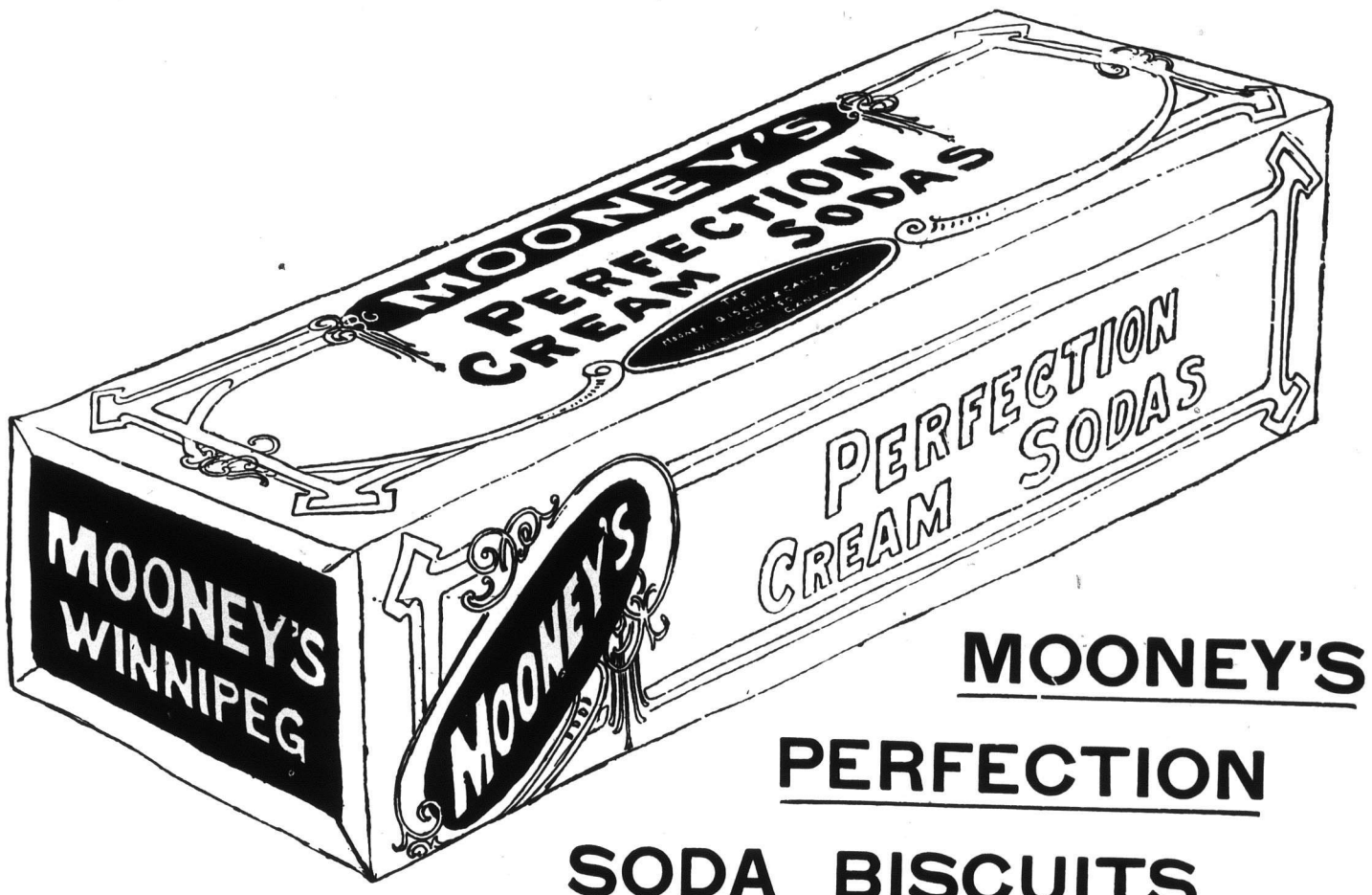
Fresh enough to take the place of the bread and biscuits you bake yourself.

Because the **MOONEY** system is so perfect that every biscuit is shipped the same day it leaves the oven.

The big Winnipeg factory is so close that your Grocer gets **MOONEY'S** in a few hours—no long haul—no deterioration.

Besides the demand for **MOONEY'S**—the popular biscuit—is so great that his stock is always changing.

MOONEY'S never grow stale on the grocers' shelves,
That's one reason why



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PERFECTION
SODA BISCUITS

are fresher, crisper and more appetizing.

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"LET MOONEY DO IT"

Get Wise to
a Good Flour

Find out what our
trade mark means
to you and you
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PURITY FLOUR

MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD