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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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SEPTEMBER, 1915

WINNIPEG, CANADA



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Because a perfect product is very soon a spoiled product unless properly protected.

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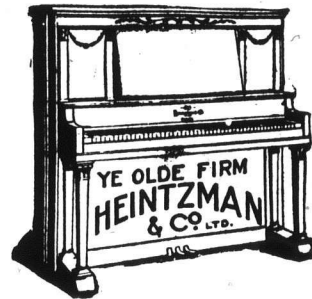
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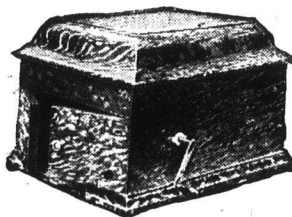
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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVI. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada. No. 9

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

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

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

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

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

A Chat with Our Readers

The Western Home Monthly is an opportunity. It creates mental, moral and physical vitality in the life of every reader. Vitality is "the lamp of life." There is no vitality in the world that surpasses the Canadian. A Cameron sergeant after the battle of Ypres found some German newspapers, in which the Canadian soldiers were described as the best fighters in the world—"an Indian people with the British blood in their veins who fight like lions." Our climate, our scenery, the industry necessary to harvest the food of the prairie, and to dig into the depth of mountain wealth—all contribute to the upbuilding of Canadian vitality.

The Western Home Monthly has its force of contributors in every corner of Canada to collect fresh from its sources illustrations and information concerning Canadian resources, life and industries.

It spares no expense in its ambition to bring all this wealth in article and illustration to every one of its readers; it is a monthly mine of treasure in new illustrations, educational articles, interesting stories, instructive editorials and inspired poems.

Besides all this the affairs of the world are condensed in clear, concise paragraphs—an encyclopedia of knowledge in a few pages.

The past twelve months' copies of The Western Home Monthly contain a superb collection of pictures concerning the war. Many of the pictures are sent direct to The Western Home Monthly from the places where they were taken. Every home needs this collection—its historical value cannot be duplicated. Some people dissipate their energies by filling their minds with reading that is waste material. They spend hours reading page after page in ordinary periodicals, material that The Western Home Monthly reviews in a paragraph. Every parent must guard carefully the reading matter that comes into the home. Cheap reading matter, filled with poisonous ideas finds its way into many popular periodicals. Victims of such mind disturbing trash fill every prison and cell. Somebody's boy—somebody's girl drifts into irresponsibility through books and papers carelessly allowed in the home. A matron at the city station listened to a distressed girl who told her she had lost her ticket and purse. "I'll guarantee you were reading a bit of trash at the time," exclaimed the matron.

"What were you reading?" she continued. The girl shyly handed her a magazine, filled with the "wishy washy" type of brain poison.

Allow only reading matter that inspires responsibility and capability and character in the mind of the family to come into the home—otherwise mental dissipation and perverted ambitions will wreck the character of that home. The reading matter of Germany incited this war. The man with the pen molded German military meanness. This war will always be connected with the teachings of Treitschke and other German men of the pen. The cry of "Deutschland uber alles" dates from the time that Treitschke began to write on German ideals.

The Western Home Monthly contributors are men and women whose pens are guided by honest patriotism. Their aim is to make The Western Home Monthly an opportunity to raise the whole family to efficiency. This is just the reason why every Canadian family needs our magazine. It fills a need, and this pronounces its success. Scores of letters to us testify of its value in home building.

Are you discouraged? You will find in The Western Home Monthly a mental and physical tonic.

Are you tired? Read our invigorating articles. Are you sad? Look through our pages for the sayings and incidents from funny people.

Are you isolated? Read what The World is saying. Would you like to feel the sympathy of another woman's company and advice? Read The Woman's Quiet Hour and The Young Woman and her Problem, both pages conducted by well-known Lady Journalists, who add to their splendid talents a warm sympathy and a strong human touch.

Would you like to ask someone's opinion concerning the most important affairs of the day? Read The Philosopher.

Perhaps the boys and girls are lonely for company. Read our pages for the Young People.

Would you like a few home helps? Read Woman and the Home and Household Suggestions.

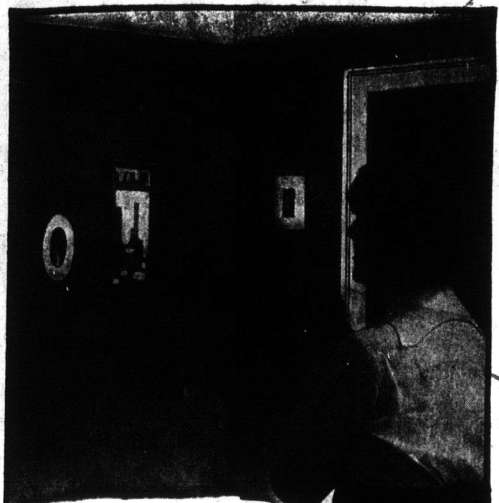
Do you like becoming dresses? Read our Fashion Page. Young man—young woman—are you hungering for an education? Read The Western Home Monthly from cover to cover.

Are you a young man, middle-aged or older? Would you like to learn of men—would you enjoy hearing a man's talk to men—one who has spent years in the study of biography, and whose eloquence always attracts crowded houses? Read The Young Man and His Problem.

Do you want to economize in buying anything and everything for the home and farm? Read our advertisements. We solicit only those firms that will give the best value to our readers.

Would you like to correspond with clever and interesting young folks? Read our Correspondence Pages.

We study sincerely that which will interest and help The Western Home. This is why you need us every month, and we trust you will do your part to help introduce into every household The Western Home Monthly.



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All Low "First-Cost" Records Broken

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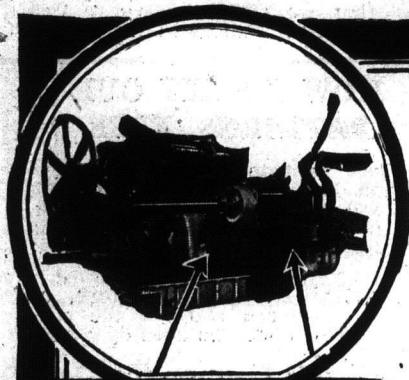
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Electric Starter and Electric Lights	Electric Horn	Handsome Rounded Radiator and Hood	Easy Riding and Marvelous Flexibility
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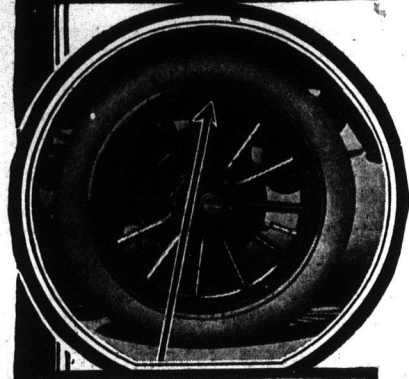
Every feature and every refinement of cars that sell at twice its price
PRICE F. O. B. WINDSOR

Write for the 1916 Maxwell Catalogue, and name of the Maxwell Dealer nearest you. Address Dept. AV

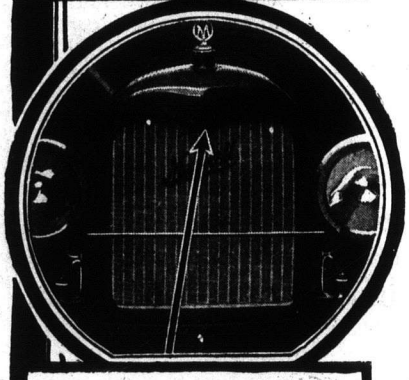
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4-cylinder Unit Power Plant with enclosed fly-wheel and clutch.



Demountable Rims are regular equipment of the 1916 Maxwell.

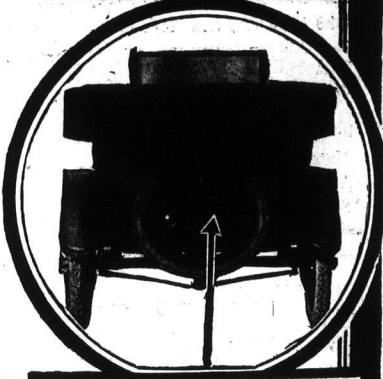


Front view showing the handsome lines of the new radiator and hood.

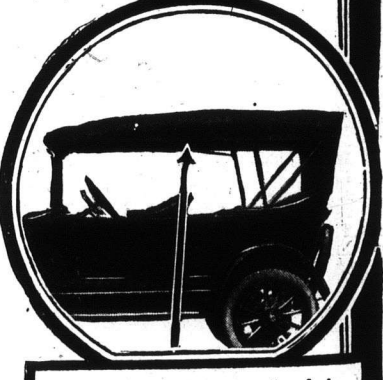
Built complete by the three gigantic Maxwell Factories



Speedometer, fuse box, ignition lights, battery regulator, all mounted flush on instrument board.



Note the compact arrangement of spare tire carrier, tail light and license bracket.



Perfect-fitting, "one-man" mohair top; quick adjustable storm curtains, rolled up inside of top.

Service and Parts Stations at Winnipeg and Windsor

Editorial Comment

WANTED MEN

The fortunes of war are changing, and from now on the Allies will meet with growing success. Our hearts go out to the young men who have given their lives to hold back the foe during the black hours of our preparation. They have fought a good fight; they have kept the faith. Now there are wanted thousands who will assist in pressing on to a glorious triumph. Will you be one of the number?

Have you ever thought that you have but one life to live, and that it must be spent heroically or otherwise? Up to the present what has it meant? What is it going to mean for the future? Once in every life-time comes a moment to decide. That moment for you is just now. You may settle down to slothful self-indulgence or you offer yourself for King and country. You may have a long inglorious life, or perhaps it may be long or short but full of glory. It is yours to decide.

Did you ever reflect that there is but one way either at home or abroad to save your life, and that is by losing it? Last week there returned from the trenches for but a week one of the most heroic of our young Canadians. Thousands rightly flocked around him to do him honor. Do you not think that in the few short days of his return he experienced more true joy than you will in a life-time? There he had it all—his own self-respect, the esteem and commendation of his friends, the highest approval of his country, and above all the Smile of God. Isn't it worth living for? Isn't it worth dying for—if need be?

But why should you lay down your life for your friends? Again, let it be said, that it is not only for your friends' sake and your country's sake, but for your own sake. Do you remember the great Ulysses? In his later days this is what the poet has him say:

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on
life

Were all too little, and of one, to me
Little remains, but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence: something more
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns, to store and hoard
myself,

And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human
thought."

Now just put "service" or "goodness" in place of "knowledge," and see if you would not gladly be able to utter these words in your later days.

It has not been for young men in any age to accept such an opportunity as is now offered you. This is the war of all wars, for it will settle whether men are to be free or whether they are to live in perpetual slavery. The hands of the clock will continue to move forward or the dial will show that they have turned back three hundred years. It is you who must decide. You and your children and your children's children will be the servants of force and coarseness and bestiality or they will breathe in peace the free air of these broad prairies. Which shall it be? Think not if the Teuton arms should prevail that this continent, and above all this Canada, would be safe. It was Kipling who said, "In that case, Germany would never send a ship, nor fire a shot. She would simply say what should be done, and she would be obeyed."

It is right on the soil of Europe that this thing must be settled. The struggle is just beginning. There will be great disappointments and hardships yet, but there can be only one outcome. Will you share in the glory?

There is as yet no such thing in Canada as conscription. Don't you see how that is in your favor. You do not have to go, but you

have the privilege of going. You are a free agent. Among the Teutons it is not so. Perhaps you would enjoy the Teuton rule. To prevent such a calamity it may be necessary to resort to conscription here. You will not let it be so in your case. The call is now. The call is urgent. The call is to you. What are you going to say?

* * * * *
WANTED—MORE MEN

There are some men too old to take up arms. There are others who must stay behind to furnish the sinews of warfare. There are fields to be tilled, munitions to be manufactured, homes to be guarded, wives and children to be cared for. Business and government must be carried on. You know if your duty keeps you here. If it does, then without leaving your native land you have as great an opportunity though not as great a risk as your countrymen who are now on the plains of France. Here as there you can recognize that each man is his brother's keeper and that each should love his neighbor as himself. These laws have not been recognized among us hitherto as they should. Business is selfish at the core. Class and race hatreds have broken up the unity of our national life. There have been evidences on every hand of discord, distrust and disloyalty. The name Canadian has become a

For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
In the brave days of old. —Macaulay.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylae. —Byron.

Charlots of fire in the dark of death stand,
With crowns for the foremost who fall for
their land;
My God! what a time ere we meet hand
to hand!
Old England for ever. Hurrah!

Charge back! Once again we must ride the
Death-ride,
Torn, tattered, but smiling with something
of pride;
Charge home; out of Hell; gory-grim;
glorified!
Old England for ever. Hurrah!
—Gerald Massey.

synonym for all that is politically corrupt and dishonorable. Even now there are many who recognizing crime would yet condone it. It is for you to act the loyal part, to place country above party, purity above policy, honor and integrity above self-love and self-advancement. For those who have used public office as the means of private gain you will have nothing but curses; for those who have impoverished our treasuries that the privileged few might feed at the public mangers, you will have nothing but imprecations. You cannot condone wrong. You cannot be a party to robbery and disloyalty. Nor will you be doing less than the men in khaki if you succeed in keeping all at home pure and peaceful and righteous.

* * * * *
PARTY GOVERNMENT

Because of the common sense exercised by people when party considerations do not influence them, and because of their recklessness and apparent lack of judgment and honesty when the party whip cracks, there is a growing feeling in favor of the breaking up of the party system. On the whole that would perhaps be a mistake. In matters of government men must work in groups to accomplish much. Single-handed they serve as goads to others but that is about all. And if the present parties ceased to exist, their places would be assumed by others, with narrower range of

interest, such as a labor party, a farmer's party. True, it is, that the present parties on occasion, become the agents of privileged interests such as the transportation companies, or the manufacturers, but this is but incidental. In so far as the two recognized parties are true to the principles they profess to hold they are broader than any special class or interest. If they are untrue to these principles, a reason is found either in that common feeling which prompts most men to place the winning of the game as first, and the upholding of principle as second, or in the baseness and rapacity of party leaders who believe that the only way to win personal and party success is by the use of large campaign funds. There was a day in which the names Liberal and Conservative represented something definite, but to-day there is little difference in principle and even less in practice between the two parties. Within the last month we have seen in one province a party breaking all the planks in its platform and adopting exactly the same platform as its opponents. This is because it is felt that a platform of principles is to stand upon during an election but to forget as soon as an election is over.

The solution of the difficulty as we have it in Canada is not so impossible as it might seem. First, the division on Dominion lines should not be the same as on provincial. The issues at stake are by no means similar. Indeed, there is no necessity at all for party politics in provincial matters. Large cities like Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg have in some ways as much business as the provinces in which they are located, and yet a mayor and council do the official work in quite as satisfactory a manner as the provincial legislatures. In the next place the independent electors—those free of party affiliation—should be large enough to hold the balance of power. Fortunately that condition is being realized. In the third place, education through press, pulpit and otherwise should develop a stauncher morality. That after all is the important thing. This party warfare is at best exceedingly primitive—a continuation of school-boy contests or of clan savagery. But when the issues are clearly defined and of real human significance, then party warfare becomes part of men's loyalty and religion. Is yours the selfish or the patriotic kind?

* * * * *
A GOOD DECISION

Things are not all wrong in Canada. Nothing could prove this more conclusively than the recent election in Manitoba. Self-confessed wrong had been committed, and the rank and file of the party which had to assume the responsibility for the wrong, refused to continue their allegiance to their former leaders and to the new leader with his hastily constructed platform. Nothing could be a greater credit to the people of Manitoba, than such an overwhelming victory for honest administration. They surely deserve it, for they have been duped too long. If the new government is only perfectly honest, and if its affair are administered by those who possess wisdom combined with economy, there is no reason why it should not have a long tenure of office. It will take only a few years for the province to get on its feet again, although there will of necessity be some privations to endure.

The best part of it all is that notice has gone forth to the other provinces and to the federal administration that grafting and corruption must cease. Manitoba has begun her housecleaning, some other provinces are about to begin and there are departments in the federal administration demanding investigation. When people put right before party they can accomplish anything.

A Beaver Colony

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by H. H. Pittman

WHILE searching for cut-lines and corner-stakes recently in Central Alberta, I came upon a small colony of beavers in a little stream known as "Trapper's Creek," running, I believe into the Medicine River. At this particular place the creek runs parallel with the precipitous bank on the east side of the great Saskatchewan River, not very far away. This district has a great deal of muskeg in it and is covered with a heavy growth, consisting chiefly of spruce, jack-pine and tamarack, with patches of poplar on the higher ground here and there. In the neighborhood of the colony the stream was bordered by small-leaf poplars, and it was these trees only that the beavers used in the construction of their house and dams.

Trapper's Creek, under normal conditions, is about six feet wide, varies from one to two feet in depth and flows rather swiftly. It is a proof of the intelligence of these animals to find that by placing a dam at a certain point they had succeeded in making a pool of an acre or more in area and from seven to eight feet deep. Also they had taken full advantage of the natural conformation of the land and had chosen the only place in the immediate neighborhood where such a pool could be made. The main dam was about fifty yards long and consisted of poplar brush and saplings, and on the upper side the interstices were filled with mud, making a barrier through which very little water penetrated. Both above and below there were several smaller dams, but these did not appear to serve any effective purpose.

There was only one house or lodge, and this was in the large pool. It was built of mud, poplar brush and small tree-trunks up to three or four inches in diameter and had an under-water entrance. The peak was fully six feet above the surface and the measurements on the water-line were about fifteen feet by twelve. Some small willows were growing at one side, but they had probably been there before the house was started.

On the east side where most of the poplars were, trees were felled in every direction, the largest being twelve inches in diameter at the point where they were cut through. They were gnawed evenly on all sides and then allowed to fall where chance willed, no effort apparently being made to drop them where they could be most conveniently handled. The cuts were made from twelve to fifteen inches from the ground and the chips measured about one inch by two and a half. In many cases the fallen trees were completely denuded of bark, even the small branches being stripped. Trees intended for use have all the branches removed and are cut into sections from five to eight feet long.

The banks of a pool of this description were, of course, shelving, but in several spots on the east side there was deep water right to the edge, apparently excavated by the animals themselves, and paths up to the timber indicated that these were the places where the logs were

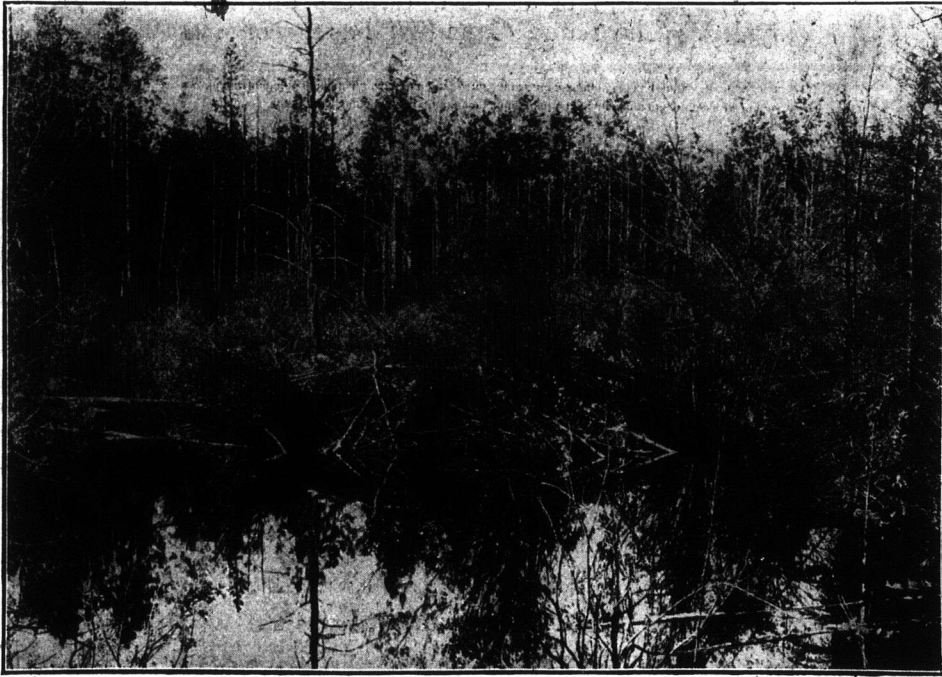


Trees Cut Down by Beavers

floated. There were many evergreens in the vicinity, but only the poplars had been touched.

In spite of the size of the large dam, I do not think there were more than four adult beavers in the colony. Owing to the amount of small branches and twigs lying everywhere, cut from the fallen trees, a quiet approach was impossible and only two of the animals were seen, although I spent many hours there on three consecutive days. One of them was among the willows in the pool and the other was swimming near the dam. I approached as quietly as possible from the north-east and got quite close to the beaver in the water. It was swimming with only the top of the head and back above the surface—and upon seeing me put its head down as if to dive, but came up for another look before disappearing altogether. The weather was dull and rain was falling at the time, so that a photograph was out of the question.

Even had a quiet approach been possible it is doubtful if the animals would have been about, for practically all the time I was there a pair of sinful Brewer blackbirds with young were uttering their plaintive alarm calls, warning every creature in the neighborhood that danger of some sort was near. On the east side of the stream I found a pair of Magnolia Warblers and a short distance from the



A Corner of the Beaver Pond

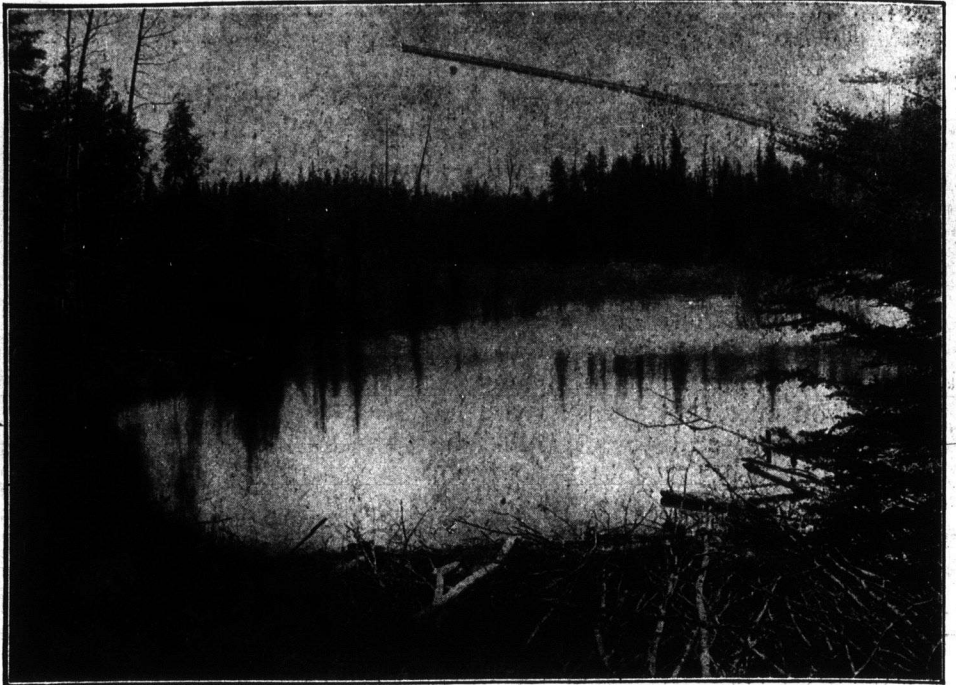
west bank, in an open space, there were some nighthawks, but I did not find any nests. I also saw a Spruce Grouse with a brood of chicks, and several others in the trees. I had at least three interesting rodents within gunshot at one time—the beavers, northern hares, and red squirrels. It is probable that the little Chipmunk (*Eutamias quadrivittatus neglectus*) was close also.

permits. Of course, the people are more important than the animals, but one cannot help feeling sorry to think that probably the only places where these interesting and intelligent rodents will be found, will be in the far north beyond the bounds of civilization, unless something is quickly done to prevent their absolute extermination in the settled districts.

On my way to the little town where I was staying, I rode by a clearing on the evening of the third day, where the lesser Yellowlegs were nesting. Apparently some eggs had hatched, for a female flew towards me uttering a very plaintive whistle. When quite close, she turned and tried to settle on the wire strand of a fence. The shape of her feet made this difficult, so, keeping one foot upon the wire, she dropped the other upon the rail beneath—a rather odd-looking position—keeping up her mournful calls until I was a considerable distance away. She would have made a beautiful picture, but being short of plates, I hesitated to risk spoiling one in the poor light.

A few days later I visited some more beaver colonies in small streams about thirty miles south of Trapper's Creek. In several places in this district, where for one reason or another, the water had fallen, old grass-covered dams were used as foot-paths across marshy spots. Rain commenced while I was down in this part, forcing me to stay for four days in a log cabin, built in Idaho style by an old lumberjack who acted as host.

Bird life was not plentiful here and the only species noticed were the slate-colored Junco, white-throated Sparrow, lesser Yellowlegs, Wilson Snipe, Brewer



Part of the Beaver Pond from the Dam

At present, beavers are receiving absolute protection, but I am afraid that when the season opens all these isolated little colonies will be wiped out. There are several impecunious homesteaders that I have met who are figuring upon making a little haul as soon as the law

Blackbird, ruffed Grouse, American Robin, Holboell Grebe and American white-headed Eagle

While staying here, I was told that, some time ago, the beaver season in the north was opened for about twenty days. Toward the close of this period, some surveyors encountered squaws on their way to a trading post with over five hundred beaver skins. Obviously trapping had been going on all the close season, the skins being kept until their sale was lawful. My host showed me a handsome (slightly damaged) cross-fox skin and also the hide of a beautifully marked, but rather small lynx.

John Jones on his Stenographer
With best of reason dotes,
She's the only living person who
Will take from him his Notes!
The others demand Cash.

And for another reason, too,
He swears that she is great,
She's the only woman in the world
To whom he dares dictate!
He's married.

MISCHIEF MAKER
Now Strong and Robust

An adult's food that can save a baby proves itself to be nourishing and easily digested and good for big and little folks. A Brooklyn man says:

"When our baby was about eleven months old he began to grow thin and pale. This was attributed to the heat and the fact that his teeth were coming, but, in reality, the poor little thing was starving, his mother's milk not being sufficient nourishment.

"One day after he had cried bitterly for an hour, I suggested that my wife try him on Grape-Nuts. She soaked two teaspoonfuls in half a cup of warm water for 5 or 6 minutes. Then poured off the liquid and to it added a like amount of rich milk and a little sugar. This baby ate ravenously.

"It was not many days before he forgot all about being nursed, and has since lived almost exclusively on Grape-Nuts. To-day the boy is strong and robust, and as cute a mischief-maker as a thirteen months old baby is expected to be.

"Use this letter any way you wish, for my wife and I can never praise Grape-Nuts enough after the brightness it has brought to our household."

Grape-Nuts is not made for a baby food, but experience with thousands of babies shows it to be among the best, if not entirely the best in use. Being a scientific preparation of Nature's grains, it is equally effective as a body and brain builder for grown-ups. "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

Meal-Time at the Front

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Aubrey Fullerton.

THERE is at least one respect in which an army is like a circus; its dining service is very interesting and wonderful. It would greatly simplify the working details of either organization if its commissariat department could be eliminated; but a goodly part of its human interest would be gone if the cook-tent and field-kitchen went. No ready-to-eat, tabloid foods could possibly make up in convenience and practical efficiency what they would lose in domestic picturesqueness and sociability. Armies are fed not merely to keep them alive, but also to help maintain their morale at a good and constant level, and in the present war this double importance of the food and drink question is recognized more fully than in any other of the world's conflicts. Yet it is no new discovery. A little more than a hundred years ago, Wellington said of his army in the Peninsula:

"I found the English regiments in the best humor when we were well supplied with beef; the Irish when we were in the wine countries; the Scotch when the dollars for pay came up. This looks like an epigram, but I assure you it was the fact, and quite perceptible. But we managed to reconcile all their tempers, and I will venture to say that in our late campaigns, and especially when we crossed the Pyrenees, there never was an army in the world in better spirits, better order, better discipline."

If Wellington could see the kitchens and dining-camps of the several armies in Europe to-day, he would be moved to more adjectives than one. Admirably dined and wined as was his army, those of 1915 are being served marvelously, sometimes almost miraculously. The mysteries of a circus pantry or an ocean liner's kitchen are as nothing compared with the feeding of the soldiers in the trenches and on the battle-line in France and Germany.

One would expect, of course, that the French soldiers would be well fed, for France is reputed to be a land of good cooks and cooking. She is ingenious, too, and could well be trusted to get her army's food supplies to the front. But in some cases she has done it even better than could have been expected of her. An Englishman who was with the French army in Lorraine feasted royally:

"Even so close behind the lines there is no scarcity of provisions or even of luxuries. At luncheon near the front such a meal was set before us as could not be surpassed in the most famous restaurants in Paris. The table was decorated with carnations that could only have come from the Riviera coast, and on the menu there figured Marennes oysters and lobsters which, in some mysterious way, had been brought up absolutely fresh from the sea."

We were able to convince ourselves of the admirable way in which the French soldier is fed by a surprise visit to the kitchen of a reservist regiment in a small village near the firing line. In a large barn three great fires were blazing cheerfully, and over each of them hung a number of large pots from which savory odors were steaming. The regimental cooks, one of whom in civilian life was the chef of a well-known restaurant, invited us to taste the soup and meat which they were cooking, and to appreciate them the hunger of the trenches was not needed as a sauce."

But the French, nor any army, could maintain this standard of dining service everywhere. For average meals and regularity of supply, the British army excels, and it is being spoken of as the best cared-for and best-fed army in history. That is largely due to the efficiency of General Robertson, who has had the responsibility of the commissariat. If occasional luxuries get in to the French lines, plain, substantial food, but plenty of it, goes regularly to the British camps, and the men keep fit.

In recent letters from the front some of the Canadian soldiers have made incidental references to the matter of food supply. A Winnipeg doctor, serving

with one of the field ambulances in France, tells of his ride to railhead, within a few miles of the trenches:

"All arrangements were perfect, the train running like clockwork, and all necessities arranged for. I do not think I ever drank so much coffee before, as we made a rush for the buffet at each stop in order to have a warm drink. We had our regular rations to eat, of course, bully beef, bread, jam, and cheese."

When he reached his billet, on the night of the second day, he "had a grand meal of omelets and several other courses, with vin ordinaire and more coffee in tall glasses."

Two weeks later, he and his men were established in their own mess:

"We are now living pretty well off the rations, which are excellent, and do very well with a few supplementary articles. The tinned butter being served out is good, and there is no poor food. It is apparently carefully inspected, and the men generally have quite as much as they can possibly manage, and they are not specially troubled with lack of appetite. The great marvel to the French is that the British Tommy actually has 'confiture' (jam) given to him—that is the height of luxury."



A Beaver House

Another Western Canadian, a corporal in the first contingent, wrote at about the same time and from a similar billet on a French farm:

"We reside in a loft and beneath us are the usual occupants of a stable, including a goat. There are eighty of us in the loft, but as there is lots of straw we are comfortable and warm at night, in spite of plenty of ventilation. The food is fair, considering, and we can purchase eggs, milk, and butter from the dame in charge of the farm."

Table luxuries at the front, however, sometimes cost very dear. The diary of a British subaltern gives a realistic picture of the finding of two army cooks, killed at their work by a German shell:

"Above them, slung from a crossbeam, hangs the hollow carcass of the pig which they were scouring when they fell, and at the other end of the barn there still smoulder the embers of the fire they had lit for roasting it. It was the simple striking of a match to kindle it, against orders, that was their death. Merrily the tufts of straw caught and crackled into heavy volutes of blue smoke; there was no chimney, no window that could betray them to the enemy—where was the harm? Unfortunately, the troop-cooks had failed to notice that a tile was missing from the gable—and a moment later the shell had arrived."

It is, naturally enough, a difficult matter to get an adequate supply of food into the trenches, and for even the best organized system it sometimes will be impossible. In a letter to his mother in Winnipeg, telling of his experiences at Ypres, a private of the Cameron Highlanders says:

"Rations were short and sometimes not forthcoming, but I had some plain chocolate and that kept me going for two days with what I did get."

We expose ourselves scarcely at all during the day. All our grub, mail, etc., we run into our dug-out like animals to their lair, venturing forth after dusk. We generally cook somehow inside the dug-out."

And sometimes the trenchman must go without food at all. Another Manitoba boy, who was in the thick of the fighting at Ypres, writes home thus expressively:

"I hadn't washed or shaved for about two weeks, and hadn't had anything to eat or drink for four days. Believe me, I was a picture. My lips were cracked and black for want of a drink, and my face was splashed with mud and discolored by shell smoke, and the green tint around my gills finished the picture."

At Langemark, one of the later engagements in which the Canadians distinguished themselves, their experiences, in this respect, were very much the same. An officer who was wounded there tells of coming out of the trenches at midnight and finding some biscuit and cheese at headquarters, "the first mouthful we had had to eat for three days."

Better a dinnerless trench, however, if a trench of the Allies, than to be a guest of the Germans: so the Britishers say. There have been letters from some who

were caught as prisoners of war, and whether from the bad relish of their captivity or from the really inferior quality of the food served to them, they have a poor opinion of the German commissariat as applied, at least, to prisoners. There is a bit of doggerel among the British to this effect:

"Soup hot, soup cold;
Pork young, pork old;
Mutton tender, mutton tough;
Thank the Kaiser,
We've had enough."

An English officer, writing home after four months' imprisonment in the German camp, says that for those four months he was fed pork and sausage twice a day. A Canadian private writes to his mother, like a boy at a hungry boarding-school:

"This is to let you know that I am well. Also that I am a prisoner of war. I want you to send me some eats every week, if you can—jam, cakes, biscuits, milk and sugar—anything you like. Also fags (cigarettes). Be sure and pack them well."

Surely it is a very human side of modern warring that is revealed by such messages and narratives as these.

Two little brothers, aged respectively four and six years old, fell in with a stray kitten, which, suffering by the hands of some cruel person, had of its tail scarcely half an inch remaining. "Poor little kitten" said the younger one. "Who has cut off its tail? I wonder if it will grow again." To which the elder gravely remarked: "Of course it will. Don't you see the root is there?"

Things of To-Day

Why Things Go Wrong

The "silly season," after all, has not been so silly. We have had trivialities in the public Press, and the big gooseberry, if not the perennial sea-serpent, has made its customary appearance, while many people have evidently taken advantage of the leisure of the holidays to pen long letters to the newspapers on almost every conceivable topic.

On the whole, the discussions that have been going on have been more than usually interesting, and by no means unprofitable. Take the comprehensive subject, "What is Wrong?" discussed at length in the columns of the "Daily News." All kinds of views were expressed in the various answers to the question, and many remedies were suggested for the ills that the age is heir to. Of all the letters which appeared, however, none struck us as being timely, more true, or more sincere than that written by Dr. Horton, that eloquent and cultured preacher whose jubilee will be celebrated this autumn.

"I can only state very succinctly," says Dr. Horton, "what seems to me to be the answer to the question, What is wrong? It is this, that vast numbers of people in England to-day have forsaken the best and highest ideal of life known to them before they have found a better and higher. Some have forsaken it in order to find a higher and better—which is misguided; but most have forsaken it, and are making no serious effort to find a higher and better. This, indeed, is the explanation of all wrongness in human life."

The bulk of the people, he goes on to argue, surrender the old and tried ideal, fling it aside, and live without a conscious aim at higher and spiritual things. According to their Pagan creed to command wealth is to be happy, yet they are wretched. "They have no real object to live for, outside their own personal desires; they cannot benefit others, for they have no real good to impart to them. They fall into that dreary, uninspired realm of the commonplace in which the only relief is to aim at social recognition in a higher grade, or to shoot, or play golf, or drive abroad, veiled and panting, casting up dust and emitting noisome smells in motor cars."

Yes, Dr. Horton is right. The best and highest ideal of life known at present to men is the Christian. When men live and act faithfully up to it, the noblest results are attained. A serious alternative hypothesis to the one which was offered by Christ has yet to be offered. We cannot have a view of life, a rule of conduct better than that which Christ gave us—that which issues in "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

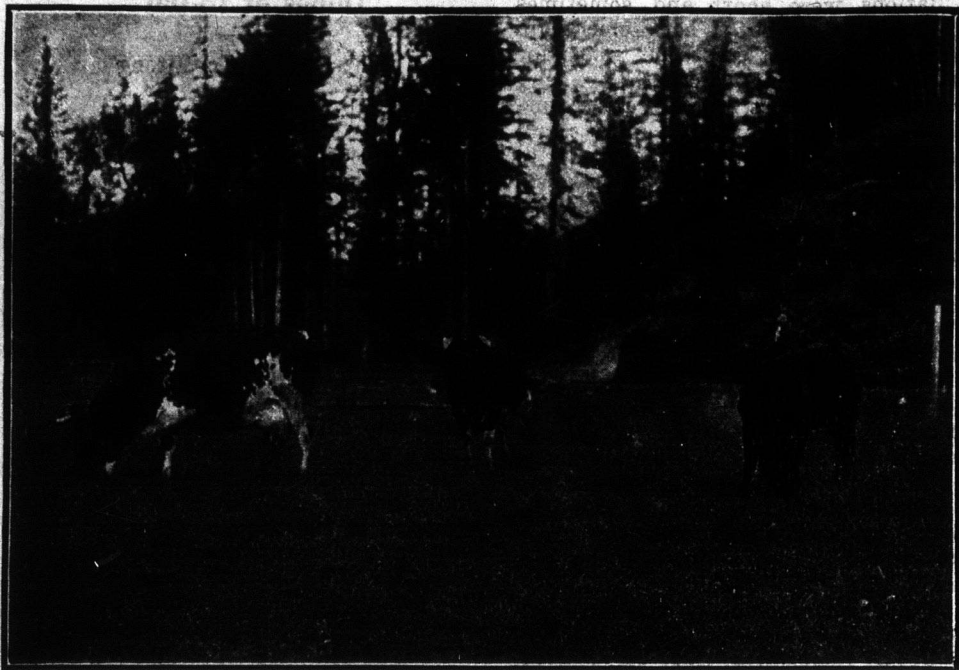
Night after night, long after sunset, the writer has mingled with the eager, excited crowds of debaters in Hyde Park, and has heard ignorant and blasphemous attacks on the Christian faith—attacks met, happily, in not a few instances by Christian people who think it worth their while to show their colors and bear their testimony in a field of service too often neglected. These men may fling aside the old ideal with a laugh and a sneer—but they have not attempted to find a better. They have not discovered anything new that will

Minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written tablets of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart.

Only one message, only one hypothesis, only one ideal can do this, and it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. What is wrong is that the "old, old story," with all its sweetness and beauty—the best and highest that we know—has been thrown aside, and there is nothing that can ever take its place, and things can never be right until men cease trying to find satisfaction in worldly pleasure without a conscious aim at higher and spiritual things.

Oh, for a great spiritual awakening during the coming winter!



The British Columbia Climate seems to suit Cattle

The Toss of a Coin

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By E. G. Bayne

OPPORTUNITY knocks but once. After that you have to go after her.

It was this thought that kept thrusting itself forward in Stephen Long's mind, to the utter exclusion of other matters. Fate had thrown this splendid chance in his way most unexpectedly, as is the way of Fate, and, should he neglect it, and proceed with the business that had brought him west? Or, should he continue to follow the gleam—continue to trail this wonderful girl in the section ahead? She was the only woman that had ever caught and held his interest. He had basked in her shadow all the way from Montreal and now they were fast approaching Winnipeg where he must leave her. Some intangible charm about her—either in her manner or in her breezy, rose-and-tan beauty—had suggested the broad wind-swept plains of far Alberta and he knew that she was prairie-born and prairie-bred. She distilled a subtle essence of clean, clear ozone, of tender blue anemones, of wild June roses, and it did not require much imagination to picture her seated upon a bucking broncho loping over the plains in glad, wild freedom, pulling the beast to his haunches one moment and spurring him onward the next.

Winnipeg! Long made a reach for his club-bag and then stopped. He would toss a quarter! Heads, he would get off and proceed with business—tails he would stay on the train and follow her to hand's end.

Tails won!

For two whole days past the Gateway City, Stephen Long chafed and fumed in his section. Was there no one on board who would introduce him? Supposing she got off in the night while he was calmly snoring in his berth. Supposing—and then he remembered that he ought to notify his business people in Winnipeg of his inability to see them for a week or so.

So he dashed off a telegram: "Hold the deal. Been taken suddenly ill, malignant malady. Will write."

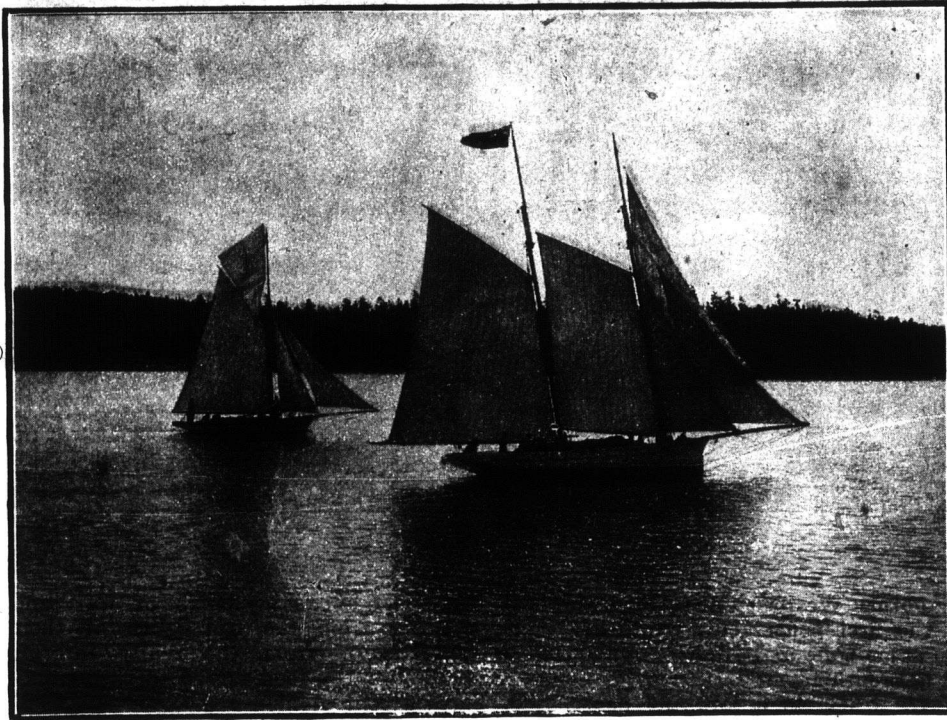
Which was quite true.

Meanwhile he had pursued every legitimate means to gain a look or a word from the girl. He had bribed porters to place him at her table in the diner. He had prayed fervently that she might drop her handkerchief or her handbag while he was passing her seat. He had entered into a conspiracy with the magazine-and-fruit boy to (accidentally) tip a bushel of papers in the aisle at her side, so that he—Long—might be privileged to spring forward and pick them up.

"And fifty cents if you'll let me kick you for carelessness," Long had said to the grinning boy, who pocketed the coin in advance.

But all these schemes had failed. The girl had not batted an eyelash

when Long had upset the catsup on the snowy linen in the diner, where he was seated opposite her at the same table. She was particularly retentive of handkerchief and handbag, and as for the big coup of all—why, she hadn't even turned her head when the avalanche of Bulletins and Leaders had cascaded



Yachting on lazy summer days

over the arm of her seat. Long had sprung nimbly enough to her aid but to all of his deferential and profuse apologies for the boy's clumsiness, she had returned only a cool, perfumetory smile and had immediately resumed her reading.

Stung! She had never even noticed him, and here they were approaching Calgary. Long smiled ruefully as he thought of how his friends back east would gape if they knew of his infatuation.

"Old Steve in love at last!" he could hear Ed Winters say. For Long had successfully withstood the blandishments of the fair sex all his life, and he was now thirty and living in bachelor quarters in an apartment block, where it seemed probable that he would always remain, unless some unforeseen change in his business should demand his removal to another city.

They were still east of the Foothill City, when Long glanced up suddenly to find that the girl was preparing to quit her long journey. She had drawn on a natty brown jacket over her maize-colored silk blouse with its flowing red tie, and was busy buckling a refractory strap on her suitcase while the negro porter stood by, assiduously brushing and currying her down. Last of all, she clapped on a jaunty little sombrero over her sunny hair. As

she flashed a smile at the porter, that displayed a double row of white even little teeth, Stephen longed to kick him.

"Now or never!" he gritted between his own teeth. He hauled down his grip from the seat upon which his feet had lately rested and began hastily jamming his loose belongings into it. Then he resurrected his club-bag, his gold-handled umbrella and his hat and strode down the aisle just as the train creaked and groaned down to the full stop. By his countenance none could have guessed the doubts and fears that were now assailing him. He must dig up a plausible excuse for dogging her to her native haunts, for by a quick glance out of the window he saw that the place was only an elevator hamlet, containing perhaps a dozen buildings.

"Rosehill," he read in white letters on the side of the small station.

It had been named in a spirit of contradiction, for May though it was, there was nary a flower, and the land was as flat as a board. There wasn't even a respectable ant-hill in sight though away off to the westward rose the first undulating line of foothills, dim and shadowy against the skyline.

"Hello Dad!" cried the girl, flinging herself into the arms of a bearded old fellow in chaps and a stetson hat.

"Well, well, Jessie! Have a good time? How d'you leave the folks in the ole horses and ride away. He watched back ride!"

The pair drifted away to the rear of the little depot where they conferred with the agent for a few moments. Then Long saw them mount two sad-

place was for sale, but that he had not yet been able to get a high enough price. Now if—

"I think I'll send a telegram east," said Long, placing his luggage down and drawing out his fountain pen.

"Certainly, sir. Step this way." "And I'll take a little walk up around the village while I'm waiting for the answer. Have you a good general store—and can I get a horse for hire?"

"Surely, Sir."

Long returned to the station within an hour, riding a sorrel mare. Shortly afterward a boy from the one store of the little village came ambling up, his arms full of bundles of various sizes, which Long distributed evenly into two packages and then tied pack-saddle style to the horse.

"Here's your answer, sir." The agent came out of the telegraph-office and handed Long a yellow paper. It was Ed Winters' reply.

"Certainly. Go right out. Shack empty. Loaf and invite your soul all summer if you like."

But Ed had forgotten to give directions for reaching this ranch of his. There was nothing for it but to get the information from the agent.

"Winters? To be sure, sir. His place is twelve mile west an' turn down the coulee to your left, due south for a mile or so, it's right alongside o' ole Norton's ranch."

"Norton?" "Uh-huh. The ole chap what rid away with his da'ter. Perhaps you noticed 'em? Purty gal—"

So her name was Norton! "You can't miss it," the other went on. "Twelve mile west an—"

But Stephen Long, with a muttered word of thanks, had vaulted into the saddle and was off.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when the rider first glimpsed the little gray shack rising up out of the dun coulee, like a barnacle on the side of a man-o'-war. He was as hungry as a hunter and mighty glad to find that the place boasted a low flat stove in good working order. In less time than it takes to tell about it, he had a fire lighted and had drawn a bucket of water from the well nearby. Then he cooked his supper, threw off his collar, and sat down to his meal. Later he opened one of the parcels and drew out a stetson hat and a pair of overalls, the which articles he donned at once, to see whether or not they were a good fit.

"If I've to do my own chores I'll have to dress the part," he told himself, as he balanced a pocket-mirror on the sill of the window and gazed at himself—or at as much of himself as the size of the mirror permitted.

He was still occupied thus, when approaching hoofbeats fell upon his ear. Going to the door he beheld, riding up the trail from the south, a girl on horseback. The gathering dusk all but obscured her form, but he made out that she was bareheaded and was riding astride.

Suddenly her voice rang out: "Hello!"

"Hello!" returned Long, struck with the clear tones, while his heart skipped a couple of beats.

It was the girl—the girl! Only this morning he had heard the same voice requesting the porter to shut her window.

"So you've come," she said, reining in her horse, a few yards away.

This was a poser. She had noticed him then—had expected him to follow her.

"Dad says he rather thought you'd be here to-night. So I told him I'd run up on Belle and see. He'll be glad. Her father would be glad!"

Before he could find voice to ask tickled over his—Long's—arrival, the girl went on with a laugh:

"We're starting on the round-up tomorrow, and I'm going along. We're late this spring, but it's because men are so hard to get. So I told Dad I'd help out in the chuck-wagon, and of course now you're here—"

"But"—began Long, his face hot in the darkness.

"When did you get here?" "Just this afternoon I—"

"Better late than never, Mr. Wells! Now I'll canter back home. Oh—be up at the corral at four to-morrow. We're to brand calves up on the circle H and we must make an early start."

Mr. Wells—brand calves—whom did she take him for? He knew as much about branding calves as he knew of Mexican lace drawn-work!

"Four?" he echoed, weakly. "Four—in the morning?"

"Yes. Perhaps you'd better be there a little earlier."

She had turned her horse and was trotting away.

"Oh, I nearly forgot," she laughed, turning her head over her shoulder. "You'll find an outfit in the pantry or hanging around on a nail somewhere in the shack, in case you didn't think to bring your own. Dad generally furnishes his foreman's outfit, you know. Bye-bye."

Her manner, though free and easy, as is the way of westerners, did not savor in the least of boldness, and Long was so lost in admiration of the lady of his heart that he stood tongue-tied while she disappeared below the rise. She had taken him for the new foreman!

Well—he guessed he could play his part in the farce-comedy, play it until her father discovered that he was a greenhorn, and put the finis to it by

"I'll do that," declared Long with perhaps more confidence than he really felt.

He began at once by sternly ordering his cayuse to be brought up, and when Okaxa, with a surly frown had trotted the beast over, Long pretended to find fault with the saddle.

The chuck wagon came rumbling down from the ranch-house. It carried the supply of food that would be required for the next seven days, and was driven by two squaws who acted in the capacity of cooks, as well. Just behind it rode Miss Norton, on a pretty little jet-black saddle-horse.

She looked like the spirit of the morning itself, with her head thrown back and the rich color of perfect health on her cheek. She was attired in a tan riding skirt and sat her horse as though she had been accustomed to no other seat all her life. A cowboy hat with a red spotted scarf thrown carelessly about the brim, knee riding-boots and a tan blouse open at the neck completed her costume. The grip of her firm, brown hands on the reins, the clear white of her eyes, her quick smile and ready laugh spoke of the superior merits of a life spent in the open.

Long contrasted her in his mind with the young women of his acquaintance in the east and it is needless to



Rushing through the Three Sisters Rapids

fring him. She had said she was going on the round-up. Oh joy! But four o'clock in the morning! Ye gods and little minnows! At that hour Stephen Long was usually sleeping the sleep of the just—unless he happened to be at a dance. It was a trifle early all right for Stephen Long.

But with a laugh of pure happiness, he searched for and found a battered alarm-clock on the cupboard-shelf inside. Fate was playing into his hands. Long was not superstitious, but then and there he vowed allegiance to the god of chance, and to the system of coin-tossing.

He set the alarm for 3.15 and with a glad heart and a guilty conscience tumbled into his bunk.

"Looks like he's a sure-nuff tender-foot," remarked Okaxa, the Mexican, in an aside to Gronson, the Swede.

"Ya, he ban dam greeny. Ay seen it right away quick alretty," returned Gronson, with a frown.

Stephen Long, wearing chaps, cow-puncher's hat and a dirty yellow handkerchief that was knotted loosely about his neck, stood talking to Norton at the corral-fence. The rosy May sun had just bobbed up over the eastern horizon. The hasty breakfast was over and the punchers were ready to set out.

"This is a tough bunch, Wells," old Norton was saying. "You wanta jist take right a holt an' show 'em who's boss."

say that the latter suffered by the comparison. While this girl was galloping over the wind-swept ranges drinking in heaven's own air her sisters in the cities were dissipating their energies and courting wrinkles and gray hair and developing ill-temper in a ceaseless round of bridge-parties and dances.

"All ready?" shouted Norton.

In another moment they were off. Stephen rode with a man named Moseley and by the gentle art of keeping his ears opened and his mouth shut, learned in a very short while a good deal about the work ahead of him. He picked up some of the cow-puncher's lingo too, and being naturally of a quick intelligence, learned the meanings of the different terms, rapidly. Once or twice he caught Miss Norton's eye, when he happened to turn about and it seemed to him that there was just the suspicion of a twinkle in it. Was she making sport of him? From a farce Long now looked on this contretemps as a serious business. He didn't want to be fired. He wanted to make good. Fortunately he could swing a lariat fairly well, having had some practice in his earlier days on his uncle's ranch in British Columbia. He knew now that the shack he had come to on the previous day was not Ed Winters'. It must have been the shack reserved for the use of Norton's foreman, for it was only half a mile from the corral and he—Long—must have

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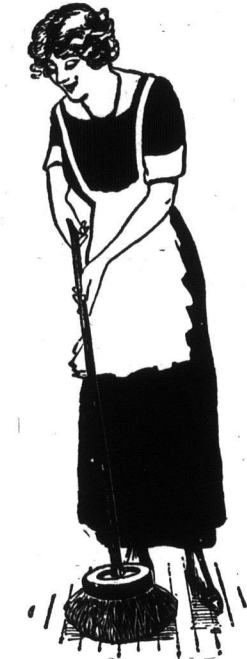


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taken the wrong turn on the trail. So much he surmised.

For three days the round-up swung away over the vast prairie land, catching and branding and moving on again to a new herd of cattle. During all of this time Long had been too busy to pay much attention to the behavior of the Mexican and the Swede, but he noticed that they stuck together closer than a couple of burrs and that whenever either of them caught his eye the pair would spring apart with muttered oaths. He knew that they hated him—he had seen that the very first day—but he cared nothing for what they thought, so long as they performed their work well.

"Mr. Wells, can I have a word with you?" asked Moseley on the afternoon of the fourth day.

"Surely, what is it?" Long said, turning to the Englishman, with a smile.

They were good friends, by this time. "It's about that fellow Okaxa, sir—him an' his pal."

Long's brows drew together. "Well? A case of insubordination? I'll fix 'em!" he declared.

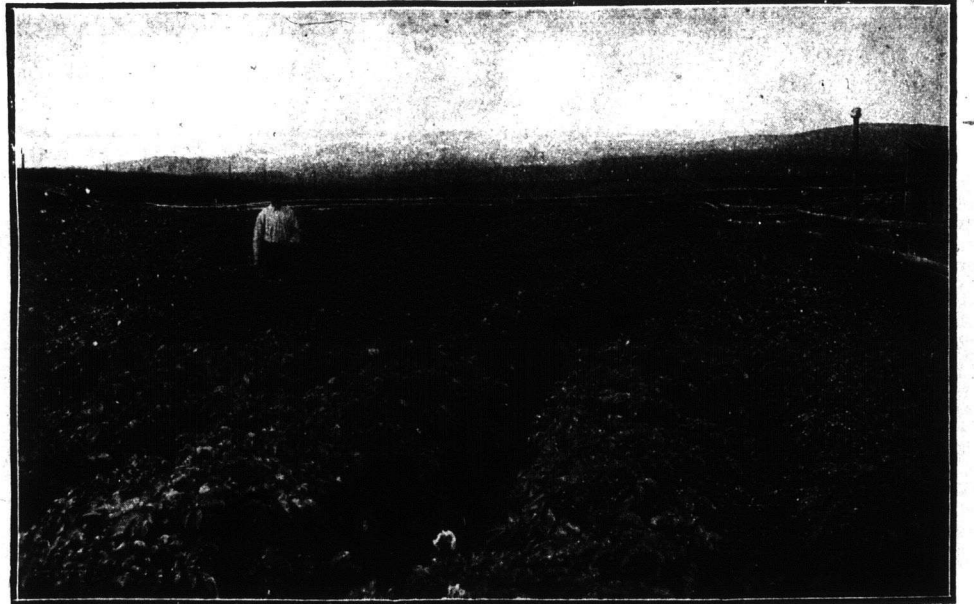
"No sir, they're too cowardly to rebel openly," said Moseley. "It's not that I'm afraid of. You'd best keep your eye on them, for I think they're plotting something an'—an' to-night's the night it's liable to come off."

them, I'll bet only that men are so scarce just now. I'll tell Hilford to lock all the horses up."

Long promptly forgot this conversation, and the pleasure of riding beside Miss Norton just about sunset, drove it further from his mind. At dusk the van of the party rode down the slope into the Hilford place, and put up their horses at the corral.

That evening the Hilfords gave a barbecue. Long, being foreman, had the privilege of several dances with his employer's daughter whose little spurred heels clicked merrily in time to the piano and fiddles. There was a scarcity of women to be sure, the only others besides Jessie, being Mrs. Hilford and her two nieces. But nevertheless the evening was prolonged into the early morning hours before anybody thought of slumber.

When at last all was quiet at the ranch house, Long, who had been talking to Jessie in a dim corner of the long covered verandah, bade her good-night and started down the lane by the old corral to seek his own bed. He was to sleep in the third bunkhouse from the end, on the left hand side, but before he had taken a dozen steps the conversation he had had with Moseley recurred to him. He halted and looked around sharply. From where he stood he was in deep shadow and could see right down the length of the lane. The



Potato Field at Glacier, B.C. G.T.P. Railway

"Why to-night, Moseley—and what do you think is likely to happen?"

Long laughed skeptically, but Moseley remained grave.

"To-morrow's pay-day," he said significantly.

"I know it. Norton pays regularly on the fifteenth of the month, no matter where he or his men are."

"A foolish way I'm thinking." "Perhaps. But go on—what's the trouble?"

"You, sir, being foreman, are pay-master now."

"I begin to catch your drift, but don't you worry. They'll not get that money, Moseley, except over my dead body."

"Have you got it sir?" Long nodded and was about to turn away, when the other plucked him by the arm.

"To-night, Mr. Wells, as you know, we're to camp on the old Hilford place. It's down in a deep coulee an' there are about a score of buildings, bunkhouses an' so on, all around the ranch-house. If those two ever get the money an' a good start we'd never catch up to them for they'd duck an' dive about among the buildings an' once over the foothills an' in among the sage-brush—"

"Yes?"

"Well—you see sir, how lucky for them it is that we're to strike that particular place to-night, of all nights. I advise you to be well armed. I'll see they get no horses."

"Never fear. I happen to have a good colt and I'll use it if necessary. But I think your fears are groundless." Moseley shook his head.

"Those two have a record apiece," he said. "Norton would never have hired

cowboys were snoring in lusty chorus all about, but all else was quiet—the deep hush of sleeping nature. A moon, in its last quarter had risen and was slowly climbing over the eastern rise.

Something told Long that eyes were upon him. Only for five minutes did he pause and then quickly making up his mind he started boldly down the lane again, whistling gayly.

The money in bills was on his person. It had never left his trusty inner pocket, since Norton had given it into his charge that morning. There was the total amount of one thousand two hundred dollars and at seven in the morning the men were to be paid. This had been Norton's unflinching custom for thirty years and more.

Two dark shadows glided out from behind an adobe wall as Long passed, and then one of the shadows disappeared at the rear of the third bunkhouse from the end. The other form stole, silent as an Indian, down the lane, keeping well in the shade of the wall.

"Ha!" thought Long, with a smile. "I am to be robbed while asleep. The villains dare not knock me down out here for fear—"

The thought was never completed in his mind, for at that instant a dull heavy blow fell upon his head from behind and he sank to the ground, but only for a second. Long's head was harder than his pursuer had reckoned on.

He staggered up and returned the blow with interest.

His cowardly antagonist was Gronson, the big Swede. They fell to grips. All would have gone well, for they were evenly matched as to size and strength, had it not been for the skulk-

ing Mexican, who, seeing his accomplice's plight, came running forward to his aid.

Long shouted to the sleeping cow-punchers, but it would have required a charge of dynamite to awaken them, so soundly does the cowboy slumber after a long day's work in the open air.

Gronson clapped a gag over Long's mouth while Okaxa began to rifle his pockets.

"Haf you got it?" demanded the Swede with an oath.

"No—(curses)—hold him tighter can't you! Here it is!"

Hardly a minute had been consumed in this brief parley but to Long with his hands held behind his back, lying there on his side on the ground it seemed a century. He cursed himself for his blind folly in disregarding Moseley's warning. He should have concealed the money somewhere, as soon as they had ridden in to Hilford's.

"Take his gun den, an' let's beat it," whispered Gronson, impatiently.

"He'll rouse the whole camp. Hadn't we better knock him another on the head? He'll—what's that?" Okaxa broke off sharply.

A quick, light footstep sounded behind them. There was the glint of a revolver in the moonlight, a sharp report rang out, then another. Gronson threw up both arms and fell heavily to the ground shot in the leg, below the knee.

The Mexican, who had the money, made off at a run. He had not been hit.

"Catch him—catch him!" cried the voice of Jessie Norton.

Long did not stop longer than to glance at the small figure in long Japanese kimona with two tousled braids of hair down her back, that stood trembling violently against the corral fence, the revolver fallen at her side. She had heard his first shout.

He chased the Mexican half a mile and then falling upon his stomach by a buffalo-wallow circled around the bend of a large slough and double-crossed the other's trail. Had he had his revolver he could have winged the other in the leg or arm, but Okaxa had both the weapon and the pay of the forty-odd cow-punchers.

Having come up with the Mexican again at the turn of the south trail, Long crept along rapidly amongst the sage-brush and by a final effort of speed, ran and pounced upon his quarry, who had fired half a dozen times without stopping in his tracks. But all of the shots had missed their intended mark, and now the revolver was empty.

Jessie Norton, just at dawn, saw the new foreman returning with Okaxa ahead of him covered by the revolver. Long had, fortunately, found several cartridges in his own pocket and he promptly re-loaded his recovered weapon and marched his prisoner into camp. By this time it was after four o'clock and a number of the men hearing shots, and being aroused by Miss Norton, who had given the alarm at once, were already up. But the girl seeing that Long was unhurt, remembered suddenly that she was in a kimona and darted back to the house.

Imagine a love scene—imagination is so much more vivid and colorful than cold words—with Stephen Long as hero and Jessie Norton heroine. Stage them upon a grassy knoll in the early starlight with no living creature within a quarter of a mile and you have exactly what happened the next night.

"We are a long way from camp," whispered Jessie. "Hadn't we better be starting back?"

"I guess so," replied Long. And neither of them moved.

"Don't—stop!" said Jessie. "That's ten times."

"Don't stop? I guess not. I don't intend to!" and he didn't stop.

"I—I'm wondering how Dad'll take the news," said the girl after a moment.

"To be sure! He won't like you marrying his foreman. I—I never thought of that."

"I don't care Mr. Wells, if you're as poor as Job. I guess I've got enough money for both of us."

Long had sobered suddenly. He released the girl and brought himself up with a start.

"Jessie, I—I have a confession to make."

"Out with it. You already have a wife, I suppose."

He looked reproachfully at her, but she still smiled.

"I am an impostor," he went on, "and I have deceived you all."

"How dreadful!" and still she smiled.

"My name is not Wells. I am no cow-puncher. I am a real-estate man from the east. I followed you out here and threw up a good deal in Winnipeg so that I should not lose you. I tried

desperately to get a look, a smile, a word from you on the train and I didn't succeed so I decided to trail you to your home. My name is Stephen Long."

"I know it."

"You know it?" he echoed blankly.

"How—"

"Listen—I too," she said, "have a confession to make. I—I saw your little ruse with the magazine-boy on the train. I saw you get off at Rose-hill and I knew you didn't belong there any more than a Chinaman belongs in the Alps. I told Mr. Hazelton, the agent, who is a great friend of ours, to send you out to our place if you happened to ask him any questions, but not to squeal on me—"

"You did!" interrupted Long, rapturously.

"I blush to own it. It was rude and forward of me I know, but—"

"It was adorable of you. Go on."

"Well—we have the rural telephone in these parts now you know."

"Ah, I see!"

"Mr. Hazelton phoned out—we had had more than an hour's start of you, you remember—phoned out to tell me that you had asked the way to Winters'—"

"So I did," interrupted Long.

"Winters' ranch," said Miss Norton, "lies to the northeast, in exactly the opposite direction. Mr. Hazelton told me what he had done, and I—I looked for you all afternoon. Then it occurred to me to ride up the trail after supper

Waltham

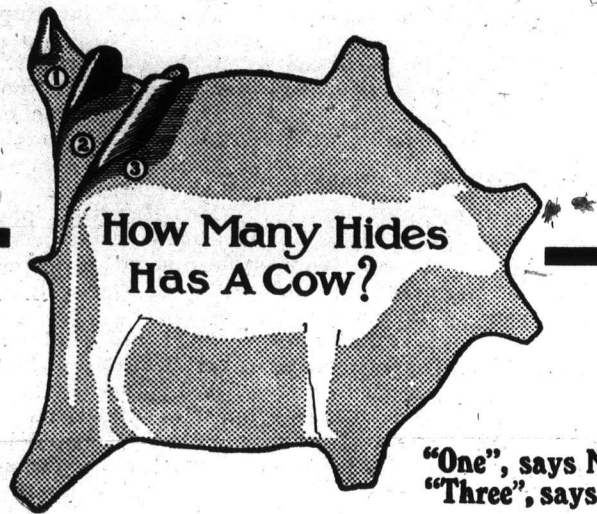
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Canada Life Bldg., St. James St., Montreal



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"Three", says Cunning

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to see if I couldn't see you coming. I—I was afraid perhaps you had lost your way—"

"God bless that agent! We'll invite him to the wedding."

"Then when I saw you in the doorway of the foreman's shack—well we really were expecting a Mr. Wells but Dad got word that same night that he wasn't coming."

"Then your father knows."

"Sure thing."

"You said a while ago that you wondered what he'd say when he heard of our—our—"

"I said it to draw you out—to make you confess."

"Jessie, you're a—a witch!"

"Thanks."

"But how did you know my real name?"

"It is printed in large black letters on the end of your club-bag, and—I have a pair of eyes."

Long gazed at her a moment in sheer amazement.

"I give up!" he said at last. "When it comes to sharpness women take all the prizes. I yield the palm to you, lady, and never again will I side with the anti-suffragists."

"You'd better not!" retorted Jessie. "Now I think we'd better be getting back."

They rose. As they strolled slowly

Her Treasures in this World

A story of much significance is related of a worldly, selfish young woman, who on one occasion dreamed that she was in Heaven. As she was being shown through the holy city, examining and admiring the many beautiful residences, she paused before one exceptionally beautiful. Turning to her guide, she said, "For whom is this beautiful place?" "Why, that's for your gardener," answered the guide. "My gardener! Why he would not know what to do in such a spacious dwelling. He would be entirely lost in a mansion like this! Why he lives in such a little bit of a cottage on earth; he might do better; I give him reasonable wages, but he gives so much of it away to the poor, miserable people that he has hardly enough to keep his wife and family, let alone any comforts and luxuries."

Walking on a pace, they came to a little bit of a cottage. "And who is this being built for?" asked the young woman. "Why, that is for you," answered the guide. "For me!" she exclaimed in wonder and surprise, "why that cannot be for me! I have always been accustomed to a mansion for a house. I could not adjust myself to such a small house." "Still," plainly, but sadly, answered the guide, "it is for you. Our Great Architect does the very best He can with the material that is sent up to Him."

Where are you laying up your treasures? —Ex.



The Bulkley Valley is Great Soil for Oats

—very slowly—back to the camp, Stephen Long thrust a hand into his pocket and drew out a silver quarter.

"This is the very one," he murmured, half to himself. "I know because it had a hole in it. Jessie," he said aloud, "You won't object to your other half sporting a coin on his watch-chain?" "Silly! Why?" she demanded, squeezing his arm.

"Oh—just because," he answered.

Your Niche

There's a niche for you in the world, my boy,

A corner for you to fill,
And it waits to-day
Along life's way
For the boy with a frank "I will."
So, lad, be true;
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche in the world for you, my girl,

A corner for you to fill;
For a girl that is kind,
With a pure, sweet mind,
A place that is waiting still.
So, lass, be true;
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you both in the world, my dears,

A corner for you to fill,
And a work to do
Which no one but you
In God's great plan can fulfill
So, dears, be true;
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

NO IDEA

What Caused the Trouble.

"I always drank coffee with the rest of the family, for it seemed as if there was nothing for breakfast if we did not have it on the table.

"I had been troubled for some time with my heart, which did not feel right. This trouble grew worse steadily.

"Sometimes it would beat fast, and at other times very slowly, so that I would hardly be able to do work for an hour or two after breakfast, and if I walked up a hill, it gave me a severe pain.

"I had no idea of what the trouble was until a friend suggested that perhaps it might be coffee drinking. I tried leaving off the coffee and began drinking Postum. The change came quickly. I am glad to say that I am now entirely free from heart trouble and attribute the relief to leaving off coffee and the use of Postum.

"A number of my friends have abandoned coffee and have taken up Postum, which they are using steadily. There are some people that make Postum very weak and tasteless, but if made according to directions, it is a very delicious beverage." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

"There's a Reason" for Postum

—sold by Grocers.

The Home in the West

Written for The Western Home Monthly by William Lutton.

IT seems only the other day that the thought in the west was: "Let us make all we can as quickly as we can; and get out of this."

All was crude and raw. There was little, if any, social life.

The great civic organisms, which are now so evidential, had no existence. The pleasant farm house, with its comforts and modern conveniences, had to be evolved.

There was little to encourage the sense of permanency. The prairie, scratched on its surface, yielded a ready and profitable response. The man who had never had a pound in his pocket, found himself, at the end of a single season, with \$1,000 in his possession. The land was a mine; it was to be worked like a mine, until it yielded all its wealth. That idea grew; and the phrase, "land miner" was invented, hitting off a method, a temper, an attitude toward the new west.

All this was rather discouraging; but it did not last. The money was desirable; but the home was precious. The failure of the single crop gave the idea of mixed farming, which fixes the settler in the soil by diversifying his interests and guaranteeing him a reliable income. As the activities became complex, the sense of permanent relationships grew; and the man who had thought only of "mining" his land, and then leaving it, found a precious home-like feeling through a multiplicity of interests and affiliations.

In the larger life of towns and cities, contact and intercourse weaned the mind from old-world traditions and affections, manners and ideals; and, all unconsciously, the life moved to new impulses—broad and large and comprehensive.

This was the beginning of permanency—the multiplied activities, making at once for comfort and acquisition, under favorable circumstances. The old world of care and narrowness and intolerance faded from the mind. The sense of larger freedom grew and broadened the nature. The contact with divers peoples gave the hopeful idea of comradeship. Europe and all that was endured there, faded gradually from the mind. The new world, free and happy and sympathetic, rose before the vision—alluring in the possibilities it offered. That was the initial weakness the clinging traditions which, in a new and untried land, filled the mind with pensive melancholy and robbed it hope and courage and initiative. One found a jumble of ethnic ideals, mutually contradictory, but all calculated to prevent the realization of a common citizenship.

"Foreign" nationalities rubbed elbows; but remained strangers. Each ethnic group proceeded to erect the usages and customs which had given the highest sanction to the general life in the communities from which the differing peoples came. The welding process began with the common school, whose wonderful efficacy in the crystallization of citizenship in the United States has been signally attested.

By teaching a single tongue, all understood; by erecting a single standard, the impulse to realize it was born.

The sense of freedom expanded the mind; the very physical vastness was related to moral and spiritual uplifting.

To-day the newcomer becomes part of an immense organism—ready made. He finds the substantial farm house within neighborly distance of its companions; a social life, warm, cordial and unpretentious, yet conserving all that is decent and honorable. The "land miner" is gone, or almost so; and in his stead are the home-makers who are putting the old world behind, find in the new those material acquisitions which, though they have to do with bread, are also related to higher things.

The raw community has, in the course of years, become the thriving town—emulous, ambitious, determined to push itself into the notice of the world—modern to its finger-tips—a bit mate-

rialistic, no doubt; but finding gracious expression through education and the hint of art and aestheticism in the general life.

The city takes on enlarged character; compares itself to those in the east, and is not abashed by the comparison. It insists upon the latest word of comfort. Some have said that these new places are without soul; and, indeed, it needs thousands of years to realize complete spiritual expression—and even then, the barbarians may stamp upon it all and

deface and ruin it—destroy the work of laborious civilization.

But the little groups on the prairies: the ambitious town, the great modern city—all express hope in the making or completion.

This is the miracle—that the west should show, in so brief a space, the home-like sense in such eminent degree.

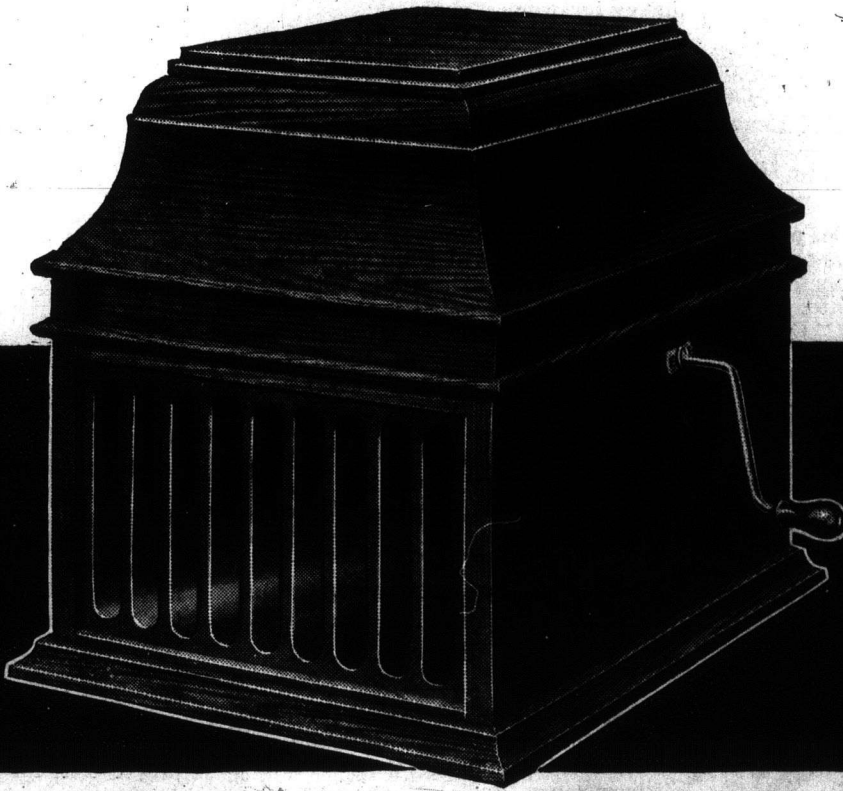
There is, indeed, the old land across the sea; and if we forget thee, may our right hand forget its cunning; but this is a fresh world in the making. The soul of this new people is re-born; rather, it finds, for the first time, adequate expression.

Fixed in an agreeable metier, the settler, when he grasps the meaning, or as much of it as he can understand of

this unspoiled world, says with the poet—"We will go back no more."

The school, the church, the college, the university, grow in their meaning and appeal; the beginnings of citizenship are felt; and it is the "foreigner" who will salute the new flag and swear fealty to it.

There is the local question in the village council to interest, to engage the regard, to be settled with much outpouring of untutored eloquence. A leader will come forward to insist upon repairs to the town pump. This is the beginning of citizenship. The alderman with the foreign name is not far off; the coming statesman is in embryo. Above all—there is the value of pre-occupation with the things that appertain to the new life, for in this is the past forgotten,



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Insanity as an Excuse for Crime

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by M. L. Hayward, B.C.L.

How far is total or partial insanity an excuse for crime? This question is one of increasing importance in criminal jurisprudence, and a comparison of the United States and Canadian rules is instructive.

The English doctrine as laid down by the House of Lords in MacNaughten's case in 1845, is that, notwithstanding an insane delusion a prisoner is liable, "if he knows at the time of committing the crime that he was acting contrary to law," thus making the prisoner's knowledge of "right and wrong" the sole test.

The State Courts of the United States, on the other hand, have adopted a variety of conflicting views, which have been classified by Oppenheimer into three groups, as follows:—

1. Those States which follow the "right and wrong" test of MacNaughten's case as the sole criterion, including Idaho, Louisiana, Maine, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee, Virginia, Wisconsin, and the District of Columbia, and also the United States Federal Courts.

2. The second group recognizes the effect of mental disease upon the emotions and the will, and holds that "irresistible impulse" is an excuse. This rule, which gives rise to the popular "brain storm" defence, was first laid down in the Puritan State of Massachusetts, and is followed in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Iowa, Kentucky, Montana and Ohio.

3. The third group follows the rule laid down in New Hampshire, which holds that the whole matter is a question of fact to be decided by the jury, which is to acquit the prisoner if the act charged was the offspring of mental disease. This rule has been adopted in Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, and, apparently, in Alabama.

The Canadian Courts followed the clear and definite English rule in Reil's case, and the Criminal Code of Canada now provides that insanity is not a defence unless it renders the prisoner "incapable of appreciating the nature and quality of the act or omission and of knowing that such act or omission was wrong." Section 10.

In a recent Toronto case (The King vs. Jessamine) the prisoner pleaded insanity on an indictment for murder, and the medical evidence showed that he was

incurably insane; that he understood the nature and quality of the act and that it was wrong in the sense that it was forbidden by law; but that he had lost the power of inhibition, and could not resist the impulse to kill the deceased.

Judge Riddell charged the jury that "it is not the law that an insane man may kill another and escape punishment simply because he is insane. There have been hundreds of insane persons who have killed others and who have been executed, both in England, where we take our law, and in Canada in which we live. Life would not be safe under such circumstances. There is one in every three hundred persons in most countries who are insane in one way or another, and it would never do if the law were such that one man out of every three hundred—that is, in Toronto, something over a thousand people—could go out and slay at will without being brought to task and punished by the strong arm of the law. A man is not to be acquitted on the ground of insanity unless his mind is so affected by that insanity that he is incapable of appreciating the nature and quality of his act, and if knowing that it was wrong. It is not the law here, as it is said to be in some countries, that if an insane person who is capable of appreciating the nature and quality of the act and knowing that it is forbidden by law, yet has what is called an impulse to do the act, which impulse he cannot resist, he is to be acquitted on the ground of insanity. I charge you as a matter of law that it is not enough for the prisoner to have proved for him that he has lost the power of inhibition—the power of preventing himself from doing what he knew was wrong. It is your duty to find a verdict of guilty if you find that the prisoner killed the deceased, and at the same time it has not been proved to your satisfaction that the condition described by the physicians was not his actual condition. In other words if he killed the man, and it has not been proved that his condition was not as the doctors say it was, he is guilty of murder, and it is our duty to find so."

The correctness of this charge was upheld by the Ontario Court of Appeals, and illustrates very forcibly the clear-cut principles of the Canadian law as compared with the unsettled and conflicting views adopted in the United States.

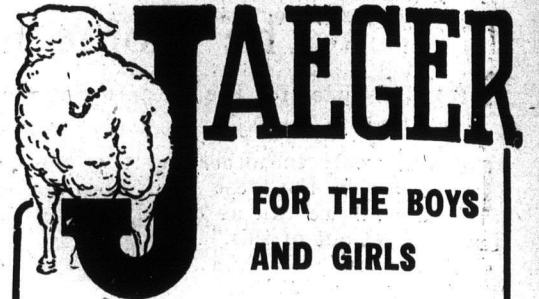
Memorising the Bible

The fact that a resident in the United States has committed the Bible to memory has brought to light a number of like instances. It is stated by a correspondent of the *Daily News* that the Rev. Henry Rees, D.D., and his brother, the Rev. William Rees, two prominent ministers in Wales during the middle of the last century were able to accomplish a similar feat. II. R. failed to memorise the names in the Chronicles completely; but W. R. could do so, without a single error.

But the most detailed and remarkable case is described by Mr. William Soltan, deputation secretary of the Mission Populaire Evangelique de France. He says, "A man named Julius Tostee died in February, 1903, who knew the whole Bible by heart, and could recite any verse, if asked, from any part of the Book, and could go on reciting chapter after chapter. He could tell the text from which any pastor had preached in the church at La Rochelle, with the date of the sermon. He knew the names of all the pastors in France since the Reformation, with the dates of their ministries. He knew by heart all the references in the Reference Bible, and could bring together passages on any subject desired. He knew by heart all the psalms and hymns of all the various editions of the hymn books published in France, and knew the number of each hymn in each collection. He had also an exact knowledge of all the tracts published in French by the Religious Tract Society since the beginning."

Bride: "Here is a telegram from papa!"
Bridegroom: (eagerly): "What does he say?"

Bride (reading): "Do not come home, and all will be forgiven."



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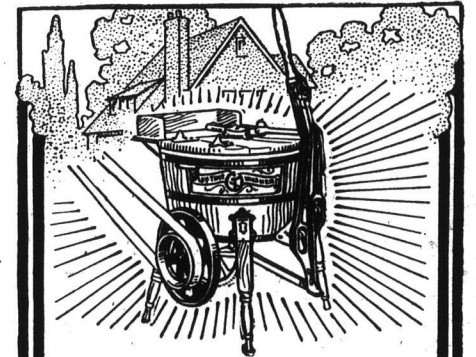
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My Pretty Maid

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

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I'm not your pretty maid!"

"No?" I lay back and puffed at my cigar, and as I suggested the query, I raised my eyebrows. Stella Ward shot me a withering glance from out of her dark grey, passionate eyes.

"You know that I'm not!" she said with a world of contempt in her voice.

"Why, I'd rather be—"

"Well?" I asked encouragingly, "you'd rather be —"

"Bill Bates' pretty maid," Stella burst forth triumphantly, "so there!"

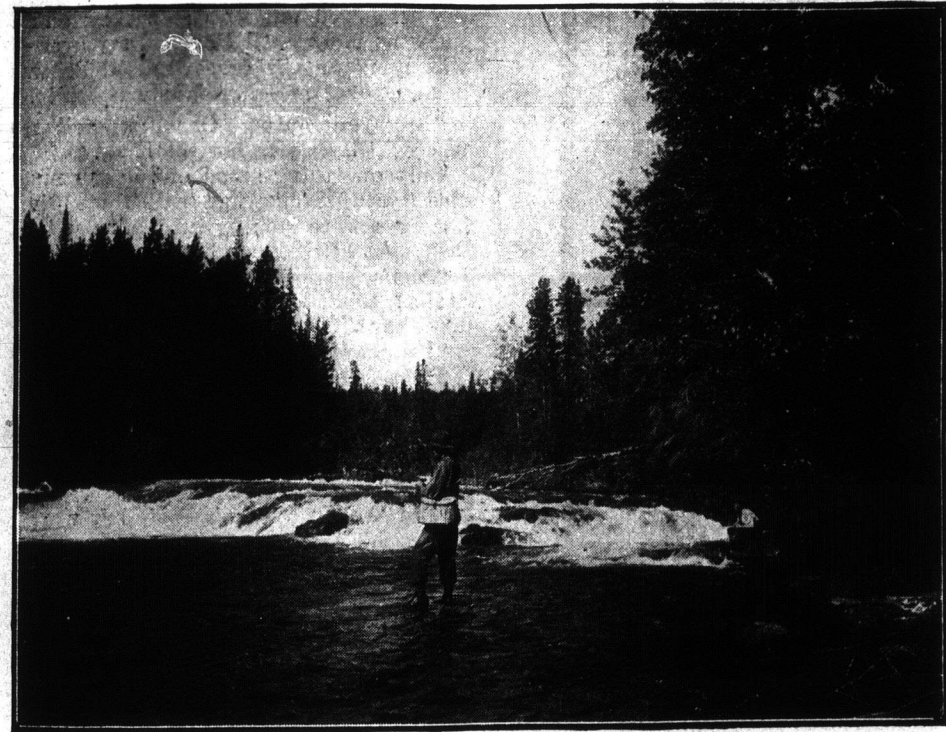
I lay back on the seat and gave vent to a sigh. "I am inclined to think you will never grow up, Stella!" I said, contemplating my golf clubs which were propped up by my side—that side of me which was not propped up by Stella. "Just now, for instance, you spoil my best drive, by some childish remark; and now you pull me to pieces forsooth, because I quoted an old nursery rhyme—

The idea occurred to me to tempt her, but I thrust it from me, as I rose and yawned: "I'm going home—it's about lunch time," I announced, "and if you aren't quick you'll be late for yours, Stella."

"No; I shall run," she answered.

I watched the swiftly disappearing figure with a heavy heart. Stella Ward was the vicar's only daughter. I had known her ever since her babyhood. Being the only handowner at Carlston, I had come into contact with the vicarage folk a good deal, and from earliest days had lectured Stella, when she had risked her life on the rocks, or doing damage to the golf greens.

I had instructed her in the art of fishing, tennis, and sticking on the back of a horse. Then my pupil went to a convent in France to be "finished," and I missed her more than was good for me. She had been home some months now, and, truth to tell, I was over head and ears in love



Stellaqua Falls, B.C. G.T.P. Railway

"For no rhyme or reason!" protested Stella, according me the smallest possible smile. She would not have vouchsafed me that if she could have helped it; but there, it was her nature to smile.

Stella rose to her feet, picked up my best brassie, and swung it round with a good deal of unnecessary force.

"When are you going to do something really big?" she asked suddenly. "You play a good game of golf; you are brilliant at bridge; clever at repartee; a dazzling dancer—but—"

"Well, but—" I took my cigar from my mouth.

"It's all play," she said, laughing; "though who am I to lecture my—"

"Friend?"

"Grandfather!" put in Stella, "and now I suppose I've made you angry, so we are quits. But you know you really are old enough to be my gr—well; father then!"

There was a naughty crinkle in her upper lip as she picked up my cleek. Then she sat down on the seat again.

"Don't mind me," she said penitently. "I simply can't help teasing you—you are so superlatively lazy!"

"I am!" I acquiesced, laying my hand on hers for a fraction of a second; this little, delightful tormentor was a person very dear to my middle-aged heart, though she did not know it. I had often called myself a fool to fall in love with such a child. But it was fate, and who was I to fight against fate?

"Some day, I suppose I shall shake off my laziness, as you call it," I said, "I'm not really wicked, its —"

"Too much money," interrupted Stella wisely. "A terrible curse, as the clergy so often remind us, but I shouldn't mind being under that same curse, if only just to see how it feels."

with Stella—my pretty maid, who refused to be called my pretty maid.

Well, she looked upon me as a Methuselah, and I must resign myself to my fate, and—I wouldn't marry at all.

Stella had asked me to do something big what bigger thing could I do than resign her to some luckier chap—I, whose arm positively ached to hold her.

The very next day, with startling suddenness, the vicar died. There had been heart trouble for some time. The widow resigned herself to her widowhood, but it was found there was very little left for her support and that of her daughter.

Stella had to face the fact, that she must earn her own living.

"I do wish there was a way," she murmured to herself, "there must be a way —"

"I'm sure there must be!" I had followed Stella from the post office. "Can't I help you to find it?"

"Oh, it's you!" she replied. "I'm so glad! I've got to earn my own living, and I want you to tell me how to do it!"

Her big grey eyes looked innocently into mine, and a swift temptation seized me.

"Stella!" I said, trying to speak steadily, "I can help you. I know a way out of your difficulties. Marry me—I've heaps of money—Eh? What?"

"Marry you?" Stella simply fell back from me, her eyes blazing without waiting to hear the end of my sentence. "How dare you?" "How dare you?"

"But Stella—" I protested.

Stella threw back her pretty head and drew herself up.

"I am Miss Warde," she corrected, haughtily. I shrugged my shoulders, she had taken it worse than I expected.

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"I beg your pardon," I said, failing dismally in trying to match her stiff tones, "I am not aware of my offence."

"Not—aware—of—your offence," Stella repeated my words slowly, her cheeks aflame. "You—who insulted me a minute ago!"

"Did I insult you?"—stupidly—"How?" This was too much for Stella. She threw me such a glance.

"You asked me to marry you for your money!" she said with a sob. "If that is not an insult—" That sob nearly threw me off my balance again. "Never mind," I said soothingly. "It was only my joke, of course. I never for a second supposed that you would take the—er—situation. But I've another idea."

"Another joke?"—in caustic tones I felt I deserved it.

"No; grim deadly earnest this time." I returned. "My cousin, Mabel Manning, is married to a naval man, and runs round after him to all the ports. This

summer they are going to Lamlash, in the Isle of Arran—"

"Scotland!" breathed Stella, forgetting her grievance.

I nodded.

"Mrs. Manning wants a nice girl companion to help her with the children, so I thought if the pay was good enough, you might like to try. Not a very grand thing, but, perhaps, preferable to marrying me for money."

I couldn't refrain from the last shot.

She blushed and turned away her head.

"I should love to travel," she said.

"You might have done that in the other—situation," I murmured, sotto voce, "minus the two children."

Fortunately she didn't hear.

Mrs. Ward approved of the proposition, and a few minutes later we parted company. I went home a sadder and a wiser man—I had rushed in where angels fear to tread.

I bid Stella good bye, the day she left to take up her post.

"It's horrid—your going," I said simply, "I shall miss you awfully."

"Not more than we shall miss you—and all the other dear people in Carlston," Stella broke in with eyes that glistened.

"Good bye," Stella cried for the last time, in unsteady tones.

I stood on the step and squeezed her hand, as the train moved.

"Good bye my pretty maid!" I whispered, and—Stella had not rebuked me.

"That was a magnificent stroke, Jim! I think you've improved enormously in your play—"

My cousin, Mabel, wore a distinctly patronizing air. I had come to Lamlash purposely to play golf with her—so I said, but I felt I could not remain in Carlston a day longer without seeing Stella.

Four months had dragged wearily away since her departure, so I had seized on Mabel's invitation.

A week in Stella's company convinced me that I was more in love than ever. She had met me with her old railery—but kept me at a distance.

She refused to play golf—she had the children to look after. To-day she had gone off with them.

Mabel and I finished our game, and sauntered back to the Club house. She gave me a queer look, as she told me to go home and have a nursery tea with the children.

I soon reached the pier, where I met Bob—Mabel's husband—who had just come ashore.

"Mabel is waiting at the Club house for you," I told him, "and I'm going off to where the kiddies are—"

"You won't have a game, too?"

"No, thanks—another day I'll beat you!" Bob took the turning to the links, and I sauntered towards the post office. Suddenly coming towards me, I saw a motor, a moment later I was aware of a childish scream of delight, a waving of a cap, and Letty, Mabel's eldest child, was crossing the road right in front of the car, and I had only just time to make a rush for the child when I felt my shoulder wrenched out of the socket, and I knew no more until I opened my eyes—I was lying on the grass and Stella was bending over me—her face was white.

"Are you hurt? Oh, Jim, tell me where? Oh, it was horrible!"

Only one thing stood out in my muddled brain—Stella had called me Jim; her eyes were looking into mine with a look that stirred my heart.

"Stella," I cried hoarsely, "you can, Stella? Don't look at me like that if you don't care."

"I do care, Jim," she whispered. Then I slipped away from all consciousness of surroundings.

* * * * *

"You might have been killed, of course?"

"But Mabel, I wasn't; so don't worry. Molly isn't any worse. I am a great deal better—"

"Better, with a broken shoulder?" enquired my cousin sadly. "You're a hero, Jim, and brave, but I fear you tell fibs."

"It isn't a fib. If it was not for the accident I should not know that Stella cared."

"It was your own fault," my cousin answered. "You didn't propose at all well. I couldn't laugh, my shoulder hurt."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll leave Stella to answer that question."

"Mabel tells me that I didn't propose nicely," I said, drawing Stella towards me. "Darling, what was wrong?"

Stella's cheek flushed as she rubbed it against mine.

"You see, Jim," nestling up to me, "you never said you cared, you only asked me to marry you for your money, and I didn't know you cared."

"And you know now?" I asked tenderly. "I have always cared, but thought you didn't. I thought if you married me, I could make you care afterwards."

"I believe you would have succeeded, Jim."

"My pretty maid," I cried passionately, "I'm going to do something big after all."

"Something big?"

"I'm going to look after you! Don't you think that's something big, my pretty maid?"

Andrew Carnegie tells a good story: "I canna' leave ye thus, Nancy, a good old Scotchman wailed. 'Ye're too auld to work an' ye couldna' live in the almshouse. Gin I die, ye maun marry anither man, wha'll keep ye in comfort in yer auld age.'

"Nay, nay, Andy," answered the good spouse; 'I couldna' wed anither man, for what wad I do wi' two husbands in Heaven?"

"Andy pondered over this, but suddenly his face brightened.

"I ha'e it, Nancy!" he cried. 'Ye ken auld John Clemmens? He's a kind man, but he is na' a member of the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an' gin ye'll marry him, 'twill be all the same in Heaven. John's na Christian, and he's na likely to get there.'"



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When the Drive Comes In

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By Marion Leslie.

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ALL DAY Sunday for some unaccountable reason I had thought of Whalen and the three years we had spent together at Law School, recalled his droll pranks and sayings, and the week of the final examinations when the telegram arrived announcing his father's death.

"And you will really have to give up the law?" I asked as we parted that night at the old Union Depot.

"Can't help it, old man; it was father's wish that if anything happened to him I was to run the Sheila mill and I'll have to do it."

For three years now we had kept in touch with each other, and while I was doing my best to build up a legal practice, Whalen was grappling with the lumber problems of the North Shore.

On my way to the office on Monday I glanced at the headlines of the morning "Star" as I picked it up from the usual place on the doorstep.

"Water falling on the North Shore—Whalen's drive hung up at Black

"Yes, I know him all right," I replied, "I was against him in the Glenn case, and he is a 'shyster' of the lowest grade."

"I'm sure of your sympathy then," laughed Whalen. "My drive is having a hard time this Spring getting through Black Rapids; though the foreman tells me he can pull out if the water holds up for twenty four hours longer, and it looks like rain to-day," he added hopefully.

"What's wrong then?" I asked. "Here's where Morrison and Price get in their work," he explained as he picked up Volume 2 of the Consolidated Statutes of New Brunswick.

"The timber drivers," he read, "when called upon by any person interested, shall proceed to the river; take charge of the drive and bring it to the boom limits; and shall hold the drive and have a lien thereon for his expenses and fees."

"Any driver may exercise the duties of his office in taking charge of the drive, although during such drive



Looking East at Moricetown, B.C. G.T.P. Railway

Rock," I read, and some vague intuition told me that I would hear from him before the day was over.

I recalled a sentence from one of his letters after my own graduation. "If ever I need help," he wrote, "I'll call on you." Whalen had been only an average student, while I had put about eighteen hours per day in the library, and he had a rather exaggerated idea of my ability.

"Telegram for Logan," announced the messenger boy who met me on the stairs.

"Logan, Attorney, St. John, N. B.," it read, "Come up at once. I need help. Whalen."

Late that afternoon I reached Sheila and sought out Whalen's little "two by twice" office close to the mill.

"Say, old man, you look as young as you did six years ago," he exclaimed.

"Never mind talking over old times now," I said, "tell me your troubles first."

"It is mighty good of you to come, old man," he began, "and I will make the recital as short as possible."

"Go ahead."

"Old Morrison, you know, was father's rival in the lumber business on the Jacquet River for years, and has been after me strong ever since I took over the mill."

"Morrison," I repeated, searching my memory, "is he Eva Morrison's father?"

"Yes, and that's another source of contention. Eva and I have loved each other for years, but Morrison is bound for her to marry Price who practises here. Probably you know him."

he may have occasion to exercise such duties beyond the Parish for which he is appointed."

"It's probably new law to you," Whalen went on; "but up here in each Parish the County Council appoints so many 'timber drivers.' Then when two or more lumbermen are driving the same stream, one of them can call on the timber drivers under the law I just read, and if the 'driver' thinks it necessary he can take charge of the drive, bring it in, and hold the logs for his expenses. Morrison's drive is a mile behind mine but a few of his logs are mixed in, and that gives him a technical excuse to apply to a 'driver' to take charge of the whole thing."

"But the 'driver' must use his own judgment," I expostulated, "and if you could get your drive out alone he wouldn't interfere."

"Yes, but Morrison practically owns all the 'drivers' on the river," explained my friend, "and if he'd tell them to jump in the Black Rapids head first, they'd do it. Then of course, the 'driver' would make it cost about four times what I could do it for myself. Last winter was a hard one in many ways and it will just about clean me out."

"It looks rather hopeless," I admitted.

"I'm afraid so," replied Whalen. "I can stand to see Morrison win out, but to see Eva marry that shrimp of a Price is a little too much."

"My lumber law is largely theoretical," said I; "but it strikes me there is a decided case on that point. Where could I get the New Brunswick Reports?"

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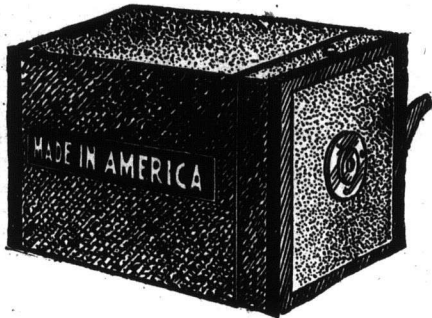
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"I have them right here," replied Whalen wistfully; "it always seemed to keep me in touch with the old life."
"I took the familiar 'Stevens Digest,' looked up 'timber drivers,' and found a reference to Sinclair vs. Holland, 24 New Brunswick Reports, page 529.
"Hand me 24 N. B. Reports."
"That makes me think we are back looking up cases for Dean Allward,"

commented Whalen as he handed over the book.
I shot my eye down the head-note of the case.
"What Parish are your logs in now?" I asked.
"In Inkerman," replied Whalen, producing a map, "just above the Parish line."
"Then the drive from there to your

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mill will be through the Parish of Saumarez?" I suggested.

"Sure."
"And who is the river 'driver' who is going to take charge, and where does he live?" I continued.

"Old Adam Hunter who lives here in town," replied Whalen. "Morrison holds a mortgage on his property, so you see how fair he will be."

"Then he was appointed for the Parish of Saumarez and not for Inkerman?"

"Sure," replied Whalen; "but what's the drift?"

"Look at this case, will you," I cried, pointing to the headnote of Sinclair vs. Holland.

Whalen seized the book and shot down the page.

"Good Heavens," he exclaimed.

The mill foreman entered.
"Hunter's started with his crew to bring down the drives," he announced. "Shall I get the mill crowd together and go up and throw them into the River?"

"Certainly not," Whalen replied. "We must abide by the law," and the foreman left with some grumbling remarks about people losing their nerve.

"They've all worked for the concern for years," Whalen remarked, "and would go through fire and flood if I gave the word."

I left for home next morning, but inside of a week I received another telegram from Whalen.

"Come on up," it read, "and help me settle with Price, Morrison and Hunter."

That night I was back in Whalen's office, and Morrison, Price and Hunter arrived a few seconds later.

"I've a small bill of \$8,000 as a 'timber driver' for bringing your drive from the Black Rapids to your mill here," began Hunter.

"I'm much obliged I'm sure," replied Whalen, "but I'm not interested in the matter at all."

"You will be," broke in Price with the same sneering smile that I always found so unbearable, "when I tell you that Mr. Hunter has a lien on all your logs for the amount."

"Probably my attorney here knows something of the law of liens, too," replied Whalen with a magnificent wave of the hand in my direction.

I turned to Hunter.
"Where was Whalen's drive when you took charge of it?" I asked.

"In the Parish of Inkerman in this County, and I drove it through Saumarez to the mill here."

"You were appointed a 'driver' for what Parish?" I continued.

"For Saumarez," Hunter replied. "Here's the certificate of my appointment."

I picked up Volume 24 N. B. Reports, and turned to the case of Sinclair vs. Holland.

"I would like to call your attention to this case, Mr. Price," I said, "where the Supreme Court of New Brunswick has decided that in order to have a lien the drive must be in his own Parish when the 'driver' first takes charge of it."

"But the Act says," broke in Price, "that, if necessary, a 'timber driver' may exercise his duties beyond his own Parish."

"But that is only when he takes charge of it in his own Parish," I replied. "Let me read the judgment of the Court, I know you will enjoy it."

"The obvious meaning of the Act is," I read, "that if a 'timber driver' legally takes charge of a drive in one Parish, he may continue in charge through other parishes; but the first charge taken must be by a driver appointed for the Parish in which the drive is at the time he is called upon to take charge of it; and a driver appointed for an adjoining Parish has no right whatever to interfere with it, and consequently can acquire no lien."

"I'm very sorry you had so much trouble for nothing, Mr. Hunter," said Whalen soothingly.

"Oh, I'm all right," blurted out Hunter; "Mr. Morrison gave a bond to protect me."

"As advised by Mr. Price," I commented.

"Then I've driven Whalen's lumber for nothing," roared Morrison as he caught the drift of the discussion.

"Your attorney, Mr. Price, can no doubt advise you on that point," I replied; "but Mr. Whalen is certainly not liable—you and Mr. Hunter can settle it between you."

"I don't think," began Price.
"No, you certainly didn't think, you confounded blockhead," thundered Morrison as Price and Hunter backed out of the office, while the old lumberman turned to Whalen with a gentler expression.

"Suppose we bury the hatchet," he suggested. "There is lots of room on the river for both of us. Your father and me were good friends years ago before that cursed Richards affair," he added reminiscently.

"I'd be very glad to," Whalen replied heartily; "but I'm afraid we couldn't agree if Mr. Price is to be your son-in-law."

"Son-in-law," yelled Morrison, "I guess not. The blamed fool has cost me \$8,000 just being my lawyer. If he was in the family he'd ruin me in another year."

The Giant of the Rumbly Voice

Emma M. Bolenius

"Do you know where all the silver comes from?" asked Baby Bobert.

All Lucy did was point. Where do you think she pointed? Right up to a big, white cloud.

"Watch it," she said. "And see the silver lining. Didn't father say last night that every cloud had a silver lining?"

The dark cloud suddenly turned inside out at the edges.

"I see it!" cried Bobert, excited. Then he demanded the story.

"So many years ago that you can't count—"

"More'n a hundred," came the small voice.

"Yes, more than a hundred, two giants lived up in the clouds. They were brothers, but oh, so different—"

"Like Tommy and me—"

"No indeed! These were great big giants. One was a good giant and one was a very bad giant. The bad giant had the rumbly voice. That's how you know him."

"Their work was to paint the sunrise and the sunset with colors from a paint box that they kept behind their cloud. Then, too, they had immense chests of silver, from which they made the silver moonbeams and threw them down to earth when the moon shone bright. Did you ever see a silver moonbeam? It is just like a long spear."

Bobert thought he had.
"Now sometimes these two brothers would quarrel about the chests of silver. Wasn't it too bad! The bad giant would insist that the chest was too full of silver. He would grab it and pull so hard that the cloud and the chest would break right in two. Then there would be an awful rumble of thunder—it was the bad giant of the rumbly voice scolding. When the cloud broke into two, the bad giant would seize a great handful of silver moonbeams and hurl them down from the cloud. They looked like jagged arrows and sometimes hit trees and people—"

"And did they die?"

"Yes, dear; when the lightning hits it always kills. That made the good giant very sorry and he would weep whole buckets full of rain. That would be the thunderstorm. Have you ever noticed how hard it rains after a fierce lightning flash?"

"I don't like lightning," said Bobert slowly.

"But you won't be afraid now since you know that it is only the giant of the rumbly voice," suggested Lucy.

"I don't know," replied Bobert cautiously. "You said it kills people."

"So do lots of things, darling, but not usually if they are going about their own business. People have lightning rods on top of houses to catch these silver moonbeams as the giant hurls them down."

"I've seen 'em!"

"And the silver lightning is not going to hunt our good little boys and girls, so you need not be afraid any more."

"I'm not 'fraid," said the young man very positively. "Tell me some more!"

"No, sir!" And Lucy tumbled him over into Mamma's waiting arms.

Odd School Names, Children and a Bear, in Swan Valley

In what is known as the Swan Valley—a depressed section of country some 300 miles to the northwest of Winnipeg, which at one time was likely over-run by the water of Swan river, and on one side of which winding stream are the Porcupine Hills and on the other the Duck Mountains—there are of course a number of public schools. Some of these have good sized grounds for rural schools, but not as large as they should be when modern equipment is considered. As physical culture gains ground they will be larger in extent. Some of the schools referred to have two acres of ground and well equipped buildings. They go in for gardening competitions, and a number have libraries and musical instruments. The more recently formed

districts carry rather odd names. One is Croppertops. As there are names to each district that section which Croppertops represents was rather up against it for a name, several suggested being turned down as having already been adopted. Finally a gentleman gave them the name of Croppertops as one that would not likely be at the Department. It is after a place in the Old Country, and was accepted by the authorities. It gets all sorts of nicknames, as the name is rather out of the ordinary. The building is not only used as a school house, but on Sundays there is preaching in it. Another district in the Swan Valley is called Egremont, and an adjoining district is Avonlea. The building for the latter is a comparatively new frame structure, built upon two acres of land, one given by, and the other purchased from Col. C. D. McPherson, who is at present serving his country in the great war. As yet the grounds have not been fenced, but the teacher and children are up-to-date in that they go in for tree planting and are making quite a show in the gardening line. It is of some children attending the Avonlea school and a bear that we started to tell about.

The district is in a wooded section of country, and the roadway running southward from the school building has not long been open, so that it is a very good rendezvous for wild animals and birds. One day lately a number of the girls and boys were going homeward from the Avonlea school on this new roadway when all of a sudden one of them noticed a brown-black object on the road. The attention of all became centered on the object, which they found to be a bear. Moving the books they were carrying and shouting aloud they made after bruin. For a time the bear paid little attention, but evidently the voice and commotion became too much for his sensitiveness, so he, with a look of disgust, made off into the woods. At another section a father of some of the children, and his man, were working in a field. The employe noticed something large and brown going across a field and called his master's

attention to it. The latter at once said it was a bear and asked that attention be paid to where it made for. The man was for chasing it at once, but the employer let him know that if he was inclined to run he could run home for the gun. This was done, and on the man's return with the weapon he passed it to his master and went back home with the team while the latter went after bruin. Knowing that it was about homecoming time for his children from the Avonlea school, and seeing that the wild animal made in that direction, the father was of course a little anxious. Making across to a neighbor's, who also had children attending the school, the news was made known, and they both, with guns and the home dog Bowser, made off in the



Bruin and Bowser
The latter lying quite contented looking, underneath the "catch" he aided in securing

direction the bear took, one taking to the woods and the other remaining on guard over the road. It was not long before the latter saw the children on the roadway. They came running up to him in great excitement calling out, "We saw a big bear; did you see it?" Asking them which way it went, he rested on duty for a time, the children going in a third direction to do "Shooting." Before long the bark of Bowser was heard, and then a shot, with "I've got him." The neighbor had spied the animal, but 'twas not at good enough range for him to secure the prize. Coming up to the neighbor father number one learned particulars and then made for the direction in which the animal scampered. Coming on him, bang went the gun, the shot hitting Mr. Bear in the neck, but at no vital part. Seeing that he was cornered, bruin made for a tree, climbing as fast and as high as he could in his wounded condition. Getting fairly well under him and at good range the father let go and had the satisfaction of seeing the animal drop at once, the shot taking effect in the spot aimed at. Together the men carried the bear, which was not a monster but of good size, to the home of the successful workman. There the animal was skinned, and the pelt is now used in the living room as a floor rug. It may be mentioned that attempt was made to use some of the meat as food, but the housewives tabooed it on account of the strong odor. Cyrus McFadden and Alex. Fraser were the sportsmen.

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The Crop Outlook for 1915

Not only every Western Canadian, but every Canadian between the two oceans and everybody interested in Canada's development and welfare and in the important part which Canada is taking as the premier overseas Dominion, is interested in the crop figures of Western Canada. These figures constitute Canada's business barometer. The reading of this barometer is of the first interest and importance to the whole Dominion, the yield of the country's soil being the main source of its income.

The future of Canada depends upon the future of the West. The surpassing merit of the prairies of Western Canada, solidly established as it already is to the knowledge of all the world, is demonstrated more and more strongly by the evidence that accumulates from year to year in the shape of its crop output.

crop outlook for 1915; but experienced observers were by no means despondent, but on the contrary were sanguine that the West would this year yield more than abundantly in the increase of its soil.

It was noted that though the growing wheat was exceptionally green, yet the heads were in no way injuriously affected by the unfavorable weather. The wheat plant was not running unduly to stalk, in prejudice to the future development of the grain in the full head. The plain fact was simply that the growth was slowed down.

So matters continued for some time until in the latter half of July came a turn in the weather conditions; and from that on the wheat thrived mightily, and by the first week in August it was beyond all question that the loyal soil



General Sir Sam Hughes, after inspecting Canadian troops at the front in France, sees Quaint Celebration in Wales.

General "Sam" Hughes (in uniform). He is the Minister of Militia and Defence. Shortly after the Canadian Premier visited the Canadians at the front, General Hughes arrived there to inspect the Canadian forces, and to praise them for the good work which they have been doing. After the inspection of the troops on the firing line and in France he visited Wales, and was present during the ancient and quaint Eisteddfod held at Bangor, August 3rd. The National Eisteddfod is a survival of the ancient Druidical ritual, and many curious rites are performed. For many years the Eisteddfod has included a contest for musicians and vocalists.

The history of this year's crop is a somewhat peculiar one. There have been years since Western Canada began to take its place among the wheat-growing countries of the world when the conditions all over the wheat-growing areas of the West were satisfactory from the time the seed went into the soil. Not so this year.

True it is that speaking of the West as a whole, the seed went into the soil in good time, and the soil was in such favorable condition that through the month of May its germination proceeded satisfactorily. But there then succeeded a somewhat prolonged period of cold, unfavorable weather.

For several weeks after the seed, germinating in the soil, burst upward to the light, overlaying the ground with a shimmer of green, its progress was retarded, the exceptional coolness of the weather keeping the growth slow. In these weeks there was some anxiety entertained in many quarters as to the

had kept its faith. The standing wheat spread over the west, a sea of green turning to gold. Provided that no adverse conditions prevented its being safely harvested, it was evident, then, that the crop of 1915 would be a bonanza crop, fulfilling in unprecedented abundant measures the promise that was sown.

As August advanced, the interest in the crop situation mounted rapidly day by day, and information in regard to the actual conditions in every part of the Prairie Provinces was eagerly sought. Among the leading financial organizations of the country which in this year, as in each preceding year, have devoted special attention to the collection of accurate information of crop conditions, none has a more comprehensive system than that of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, whose superintendent of central western branches, Mr. Vere Brown, returning to Winnipeg at the close of the third week in August from a trip throughout the west, was able to report that the time

for anxiety about the crop was over, and that a large yield was then assured.

As an evidence of the extraordinary change in conditions during the first fortnight of August, it is to be noted that while the reports from all the branches of the banking interests on the first of August indicated that 64 per cent of the wheat would be ready for cutting by August 25, the reports a week later made it 71 per cent, and the reports two weeks later made it 67. And so the betterment of conditions went on with great strides during the whole of the past month.

An average of the authoritative estimates made about the beginning of August was that about 10 per cent of the crop would come in later than September 1. Taking the estimates made a week later by the same agencies of all sorts and descriptions, including financial companies, banks and newspaper reports, and averaging them in like manner, it appeared that not more than 7 per cent of the crop would come in later than September 1; and making a similar average a week later on August 14, the proportion of the crop that would come in later than September 1 was reduced to less than 5 per cent. These figures tell their own story of the crop conditions this year in the West.

securities would decline in value, capital would congeal and cease to flow freely, and trade in every department would become languid and paralyzed. The assured prospects of this year's bountiful harvest spells prosperity to the West and to Canada at large.

Rations for Cows and Pigs

"Kindly balance me a ration for cows from the following feeds: Oats, peas and oats, and barley, alfalfa hay, clover, red top and timothy, and about the same quantity of oat and pea straw. I have a grinder and grind all my grains. I can get bran for \$25 per ton, about the same price as the above grains.

"Also advise a good feed for skim milk for four-month-old pigs.

"I can usually get about \$2 per ton more for my timothy and clover hay, of which I have considerable, than I have to pay for alfalfa hay in the stack and I have thought I would do this to get a better feed for my cows. Please give me your advice."

If alfalfa hay can be obtained at reasonable prices, it would be better to feed no other hay. If some of the other hay is on hand, it may be used in limited quantities until used, but we would

Things to Plant in September



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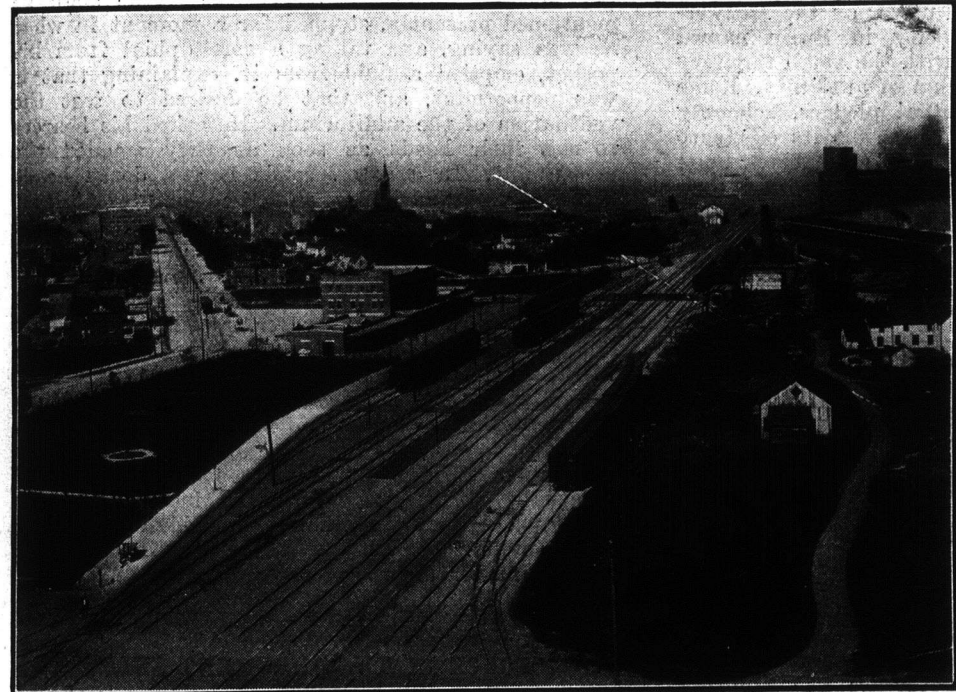
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Prophecy being, as George Eliot said, the most gratuitous form of human error, it will be wiser and safer to attempt here nothing in the way of a prophecy in definite figures, but to rest content with the general prophecy, nay certainty, to which expression has already been given. Half-way through August, Sir William Mackenzie estimated that this year's harvest in Western Canada would be worth \$250,000,000 more than any other previous crop. That estimate is one which is worth being kept in mind.

What the crop of 1915 will mean to the West to the whole of Canada may to the Empire, it would be difficult to estimate too largely. It will make an immense addition to the wealth of the Dominion, and every branch of trade and industry will be proportionately benefited. It will mean an immense addition to our real strength and effectiveness in the great struggle which is now being fought in defence of freedom and human progress.

Agriculture is the foundation of the prosperity of Canada. Upon the market value of the annual products of the soil is built up a vast superstructure of trade and of credit. If the earth were to fail to yield its increase as usual, every financial interest would be disturbed,

make the alfalfa form the larger portion of the roughage.

A mixture consisting of barley and peas and oats would supplement the hay very well. If the oats are more expensive than bran at \$25 a ton, bran may be used to take their place. If there is sufficient barley to permit the use of three or four pounds daily, we would suggest that much be used. The rest of the mixture may be made up of peas and oats. Feed about one pound of grain for each 3 1/2 to 4 lbs. of milk produced.

One pound of feed such as corn, rye, barley, middlings, etc., should be fed with each three pounds of skim milk. Wheat middlings or ground oats will mix well with the skim milk for making a slop. In connection with it feed some corn, rye, or barley.

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A neat and exceptionally useful pamphlet has been issued by Mr. H. H. Winearls, of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. It is entitled "Winearls' helpful hints to Grain Shippers." It contains full information regarding the process of shipping grain; the care that should be exercised in selecting and examining cars, and many other matters of help and interest to the grain grower.

Mr. Winearls is an expert grain commission man, and has had much valuable experience in his long connection with the Winnipeg Grain Exchange.

The pamphlet will be mailed to any of our readers on receipt of 10c. The author has his offices at No. 237 Grain Exchange.

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The Philosopher

"ALL THE PEOPLE, WOMEN AS WELL AS MEN."

There is a sterling democracy in these sentences from a brief declaration in favor of woman suffrage by Louis Brandeis, who holds a leading place among the men of note in the United States who stand for progress: "As years have passed I have become more and more impressed with the difficulty and complexity of economic and political problems, and also with the power of society to solve them; but I am convinced that for their solution we must look to the many, not to the few, and that we need all the people, women as well as men—that we must have not a part of society, but the whole."

"JUJU."

There has been nothing more picturesque in the reports of warfare in any land in any age than a sentence in the belated account of the plucky British defence of Tukum, which is just inside the border of Northern Nigeria:

"The German officers had repeatedly attempted to take Tukum, but their native troops refused again and again to face the juju at that place."

A juju, it appears, is a spell which the natives believe their witch doctors to have power to cast upon a place by drawing a line around it, which must not be crossed. There is nothing of which the natives in that part of Africa stand in greater terror. A writer in the Manchester Guardian, who has lived in Northern Nigeria, writing an explanation of the juju, says that the line laid down by the witch doctor "would be marked by pieces of hair or tusk, or something of that kind." He adds that it is not at all to be wondered at that the German officers were unable to get their natives to cross such a line to attack Tukum. They would be more afraid of facing the juju than they would be of death, because their crossing of the sacred line marked out by the witch doctor would raise up against them, they believe, the spirits of their ancestors.

WHAT THE BRITISH "MAGIC" IS.

In nothing has the amazing failure of the German mind to understand the workings of the non-German mind been more evident than in the grotesque German misconceptions in regard to the manifestations of British freedom of speech and British criticism of British institutions and British ways of doing things. The German mind was confident that the moment the war began the British Isles would be rent asunder by civil strife, and the Empire would fall into pieces, this and the other Dominions eagerly seizing the opportunity to sever their connection with the Mother Country. The strange thing is that even yet the workings of the minds of the people of the British Empire seem to be as much as ever a closed secret to the Germans. They cannot understand how it is that the Empire presents such a united and determined front, with so much freedom of speech and criticism going on, in contrast to the rigid suppression of freedom of utterance in Germany. One German writer confesses his utter bewilderment that the British Empire continues to hold together, and says that the British must possess some "magic." We do. It is the magic of freedom—something which the Germans have not, and apparently have no understanding of.

"EFFICIENCY" AND FREEDOM.

There has been a great deal of nonsense written about the German ideal of "efficiency." As a plain matter of fact, that sort of "efficiency" consists mainly in doing what one is told, and in doing it with blind obedience. It is secured by a state system which provides a small number of men to give orders, which it is the duty of the rest of the population to obey, and which they are trained to obey as instinctively as the bee goes about its day's work, knowing neither the why nor the wherefore, but unquestioningly submissive. That sort of "efficiency" reaches its highest point when this obedience becomes most nearly automatic, where the human unit approaches most closely to a machine—as in Germany. There is a vital and irrepressible conflict between that "ideal" and freedom, which is the life spirit of our British institutions. Freedom does not mean the absence of obligations, the license to do as one pleases, as the anarchist mis-konely imagines. It means the absence of external compulsion other than that required to protect all men in their just rights. It is based on the truth that "the liberty of one man ends where the liberty of another begins." The largest measure of freedom is possible only in a community where this truth is realized, a community whose ideal is that its individual members shall be self-moving and self-controlled, with no desire to "impose their will" on others, or to have others' will imposed on them. Such freedom is an end in itself; "efficiency," at its best, can be no more than a means to an end. And the end to which Prussian "efficiency" is devoted is the crushing out of freedom.

THE STORY THAT ANGELS WERE SEEN.

The story that angels had appeared to certain British soldiers near Mons a year ago has travelled far and wide. It was referred to recently in a Winton pulpit. The Philosopher has read it in not a few British and Canadian journals. It appears now that its origin was an imaginative piece of writing, a poem in prose, whose author, Arthur Machew, states in the London Daily Mail that he invented it. He writes:

"The editor of the Occult Review was the first to ask if the tale had any foundation in fact. He was followed by the editor of Light. I assured both these gentlemen that I had made it all up out of my own head, and that it was not based on any rumor, or hint, or whisper of any kind or sort—in fine, that it was a sheer invention. And this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

That the story should have been believed is a touching proof of faith, a notable indication of the manner in which the war has turned human minds to the super-natural. Some few there may be who find it hard to keep their faith from breaking down in face of the question raised by the horrors of war; but it is unquestionable that the great mass of normal humanity finds itself more deeply impressed than ever by human helplessness and the need of faith.

"TOUCH NOT SAGUNTUM!"

In ancient times, when Rome and Carthage faced each other with almost equal power on the Mediterranean, there was a little city in Spain named Saguntum. That little city, with the small territory surrounding it, was the Belgium of antiquity. Rome and Carthage had given mutual pledges, solemnly binding themselves not only to permit its existence in peace, but to defend it against any attack upon its neutrality. There arose in Carthage a strong military party headed by Hamilcar, which sought to extend the power of Carthage, and came finally to advocate the doctrine that Carthaginian might should dominate the whole Mediterranean—in a word, that Carthage should rule the world. It became evident that in pursuance of this aim, Carthage was planning a great campaign, which was to be begun by the capture of the city of Saguntum and its territory. The Roman Senate sent to Carthage the famous message, "Touch not Saguntum." The warning was not heeded, the little principality was overwhelmed by Carthage, and a great war began, which did not end until Carthage was no more. A heavy retribution came to the power which, in the arrogance of its might, violated faith and sought to make force override right. How far the German mind has gone in its blind obsession that force can usurp the judgment seat is seen in manifold manifestations, and in none more strikingly than in the utterance of a German officer, who in time of peace was Professor of International Law in the University of Marburg. He writes:

"In our own German nation the war has caused so many splendid many virtues to emerge that when one sees our lads in grey, one says, 'I don't care—German militarism is worth more than all international law.'"

Can there be any question as to what the verdict of history will be?

THE NORTH SEA GIBRALTAR.

Three weeks ago occurred the twenty-fifth anniversary of an event which the Germans might well celebrate with more reason for rejoicing than they can find truly in any of their exploits in this war. That event was a gift from Great Britain, which may rightly be now termed the costliest blunder that diplomacy ever made. At the time it was regarded as a guarantee of peace; it actually proved to be an event which made this war possible. That event was the ceding to Germany of the island of Helgoland, which was not fortified then, but was little more than a summer resort, with a small resident British population. It was being gradually eaten away by the sea. Germany built it up with concrete so as to make it a veritable Gibraltar, fortified it formidably, built the Kiel Canal, whose entrance it protects, and made it the strongest fortress in the world, after Gibraltar. Ever since Germany had hacked off Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark and added those provinces to Prussia, German eyes had looked covetously at Helgoland. By 1884 earnest negotiations were in progress between Berlin and London to secure it, and, finally, on August 10, 1890, the German flag was hoisted on the island, and its British residents found homes elsewhere. Great Britain ceded Helgoland in the interests of friendly good feeling with Germany, not knowing what dangers lay down in the German mind. Twenty-five years' work on the Kiel Canal, which was completed in July of last year, and on Helgoland, concurrently with the other preparations, made everything ready, according to the German plans, for the beginning of this war. A prediction which can be made with entire confidence is that after this war is over, Helgoland will no longer be a German stronghold.

REMOTE VICTIMS OF THE WAR.

Even in the uttermost corners of the world the war is making itself felt. At Point Hope, in Alaska, a hundred miles within the Arctic Circle, the Eskimos are suffering from the cessation in the demand for furs and the increased prices of all the food supplies in stock in the one store there. A whole chapter of troubles had preceded this state of affairs. A cargo of supplies destined for the other store which used to do business at Point Hope was lost last year in a shipwreck in which the owner of that store was drowned. The seal hunt was a failure, very few foxes were taken, and the Eskimos' supplies of the food which usually they provide for themselves have never run so low—a tragic state of affairs when the supplies of white man's food are scarce and costly at Point Hope. Bishop Rowe writes that Rev. A. R. Hoare, the missionary at Point Hope and his assistant are going into debt to supply from a soup kitchen which they have organized a square meal once a day to a hundred Eskimos, and twice a week to two hundred and fifty of them. Surely those poor people were sadly unprepared for the war.

WHAT CAME OUT OF THE PHIAL.

In a paper from Emporia, Kansas, the Philosopher reads of an interesting happening at a Chautauqua lecture there. The lecturer, whose theme shall be mentioned presently, stopped for a moment in what he was saying, and taking a small phial from his pocket, emptied a fluid from it, explaining that it was peppermint, and that he desired to test the ventilation of the auditorium. He asked his hearers to nod their heads as soon as they smelled the peppermint. In a few seconds half a dozen heads began to nod, and in less than two minutes at least thirty people in the audience signified that they had smelled the peppermint. A few minutes later, reverting to his theme, which was the power of suggestion, he confessed to the audience that the phial had contained nothing but water. "The confession brought a storm of applause," says the Emporia paper, "and many sheepish grins from those who thought they had smelled the peppermint." From peppermint and the power of suggestion, the lecturer proceeded to speak of the value of a cheerful word in a sickroom, the medicinal virtues of laughter, and eventually to the desirability of inculcating upon young people that they should think high and elevating thoughts. It certainly was a novel and striking way of illustrating the power of suggestion.

"FORCE IN THE JUDGMENT SEAT."

Perhaps the most eminent writer, not a German, who has devoted his pen to the service of Germany, is the well-known Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin. As the guest of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and the General Staff, he has seen all that they thought well to have him see of the operations of the war, as carried on by Germany. He dined frequently with the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, and the book he has written, describing his "personally-conducted" automobile trip along the German front, reveals him as an ardent partisan of Germany. Yet Belgium lies heavy on his heart. He writes:

"When one travels through Belgium, one must harden one's heart, for at every step one is reminded of the misfortune of having lost one's liberty in one's own country."

And then comes this truly remarkable utterance:

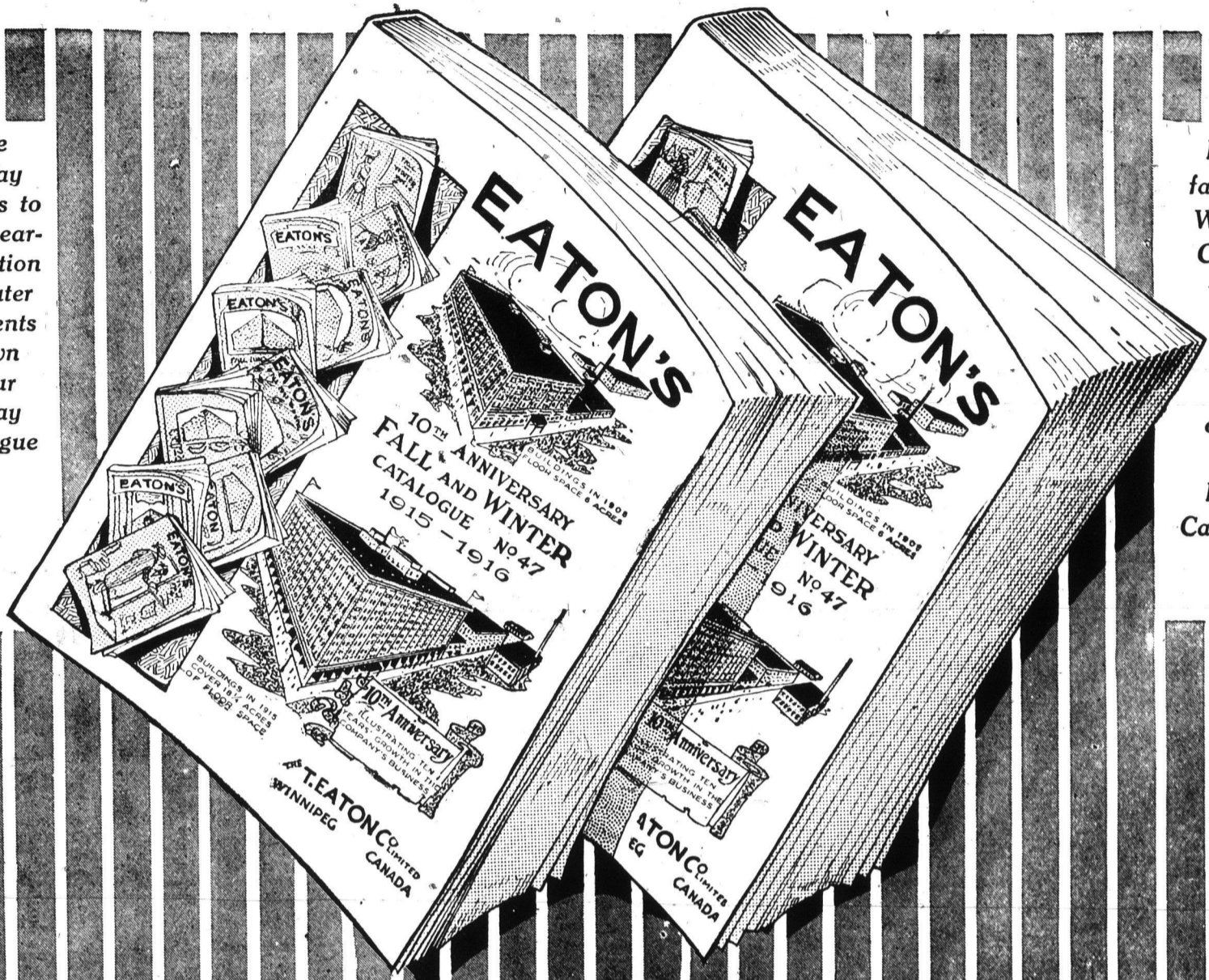
"A moral judgment is now being passed over Europe. Woe to the people which has not in time put its house in order, or which relies on paper treaties and declarations, when force sits in the judgment seat."

Now, there is a sense, of course, in which war may be a moral judgment on a nation. If a nation allows itself to sink into ignoble luxury, sloth and evil, and provokes war, without making the sacrifice needed for self-defence, it may be said to bring retribution on its own head. But in the German treatment of Belgium there is no such moral lesson, any more than there is in the spectacle of a burly man brutally maltreating a child. Sven Hedin accounts it as blame-worthy on the part of Belgium that it was not, as he so often says of Germany, "armed to the teeth." Yet an equally ardent and learned pro-German, Dr. Paul Carus, one of the foremost Ph.D.'s and exponents of Kultur, argues thus in defence of what Germany has done to Belgium:

"If Belgium really meant to be neutral, there was no need of a large Belgian army. But it is well known that Belgium's army was of unusual strength, for the size of the country, more than three times greater numerically than the British army."

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By E. Cora Hind

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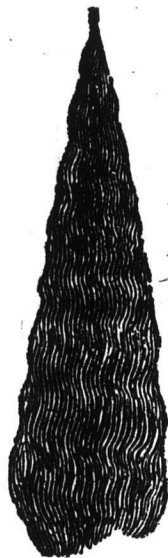
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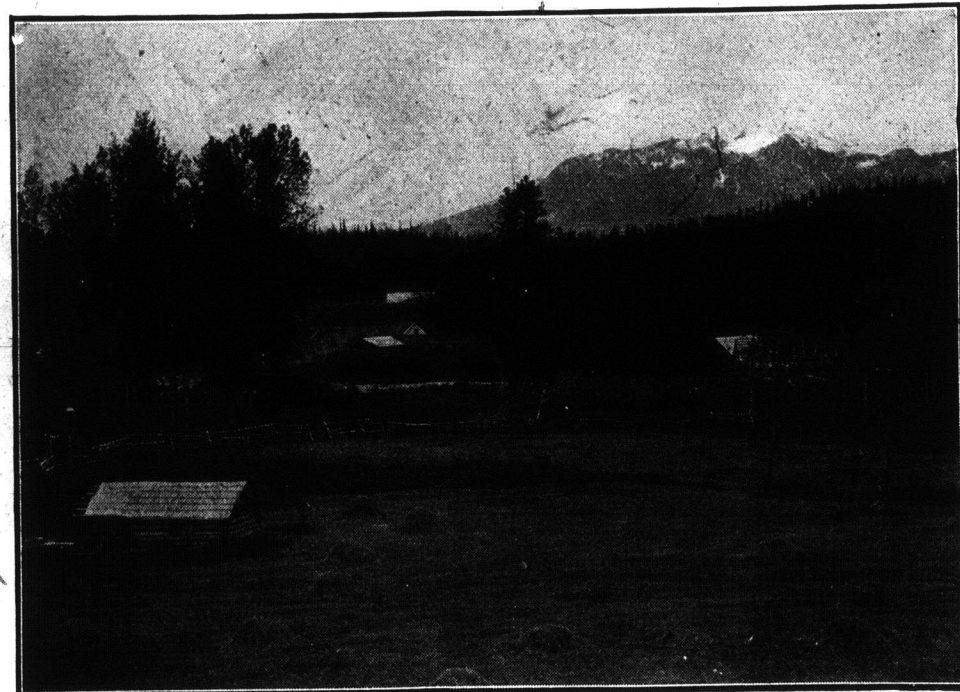
Since last writing for this column the Manitoba Provincial election has come and gone, and if the women of Manitoba are not the proud possessors of the Provincial franchise within a year, it will be their own fault. All that is necessary now is to have the petitions signed, ready for presentation at the first sitting of the House, and not only should these petitions contain the fifteen per cent asked for by Premier Norris, but as a real earnest of the desire of the women of Manitoba, to assume the full responsibility of citizenship, the fifteen per cent, should be rolled up to at least fifty. This is every woman's business. Sign a petition at your earliest possible opportunity. Not only do that, but having signed it yourself, see that your neighbor has the opportunity to sign, and urge her to do so. Do not let the work of the past years be lost, sign at once.

The Manitoba Election

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that it should be her duty and privilege to help that woman to a decision in the matter of casting her vote. It should be largely a matter of voting for the best man, and it is the English-speaking woman who is in a position to find out who is the best man, and help the foreign woman to understand. All women will make mistakes in their voting, be they native born or foreign, but I believe firmly that with the great mass of women the honor, uprightness, and intelligence of candidates will weigh greatly. It has been so in every community where the franchise has been extended to women, and there is no cause for apprehension, that Canada will fall below the reputation established by the women of Australia, New Zealand, and those states of the Union to the south of us where, for some years, women have had the vote.

The political equality leagues and similar organizations are preparing to



Moricetown, B.C.: G.T.P. Railway

During the few strenuous days which preceded the Manitoba election, a number of the politicians, particularly Sir James Aikins, were deeply concerned with the effect of the

Educating the foreign women's vote. Foreigner Perhaps this was not entirely without reason.

The politicians of Canada have given the foreign man all the education on the use of his newly acquired citizenship which he has received, and while it has undoubtedly been profitable to the politicians, as it has assisted materially in keeping them in power, it has been very distinctly bad for the country at large. These ardent politicians, in their concern about the foreign woman voter, overlook the fact that very largely she is being educated, and will be educated by the English speaking women of her community, and at least it is reasonably safe to assume that whatever other instructions she receives it will not be to sell her vote to the highest bidder.

In the cities and towns a very large number of foreign women work in the homes of their English-speaking sisters, and while in some cases, possibly little attention is paid to them beyond requiring a fair day's work for the price charged, a very great many of these foreign women work for the housewife who keeps no servant, and come directly in contact with the mistress of the home, and she, both consciously and unconsciously, is having a great deal to do with their education.

In the main, so far, it has been wholesome, and will no doubt continue to be, but just here I would like to lay a little special emphasis on the responsibility of the English-speaking woman who employs her foreign sister. Let her remember that she has, within the scope of her influence, a potential voter, and

furnish information with regard to the present laws for those women and communities which feel the need of instruction, and the coming winter should find the women of Manitoba engaged in an earnest educational campaign on the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

Personally I felt deeply grateful to Nellie L. McClung for her tribute, at her election meetings in Manitoba, to the work done for suffrage by the late Dr. Amelia Yeomans. How great

was that work, and how much the success of the present day movement depended upon it,

the writer knows from having labored as Dr. Yeoman's first lieutenant for many years. When the first Suffrage Club was organized in Winnipeg, it required no little courage to advocate "Votes for Women," and the speaking and writings of Dr. Amelia Yeomans and others associated with her, especially such women as Mrs. Joseph Hogg, Mrs. Chisholm, and Mrs. J. A. McClung (Nellie's own mother-in-law), laid the foundation on which it has been comparatively easy for the later workers to build, and which, after the manner of the world, the great majority of them totally ignore. To hear some of the younger women speak to-day, you would think that "Votes for Women" was the discovery of the past five years; whereas in Manitoba, at least, it has been the gradual growth of considerably more than 25 years. However, the woman of whom I speak, cared nothing for who got the credit as long as the goal was gained. The real and most substantial tribute that the women of the Manitoba of to-day can offer to the women of another generation who labored, and of whom some have passed to their rest, is to make the best possible use of the tool which is just now being put into their hands.



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Lazy Days

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

THE day was hot; the incessant swinging of the hammock dreamily urged me along the line of thought. Could not the energy thus expended be stored up and used to propel the canoe? Could not the trees be cultivated to grow kindling wood, all nicely cut and bundled? Simpler still, in this age of fireless cookers, why not have the vegetables self-cleaning, the fish self-scaling and cooking and the camp beds self-making? Golly! they ought to be in some camps. Here my thought became so intense I closed my eyes—Fritz says I slept, I scorn the insinuation, but the first thing I heard was: "I've got a bite," and I opened my eyes to see the lad squatted beside me with a large mud turtle on the end of a stick. Evidently the poor thing thought he had Fritz's finger and it was hanging on for dear life.

"The noonday lecture to the camp will now proceed," drawled the lad in his teacher's best tones. "Here is the order Chelonia, this animal has actually grown its skeleton outside its body, as seen on the inside of a dried shell, where every rib is visible. The top shell is the Carapace, the lower the Plastron. The reptiles have no teeth, they lay eggs, have strong jaws of horny parchment—see how this one hangs on—'Ouch!' Pardon the digression, a ten pound turtle falling on my own pet toe made me digress. I will now sit upon the shell and the class will see an example of the animal's tremendous strength."

The grinning lad sat patiently but the turtle had its legs withdrawn within its refuge house.

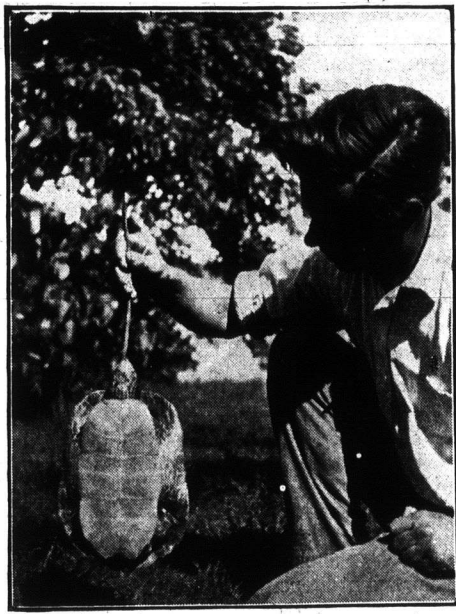
"May the class go out a minute?" I asked, with right hand up in true school-boy style. He gravely nodded permission and I left him with his odd pet. At my desk in the shanty I could hear the continuation. "They lay from fifteen to fifty eggs in some lakeside sand-bank and let the big hot sun do the hatching. Oh! you have sneaked one foot out, have you? Now another! Now altogether—what, all in again? I can stay here all day if you can."

Time, an hour later—"Oh! come here and see my racehorse! We have advanced by actual measurement one foot in seventy minutes, at the rate of—The class will kindly figure that up"—Here the lad got up and, firmly grasping the turtle, walked down the path to the lake, saying, "Maud S," you have me all rattled up with your speed, go home to your little hardshells. Here I heard a

day he found every one had been eaten by turtles," I said.

"What about the hole?" laughed the graceless lad.

I have seen them fished for in Illinois and Indiana rivers, big hooped nets the size of a flour barrel being used, these were baited with ancient meat and left over night, next morning each hooped net was just alive with turtles of one to ten



Fritz squatted beside me with a large "mud" turtle

pounds in weight, which had crept in the narrow opening and could not force their way back against the sharp-pointed exit; these were sold for turtle soup meat to all the Chicago restaurants and hotels—several days' catch were stored in the holds of the rude house-boats along the rivers, in consequence thereof a blind man could find said house-boats on a pitch dark night. The turtle-fishers used to keep the catch in pens but the nimble-fingered, lazy tramps along the river used to fasten a sack over one corner and remove a board and have a record catch in a single minute. The flesh is singularly good, exactly like beef in the large salt-water turtles which come up into the coast rivers. I know of a case where a butcher ordered a second helping of fried turtle in mistake for beefsteak. I have seen the Carapace as big as a great washtub; no doubt this immense beast, with flippers like a sea lion, was using that shore before the United States existed. Aye! it may have been fishing along here when Columbus discovered this western continent. The eggs were found in the sands above the highest high tide line and numbered 210. At another place we saw over a hundred youngsters about the size of a U.S. silver dollar scuttling for the water in great shape as a pair of young eagles were selecting nice, tender souvenirs among them. "Chaco! Chack!" sounded the eagles as they dropped the young turtles on the rocks to break their shells—I think they mistook them for some new kind of clam, but, as the shells did not break they became very angry and tore them and plucked at them with their sharp claws and mandibles. They seem to feed upon aquatic plants, small shell fish, fish, and even a tender young wild duckling if they can seize it. I have known them to tear the breast off of a number of dead wild ducks dropped into a thick, marshy place and not searched for until the next morning. There are only three kinds common to Central Canada. The "mud turtle," the "snapping turtle," and a long-necked "soft shelled" turtle (sometimes caught on fishing lines). All these are excellent eating, most especially if food has run low, as they are so universally distributed. One turtle we do not have in Canada is the diamond-backed terrapin, and they will soon have very few left in the U.S. So scarce have they become that a little one is now worth five to six dollars in the market. Twenty years ago they were worth 25 cents each in coastwise U.S. cities. All our northern ones are



Lower view of a "snapper"—a big one too

great splash and Fritz came running back and together we recounted turtle lore.

"I know of a fisherman leaving a string of live bass firmly staked down in a deep hole in the river, returning next

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FREE—Genuine Self-filling Fountain Pen, to boys and girls for selling ten useful articles at 10c each. Write to-day. E. Hughes, 14 Hekla Block, Winnipeg. 9

SONG POEMS WANTED for publication. Experience unnecessary. Send us your verses or melodies to-day or write for instructive booklet—it's free. Marks-Goldsmith Co., Dept. 67, Washington, D.C. T.F.

DR. JANET E. FERGUSON, 290 Portage Ave., Winnipeg. Free consultation regarding your ailment. Correspondence invited. Nervous diseases, Goitre, Rheumatism, Infantile Paralysis successfully treated. T.F.

REGALIA TEA—Delicious and refreshing, real value for money. Blended and packed in the Old Country. I will send 5 lbs., carriage paid, to your post office for \$2.25. G. S. Owen, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. 10

BROADENAXE HAIR FOOD Grows hair like magic. Will not dye but nourishes the color glands to natural action. Directions for use on jar. Mail order price \$1.00, postpaid. Broadenaxe Co., 29 Stobart Block, Winnipeg. (Mrs. M. Ferguson.) T.F. Established 9 years.

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—My special offer to introduce my magazine "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich ficher. It demonstrates the Real earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 471 28 W., Jackson Blvd., Chicago. 10

amphibious, and burrow deeply into the mud as winter approaches and sleep until warm spring dawns.

"Is the lecture over, sir?" queried Fritz, "as I want to say I once had a turtle which could play 'The Marseillaise,' also an air from 'Nanon,' and several Italian pieces."

"Fritz!" I ejaculated. "I may have neglected to mention it was a toy musical instrument turtle," he laughed back.

"Do you think you could procure a nice specimen of the fish family for the evening meal? Now, I do not want any freak fish or museum specimen; a real, fresh mascalonge will suit me first-class." So off set the lad in the big canoe with a double silver and copper bait trolling fifty feet behind him on the end of a strong sea-island cotton trolling line. Now, in July and August, these great fish have left the marsh where they deposited the eggs and milt, where the youngsters now swim in millions—as each female lays fully a quarter of a million eggs. They have come out to the rice beds immediately behind our island camp. Here the great fresh water sharks lay ready to dart out and catch anything swimming past them—our bait is an excellent imitation of a fish swimming, and I can see Fritz,

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS—\$50 each. All or spare time. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 351, Cincinnati, Ohio. T.F.

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STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

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WANTED—Salesman to sell Dirk's Red Mite Killer to general stores, druggists, and grocers. Also agents for same in every town and village. Marshall & Marshall, Niagara Falls, Canada. T.F.

WANTED—Reliable parties to do Machine Knitting for us at home. \$7 to \$10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address: The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co., Orillia, Ont. T.F.

AGENTS WANTED

AUTOMOBILES, TRUCKS, MOTOR Boats, Gas Tractors, and Gasoline Engines of every description, equipped with new made-in-Canada Lespass device, give three to five additional miles per gallon, enables Fords and all other cars to creep along at less than five miles an hour on high gear; installed by anyone in ten minutes; outlasts any gasoline engine and requires no adjusting; sells for \$3.00 on positive money-back guarantee; agents profit nearly 200 per cent; exclusive territory given, enabling employment of sub-agents; energetic man can make \$100 weekly. First time this device offered in Canada; your territory has never been worked. Write at once for special offer. North American Manufacturing Co., 976 Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Man. 9

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MEN—WOMEN—Get Canadian Government jobs. Big pay. Summer vacations. Examinations soon throughout Canada. Write immediately for free sample questions. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 177, Rochester, N.Y. 9

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THIS MANITOBA COMPANY will pay you ten per cent as regularly as your bank pays you three. Figures for the past two and a half years will prove this to you. If desired, shares may be purchased on our small payment plan. Let me mail you particulars. J. B. Martin, 612, McIntyre Block, Winnipeg. 10

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Guaranteed Gold Mining stocks, 15c, 35c; listed at 50c-\$1.00. This offer good 60 days. N. M. Lewis, Silver Lake, Oregon. 9

BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary. The game of kings. \$50.00 up, easy terms. J. D. Clark Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

HARNESS—The "Square Deal" Brand. Sold direct to users. No agents. Send for my Catalogue B, showing 30 styles. Thos. McKnight, Winnipeg, Canada. T.F.

DOBELL COAL FOR STEAM AND DOMESTIC USE—Direct from mine to consumer \$2.00 per ton at Tofield. Orders shipped day received. Dobell Coal Co., Tofield, Alberta. 13

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES SETS—50 dainty articles \$5.50 carriage paid return mail. Lovely robes, day and night gowns, flannels, etc., finest materials. Everything necessary for instant use. Lists free. Mrs. Franks, 175 Alfred St., Nottingham, England. 9

The Young Man and His Problem

By James L. Gordon, D.D.

A LIAR

If you find a man telling a lie—watch him. If you catch him twice—rebuke him. If you catch him in the third lie—"cut" him. A liar is worse than a broken tooth. Cut him! He may be a university graduate, he may have a handsome face, he may belong to "good society," but, cut him. No liar ever proved a true friend. Charles I had a handsome face. But it was the face of one who could not look on war, but could look upon torture. And it was the face of a betrayer. If Charles I was distinguished for anything it was for lying. He swore upon the four Gospels, and by the three Kings, that he would not betray Strafford, and then he signed the warrant for the execution of this man who had done so much for him.

SUCCESSFUL MEN

Get into the society of successful men. Associate with large men, big in plan and with foresight in programme. Get into the way of thinking in the bulk. Add a cypher to your ten and you have one hundred; add two cyphers and put a comma in the right place and you have one thousand. It is easier to do things on a large scale than in a small way. Remember, there is success in the society of successful men. It is said that while Andrew Carnegie was piling up his millions at his Homestead works he told his foremen that if they would stick to him he would make every one of them a millionaire. And he kept his promise, all having faith in his ability to fulfill his promise, except one, who preferred "a thundering big salary" instead; and this one never became a millionaire.

WHICH WAY?

In building up your circle of friends, seek to discover each man's drift and tendency. Every man is dominated or possessed by a thought. A man who is incurably ambitious will sacrifice you to his ambition. A sensualist will have small respect for the character and reputation of your wife, sister or daughter. A selfish man will sacrifice your interests for his own promotion. Therefore know the drift and tendency in the character and habits of your friends. When Philip Henry was settled at Worthenbury, he sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mr. Matthews, of Broad Oak. The father demurred, saying that though Mr. Henry was an excellent preacher and a gentleman, yet he did not know from whence he came. "True," said the daughter; "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him." Mr. Henry records in his diary, long after, the happiness of the union, which was soon after consummated.

THE DARKEST HOUR

There comes into every life a dark hour. In such an hour all rules fail and all accepted laws cease to operate. Everything goes wrong. Evil seems to succeed itself in a strange succession. We are in the trench with an enemy before and an enemy behind. We exhaust our capital. We mortgage the future. We are at the end of things. Then—darkness! In your dark hour you are always within three inches of success. Hold on, in your dark hour, and you will win. A celebrated gold-mine in Nevada is known as the Eureka, and a mournful history is connected with it. The original owner, after working it without success, was obliged to abandon it. He retired to San Francisco, where he lived in indigence for some time, finally cutting his wife's throat and those of his two children, and then blowing out his own brains. Those who re-opened the mine struck the gold only twelve feet beyond the spot where the poor fellow had ceased working. Do not stop short of the heavenly blessing and sink in despair.

LOCAL PRIDE

Just bear in mind that there is such a thing as "local pride." There is no city like "our city." There is no country like the one over which your flag floats. There is no avenue like the avenue on which you reside. There is no church like the church of which you are a member. There is no club like the club where you dine. There is no automobile like your packardford car. There is no wife like the little woman who bears your name. Local pride! Study it. I am reminded of Disraeli's cynical instructions to a subordinate of his Government when he was Prime Minister. He had been asked to go to a town which I shall not name, to open a public library gifted to it by the mayor of that day, and when the subordinate asked the Premier what he would say in his place, with that cynicism of which he was a master, he said: "Tell them that the mayor is the most generous you have ever heard of, and that the people of that town are the most intelligent it has ever been your privilege to address."

COLUMBUS AND THE EGG

Most people look a good deal alike. Two eyes, two ears, two hands, two feet, a mouth and a nose. We differ, not so much in facial expression or in physical form, as in the character and calibre of our thoughts. This is splendidly illustrated in the life of Columbus: "Columbus, after his discovery of America, was persecuted by the envy of the Spanish courtiers for the honors which were heaped upon him by the sovereign; and once at a table, when all decorum was banished in the heat of wine, they murmured loudly at the caresses he received, having, as they said, with mere animal resolution pushed his voyage a few leagues beyond what any one had chanced to have done before. Columbus heard them with great patience, and, taking an egg from the dish, proposed that they should exhibit their ingenuity by making it stand on an end. It went all around; but no one succeeded. 'Give it me, gentlemen,' said Columbus; who then took it, and, breaking it at one of the ends, it stood at once. They all cried out, 'Why! I could have done that.'—'Yes, if the thought had struck you,' replied Columbus; and, if the thought had struck you, you might have discovered America."

PERSONAL MAGNETISM

The handsome man seldom succeeds and the society belle reigns only for a season. Good ideas are better than good looks. Brains are superior to beauty. Personality is more than presence. A strong mind is more to be desired than a fine figure. Personal magnetism defies all definition and may be cultivated and possessed even by those who are deformed. Listen to the historian's description of Anne Boleyn, one of the most fascinating of queens: "Anne Boleyn was in stature rather tall and slender, with an oval face, black hair, and a complexion inclining to sallow; one of her upper teeth projected a little. She appeared at times to suffer from asthma. On her left hand a sixth finger might be perceived. On her throat there was a protuberance, which Chateaubriant describes as a disagreeably large mole, resembling a strawberry; this she carefully covered with an ornamented collar-band, a fashion which was blindly imitated by the rest of the maids of honor, though they had never before thought of wearing anything of the kind. Her face and figure were in other respects symmetrical," continues Sanders; "beauty and sprightliness sat on her lips; in readiness of repartee, skill in the dance, and in playing on the lute, she was unsurpassed."

DO RIGHT

There is a lot of religion in simply doing right. There is a heap of first class theology in merely being honest. There is a whole system of divinity in being aggressively pure. The best thoughts are the nearest and the greatest ideas are the simplest. Do right. Be right. Stand for the right. Love righteousness. A certain eminent minister gives this as his own experience: At one time in his life he was called upon to suffer great affliction, sorrow after sorrow came upon him. He became discouraged, doubts began to arise in his mind. In despair he resigned his church and took a trip to Europe, thinking the change would help him. He wandered among the Alps in almost total spiritual and intellectual blindness, feeling that he was not sure of anything. Till at last he said to himself one day, "Well, there is one thing I am sure of; I know it is right to do right." He put his foot down on this and said, "From this on, though the heavens fall; no matter what happens, I will do right." He proceeded to carry out his determination and before long the mists began to rise, the clouds began to roll away.

COMFORT

How little we need for comfort. A roof to cover the head. A stool to rest the foot on. A pillow for the weary brain. A couch the length of your physical frame. A cup of milk and a piece of bread. A penny to purchase the morning "Herald." A dime to see the "movies," a friend or two that we may lean upon. An acquaintance with whom we may while away an hour. A shroud for the body when we are through with walking and green cloths to cover our weary bones when all is over. Listen to Dr. Talmage. "Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, 'I am absolutely undone.' Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter, 'Oh, take me back to my room; there is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!' Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says, 'I live the life of a galley-slave; when I arise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night.' Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph, says, 'Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes.'

BAD HABITS

Bad habits, once broken, very often come back again. They touch bottom and then come to the surface again. They slumber for a decade and then come to consciousness at a most unexpected moment. Once the poison gets into the blood and there is no guarantee that it will not fester in the bone or gather in an inflammation on the skin. Keep an eye on your broken habits, even after you have broken them. Professor Bonelli, of Turin, punctured an animal with the tooth of a rattlesnake. The head of this serpent had lain in a dry state for sixteen years exposed to the air and dust, and, moreover, had previously been preserved more than thirty years in spirits of wine. To his great astonishment an hour afterward the animal died. So habits, good or bad, that have been lost sight of for years will spring into a new life to aid or injure us at some critical moment.

GINGER!

What most folks lack is "ginger." The real "snap" is not to be found among the canned goods. Vim is a spiritual product and belongs to the essence of the soul. Enthusiasm is a kind of spiritual radium which shines through the whole anatomy and flashes in the eye. Energy is the sign of an inward source of strength. Great souls are emotional. Strong men are sanely impetuous. "I have seen Michael Angelo make more chips of marble fly about in a quarter of an hour than three of the strongest young sculptors would do in as many hours, a thing almost incredible to anyone who has not witnessed it. He went to work with such impetuosity and fury of manner that I feared almost every minute to see the block split in pieces. It seemed as if, inflamed by the great idea that inspired him, this great man attacked with a species of fury the marble in which his statue lay concealed."

WRITTEN DOCUMENTS

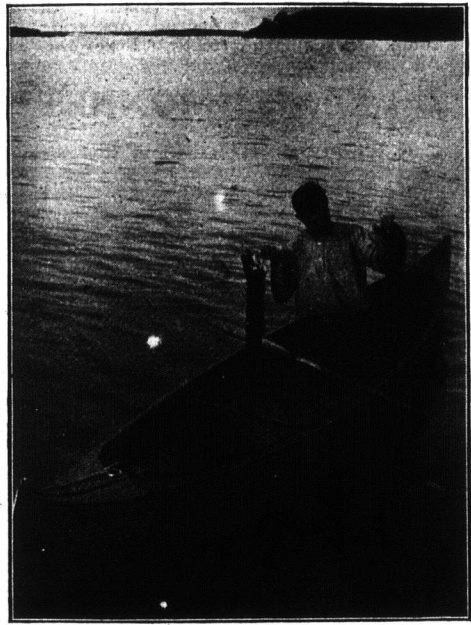
Written documents are legal documents when they verge on the realm of law. Be careful what you write, for, as a rule, no man can remember what he writes. Be careful what you write for your neighbors' interpretation may not be true to your own inward thought. When you write, imagine the world looking over your shoulder. An eminent lawyer remarks: "I remember once, in one of our great Courts of Justice here, attending a trial, a very celebrated trial, a dramatic point of thrilling interest, which depended upon the admission by the one who was being tried for serious offence, the admission that certain documents had been written by him, and I shall never forget—it is one of those memories that live with a man—I shall never forget amid the intense silence there was held out to the man the documents in question, and the question was put: Is that your writing? Did you write that?"

THE CRUELTY AND CRAFT OF KULTUR.

The pioneers of Eastern Canada, the brave men and women who came and made homes in what was then a land of dangers and privations, remote from their native lands, used to hear the wolves howling at night outside their log cabins. Those brave men fought the wolves, and made their homes secure, defending their wives and children and themselves and laying the foundations for the Canada of to-day. It is essentially the same fight for humanity and for progress that our brave Canadians at the front are engaged in now, shoulder to shoulder with the men from every other land in the Empire and with the gallant, high-spirited French, the men of ever-glorious Belgium and our other allies in this great struggle. We are fighting a powerful enemy; and the greater his power, the more the need of fighting him. If we were fighting smallpox or cholera, the virulence of the disease or the rapidity of its spreading would be only the greater stimulus to determined work in fighting it. So it is with the moral disease of Prussianism, with its devilish ideas that might makes right. Belgium was invaded at the beginning of the war by the flower of the German armies, the men whom the Kaiser delighted to honor. They were guilty of orgies of cruelty and lust which it would be a slander upon beasts to describe as beastly. In Asia Minor the Germans have encouraged the Turks to massacre Christians—in other words, to act as the flower of the German armies acted in Belgium. The Germans pride themselves upon their savageries on land and sea as proof of their strength and skill. The tiger, too, is strong and crafty; so is the gorilla. But such strength and craft must be mastered, if human civilization is to go forward.

through the strong binoculars, paddling slowly past a favorite spot, where the tall masculonge weed grows thickly—watch him—slowly and silently the paddle strokes fall—suddenly I see him turn half about in the canoe and jerk swiftly on the line: he has felt a maskinonge biting half-heartedly at the metal lure—now he turns again and starts to pull in rapidly something that leaps and splashes behind him—up into the gleaming sunlight darts a silvery thing amid a mighty shower of spray, Fritz, swiftly hauling in, draws it down into the water again, and on it splashes fighting every inch of the way. Now, I see him draw the last few feet of the line through the fingers of his left hand—a strong lift, outward and upward, a quick flap inward over the gunwale; a swift, merciful stroke with the killing stick, and a seven-pound masculonge lies dead on the hot bottom boards of the canoe. (No! I did not mistake my spelling of the name of the fish, and there are plenty of other ways if you want to try them). On the way back Fritz caught the supper for some other camper, as he had two when he approached the shore.

We have perfect confidence in fighting and landing even an immense fish (these great jack-pike go to thirty-five, maybe fifty pounds in these Ontario rivers) because Fritz swims well. I just want to say to my boy readers that they



Supper for two

are not fully equipped for life's battle unless they can swim well. Take every chance to learn—two bits of cedar and a bit of rope connecting make a good water-wings to learn with. The first time you meet danger in the water and overcome it by swimming you have had a victory you will never forget. Another thing—it is cowardly and cruel for a boy who cannot swim to take a girl out in a canoe; there should be a law against this—make the boy learn to swim or leave the girl on the bank; and, no matter what the magazines illustrate, keep both your knees widely spread, firmly pressed on the bottom of the canoe, and you will rarely have an upset. It is the young fool with one knee up and one down, or the chap sitting on the seat, as if he was in his mother's rocker, who drown our poor girls summer after summer; in fact, every canoe cushion should be a life preserver, and, where any of the users are not good swimmers, air tanks should be in both ends. Safety first and lots of jolly sports after—personally I make it a rule that every person who goes out with me in motor boat or canoe has "one more chance coming" in case we should upset; it is much easier to get a cork cushion than a pulmotor. Look at this chap running the Three Sister Rapids of the Nipigon River and answer whether he should know how to swim, or if not—how to stay at home. I was awakened early the next morning by a tremendous splashing—at first, with eyes closed, I thought it was porpoises. No, this is fresh water, and porpoises do not say: "Your turn now." So I leaped out and there was Fritz and a little lad on a log raft having the time of their lives, so I ran down to the bank and pictured it so that Western Home friends

may see. Our life is just full of simple pleasures when we are not away on natural history expeditions. In fact I do not think it is a year when one should spend money unnecessarily when so many millions are upon the battle-fields of Europe. Let each give some part of their means to alleviate the suffering and misery caused by war. Can we not, each jumble one of us, when we have hurled down the tyrants who are using the sons of mothers—just such sons and just such mothers as read these words—as human targets, can we not help to bind the great civilized human race into some great Anti-War League, else the prayers each nation offers up to the Great Creator are futile. I could understand us as Earth men battling and fighting off hosts from Mars or Jupiter, but that earthly nation must always slaughter earthly nation seems un-natural. What would observers from other planets think of the sinking of the Lusitania, which, since the crucifixion of Calvary, outranks all other deeds of human cruelty. My heart suffers with you, all you good peoples of the prairies, who have so many noble fighters in the ranks of the Allies.

Fall versus Spring Plowing

To The Farmer: The whole theme of farming rests primarily upon plowing as the first requisite after possession of land. Then how necessary it is that this subject never grows stale by discussion. In the patent office at Washington, even in this late day, when one would think there could be nothing new along these lines possible, there are nearly three hundred patents yearly taken out on plows and plow improvements alone. So much for up-to-date methods and makes in the plow line.

I am an advocate of fall plowing for many reasons. In our short seasons of the North, we gain time at other seasons of the year by plowing in the fall. Certainly, injurious insects as well as fungus and other diseases and pests are controlled and often eradicated by plowing very late, thus turning them up to the action of the elements and frost before they can burrow to safety beneath and otherwise escape. Some (very many) soils are directly benefited by the aeration of the soil. This would apply to tough, stubborn and tenacious clays; and sour soils are sweetened. Often I have found this to mean on such soils a crop success, whereas, if spring-plowed, the yield would prove disappointing. On such soils it is very beneficial to plow under coarse stalk manure, as this contains lots of potash and lime, both correctors of acidity in the soil, and the stalks admit air besides furnishing a big means of carrying off or disposing of surplus moisture.

Some soils are worked at a big disadvantage by using plows that completely reverse the furrow slice; that is, turn them completely over so that the whole field appears flat after plowing. Such soils will run in and cement over, and bake and work badly when dry enough to work in the spring and be in bad shape through the season. By experience we must determine the nature and requirements of the soil under consideration and plow as best suits it. I leave my furrow on a slant of 45 to 50 degrees. This leaves nearly two-thirds of the land plowed to the air and elements and in the spring there are yet quite prominent ridges that the disc and harrow make a fine mulch of to cover the more compacted soil beneath and to furnish an ideal seed-bed from for grain, etc.

In this section it is not advisable to fall-plow heavy June grass sods, as usually quite a long spell of wet weather ensues in the spring and the grass comes up through. Indeed, I have witnessed virtual meadows of grass, five to six inches in height by the time the grass would be dry enough to permit working on many such fields. Deep spring-plowing and immediate double-discing and thorough working afterwards for a potato, corn or beet or other cultivated crop is best for these sods here, and I presume it would apply equally as well elsewhere.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

NURSE BURNS

Canada has sent some brave women to the front in the Red Cross service, and one of her very best is Nurse Burns, of Winnipeg, who is now at Malta nursing the wounded from the Dardanelles. I saw her the night before she left, and she was as calm, as self-possessed, as gentle as I have seen her many times when through with her duties for the day. She is a young woman of rare self control. The expression of pleasure shines from her clear bright eye when she is pleased; when she sees another in pain the muscles of her mouth tighten in firm determination to relieve the sufferer. Her face mirrors the fine purpose of her soul and a personality of power.

When the war began she wanted to help the wounded. The other day she wrote: "I believe as I said in the beginning of the war—there is nothing too good for the soldier—nothing—absolutely nothing."

For eight years she has been nursing in the Winnipeg General Hospital, and when the great patriotic need appealed to her she was prepared to go. During her girlhood she worked hard and earnestly in her preparation for a useful profession; and when the big opportunity came she was ready.

She was head nurse in the surgical department for eye, nose, ears and throat, and her practical experience will be most valuable. On the back of the card in our

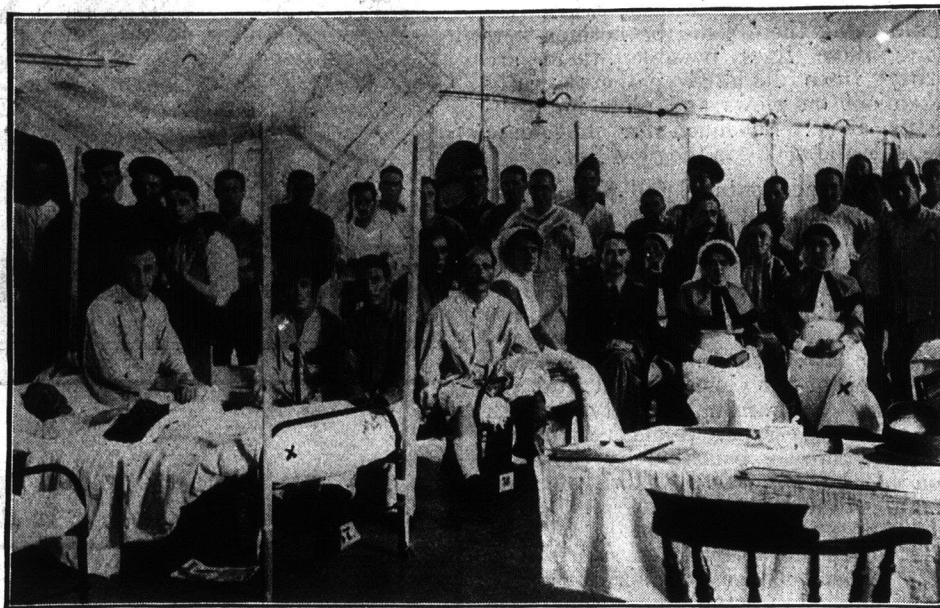
When a man determines to fight for his country, he is inspired by the highest impulse of his life, and young women like Nurse Burns, who nurse them back to health and who are there to encourage them—are surely national heroines. She says she is most impressed with the extreme gratitude of the soldiers, their anxiety to help the nurses and their tender attention to their wounded brothers—all heroes every one.

One sees in the face of Nurse Burns the record of many beautiful joys and sorrows, too, and of ambitions and ideals that have led her into a useful life. She is now where she can help and bless scores of our nation's best men.

There is nothing so lasting as the beauty of a kind and loving word, a cheery smile, and sympathetic attention, and these are Nurse Burns' ministries to some of our suffering soldiers. She has two brothers in the city—Dr. Thomas Burns and Dr. Robert Burns.

OPPORTUNITY—YOUR'S AND MINE

A home without flowers tends to warp the nature of its childhood. Men and women who speak reverently of their early home life nearly always think of "Mother's flower garden." The poet who said: "Flowers are the most beautiful things God ever made without a soul" was right. We love to be near anything beautiful. The day of



Nurse Burns of the Winnipeg General Hospital can be seen sitting next to the soldier with the amputated arm.

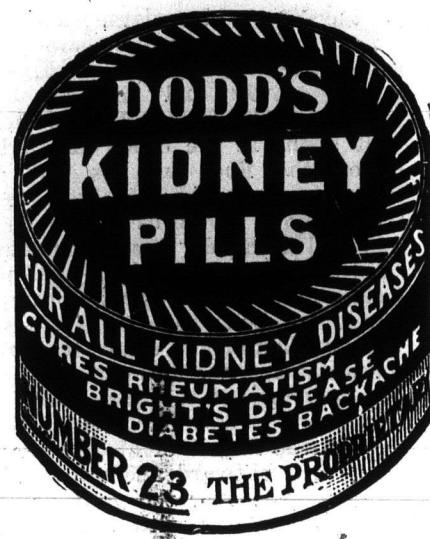
illustration she has written these remarks: Note the fine touch of tenderness. "The man sitting at my left in uniform is one of our Maltese doctors, the little man standing at his left with the moustache is the doctor in my ward. The sister with the X on apron is the Australian nurse with me in my ward. The man with the X above his head is one of my soldiers; the man with X marked on his bed has right arm amputated. You can see the bandaged stump close to the shoulder. He has also a wound over the left shoulder, poor little fellow. The boy sitting on his bed belongs to the British Royal Engineers."

Nurse Burns is the nurse sitting on the bed—the only nurse without a cape in the picture.

In one of her letters to her brother, she says she wishes he would send chocolates and the funny supplements of papers and funny magazines, such as "Judge."

The heat lately has been intense, and she has severe hardships, but this is what she says: "I have never been so happy in my life, because I feel that I am doing good, that I am helping others." Does not this statement fill us with pride that we have a representative there of such splendid womanly strength. Her personal influence alone will help every soldier who comes under her care, as was evidenced recently when a group of men left her ward every one presented her with war souvenirs.

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.



Dentistry a Pleasure

Procrastination is the root of all evil. If you have a decayed tooth you should have it attended to at once. Call and see me while in the city.

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WRITE FOR PARTICULARS NOW.

If a girl can have only a short vacation or no vacation at all, try taking a vacation between the hours of five and seven for a month. The reason I am so enthusiastic over this scheme is because I have tried it myself this summer.

But I was talking about flowers—well "flowers" and "early hours" are almost synonyms. In England the florists are largely women with men assistants to do the heavy work. Why are there not more women florists in Canada where flowers bloom so luxuriantly with a little attention. I believe this field offers good business possibilities for women. Miss Sarah Prebble Tucker of New York was a society girl in Washington, D. C. One day a man of the capital asked her why she was not at a reception. She replied: "I stayed home to think about how I could get a farm."

She dreamed wisely and like most girls whose day dreams are worth while, her dream became an accomplished fact. To-day she is recognized as one of the chief woman florists on this continent. She owns and operates "The Fernery" in New York City—a place where flowers are sold and where tea is served—"The Fernery" is a rest cure to eye and stomach. A cool quiet nook, with green and tasteful fruits and small round tables from whose white cloths cut glass and fine china flash, where maids tread softly scarcely

speaking above a whisper, and where no one ever hears a dish fall nor a voice rise—this tea room offers quiet restful peace in the midst of a strenuous city.

The combination of green house and rest room has made this a most successful business venture and gives one another idea for the girl's business opportunity. Originality and executive ability are necessary qualifications for success in any business venture.

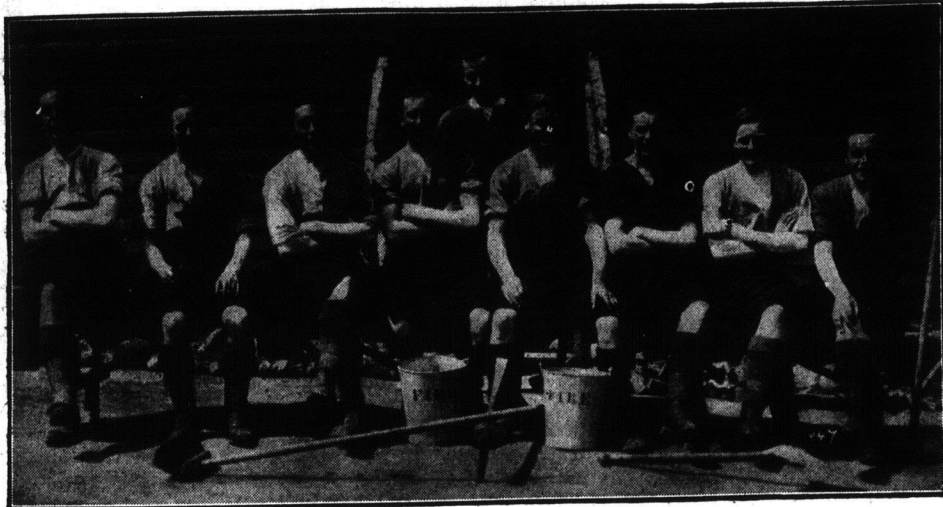
A TEACHER'S SMILE

A summer school for teachers was held near my home this year, and it was most pleasing to study the faces of those who instruct our young boys and girls. It took me back to other days when a room full of eager faces looked up into my face for encouragement and a smile. I wonder if teachers do realize the lasting impressions made on the minds of the very young. A very long time ago one of my teachers told me that my apron was pretty, that I must have a nice mother. I shall always remember that apron though I was only six years old. It was pink with white flowers on it and it had straps on the shoulders. I remember it because of the teachers compliment, and how proud I was of my mother all that term! I am sure I was more obedient because of my teacher's opinion of her. That teacher has influenced my whole life.

him at the head of his class at the end of the year. Ellen Terry said: "I hold that a child's earliest impressions mold its character perhaps more than heredity or education. Things have come and gone in my life but they have been powerless to efface those early impressions."

PSYCHOLOGICAL ATMOSPHERE

The Montreal Woman's Club won a prize of one hundred dollars recently in a competition for the best definition of Home. Women's clubs from cities all over the States were in the contest. The essay was submitted by Miss Jean S. Foley and I quote some of the ideas she presented, as every girl is building dream-structures of a future home. "The home is the pulse of the nation. The nation that does not recognize its homes as the heartbeats of its vitality has lost the true reckoning of its life-blood. Out of the home grows the authority of the state, the kingdom or the empire—it is the be-all and end-all of nationality, it is not only the conscience of the state, but its pulse—a pulse if it should fail to beat, would render the body politic an inert and formless mass. Home is the actual exciting power of a people's vitality. The great British statesman—Disraeli said: 'Nothing is great but the personal. Personality is the stanchest prop to the superstructure of the state.'



"Scotland for Ever." The flower of flourishing Glasgow. All that is needed in heart, brain and muscle for any fight. A few clean sports after clearing up camp, fitting themselves to give their lives, if it is their "luck" in the name of Liberty

Last fall a child entered one of our city schools. He had attended another school a short time. The teacher ridiculed his spelling and laughed at his writing. He was greatly embarrassed before his class. For weeks he could not sleep at night and grew pale and nervous—always before him was the vision of this teacher and her cutting criticism—but she was one of the city's most experienced teachers and her method could not be criticized. A gentle manner, courtesy and kindness, and a pleasing smile on the part of the teacher will create a fine school of discipline—I do not care how lawless or indifferent the pupils may be, children will do anything in their power for one they love. Make the boys and girls love you and you will bring the best out of them. They respond so wonderfully to kindness. A teacher wrote me from a Manitoba district one time. She had felt the sacredness of her profession for this is what she said: "When I look into the dear anxious faces of the boys and girls, some thing tells me I must be good." The brilliant pupil is often favored—many an apparently stupid child fails because his teacher does not recognize his efforts. A teacher of my acquaintance found a child in her new school who was regarded as a stupid boy. His books were dirty and torn. He had been using them for four years. She immediately promoted him, ordered new books for him, and his classmates saw

"Good statescraft implies good statesmen, well-balanced political economy implies well-balanced political economists, adequate industries imply adequate diplomats, wise diplomacy implies wise diplomats, a powerful judiciary implies powerful judges, and so on. In the last analysis, therefore, the mechanism of the state depends upon the caliber of its individual units. The pulse-beat of the personal heart and brain is, when all is said, the pulse-beat of national personality, and the pulse-beat of the personal heart and brain depends primarily and principally upon home environment.

"The home, then, in the widest, most all-embracing sense of the term, is the very essence of the spirit of nationality. It is not one prop to the structure of the state, not even the supreme prop; it is the broad bed-rock upon which the complete fabric stands.

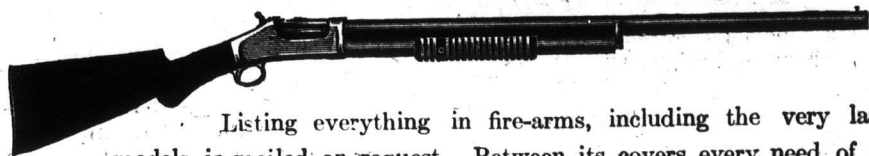
"Home, therefore, exists as the highest word of the national consciousness, the synonym of its greatness or weakness, righteousness or unrighteousness, prosperity or poverty. The wise nation will look to it that the economy of its homes be the first consideration of its administration, for a well-regulated home is the greatest national asset.

"And what are the chief elements necessary to establish and maintain this incomparable asset? Not certainly those things which merely make for comfort and elegance. No. Home must of course have its essential homeliness, stamped with the peculiar reflex of its inmates.

"But the real home is not a house, but a psychological atmosphere.

"A well-regulated home means first, holiness—not necessarily the holiness of dogmas and creeds, but rather the holiness of stimulating, beneficent personality. Turgeneff describes in his

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novel, 'Rudin,' a man of noble, true-hearted emotion coupled with a rare intelligence. 'He lived,' he says, 'in a little, low-pitched room, in an attic of an old wooden house. He was very poor and supported himself somehow by giving lessons. Sometimes he had not even a cup of tea to offer to his friends, and his only sofa was so shaky that it was like being on board ship. But in spite of these discomforts a great many people used to go and see him. Every one loved him; you would not believe what sweetness and happiness there was in sitting in his poor little room! Poetry and truth—that was what drew all of us to him. For all his broad intellect he was as sweet and simple as a child, and he

"Burnt his midnight lamp
Before the holy and the true."

"What made this low-pitched room a home and magnet was because the highest words in the life of its inmate were holiness, truth, simplicity, intelligence, idealism, integrity. God speed such homes as pulses of the nation's life-breath!"

I quote Miss Foley's ideas because never before has there been a time when the young Canadian woman's responsibility has been so sacred. Before the eyes of the world the Canadian soldier is the hero of the hour. Under the khaki uniform beats the noblest life blood of a nation's manhood. Let us be women with a sacred sense of

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true home making and when these heroes come back to us victorious, let us be worthy of them.

"And how is Moike, Mrs. Herlihy?" inquired one of the lady's neighbors. "Pore-by, phwat does the doctor say to his loongs?" "He says there's niver a thing the matter with Moike's loongs now," replied Mrs. Herlihy, "but he ain't denying they've got the laste mite of a tindincy." "Wurra, wurra, an' is that so?" exclaimed the neighbor, dolefully; and then after a short pause, she asked deferentially, "An' phwat is a 'tindincy,' Mrs. Herlihy, dear?" "A tindincy," responded Mrs. Herlihy with solemnity, "is a thing that ain't to be spoke av lightly. It's where there ain't so alriddy is loikely to come on ye unbeknownst at any minut!" "Poor Moike; pore b'ye!" ejaculated the visitor, with a dubious shake of the head, and she departed to spread the news of Mike's mysterious ailment.

PURITY FLOUR

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(See Back Cover)

How to Play the Piano or Organ in One Hour

A Detroit musician has invented a new method by which any little child or grown person can learn to play in one hour in their own home. Three sheets will be sent absolutely free to any person addressing a postal card to A. S. Keller, 969A Trussed Concrete Bldg., Detroit, Michigan.—Advertisement.

If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

What the World is Saying

Warships Growing Barnacles.

The German fleet still rests on an even keel.—New York Morning Telegraph.

A Trade that is Up Against It.

It's a tough job marketing hard drinks these days, and growing no better fast.—Chicago Journal.

Not That Shape.

A new spot has appeared on the sun. But it isn't at all the shape of the Kaiser's shadow.—Duluth Herald.

A Slogan for Machine Guns

Guns, guns, guns, wherewith to fight the Huns—to drive them back when they attack our brave Canadian sons!—Hamilton Herald.

The German Point of View.

The German point of view is morally deficient in that it classes baled cotton and human souls in the same list of commodities.—Kansas City Star.

Supremacy of British Sea Power.

The British navy holds the seas. So long as the oceans of the world are open to the Allies, they cannot be conquered.—Petrograd Novoe Vremya.

Making a Joke of the Lusitania.

An idea of German humor is gleaned from the fact that the Lusitania disaster is a favorite joke in Berlin music halls.—Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

That is, Such Rights as He Will Allow.

The War Lord calmly assures us that we are to have whatever "rights" do not interfere with his methods of making war.—Atlanta (Georgia) Constitution.

Something the Huns Cannot Destroy.

Although the Huns have melted down the bronze "Lion of Waterloo," they cannot destroy the spirit of which that Lion was an emblem.—Halifax Herald.

The Huns' Destruction of Cathedrals.

Nowadays you have to look twice at the picture to see whether it is a record of storm havoc in the Middle West or merely another cathedral.—New York Globe.

A Goddess the Huns Detest

What the Germans would really like to have from us is a living picture of the Goddess of Liberty hiding her light under a bushel.—New York Evening Post.

Mexican Paper Money in Great Variety.

All the various governments of Mexico have issues of paper money out, so that it has become cheaper to paper the house with money than with wallpaper.—Vancouver Province.

The Kaiser's Phrase.

The Kaiser's attention should be called to the newly observed sun spot six times the size of the earth. Nobody would object to its being made "Germany's place in the sun."—New York Tribune.

Or Not Look at Them at All.

In some of the conquered towns of northern France the Germans are fining the inhabitants for "looking disrespectfully at German soldiers." The people of those towns should wear blue glasses.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Dog's Look Out in Germany.

Germany is to compel the re-naming of all pet dogs heretofore answering to French or English calls. What will happen to the stupid ones if they learn new names too slowly may be imagined in a sausage country.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Significant Recklessness.

The Germans are said to be "devouring" the coal in the mines in Belgium and the occupied part of France, apparently paying no attention whatever to future needs. In its way this is a good sign. If the invaders hoped to retain the coal fields in question they would surely be operating them on a business-like basis, taking care not to injure the workings.—Nanaimo Herald.

Militant Christianity.

Three of the largest of the English divinity schools have closed because of their students enlisting, while in France and Italy thousands of priests have answered the call to the colors.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

They Set the Example in Belgium.

The German masters of Turkey have not exerted themselves to prevent the Turks murdering the Armenian Christians. After setting the example in Belgium how could they?—Buffalo Express.

The World's Verdict Already Given.

The Kaiser's declaration is intended for home consumption. Some of his misguided subjects may believe that the war was forced on Germany, but in a tribunal of the world's public opinion judgment has been given against that plea.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Facing the Facts.

Thinking Americans are beginning to see clearly that if the democracy of France and Great Britain sinks beneath the German attack and a German empire of 165,000,000 springs up in Europe, our democracy must fight or get under. We are already a year late in starting to get ready.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Warring on Words.

In Germany the practice of never using an English word is religiously preached, and mostly practised, sometimes with painful results. Now they have begun on French words. Lately the word "automobile" grew objectionable, and the Germans had to substitute for it "Selbstbewegungsvierrad." It would be quicker to walk.—Ottawa Citizen.

Some Unlooked-for By-Products of Conservation.

Conservation does not always work out on accepted theories. In the Adirondacks they are complaining that the protected beaver have increased to the point where they are doing much injury, and in Pennsylvania it is shown that the suppression of forest fires has resulted in an extraordinary increase in the number of rattlesnakes.—Toronto Globe.

A New York Suggestion.

Two American women have been released after some six weeks' imprisonment at Lindau for "insulting" a German officer. There are hyphenated talkers and writers in this country who should get doses of the same sort of medicine for the insulting language they use in reference to the President of the United States.—New York Sun.

"Gross and Beastly Mastery."

We as citizens of the world are called upon to fight a beast that has not only the cruelty of the tiger, but a grossness for which it would be hard to find an illustration in the animal kingdom. German domination of the world would mean world-wide white slavery. Surely the women of Canada are interested in the defence of womankind against that gross and beastly mastery.—Toronto Star.

A Century's Difference.

The French armies that overran Europe carried with them everywhere the idea of a broader, freer, more satisfactory life for the common people. They came as conquerors, but in Italy and southern Germany they were welcomed as liberators. Their unmatched military prowess was inspired by a leader of splendid genius, but the spirit of the soldiers was the spirit of the rights of man. The Kaiser's soldiers are inspired by hymns of hate and a belief that no man but the German has any rights at all. The "Kultur" he is fighting to impose on Europe is the culture of the jackboot.—London Daily Express.

Heroes of the Zion Mule Guard.

The Jews of old were great warriors. Who has not been thrilled by the stories of their deeds of prowess that the Old Testament contains? Now for the first time in many centuries they are having a chance to show what they can do on the field of battle, and they are not proving unworthy of it. That portion of Sir Ian Hamilton's dispatch in which he tells of the services performed by the "Zion Mule Guard" should not be overlooked. It is a complete Jewish unit, composed of men driven out of Palestine by the Turks into Egypt. They have acquitted themselves with the greatest gallantry, and one of their number has received the Distinguished Service Medal.—London Spectator.

Troubles of Some Wealthy Parents.

A Minneapolis millionaire has been made defendant in a \$100,000 lawsuit by his former chauffeur, who alleges that his engagement to his employer's daughter was broken off following false statements as to his character. The case is interesting as an example of the troubles that may come to the wealthy parent in the modern community. The poor father is not sued by the disappointed suitor no matter how obstinate he may be.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Shoulder to Shoulder with France.

Leading Frenchmen who have come amongst us have borne witness with one accord to our fixed and immutable determination in this respect. No better or more essential service could now be done to the alliance than a concerted endeavor by French publicists to enlighten their countrymen upon our real attitude. Let them come amongst us and see with their own eyes what we are doing. When they explain it to their readers, all France will know that in this cause we are with her to the death.—London Times.

Staying Power Will Win.

Nothing is clearer than that the war has resolved itself into a test of staying power. In such a test the prospect is hopeless for Germany. In population, the Allies outnumber her three to one. In financial resources, the odds against her are vastly greater. As far as the naval situation is concerned, she counted herself out of the contest in the first weeks of the war. It is certain that the Allies now have more men in the field than Germany and Austria combined, and their military strength is constantly increasing.—New York Journal of Commerce.

Dogs' Names in Germany.

In Germany the campaign against foreign words has extended to the names of dogs even, and the boardwalks are being re-christened Blitz, Flamme, Zorn, etc., in English Lightning, Flame and Anger, while milder names are being applied to the dachshunds. The changes will neither mope the Towlers of the Fatherland more ferocious nor more tame. They do indicate that the responsible persons might learn a little from their four-legged pets. On the other hand, the Vienna roll, with its new appellation, is the same old bread, and the erstwhile Hamburger steak is still fried hash.—Montreal Daily Mail.

Depends Finally on the Men, Not the Mechanism.

This war is in one sense a war of mechanism. Its mechanical appliances wrought to the utmost pitch of destructive ingenuity that modern technique can devise are yet but implements. They are higher tools, but in the hands of "the tool-using animal" they are tools no less than the rudest flints first used by primitive man. It needs no saying that we must move heaven and earth to overhaul the enemy in his continued advantages of production and to secure for ourselves and our allies an equal and ultimately a superior equipment of war. Nevertheless, when everything else has been super-added, the issue will be determined not by the machines, but by the character of their wielders.—London Observer.

The Wonders of German Logic.

We are told that it is wicked and un-neutral for us to permit the French and English to receive ammunition, because it prolongs the war and makes many German mothers childless. Roumania is told that it is wicked and un-neutral for her to prevent the Turks from receiving ammunition, though that ammunition would prolong the war and make many French and English mothers childless. We are told that we must not let the French and English use our soil to recruit their supplies, because that is siding with one of the belligerents. Roumania is told that she must let Turkey use her soil to recruit its supplies, because not to do so will be siding with one of the belligerents.—New York World.

The Instinct to Hoard Money.

The British war loan is reported to have brought out much hoarded money. Even with the school-master and the newspaper abroad, there are those who in the steadiest going of lands distrust the banks and other institutions which pay interest on money, and put their savings in holes in the wall and such receptacles. In France after 1870 much of the millions the Government had to borrow came from family caches where it had lain, sometimes for generations. In Asiatic lands gold and silver disappears from sight at a surprising rate; and Europeans are still moved by some of the instincts that centuries of weak or venal government by despots operated to create.—Montreal Gazette.

The Home Doctor

The Cure of Constipation

Mrs. C. F. S.

Now mothers realize to what a great extent constipation can be termed a serious disorder. I confess that I used to laugh at the suggestion so firmly convinced was I that it was a purely functional trouble. But there came a time when I was convinced that in my own case, and probably in the experiences of many other busy mothers it was merely nervous.

Most housekeepers rise in the morning just long enough before breakfast to dress and prepare that meal and get the wage-earners off to work at a certain time. Every minute is so planned that the most possible may be accomplished in a short time. After breakfast the children must be dressed and started off for school, the table cleared and dishes washed, and all the other duties of a housekeeper and mother performed. On arising from her bed—even from laying herself down there the night before—the mother has in mind all there is for her to do through the day and in what order duties must be done that all may be accomplished.

Now, stop and think a moment, are not these early morning hours filled with the feeling of hurry—of the necessity for haste to accomplish what the day holds? Is not every nerve on a tension? Analyze your morning feelings and see if this is not so. You have no time to give thought to the needs of your own physical organism; indeed, I doubt if you would even provide food for yourself if there were not others who had to be fed.

Some of us are most scrupulous in seeing that the children's habits are kept regular, and we watch over them to see that their bodies are kept in condition to ward off disease. But for ourselves we have no thought; we never stop to think that the cultivation of a habit in our own bodies whereby the waste of our system shall be thrown off regularly requires thought and care.

The realization of the truth of all this came to me one week when I concluded that I was cured of this trouble. I wondered what had made the change in me and stopped to think of all I had been doing the previous months. The fall sewing was all done, the house had been cleaned, the last of the fruit had been put up and I had no particular thing to do for which the housework had to be hurried. I had been living "on my nerve" and that week all the tension had been removed.

That opened my eyes. I resolved to rise half-an-hour earlier and do my work more leisurely, and, most of all, not to allow myself to give thought to the day's work for one and one-half hours after breakfast. It was a simple resolution, but a bit hard to abide by sometimes when I found duties almost forcing themselves upon me before their time. Do not misunderstand me and think that I do nothing for that length of time. I do; but I work leisurely. After the leisure has accomplished its purpose, I work as fast as ever. Every day I hold to my resolution, the body performs its functions as naturally as could be possible; and almost invariably on the days I do not, it fails to throw off the accumulated

I made this discovery only after spending a great many dollars for the cure of this trouble I considered chronic, and the performing of many exercises that I now consider unnecessary for the women who do their own housework. What we need more than anything else is the dropping of the tension we keep on ourselves—a determination to take things more leisurely at the beginning of the day.

A Health Talk

The subject of health is forcibly brought to mind just now by the prevalence of colds, coughs and grip.

Girls, do be sensible about your clothing, and don't run the risk of affecting your health because of a silly vanity. I see girls on the street with lace yokes to their dresses and nothing underneath. I see them wearing little foolish sandals in wet snow and slush. I see them with thin stockings and no long under-drawers. Even wearing low shoes without gaiters right in the dead of winter. Then they complain of headache, painful menstruation, constipation, colds, coughs, rheumatism! And that isn't the worst of it. The general health is being slowly undermined so that in a few years these girls "won't be able to stand anything." They will be anemic, sickly, nervous, have indigestion. They'll get married to some man they care nothing for because they can't work to earn their own living and want somebody to support them, so doing an injustice to the man and themselves, and an almost criminal injustice to the children who will come later.

The older I grow the more I value health; and, also, the more do I realize that the foundations for health or ill-health are laid in youth.

I don't want you to bundle up unduly nor to wear clothes that look frumpy. You know I'm a great stickler for people's looking just as well as they know how. But nobody ever looks nice, who is not dressed according to surroundings and conditions. There is such a thing as dressing sensibly and in good taste too. You can wear lace yokes in your dresses if you want to, but you should have them lined with thin silk and wear a good warm shirt underneath. Of course I am speaking to girls who live in cold climates. You can wear reasonably thin shoes, or even low shoes in the house, if your house floors are warm, but you should by all means put on heavy shoes or high thick overshoes when you go out. Of course they look a bit clumsy, but it's a great deal better to have your feet look clumsy when you're out of doors than to hobble around all the time because of rheumatism or chilblains.

If the feet are kept warm and dry all the rest of the body will be correspondingly comfortable.

Keep the bowels in good condition by eating plenty of fruit, drinking plenty of water, forming a regular habit.

Take cold baths in the morning, and plunge if your room, or bath room is warm, or if you can't take the plunge, a quick sponging will answer, followed by a brisk rub.

Plenty of outdoor exercise. Run, walk, coast, slide, skate, play. And plenty of indoor exercise by helping mother put the house in order early, washing up the dishes at night, sweeping on Saturday, getting the Sunday dinner to let mother rest.

Sleep out of doors if you can, if not sleep with your windows all open.

During your monthly illness be careful not to over exercise, and be sure not to



THE AMAZING STORY OF SUBMARINE E4.

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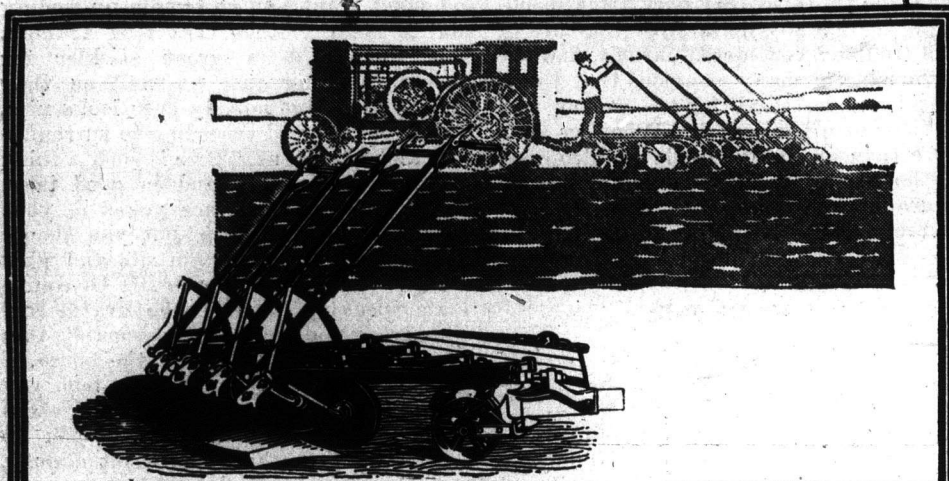
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get damp or the feet wet. Keep the bowels loose at this time, do no heavy mental work. Take the days easily and lie down if necessary. Omit all active exercise at this time, unless you are especially well and free from disturbances.

Of course the working girl cannot obey all these instructions, but she can at least take her evenings easy; lie down instead of going out or receiving callers, and go to bed early.

I wish I could impress upon my girls the vital necessity of good health for successful and happy living. If you have some great ambition you cannot accomplish it unless you have health. If you marry, as I hope you will, you cannot make a successful wife and mother unless you are healthy and strong. Men are always sorry for their sickly wives, of course, because most men are chivalrous at heart, but they're pretty apt to be secretly sorry they're bound to a sickly wife, and who's going to blame them. Men like their wives to be strong and healthy and vigorous, that they may be true "help mates," that they may do their share of the work, bear strong, healthy children and be able to take care of them.

You can't enjoy life if you are not healthy and strong. There's no zest to life for the invalid. And if you're careless of your health in your younger years you'll be an invalid in later years.

Have your teeth taken care of. Bad teeth are responsible for many cases of indigestion.

Treat your eyes well. Don't abuse them by reading in poor light, or reading too long at a time, or by reading fine print.

If you need glasses, wear glasses. It's better to wear even unbecoming glasses than to squint.

Take care of your hair. Brush it and keep it clean and dress it becomingly, but don't fill it full of other people's hair, or of pads and rats and puffs. Wear your own and fix it prettily.

Don't stay up late nights or eat late lunches or go to theatres or dances or parties while you're in school. You can't afford it. You need all your energy and strength for the work in hand—fitting yourself for your life work, whatever it may be.

In a word, be sensible. Remember that "the best of life is always just ahead," and keep yourself ready for it.

Summer Troubles

Articles of food and drink which under ordinary circumstances are considered to be among the good friends of humankind may, if taken into the body under certain conditions, show a most unfriendly spirit. Milk, the chief food-friend of childhood, must literally be handled with care if it is not to bring disease and disaster instead of health and strength, for even the best of milk can be spoiled, especially in the summer, when flies and dust abound, by wrong methods of keeping it. No matter how great care has been practised at the dairy from which it comes, if it is left uncovered for only a few moments the introduction of disease germs may make all subsequent precautions useless. As bacteria flourish much better in warm than in cold surroundings, additional reason is seen for special care in such matters during the summer. Very often it is the part of wisdom to pasteurize all the milk given to young children during the warm months, as the summer diarrhoeas that sometimes assume an almost epidemic form result more frequently from the ingestion of bad milk than from any other cause.

The taking of very cold food or drink when one is over-heated is another way in which food-friends may become foes. "Ice-water is an insult to the stomach," said a doctor once to the writer; and when one considers the sudden shock, not only to the stomach but to the whole organism which must result from the sudden putting of fluid at a very low temperature into an organ whose temperature is not far from 100 degrees Fahrenheit, the statement certainly cannot be called an exaggerated one. Moreover, when the

body is overheated by exercise or exposure to high temperature, the shock to the system is much greater, the digestive process receives a sudden check, and it is not remarkable that disorders of digestion and even more serious consequences so often result. When, instead of water, combinations of fruit acids, sugar, and carbonated waters are rapidly swallowed under such conditions, there is even more reason for disaster; and while ice cream, when properly made, is wholesome and nourishing, if taken hurriedly or when one is overheated it may seriously disorder digestion. Children should be taught to eat ice cream slowly, allowing each mouthful to melt before swallowing it, and when very warm to refrain from drinking ice-water or any other very cold beverage until they have cooled off somewhat.

Picnics and children's parties, at which are usually served articles of food to which little guests are more or less unaccustomed, are the cause of many attacks of digestive disturbance. The wise mother is one who on such an occasion, instead of serving an elaborate menu, sets forth a very simple repast, which her youthful guests, excited, tired, and often overheated from the playing of lively games, can digest as easily as can be possible under the circumstances.

The Sun Cure

When an outbreak of cholera visited Kitchener's soldiers in the Soudan, instead of resorting to the usual disinfectants, he ordered his men to undress and bask in the sun. "I believe," said he, "that the sun kills the invisible," and the soundness of his faith was practically verified.

Even the terrible sleeping sickness which is decimating parts of Central Africa is checked, and only checked by the invincible vigor of the sun. It is caused by the bite of the tsetse-fly, and of this small, but deadly, foe, Sir Frederick Treves, in his book, "Uganda for a Holiday," says: "It is a curious but undeniable fact that this poison-spreading insect dies when definitely exposed to the full light of the sun."

So many a disease of the soul can only be cured by walking in the light of His countenance Who is the Sun of Righteousness.

The Causes of Headache

The great majority of habitual or frequently recurring headaches are the direct result of eye troubles—astigmatism or near sightedness—which the proper fitting and wearing of glasses will prevent. Any form of blood-poisoning is also apt to cause severe headache. Indeed, this is the most common cause of the trouble, next to eye-strain. Pain in the head of a most violent and persistent character may depend upon some disease of the skull, and of course any inflammation of the brain itself or its membranes will manifest itself by severe pain in the head.

A variety of paroxysmal or recurrent headache, which resembles somewhat the eye-strain headache, is one due to catarrhal troubles in the nose, and especially in the large air-cavities in the forehead and face connected with the nose.

Most of the causes of headache here mentioned act by inducing changes in pressure within the skull. The latter is, of course, unyielding, so the effects of pressure must be exerted upon the brain. These pressure changes, except in the case of a tumour or effusion of fluid or other material, are due to variation in the size of the blood vessels of the brain.

Headache may also occur in anemia, but then it is probable that the blood contains some poisonous material.

Like to a maddened gamester have I set
My whole heart's weal upon a single
throw.
And I have lost—although I dare not yet
Peer at the dice through trembling
hands, and know!

Woman and the Home

If All Could Speak

If all could speak
Some helpful word unto this bleak and
desert world,
With kindly charity impearled—
Ah! this might be a brighter place,
And we might be a better race—
If all could speak

If all could hear
Those inner tones of love, most dear
To every heart,
Which heart speaks unto heart, a part
Of this world's ills might never be,
And all mankind might then agree—
If all could hear

If all could see,
And seeing, understand, and be
More thoughtful, more
Considerate, kinder than before,
And each to all a better friend;
This were a heaven without end—
If all could see

If all could sing,
And songs of Christian love could fling
Upon the breeze;
What pain their tenderness might ease!
Oh Father, bless us more, we pray,
Until we have no need to say,
"If we could sing!"
—Roy Wood.

The Mother-Heart

I heard a baby cry in the dark
It was not mine,
O no, not mine!
But my heart uprose to pity its woes,
And I could not choose but hark,
And I could not sleep till I heard the tone
Of a mother who ministered to her own

But once a baby cried in the dark.
And it was mine
Oh! mine and mine!
And I would not choose but hark;
And quickly I rose to quiet its woes,
For a baby's need is a thing to heed,
And I could not sleep till it smiled again
In dreams, forgetting its transient pain.

My baby cries no more in the dark.
No grief has mine,
No fear has mine.
But yet I leap from the deepest sleep
If I hear a little insistent cry,
And I softly whisper a hush-a-bye,
And, listening, wait for the mother's tone
That gently comforts and soothes her own;
And because of a baby that used to be
All babies lie close to the heart of me
—Emma A. Lenu.

Let Father Have a Chance

"You just wait till your father gets home," was on the lips of a weak-spirited mother from morning till night. "I'm going to tell him how you've been acting and then you'll get punished." Her sole idea of government was to threaten them with their father, and truly it was a sorry home. Of course it was impossible for the father to be in the house all the time, and there was little inducement for him to stay when he could, as his ears were forever filled with a recital of the misdeeds of the children, and his wife's directions about punishing them. She never dreamed of taking the small offenders in hand herself, though amply able to govern her home in the right way had she but tried, but "saved up" all of the dismal details of their little sins to deal out to the husband and father the instant he set foot indoors. She seemed to think her whole duty done when she acted as a detective to report their wrong doings, and the poor children grew up to regard their father as a sort of machine for dealing out punishment.

It does seem too bad that any home should be so conducted as to cheat the father out of his rights in this manner, but, unhappily, there are many women who govern their children by just such means. Of course the father of the family must know all that is going on, and the husband and wife must pull together and share their burdens, if the children are to be properly brought up, but the foolish plan of making the father a sort of executioner has a bad effect upon the children. In ideal homes

the little naughty deeds are done day by day, just as they are where children are only human beings and not angels, and the wise mother punishes, reasons with and brings them to repentance without threats. The little sins are confessed, the just little punishments—fitted to the crimes meted out, and then the whole thing is forgotten, as soon as the culprit is sincerely sorry. In this way nothing is saved up and the father does not immediately have to sit on the case as judge the instant he comes in from work. In many happy homes the little ones voluntarily tell their father all the good and bad happenings of the day, as they snuggle close up to him in the evening, and listen penitently as he tells them how sorry he is to hear of naughty deeds, or commends them for getting along all day free from little sins. Happy the home where children are not afraid of either parent. In such homes the parents have equal chances to work out all that is best for their boys and girls, and the children grow up in an atmosphere of perfect love and affection that is one of the greatest safeguards possible to young people.

So let the father of the family have a chance to be something besides a police judge and jailer in the family. If he must always be dealing out justice and have no time to enjoy his little ones, the children cannot love him, and neither do they love their mother, as do the boys and girls who grow up under normal conditions. A live healthy youngster would rather take a sound spanking any day and then have it all over with, than to be lectured and threatened and pouted at and kept in disgrace until the father gets in to punish him. If you don't believe this try it some day, and you'll never go back to the old way. If you want the children to love you and respect you, and their father, as well, give them a fair chance and don't teach them to dread the approach of the head of the house. It is a weak way to do, and it never pays. Don't ever forget that.—Farmer's Tribune.

Flowers

Wondrous truths and manifold as wondrous
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowers under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

And the poet faithful and farseeing
Sees alike in stars and flowers apart
Of the self-same universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

In all places, then, and in all seasons
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblem of our own great resurrection
Emblems of the bright and better land.
—Longfellow.

Occupation Written on the Face

In an interesting article in the *Lancet*, it is pointed out that occupation has an undoubted influence on the physiognomy. Calling must certainly have some influence over the physiognomy of the cab-man, the omnibus driver, the butler, or the groom; each frequently possesses a type of face which wears so characteristic an expression as to make it not difficult to identify the vocation accompanying it. We speak also of the legal face, the scientific face, the ecclesiastical face, the musical face and artistic face, the dramatic face, and the military face.

The Habit of Thanksgiving

There is a beautiful legend of a golden organ in an ancient monastery. Once the monastery was besieged by robbers who desired to carry off its treasures. The monks took the organ to a river which flowed close by and sank it in the deep water in order to keep it from the hands of the robbers. And the legend is that, though buried thus in the river, the organ still continued to give forth sweet and enchanting music, which was heard by those who came near.

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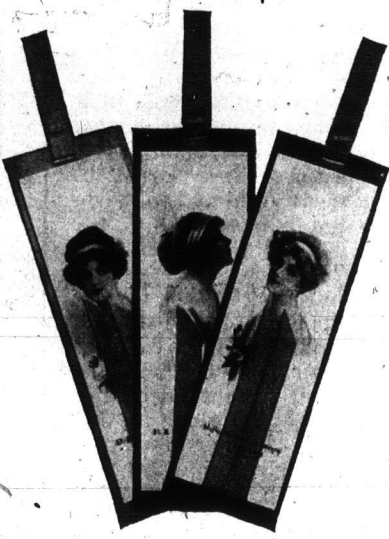
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In 1851 the first reaper was exhibited at the World's Fair in London, and there received the Council Medal. Since 1851 it has been the Company's policy to exhibit and demonstrate its machines wherever the opportunity was offered.

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Every Christian life should be like this golden organ. Nothing should ever silence its music. Even when the floods of sorrow flow over it, it should still continue to rejoice and sing.

One of the secrets of such a life is found in the cultivation of the habit of thankfulness. Nothing less than this will do.

Gigglers

"Well," said a man to a friend after a railway journey, "deliver me from any more of those giggling girls! There was a party of girls in the same carriage, and two of them scarcely ended a sentence without a kind of silly laughter. It was utterly senseless. No matter what they were talking about, at the end of every sentence off they would go into a cackle. When they

thing one can say of a person, short of actual detraction; unless we except that other phrase of mild apology: "He did the best he knew how."

Whenever you hear either of these, you know at once that it is a case of failure on somebody's part to do the right thing at the right moment, and usually, if you look closely enough, there was fault behind the failure. To do the best we know how is not enough, when we might know better.

As children grow older, the home-spirit comes to be an important element of environment—more important by far than dress, house-furnishings, or other material objects. Every home has an atmosphere of its own, the atmosphere of no two homes being alike. A child may live in a fine house, wearing costly clothes, and owning



A Beauty Spot on the G.T.P. Railway. Capilano Canyon, B.C.

had no one to talk to and were sitting in quietness, they really looked like intelligent girls who were thinking real thoughts, but when conversation began again, it was trivial remark and giggle once more. Their teachers ought to stop such conversational habits. I believe in laughter, but not over nothing."

What would the giggling conversationalists have said to such an unsympathetic critic? Or, what is of more consequence, why do they not remember what fine things dignity and good breeding and worthy-mindedness are?

For Not Knowing Better

"I did the best I knew!" protested the dressmaker's apprentice, sullenly, when she was sharply reprimanded for a piece of ill-judged work that ruined a valuable dress and vexed a valuable customer. "I don't see what she's blaming me for!"

"I'm not blaming you for doing the best you knew how!" said the employer, overhearing and turning on her crisply; "I'm blaming you for not knowing any better. You ought to—you've been here long enough. You mean well, but good intentions aren't enough to carry on the dressmaking business."

They are not enough in any business. "He meant well" is about the poorest

expensive playthings, yet—because of a lack of sympathy or confidence on the part of mother, or the person nearest to it, or a consciousness of being misunderstood—may fail of getting the benefits of the favorable incidents in its life. The child of a mother who creates a happy home spirit has a better environment in a humble home than has the child of luxury who is obliged to witness parental quarrels.

As a rule the children of royalty are dressed simply. Fancy clothes, starched ruffles, velvet knee-breeches, lace ruffles, jewels and the rest of things like these, which to little children are abominations, are left to the children of the aspiring middle class, who imagine that by decking their little ones in gorgeous clothes they are exciting admiration. The garments chosen for royal children are simple linen frocks very plain—and they express common sense and comfort.

Every girl in Canada should knit this year. Our soldiers need socks and many of them. Is there a girl who reads this page who is not doing something for the soldiers? I trust not. While the brave men are facing the fire of a furious demoniac foe we must work with all our might for the little comforts they so urgently need. I hope a splendid response will answer this appeal.

Was Troubled With Smothering Spells.

Would Wake Up With Breath All Gone.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Entirely Cured Her.

Mrs. Wm. McElwain, Temperance Vale, N.B., writes: "I am not much of a believer in medicines, but I must say Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are all right."

Some years ago I was troubled with smothering spells. In the night I would be sound asleep but would waken up with my breath all gone and think I never would get it back. I was telling a friend of my trouble, and he advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. He also gave me a box which I tried, and I had only taken a few of them when I could sleep all night without any trouble. I did not finish the box until some years after when I felt my trouble coming back, so I took the rest of them and they entirely cured me."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

About the Farm

The Worth of Whitewash and Paints on the Farm

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By Dell Grattan

A good coat of whitewash is like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. It is difficult to think of a reason why whitewash is not more generally used upon the farm. Not long ago I visited a stable in which the ceiling was festooned with cobwebs loaded to the breaking point with dust that had accumulated for years. In another barn visited a while later, not a cobweb was to be seen, and the sides and the ceiling, both similar to the afore-mentioned barn, were clean and white as a result of a liberal coat of whitewash. There is nothing so easily applied and so satisfactory as a disinfectant in the stables as lime. Scattered upon the floor it helps to keep the air free from unpleasant odors and upon the walls it forms a whitewash which carries its disinfecting qualities degrees further.

In the two barns just mentioned the one that is whitewashed was much lighter and fresher, although there were no more windows than in the other. The white surface reflects light and

ing when I was busy with my paint and brush. After a great many climbs, reaches, scratches and bruises, besides falling through one barrel and over and over another and spraining my ankle I finished my job, but oh, dear me! never shall I forget my hands after that day's work, and the appearance of myself, for I was whitewashed almost as thoroughly as the shack. When the men, on their homeward trip, came in sight of the house they wondered what I had been "up to" this time. The sun was shining on pure white walls instead of dingy brown. I was busy rubbing lard on my hands, and so did not see them until they came to the door and asked me if they had struck the right trail home.

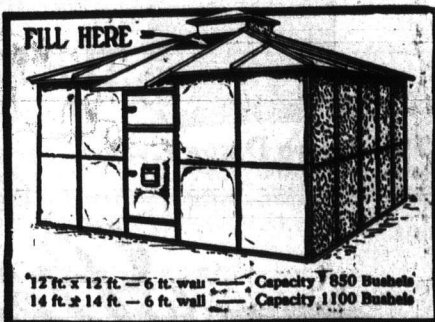
That was eight years ago, and although the shack is now doing service as a chicken house, the outside is still white. The inside got a thorough coating of whitewash last fall but I had nothing to do that time but mix the paint. This time the whitewash was applied with a spray pump (bought from T. Eaton Co. for \$2).

The formula as used is as follows: Take one-half bushel of unslaked lime, slake it with boiling water in a tub



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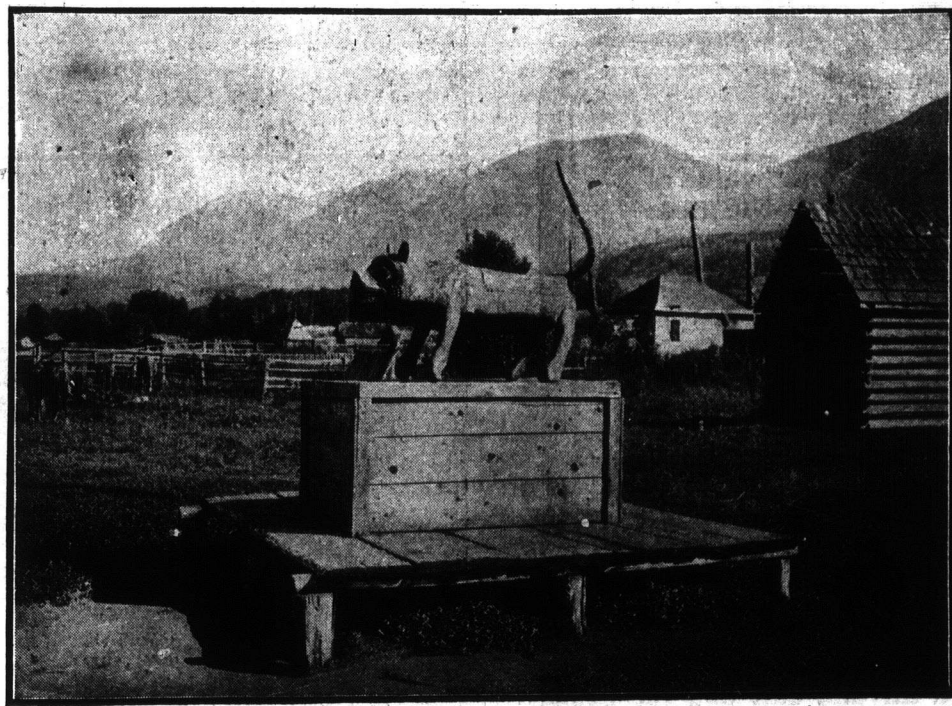
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"Wow-Wow." Kitwanga, B.C.

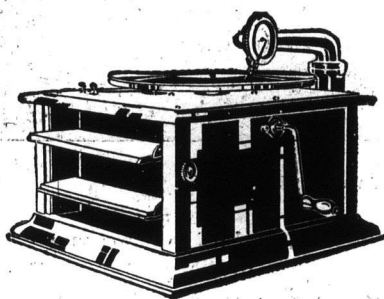
gives a decidedly more cheerful appearance to the stable. Cobweb-laden corners lend a touch of gloom to the whole place. If you have never before used whitewash try it this year.

Possibly many are not aware of the ease with which whitewash can be mixed and applied. There is nothing difficult in any part of the process. If you have not a spray pump use a brush. A spray, however, will pay for itself even with a stable or hen house of medium size, for the whitewash will be applied more frequently and the building will be kept in better condition all the time. The wash should be thoroughly strained before using the pump, otherwise particles are apt to clog in the pump. The work is rapidly done and the wash is forced into crevices where a brush could not reach. A few pointers may be learned by the reader from my first experience with lime and whitewash. Somehow the unpainted outside of our humble shack on the prairie seemed so dingy and brown to me, until at last I decided to change the color by some means. Paint was not to be thought of on account of the expense. My husband said the color was all right for the year or two we would occupy the house, and the matter dropped there so far as he was concerned. The first chance I had I bought a bushel of unslaked lime also a whitewash brush, etc. Not wanting the lime to slake and thus lose part of its virtue, I prepared "my paint," and hid it for a more convenient day. At last the day came. The men were going to the other farm and would not be home from early morning until sundown. They were hardly out of hear-

or larger vessel, cover it during the process to keep in the steam, strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer and add to it a peck of coarse salt, previously well dissolved in warm water, three pounds of rice boiled to a thin paste, and stirred in boiling hot, one-half pound powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons hot water to the mixture, stir it well and let it stand a few days, covered from the dirt. It should be put on hot. For this purpose, it can be kept in an iron pot. About a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house if properly applied. Brushes more or less small may be used, according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil-paint for wood, brick or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. Coloring matter may be put in, and made of any shade you like. Spanish brown stirred in will make red-pink, more or less deep, according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow, but chrome goes further and makes a prettier color.

It is difficult to make rules, because tastes are different. It would be best to try experiments on a shingle, and let it dry. Remember green must not be mixed with lime, it destroys the color, and the color has an effect on the whitewash which makes it crack and peel. If you wish your walls a clean

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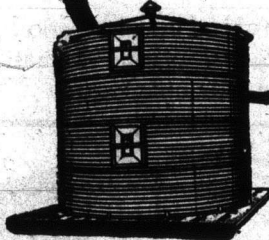
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beautiful white it is well to squeeze indigo plentifully through a blue bag into the water you use before it is stirred in the whole mixture. If a larger quantity of the wash be wanted the same proportions should be observed.

Never apply paint or any other coating to green or unseasoned timber.

Paint the outside buildings in the autumn after the hot weather is past. Oil paint, under cold, hardens, so as to be much more durable than when it dries under heat.

Experiments on the behavior of different paints for ironwork seem to show that red best resists the action of the atmosphere.

A good paint for sheet iron is made of varnish and boiled linseed oil, equal parts, add enough red lead to bring to the consistency of ordinary paint.

A good black paint for ironwork, farm implements, etc., is made by mixing two quarts of coal tar with one pint of gasoline. The gasoline thins it nicely, so that it spreads evenly. Gasoline evaporates rapidly, and if the work is not quickly finished a little more may be added to keep the proper consistency.

Gained from experience.

narrow round of work, but also in the doings of the outside world. In the modern country home there is every opportunity for a woman to keep up a broad variety of interests.

In every home the personality of the mother (if she has any), is the principal element which prevades it. If the Mother is brave, intelligent and wise, then the country home can be just as intelligent, the ideas and understandings, the aspirations and appreciations of her family, quite as broad as in the city. Our way of living may be different, but not more degrading. It is a recognized fact that our most clever men and women have been born and bred in the country.

It is gratifying to note that on the occasion of the visit of Royalty to our country the women of the early days in the West were foremost among those chosen to entertain the party. It is quite probable that these women have had their full share of privation and hard work on the farm in the years gone by. Has it made them less genteel, less ladylike? Instead you will find that their isolation and hardships have strengthened their character and brought out the best of their nature. They have had opportunity to



Cattle that Western Canada can raise

Is Farm Life Degrading

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Irene Wilson

In my readings some time ago, I came across the following paragraph on which I have since thought deeply. "It is impossible, be the woman on the farm ever so bright and brave and strong, to keep from the farm house some suggestion of crudeness, some evidences of the coarseness of nature in her simple functions of life."

From this I would infer that the writer considers farm life degrading. That nature as made by the hand of God, is coarse. Over and over I have pondered the question, "Is this true?" After looking at the question from all sides I have decided that it is not true or that I do not understand it aright.

Goodness and refinement have their source in the heart, the inner life: not in the work we do. People are not necessarily lacking in refinement at heart because their hands are rough and their faces sunburned. It is true that in the country home there is less pretense, less concealment. We are willing to pass for what we are, which tends to make life more sincere; and sincerity is surely more to be desired than polish.

To-day, the outlook of the farmer's wife has broadened and brightened through the general awakening of womankind to a knowledge that it is wise to be interested not only in a

cultivate what, in the long run counts for more than intellect, for more than sentiment, and that is character; the sum of those qualities which really make up a strong, brave, tender man or woman.

Is it not a privilege therefore to be a farm woman?

How to Make Good Butter on Farm

In the following discussion of how to make good butter no attempt is made to cover the entire ground, but only to mention a few salient points without which it would be impossible to make good butter. It is assumed that the milk and cream will have received the best of care previous to reaching the cream vat.

The private dairyman can learn a great deal from his creamery brother. The latter has made the subject of butter-making a life study and many of the things that he has discovered can be applied to advantage on the farm.

Ripening the Cream

High flavor or quick aroma of butter is due to the decomposing of the milk sugar, forming lactic acid, which is possibly the result of a series of germs that get into the cream during the process of ripening (souring). If cream is churned while sweet considerable butter will be lost in the buttermilk, and the butter will lack flavor, no matter what the cows are fed upon. If cream ripens

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

too much we will get sour butter or what Professor McKay calls rotten egg flavor. When cream is ready to churn it has a smooth granular appearance with a rather sharp acid taste. When cream reaches this condition it should either be churned at once or cooled down to about 50 degrees F. and warmed to 58 or 60 degrees when churned. So important is the right amount of acid that our best butter-makers have what is known as an acid test for determining the amount. To hasten the ripening or to get the right kind of lactic acid germs, starters are sometimes used to advantage. These may consist of buttermilk, sour-skim milk, sour milk, or especially prepared commercial starters.

On the farm milk or skim-milk are the starters most easy to procure. Select a good healthy cow, put her milk into a well-scalded can and keep at a temperature of 85 to 90 degrees until it becomes clabbered. Then use about 1 part of starter in 9 parts of cream. The cream may be taken at a temperature anywhere from 60 degrees to 75 degrees if care be taken to cool it down as soon as the right amount of lactic acid is developed. The starters materially hasten the souring or ripening of the cream. The lactic acid germs in the starter are so much more numerous and multiply so rapidly that they very largely, if not entirely, overcome any undesirable germs that may happen to get into the cream. By the use of starters good sweet cream may be put in good condition for churning in from 12 to 24 hours. Using starters and checking the souring at the right point will undoubtedly go a long way toward bettering the flavor of our country butter. While good butter flavor is very largely the result of the proper souring of the cream, there is no question but what undesirable flavors are often the result of poor feed and poor care of the milk and cream.

Churning

If the local market calls for colored butter the coloring matter should be put into the cream as soon as the latter enters the churn. The ideal color for butter is that produced naturally under June conditions, where the cows have an abundance of fresh green grass. At no time of the year should we attempt to give butter any higher color than this.

Cream should be churned at as low a temperature as possible and have the butter come in from one-half to one hour. Warm cream and rapid churning means a large amount of butter lost in the buttermilk, and also causes soft butter, which is very hard to handle. The churning should be stopped when the butter is in the granular condition, with the granules about 1-12 of an inch in diameter. If churned more than this it will be impossible to get the butter evenly washed and salted, without spoiling the grain. When a piece of good butter is broken, it should have the appearance of broken cast iron and not the salvy, greasy looking article that we often see at the store. When the butter granules have reached the right size the buttermilk should be drained off and the butter thoroughly washed with pure, clear water at a temperature of 50 to 60 degrees F. This should be continued until the water coming from the butter ceases to have a milky appearance.

Salting and Working

The amount of salt should be varied according to the demands of the market; usually an ounce to the pound is sufficient. This salt should be of the finest and best quality, and should be thoroughly incorporated into the butter granules, and usually, after slight working, the butter should be allowed to stand several hours in order that the salt may become dissolved and thoroughly distributed through all portions of the butter. While the light and dark spots in butter known as mottles are sometimes caused by an uneven distribution of moisture it is much more generally caused by an uneven distribution of salt. Work the butter just as little as possible. The only object of working is to distribute the salt and compact the butter. When the salt is brought in contact with the butter in the granular condition, the necessity for working is reduced to a minimum.

Butter Packages

For private dairying there are probably no better packages than the pound print wrapped in parchment paper. It is well to have a brand engraved in the print which will leave its impress upon every pound of good butter sold; but never send any poor butter under this brand as it would be liable to spoil your reputation for making a first-class article. All butter prints and butter packages should present a neat, clean appearance and never be allowed to be smeared with particles of butter or marks of dirty fingers.—D. H. Otis, Professor of Dairy Husbandry, Kansas Exp. Station, in Kansas Farmer.

Killing Mustard by Spraying

Wild mustard is one of the weeds with which land that is devoted principally to small grain production is frequently infested. It is a difficult weed to get rid of owing to the fact that the seed will lie in the ground for 40 years and still preserve its vitality. Once a crop of mustard is allowed to ripen seed, it is a certainty that the field will produce more or less mustard for a number of years, and unless special care is exercised in exterminating the pest it will increase rapidly and eventually lower the producing value of the land.

Some farmers claim that mustard doesn't hurt a crop but that, of course, is a mistake. Any plant draws moisture and plant food from the soil, and mustard draws as much per ton of organic matter produced as most other crops.

In recent years chemical spray have been used for exterminating wild mustard with good results. Iron sulphate has

been used for that purpose dissolved in water at the rate of 80 pounds to 50 gallons of water. It is then applied with a spraying machine such as are now on the market. With the larger sized machines a man can spray 10 acres per hour; smaller sized machines will spray three acres per hour, and the latter are suitable for the average farm. The spray tank should be provided with a pump so that a pressure of about 80 pounds per square inch can be applied to the liquid. Iron sulphate spray does not hurt the ordinary grasses or the small grains which, of course, belong to the grass family. The leaves of grasses are smooth and covered with a layer of rather resistant cells, and consequently the iron sulphate does not injure them; the leaves of wild mustard are soft so that they absorb the iron sulphate, which acts as a poison to the plant cells. It draws moisture away from the protoplasm of the cells and thus destroys them.

A day or two after a field of small grain containing mustard has been sprayed the leaves of the mustard plants die, while the leaves of the grain blacken only at the tips, and this injury is overcome in two or three days; in fact, it has been observed that a grain field appears more vigorous a few days after spraying than it is before, and the temporary injury sustained from spraying really amounts to nothing, but the sulphate is sure to kill the mustard.

The best time to spray is just before the mustard comes into bloom, but if it is not done at that time fairly good results may be obtained after it is in bloom. Seed formation will be absolutely prevented and the great bulk of the plants will be killed so that they will no longer draw upon the soil moisture. If the

spray is applied shortly before bloom practically every mustard plant will be destroyed. Merely killing this year's crop of mustard does not rid an infested field of the pest, because the chances are that the soil is full of live mustard seeds at a depth too far below the surface to prevent sprouting. Spraying, therefore, must be done for several years before the pest can be completely gotten rid of.

Much can also be done toward destroying the weed by fall plowing, hence every small grain field infested with mustard should be plowed immediately after the grain has been stacked or threshed, the sooner the better. The harrow should always follow the plow in such cases. This will bring another crop of seed to the surface, and if there is enough moisture present, they will sprout. This crop may then be killed with a disc or a harrow as the case may be, and perhaps some more seed be brought to the surface and be induced to sprout and to be killed later by the frost.

Planting such land to corn is, of course, a good way to get rid of a lot of mustard; in fact, in sections where corn is grown on a large scale, as in the Corn Belt, wild mustard seldom appears in the fields to any great extent; it is only in the small grain areas as in parts of Minnesota and the Dakotas, where comparatively little corn is grown, that this weed ever becomes a serious pest.

Skimmed milk is the most important of all the by-products on a farm in the dairy line. It is worth from fifteen cents to one dollar a hundred pounds, according to its quality and the use that is made of it.



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absolutely necessary, and neglected all the rest. One day the father found he must go on a long journey, so he called his sons to him, and said:

"My boys, I am going very far away, and may never come back. I leave you all my treasure, but you must find it for yourselves. It is hidden in my fields."

"Before we dig up another field," said one of the brothers, "we might just as well make some use of this one, so let us plant some corn in it."

His brothers were quite willing, and so it happened that while they slowly and carefully dug up another field, the corn grew in a most amazing fashion.

One day their mother said: "I see the weeds are growing very fast in your corn, boys. Since you've gone to the trouble of planting it, you may as well cultivate it."

And as they cut the weeds, they were so pleased with the way it grew, that they took more and more care of it, and when it was ready for cutting, they found they had the finest crop they had ever raised. They sold it for almost as much gold as they had expected to find in the field.

One day as they were resting under the shade of a tree, the oldest son said:

"Boys, I've been thinking of what father said about the treasure he left in the field, and I believe he meant we should find it in just this way—by cultivating the farm he left to us. I for one, mean to keep on searching for it in the same way."

His brothers agreed with him, and after that there was no farm in the country that was so well cared for, nor one that brought its owners so much gold

longest sentence of good, plain, commonplace English has gained the first point. You go on this way for each of the five vowels, and when all the sentences are read and compared, the person who has gained the most points, wins the game."—The Comrade.

Waiting for Jack

By Mary Stuart Whedon

(Jack, the fine big hound owned by Mary Stuart Whedon, of Illinois, was led away from the gate at the home of his mistress, and poisoned. To prevent him crawling home to die, the cowardly murderers cut the joints of his legs. No clue was ever discovered.)

They come and go—
The "friends I loved long since and lost awhile."
They bring me news from those I used to know,
I greet them with a smile.

I give each guest within my heart a place,
"God bless you" and "Come back!"
I say; and then—for just one moment's space
I wait for Jack!

First at the door,
Waiting for me to welcome him, he came,
Knowing the largess of the love he bore,
I always spoke his name.

Then, humbly, as if he were half afraid,
And yet his strength would prove,
He came, and in my lap his black head laid
Petitioning ME for love!

Glad of the chase,
He ran with eager feet ahead of me,
More glad—it seemed to me, who read his face—
To set his captive free!

Oh, for the day,
When Jack and I went Maying through the wood,
Oh, for the paths where loitering feet may stray,
And brooks by which we stood.

Only in dreams
Shall I behold the sunlight through the trees,
Or see the diamonds sparkle on the streams
Before each passing breeze.

We thought, we two,
We might grow old together and live o'er
Like soldiers, our old battles—not a few—
And count the scars we wore.

But he is gone,
And I feel strangely old/who used to play.
Where is the splendor of the summer dawn
Or glory of dead day?

Life is so long
For those who sorrow, and alas, so brief,
When hearts atune are singing Love's old song
Without its grief.

And so they come—
My friends—I say, "God bless you" and "Come back."
Then in the silent night, when all are gone,
I wait for Jack.

And he waits too,
I may go early, or, if God wills, late,
But he will wait for me untired and true
Outside the gate.

And, if it be
My happy lot to mingle with the blest,
The glories of God's infinite to see
And be at rest.

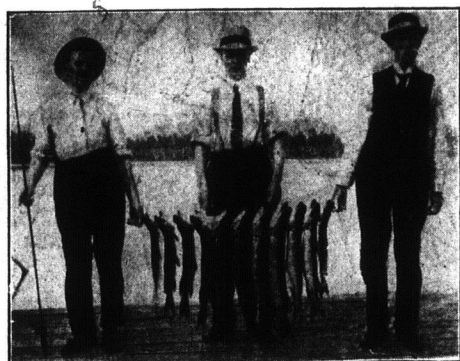
I'll gladly hold
Some humble, lowly place with those who sin,
If he who holds the keys to gates of gold
Will let Jack in.



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Western Home Monthly "Comps" have luck at Minaki

A Pointed Answer

If I should drop a wireless line
To fishes in the brook,
Inviting them to come and dine,
I wonder how they'd look?

I think, myself, they'd look surprised,
And say: "We'll come at eight,
If on the wireless line you'll put
A little hookless bait!"

—The Churchman

The Vowel Game

"Now," said Charlie when everybody was gathered around the table, "let's play the vowel game father told us he used to play when he was a boy."

"How do you play it?" asked everyone at once.

"It's very easy," replied Charlie distributing pencils and paper impartially among the family group. "You take the five regular vowels a, e, i, o, u, and beginning with the first letter, each player writes as long a sentence as he can, using no vowel except a in any word, but repeating that letter as often as he wishes."

"I don't quite understand," said Cousin Lucy. "Please give us an example."

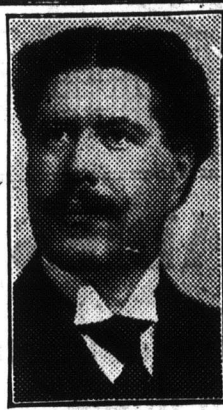
"You'll have to give me a few minutes grace, then," laughed Charlie, taking his pencil and paper. "Suppose I take 'a.'"

He wrote industriously a few minutes and then read the result aloud:

"Ah, madam, Frank Farns, a tall, tasty, black man at Panama, has a cat that can catch all bad ants and bats at Nathan's pantry and barn."

"Bravo!" cried uncles and aunts and cousins, as Charlie finished reading the queer sentence.

"You see," continued Charlie, "you may give the players five minutes or any time you agree on beforehand, to make up the sentence. When the time is up, the sentences are read and the one having the



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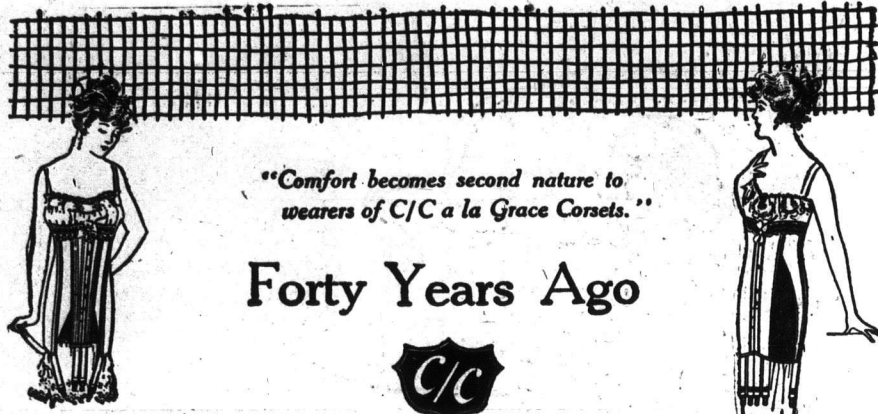
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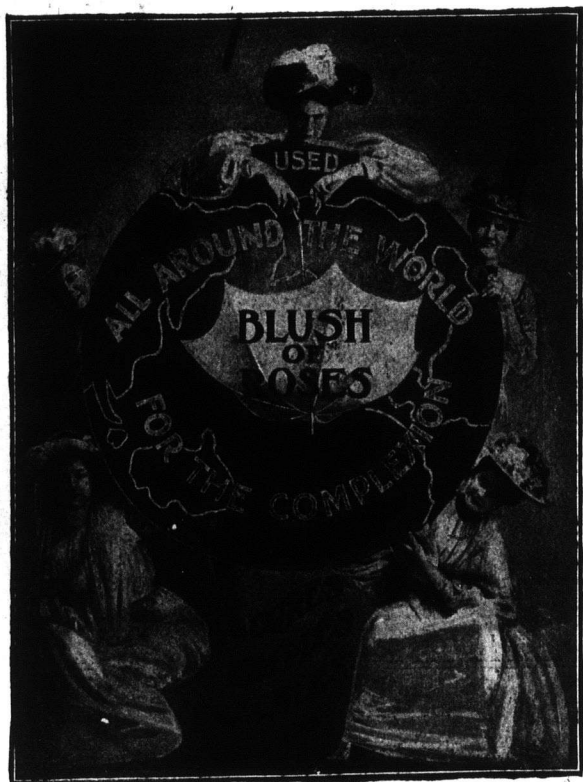
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1415.—A Comfortable Suit for Mother's Boy—Boy's Blouse Suit, with Straight Trousers and with or without Shaped Band—White linen, with blue linen for trimming is here shown. The blouse has a simple coat closing, and a rolled collar, with low neck opening. The trousers are made with side closing and straight lower edge. The shaped band may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 2 yards for the blouse and 1½ yard of 27-inch material for the trousers for a 3 year size. Pattern 10c.

1413-1418.—A Jaunty Suit for Early Fall—Plaid suiting is here shown in brown tones, with facings of tan faille on collar and pockets. The coat is loose fitting, and finished with a smart collar.

1202.—A Stylish and Up-to-Date Model—Ladies' Costume with or without Vest, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—As here shown, novelty suiting in brown tones, was used, with trimmings of brown satin, and vest of organdie, edged at the collar with plaited net. This collar shows the new fan shape. The yoke skirt has deep plaits at the side, which fullness affords comfort and gives added width to the skirt. The waist is unique in its shaping. The fronts are cut square and finished with pointed revers. The sleeve is in raglan style over the back, and forms part of the front. The girdele may be omitted, and the sleeve finished in wrist or short length. Serge, broad cloth, velvet, gingham, crepe, voile and



The skirt has graceful attractive lines, with plaited fullness at the sides. The pockets may be omitted. It will require 2¾ yards of 44-inch material to make the coat for a medium size. The coat pattern 1413 is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. The skirt pattern 1418 is cut in the same sizes, and requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material. It measures about 3 yards at the foot. In blue broad cloth with black, or white satin facings this would make a smart street suit. Patterns 10c. each.

1397.—A Simple and Becoming Style—Girl's Dress with Sleeves in Either of Two Lengths—White pique, linen or madras would be nice for this dress, but it is also appropriate for gingham, lawn, percale, chambray and other wash materials. The skirt shows smart plaits at the fronts and sides, and is joined to the long waist under a shaped belt. The lines of this model are very pleasing, and the design is easy to develop. One could make this of blue chambray, with feather stitching for decoration in a contrasting color, or of brown linen with white pique for collar and cuffs. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for a 6-year size.

poplin, taffeta and linen are all equally good for this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6¼ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 1-3 yards at the lower edge, with plaits drawn out. Pattern 10c.

1399.—A Comfortable Pleasing Design.—Ladies' House Gown—This effective model was developed in figured blue and white lawn, with vest and cuffs of white organdie. The style is also good for chambray, crepe, voile, taffeta, crepe de chine and batiste. It is made with kimono sleeves, and in raised waistline. The skirt has four gores. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5¼ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 2-3 yards at lower edge. Pattern 10c.

Waist 1328.—Over Dress 1409.—A Charming and Fashionable Design—Comprising Ladies' Shirt Waist Pattern 1328, and Ladies' Princess Over Dress Pattern 1409. As here shown taffeta was used for the over dress, with crepe for the waist. Either style may be developed and worn separately. The waist has a convertible collar and a

sleeve that may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Embroidery, braiding or bands of velvet ribbon would form a suitable finish for the over dress. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The over dress is cut in the same size, and requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material without nap, for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot. Patterns 10c. each.

1423.—A Popular, Comfortable and Smart Style—Junior Dress—This attractive girlish model has good style features. The blouse is made in the new "smock" style, and may be plain or trimmed with the strap plaits. The broad collar is in Quaker style. The sleeve in wrist length has a straight deep cuff. In short length a turn back cuff forms a neat finish. The sleeve is set into a deep armseye with no fulness.

measure. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot. Pattern 10c.

1411.—A Dainty Neglige—Ladies' Dressing or House Sack—This attractive model is made up in lavender flowered challie, with facings on collar and cuffs. It would be nice in pink or blue figured lawn, dotted dimity, or any of the pretty soft shades in crepe or china silk. It is also nice for lawn or cashmere. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10c.

1395.—A Unique and Comfortable House Apron—The body and sleeve in one idea has been carried out in garments of every sort, hence the busy sewer and home dressmaker will welcome this mode in an apron that is not only simple but practical, in that it covers most all of the dress worn under-



The blouse can be used as an over blouse, by omitting the sleeves. The three piece skirt is cut with stylish flare and ample width. It is finished with a waistband, but may be joined to an under waist if preferred. The style is good for combinations of wash or wool fabrics, for serge, taffeta, gingham, lawn, poplin, repp, gabardine, velvet, satin or corduroy. This model will make a splendid school suit. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 yards of 36-inch material for a 12-year size. Pattern 10c.

1403.—A Pleasing Desirable Model.—Ladies' House or Home Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—This dress is made in the now so popular "robe de tailleur" style, in one piece effect. It is good for business or porch wear, will be splendid as a morning dress and lends itself nicely to wash fabrics, to silk or cloth. As here shown striped gingham was employed in a pretty shade of blue and white, with facings of blue. The yoke is new and has a unique outline. The skirt is a four-gore model, with plaited extensions at the side seams. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust

neath, and is easy to make because of few seams. The design is suitable for percale, alpaca, lawn, gingham, seersucker or chambray. The free edges could be scalloped and embroidered. Blue and white checked gingham, with bandings of white would be neat and would launder well. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

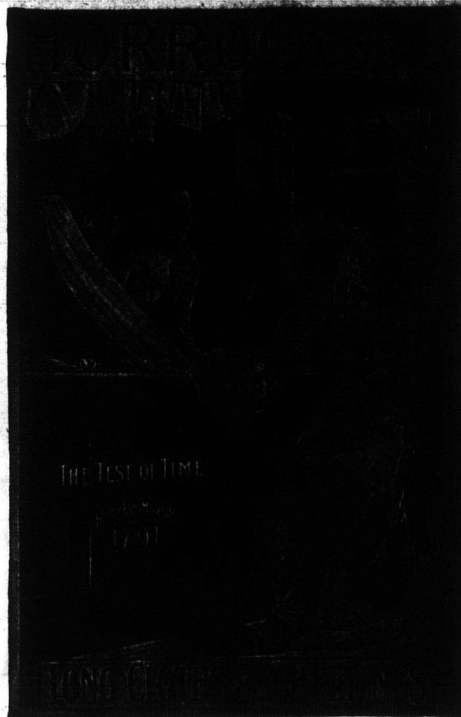
1408-1416.—A Stylish Coat Suit—Blue serge was used for this design, with trimming of braid and collar of black velvet. The coat may be worn with or without this belt. The fronts are low and rolled at the throat, where they join the collar in notches. The sleeve has a shaped cuff. The flare skirt has yoke sections over the hips, lengthened by gores that join the back and front. This style is also good for broad cloth, cheviot, velvet, corduroy, faille and poplin. In shepherd check or mixed suiting it will make a nice suit for general wear. The coat pattern No. 1408 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt pattern 1416

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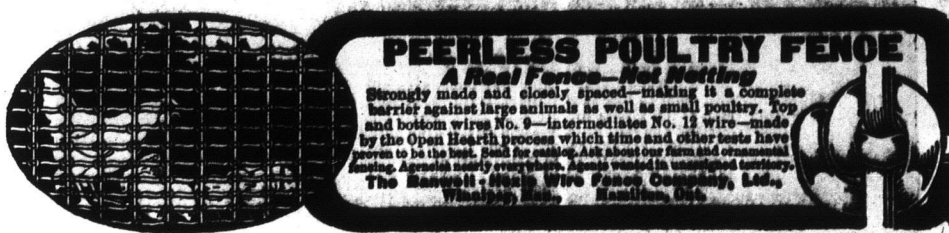


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Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete
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We want you to know all of the Mennen Talcums so that you can select the one best suited to your skin. For 5c we will send you any one sample or all five for 25c. Send for them to-day to Sales Agents for Canada, HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LTD., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont.

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SALES AGENTS FOR CANADA

**HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. LTD., 10 McCaul Street
TORONTO, Ont.**



is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The skirt requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material for a 24-inch size, and measures $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards at the lower edge. Patterns 10c. each.

1400.—A Charming Little Frock—Girl's Dress with or without Bolero, and with two Styles of Sleeve—Dotted challie in rose and white is here combined with rose taffeta. The style is also pretty for "all over" flouncing, batiste, lawn, dimity, crepe or crepe de chine. It could be made with the bolero attached to the skirt in over blouse style, and so worn with a guimpe of contrasting material. The waist is cool and dainty in low neck outline, and practical and serviceable with the wrist length sleeves and collar. The skirt is full and gathered. Lace, embroidered edging, frills or ruffles could be employed as trimming for this style, while a simple hem finish is also nice. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10

bray. The skirt is finished with tucks in front and back. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 3 yards at its lower edge. Pattern 10c.

1402.—A Most Attractive Frock for the Growing Girl—Pique or linen with wash braid trimming would be nice for this model. It is also good for gingham, chambray, percale, galatea, challie, serge, tub silk, taffeta or voile. The fronts are made in surplice style and with vest portions, that are turned back at the neck, and meet in rolling collar. The sleeve may be loose and flowing in short length, or finished with a cuff at wrist length. The skirt has smart graceful plaits at the seams. It is a five gore model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size. Pattern 10c.



1428.—A Charming Combination—Ladies' Negligee or Dressing Sack and Cap—This attractive house sack may be developed in silk or cotton crepe, percale, lawn, uanel, cashmere, or henrietta, lawn, crossbar, batiste or dimity. Feather stitching, lace, ribbon or braid binding or embroidery may serve as trimming. The sack is fitted by a belt at the waistline. Its lines are simple, and the peplum is a good style feature. The sleeve is finished with a neat cuff. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. For the cap $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 27-inch net, all over embroidery, or lawn, percale, dimity, dotted swiss and silk are suitable. Pattern 10c.

1407.—A Dainty Frock for Mother's Girl—As here shown embroidered batiste in a pretty rose shade was used. The model is nice for organdie, lawn, gingham, voile, crepe, challie or dimity. It may be finished without the bolero, with a round yoke of contrasting material. The dress would be lovely for party wear in crepe de chine, or embroidered voile, combined with soft silk, or it could be made of linen and trimmed with lace and insertion. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size, for the dress and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard for the bolero. Pattern 10c.

1414.—A Stylish Model—Ladies' Dress, with Six Gore Skirt and Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—Gray poplin was used to make this pretty dress, the vest, collar and cuffs are of figured silk in gray and white tones. The sleeve in wrist length is dart fitted. The short sleeve has a pointed cuff. The design is also good for voile, grenadine, serge, faille, taffeta, linen, linene, gingham or cham-

1419.—A Charming Dress for Mother's Girl—Girl's Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—Galatea, gingham, serge, linen or percale, may be used for this model. It is also good for velvet, corduroy, taffeta, mixed suitings, cashmere or garbadine. The fronts and back are cut long in panel effect, and the waist sections are lengthened by plaited portions, that may be trimmed with the pointed tabs. If preferred a

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belt may be used as shown in the small view. The sleeve in wrist length has a band cuff. In short length, a band holds the gathers at lower edge. The pattern provides a chemisette for high neck finish. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards of 44-inch material. Pattern 10c.

1405.—A New and Trim Model—Ladies' Apron—This style has deep shaped yoke portions to which waist portions are joined, and a three-piece skirt with a neat pocket. The design as here shown was developed in striped percale. It is also nice for sateen, gingham, drill, linene, madras, cretonne, lawn or alpaca. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 5 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

1406.—A Unique and Popular Style.—Suspender Dress for Misses and Small Women—Of all new styles there is none more in vogue or more attractive for summer than the suspender frock. The model here shown has full bodice portions with suspender straps over the shoulders, a smart five-gore skirt with jaunty pockets, and a neat shirt waist with convertible collar and comfortable sleeve. Gofine, serge, linen, taffeta, gingham or chambray would be nice for

1420-1421.—A Pleasing Costume especially good for Mature Figures—This design combines a smart waist model pattern 1420, and a stylish skirt pattern 1421. The waist fronts are full at the shoulders where they join yoke extensions of the back. A neat vest outlines the fronts. The waist is fitted in basque style, and provides a lining, which, however, may be omitted. The gored skirt has plaits at the seams. This model in green or sand colored taffeta would be charming, relieved with a vest and cuffs of white or ecru. It is also nice for gray, black or blue serge or gabardine. The waist pattern 1420 is cut in 6 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt 1421 is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 3 1/8 yards of 44-inch material for the skirt, and 2 1/4 yards for the waist for a medium size. The skirt measures 3 1/2 yards at the lower edge in a 24-inch size. Patterns 10c. each.

The Moral Influence of the Mother over the Mind of the Child

The blighting force of the anger of a mother perhaps shows itself in the child with greater violence than any other mental disturbance.



The Goose Pond in a Western City Park

the skirt and bodice, with dotted or figured crepe, madras, lawn or batiste for the waist. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 6-inch material for a 16-year size, with 2 1/2 yards for the waist. The skirt measures about 2 2-3 yards at the foot with plaits drawn out. Pattern 10c.

1278.—A Simple and Becoming House Dress—Ladies' House Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths (with Regulation or Reversible Closing) and Normal or Raised Waistline—Percale, seersuckey, gingham, chambray, lawn, flannellette, cashmere, linen and linene, galatea and kindergarten cloth, are good for this style. The fronts are cut low at the throat, and the diagonal closing may be made from right to left in regulation style, or both fronts may be cut alike, and the closing reversed. The skirt is a three-piece model, with gathered fullness at the back, and ample width at the foot. Deep tucks give breadth over the shoulders. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or finished with a cuff in short length. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 3/8 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 3/4 yards at its lower edge. Pattern 10c.

Children have gone into convulsions and died after nursing when the mother was angry. Several cases of paralysis have been traced to this very cause. Sometimes the result is paralysis in one side of the body, with a contraction of muscles most suggestive of convulsions on the opposite side.

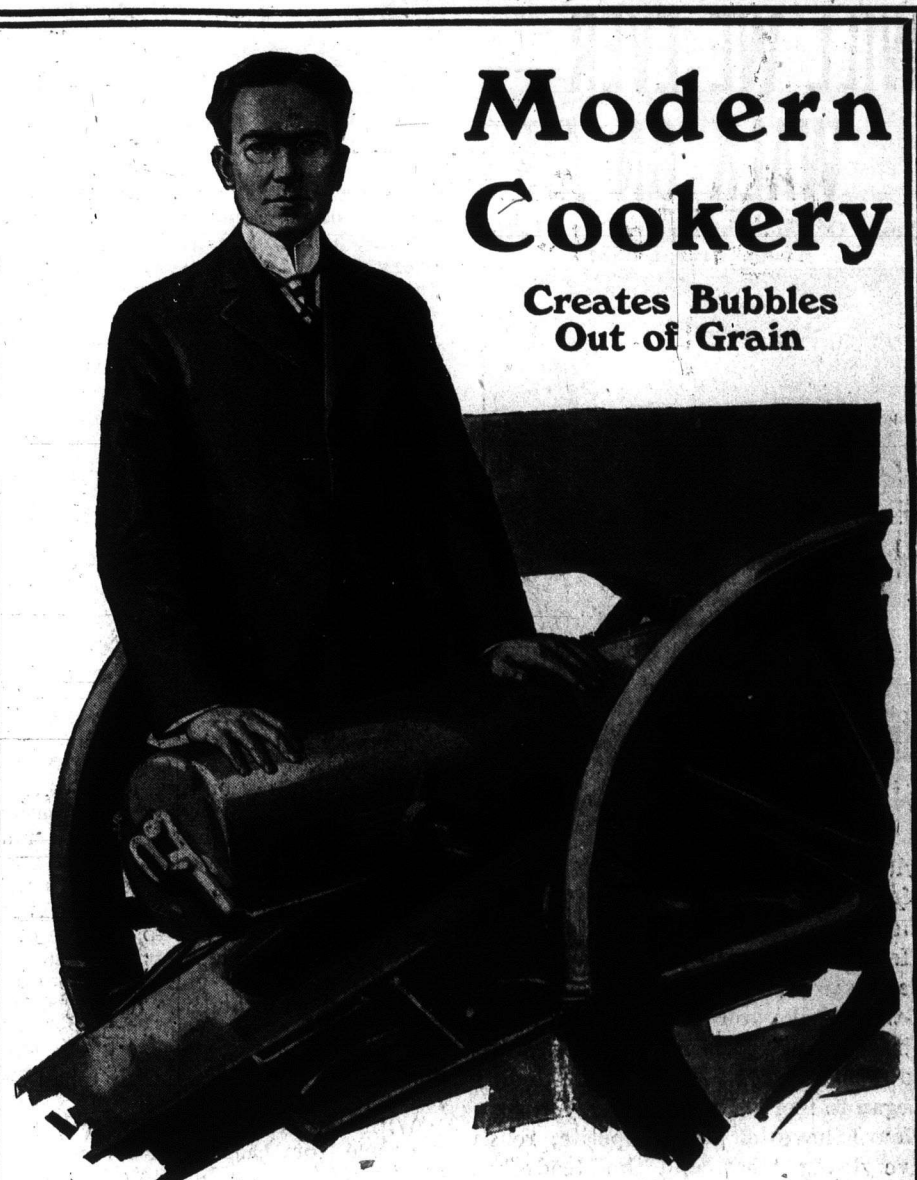
And in this manner we could write out long lists of things that have happened to the baby because the mother was suffering mentally, but surely enough has been said to convince the woman who is ignorant of these things that keeping a tranquil mind is the chief business of the mother while her child is nursing.

Knowing well that the babe she loves with all her soul must bear in its body the marks of these destroying agencies, she will cultivate calmness, peacefulness, repose of spirit, until her spirit is in harmony with the great Source of power.

We cannot leave this subject without a thought on how much or how little the child is mentally influenced by these emotions of the mother. In these days of psychological deluge, women are reading, talking, listening to lectures; many, with deliberate intent, are practising to demonstrate the power of one mind over another.

Shall this babe, when it grows into manhood or womanhood, meet the world with a whine and a growl? Shall it feel that it was born destined to be the helpless victim of circumstances? Shall it be weak and puny in spirit? Shall it lack purpose and be at the beck and call of every passing fancy? Or shall this man that you are giving to the world be so mentally poised that he looks the world straight in the face? He has no fear of circumstances, they move to his will. He knows no master but God. The work is yours, you mothers. Will you live up to the privileges of your obligations?

Good-bye to Asthma. Persons suffering from that extremely trying trouble known as asthma know what it is to long with all their hearts for escape as from a tyrant. Never do they know when an attack may come and they know that to struggle unaided is vain. With Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy at hand however, they can say good-bye to their enemy and enjoy life again. It helps at once.



Modern Cookery

Creates Bubbles Out of Grain

In making Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, the chef was displaced by the scientist—
The laboratory supplanted the kitchen—
And steel guns succeeded the oven.
It seems queer. But the fact is that grain was never perfectly cooked before this heroic process.

Billions of Explosions

The scientist was Prof. A. P. Anderson. He found in each grain a hundred million food cells. All had to be broken for easy digestion. He found in each cell a trifle of moisture. And he said, "I'll turn that moisture to steam and explode it."

And he did. He sealed up the grains in steel guns. He rolled those guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat. Then he shot the guns, and every food cell exploded.

The grains were puffed to eight times normal size. They came out airy bubbles, flaky, thin and crisp. And every food atom, as never before, was fitted for complete digestion.

That was the climax in cookery.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

These grain in other forms will partially digest. But never before were whole grains supplied with every food cell broken. Nor were whole grains ever made so enticing.

As morning cereals they taste like toasted nuts. In bowls of milk they float like bubbles. In candy making or as garnish for ice cream they take the place of nut meats. Eaten dry they become confections. And they never tax the stomach.

More and more, folks are serving their grain foods in this ideal form—as Puffed Grains.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

PETERBOROUGH, Ont SASKATOON, Sask.

"Reply to Information"

Dear Editor—I notice in the correspondence columns for July that "Information" would like to correspond with some one at Shellbrook, but does not state if Shellbrook, Sask. I have been a resident of above place mentioned for over six years, was in business, and may know "Information's" friend. Am sending my address, and if I can be of any assistance to "Information" regarding lost friend, will gladly give it.
Am a subscriber to the Monthly.
C. E. M.

"There is a Medium"

Dear Editor—I have read with interest the letters in the correspondence columns of your paper. Do you think "Rags" is really fair when he says that the Western girls are either too still and formal, or else gushing. I am a Western girl, and I do not think that the girls act any other way but natural.

I suppose you heard of the great flood in Edmonton, when the Saskatchewan River overflowed its banks. Many homes were taken down the river, and others completely ruined. It will mean a great loss to the people in the flats.

I am an assistant in a post office, so you see I have quite a bit of time on my hands and would like some of the correspondents to write to me. I will try and answer all letters.

"Scotchic."

"Life is What We Make it"

Sask., May 26, 1915.

Dear Editor—I have been an interested reader of your correspondence column for some time past. I have been tempted to write before but never got at it. I thought that when sending in my subscription would be a good time to write the page.

I am, like a good many other correspondents, a bachelor homesteader, having homesteaded here in southwestern Saskatchewan about two years ago. Homesteading is a job in a class by itself, if you

would allow my opinion. Life at it is, in a great many cases, quite a good deal like what one makes it. I hear some of the correspondents, "Just Me"—for instance, saying that the girls of the circle pity these "Western Bachelors" too much. I am of the opinion that there are a good many bachelors that do not deserve pity, and that they do not wish for any thing else than the life they are leading. But I would also like to state that I think the great majority of bachelors in this west are bachelors of circumstances, rather than by choice. I am of the opinion that a person is better to batch a year or two and prepare a home than to ask a girl to share life with him when he hasn't a roof to cover her head. Patriotism is a great topic in the columns at present, and a worthy topic it is. I think this war with its consequences is a terrible thing. Is it possible that the German autoocracy had all the consequences considered when they prepared for this war? If so there's nothing in my estimation that can be meted out to them that can adequately punish them. I sincerely hope the war will soon be satisfactorily ended.

As this is my first offence I'd better not make it too lengthy, or it might hit the W.P.B. I would be pleased to correspond with any that would care to write.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I beg to remain,
"A Scissor-bill."

"Thinks Some Bachelors Are Contented"

Dear Editor—Having been a reader of your valuable paper for a year or so, I thought I would pluck up courage to try and gain admittance into your jolly columns, so here goes. Some one was discussing whether a bachelor keeps as happy and contented as a married man does. I for myself think he does. I have been in a bachelor's room which was as clean and nice as though he had a wife, and also I have been into a mar-

ried man's home that looked as if there was no woman in it. So some must be contented, don't you think? I can just see poor old Ed. pulling a long face over my letter. I would like some sensible folks to write, as I am alone out here, and have no young companions. So please write, and I promise I will answer all letters received. I am fond of all sorts of cooking, and so on, and a person who has plenty of fun in him. I hope I shall see my letter in print, and please write, all of you. My address is with the editor.

"Lonely Peg."

"A 'Solemn' Confession"

Dear Editor—Having been an interested reader of the correspondence column, I would like to say a few words and make myself known to our correspondents. At the present time I believe there is hardly anything of interest to talk over but this terrible war. I have a brother at the front since last month, and it is a trying time for us all while he is doing his part. However, let us hope that "Kaiserism" shall be once and for all squashed.

I am a rancher's daughter, and like the life fine. I am fond of all kinds of sports—dancing, tennis, riding, etc.—am 20 years of age, cranky, hard to live with, etc., so if any member is too scared to write, I would like them to "write and tell me." My address is with the Ed.

With best wishes, I remain always,
"Irish Brown Eyes."

A Standard Medicine.—Parmelec's Vegetable Pills, compounded of entirely vegetable substances known to have a revivifying and salutary effect upon the digestive organs, have through years of use attained so eminent a position that they rank as a standard medicine. The ailing should remember this. Simple in their composition, they can be assimilated by the weakest stomach and are certain to have a healthful and agreeable effect on the sluggish digestive organs.

A Mere Matter of Curiosity

He was a long, lank countryman. He entered the car, and took his seat next to a well-dressed man of middle age, who sat evidently absorbed in his morning paper. Immediately he had seated himself he began a rapid fire of questions directed at the gentleman with the newspaper.

He asked him how many miles an hour he thought the train could go at its full speed; and if he didn't like the looks of the country through which they were passing; and he thought of the chances for crops down his way; and if he didn't think the trusts were bleeding the country; and wasn't he of the opinion that politics had gone to the dogs, anyway, and the whole land going to ruin; and didn't he think that Premier Borden was the greatest man that ever lived; and what was his opinion in regard to the present war. At last the man with the newspaper grew impatient.

"My friend," he said, "I've answered a number of your questions, and now, if you have no objections, I'd like to have a chance to read my paper."

"Sure," the interrogator replied. "I won't bother you any more; but, stranger, there's just one more question I'd like to ask. Just answer me this one, and I'll shut right up. I see you've got just one leg. How'd the other one come to be off?"

"If I answer this, you'll promise not to ask another question?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you. That leg was bit off."

The recipient of this piece of information stared hard at the gentleman with the newspaper, his jaw dropped and his eyes grew wide, but he made no comment.

"I've given my word for it," he said, "and I'm not the man as goes back on his promise, but I'll be goldarned if I wouldn't give a peck of the best potatoes on my place to know what it was this side of Perdition that could have bit that man's leg off."

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

Dyspepsia and Flatulence. More proof of the invigorating powers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the famous British Remedy of World-wide popularity

The power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets to overcome nerve weakness, and ills that come of nerve weakness, is well shown in the case of Mrs. Spencer, who lives at Wood Lawn, 124 Coldharbour Lane, Camberwell, London, England. She says:—"I'm delighted to tell you that Dr. Cassell's Tablets have done me a wonderful amount of good; in fact, they have set me up so thoroughly that I'm sure I never felt better in my life."

"I was dreadfully run down when I commenced taking the Tablets. My nerves were all on edge, as it were, and I was so weak that it was an effort to do anything, or even to get about. Any sudden noise would make me jump, and at all times I was extremely nervous. When going upstairs I used to feel that I should fall, and I had a queer idea that somebody or something was coming behind me. My general health, too, was seriously affected. I suffered much with dyspepsia and flatulence. The wind seemed to get all about my body—I could feel it even in my arms. Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me of all that. They did me more good than anything else I ever tried, more good than any treatment I tried. They have altogether made me feel ever so bright and well. And I had suffered for years! Now I am not a bit nervous, my health is splendid, and I feel quite strong. Certainly I shall always praise Dr. Cassell's Tablets."

This is no exceptional case. Hundreds of instances could be cited where Dr. Cassell's Tablets have restored health and well-being, even in extreme cases of nerve weakness, and the awful despondency of neurasthenia. The explanation is that Dr. Cassell's Tablets nourish and vitalise the nerves, renew the functional powers of the system, and so compel health where older-fashioned methods are quite useless. When you feel run down, when your work becomes an effort, don't wait for more serious symptoms. Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and you will be astonished at the bright, new health they will give you.



Mrs. Spencer.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, H. F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Surely the honest truth set out in the above authentic testimony is sufficient to prove that Dr. Cassell's Tablets will do all that is claimed for them. Guaranteed perfectly safe for even the youngest babe, Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a reliable remedy for

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| Nervous Breakdown | Neurasthenia | Kidney Trouble | Malnutrition |
| Nerve Failure | Sleeplessness | Dyspepsia | Wasting |
| Infantile Weakness | Anaemia | Stomach Disorder | Palpitation |

and are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. All Druggists and store-keepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.



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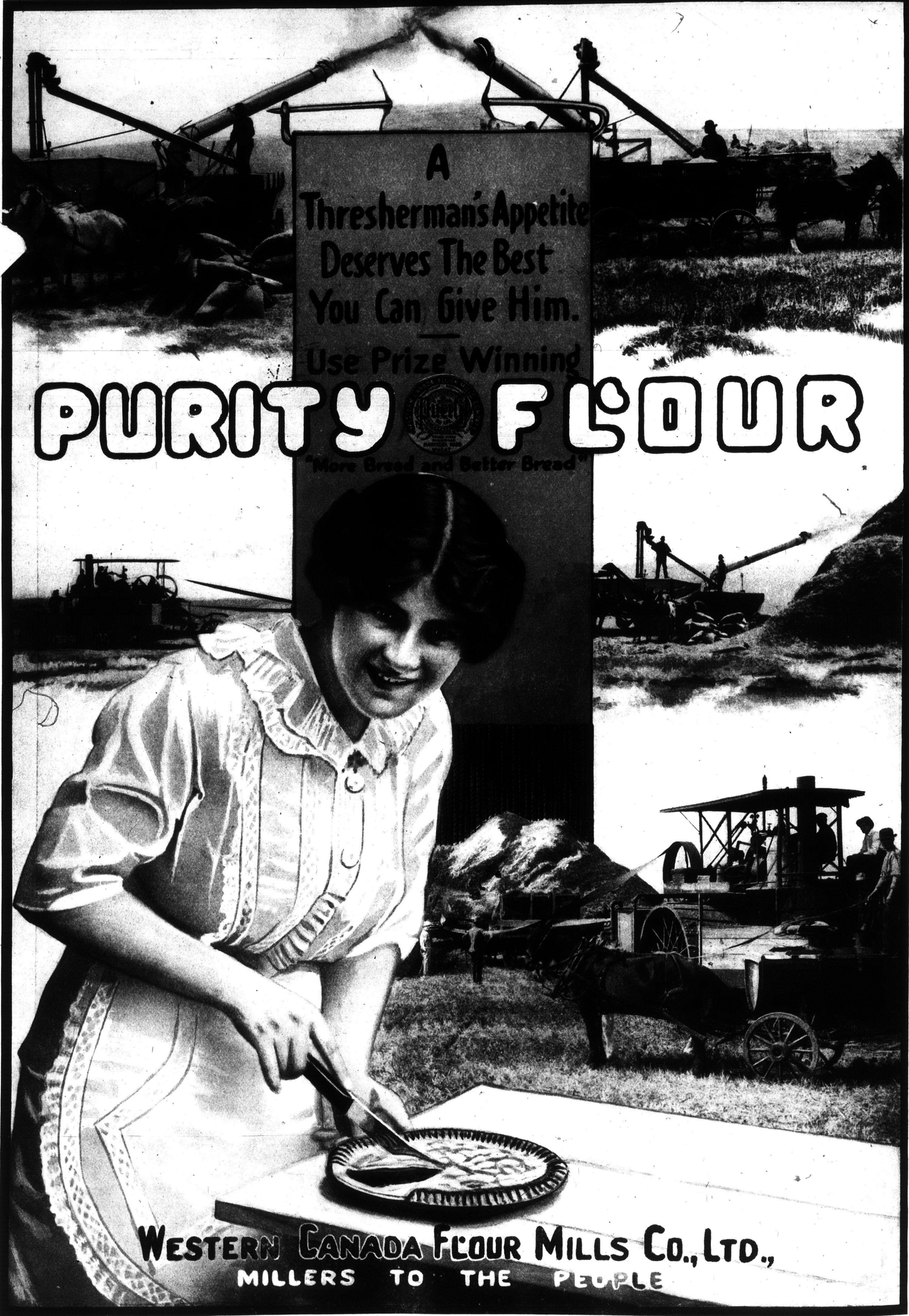
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Guarantee

ROBIN HOOD FLOUR IS GUARANTEED TO GIVE YOU BETTER SATISFACTION THAN ANY OTHER FLOUR MILLED IN CANADA. YOUR DEALER IS AUTHORIZED TO REFUND THE FULL PURCHASE PRICE WITH A 10% PENALTY ADDED, IF AFTER TWO BAKINGS YOU ARE NOT THOROUGHLY SATISFIED WITH THE FLOUR, AND WILL RETURN THE UNUSED PORTION TO HIM.

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